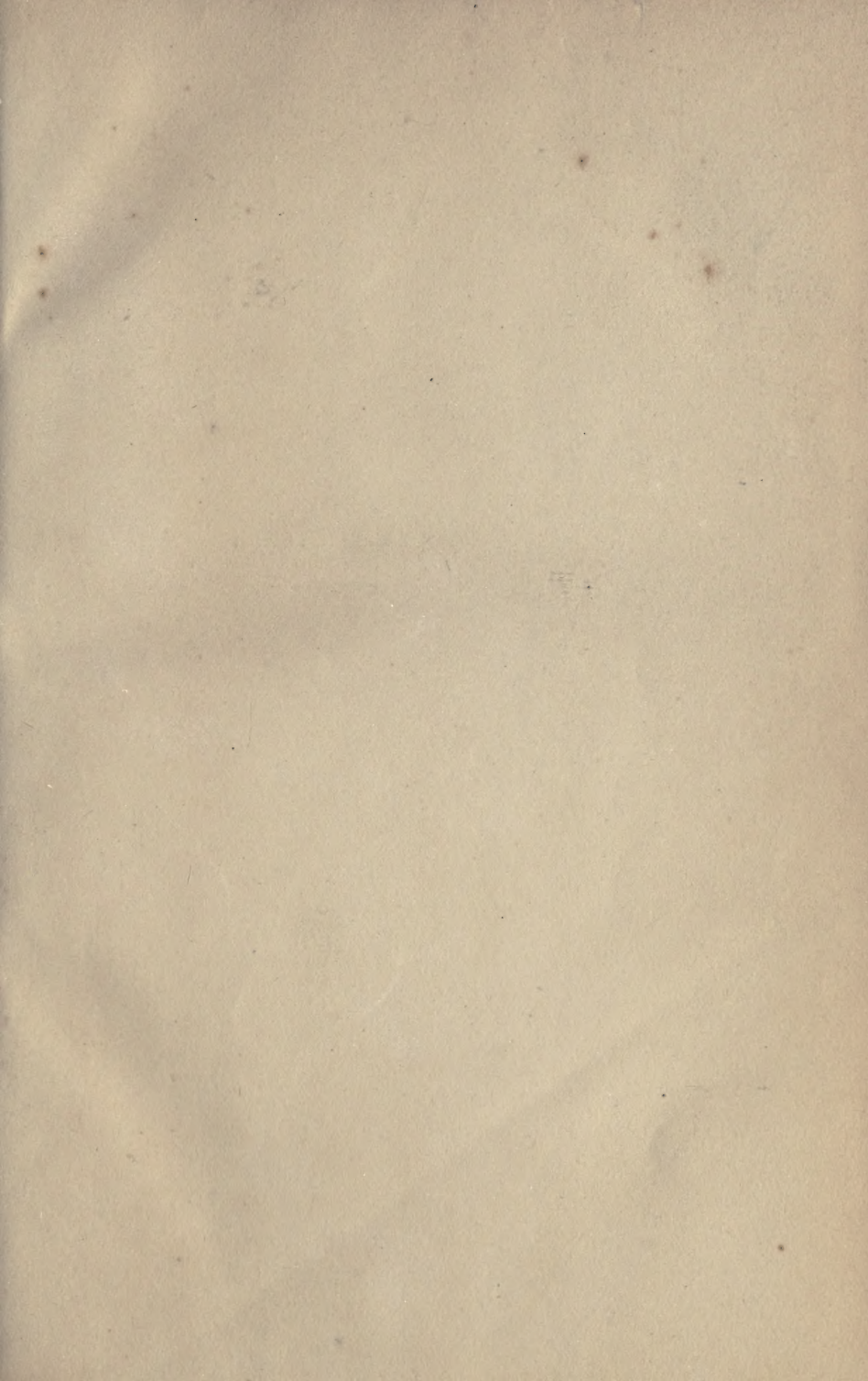







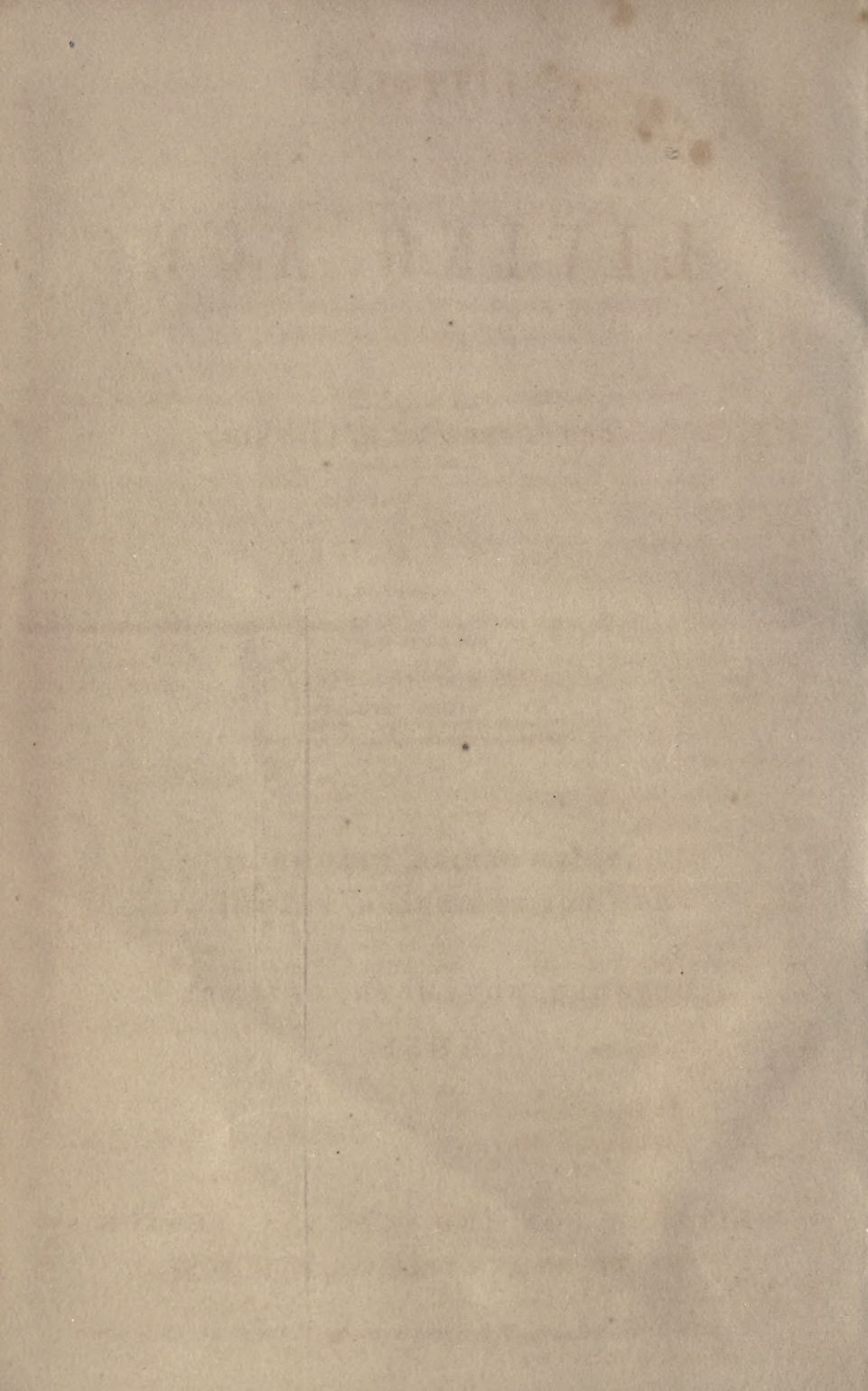
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FROM THE BEGINNING, VOLUME LIX.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1858.

LITTELL, SON AND COMPANY, BOSTON;
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THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

THE old man sat by the chimney side—

His face was wrinkled and wan,
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work were done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "specks" and his steel tobacco box,
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles.
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In a high-backed, flag-seat chair;
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him,
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
To hear of the world away.

'Tis a homely scene, I told you so,
But pleasant it is to view;
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught your youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us gently lead them down
To where the weary sleep.

AN IDEAL.

WHILE the grey mists of early dawn
Were lingering round the hill,
And the dew was still upon the flowers,
And the earth lay calm and still,
A winged Spirit came to me,
Noble, and radiant, and free.

Folding his blue and shining wings,
He laid his hand on mine.
I know not if I felt, or heard
The mystic word divine,
Which woke the trembling air to sighs,
And shone from out his starry eyes.

The word he spoke, within my heart
Stirr'd life unknown before,
And cast a spell upon my soul
To chain it evermore;

Making the cold dull earth look bright,
And skies flame out in sapphire light.

When noon reel'd from the heavens, and man
Through busy day toil'd on,
My Spirit droop'd his shining wings
His radiant smile was gone;
His voice had ceas'd, his grace had flown,
His hand grew cold within my own.

Bitter, Oh bitter tears, I wept,
Yet still I held his hand,
Hoping with vague unreasoning hope:
I would not understand
That this pale Spirit never more
Could be what he had been before.

Could it be so? My heart stood still.
Yet he was by my side.
I strove; but my despair was vain;
Vain, too, was love and pride.
Could he have changed to me so soon?
My day was only at its noon.

Now stars are rising one by one,
And evening shades are here;
Near me a household spirit waits,
With tender loving care;
He speaks and smiles, but never sings,
Long since he lost his shining wings.

With thankful true content, I know
This is the better way.
Is not a faithful spirit mine—
Mine still—at close of day?
Yet will my foolish heart repine
For that bright morning dream of mine.
—Household Words.

THREE ROSES.

JUST when the red June roses blow
She gave me one,—a year ago.
A rose whose crimson breath reveal'd
The secret that its heart conceal'd,
And whose half shy, half tender grace
Blush'd back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I pluck'd her one,—a month ago.
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The balmy fragrance of the south
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep,—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past,—
This very day I broke the last,
And now its perfum'd breath is hid,
With her, beneath a coffin-lid;
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart:

At three red roses' cost
My world was gain'd and lost.
—Household Words.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A LEGEND OF GIBRALTAR.

BY COLONEL E. B. HAMLEY, AUTHOR OF *LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD*.

CHAPTER I.

THE Governor's residence at Gibraltar was, in days of Spanish domination, a religious house, and still retains the name of the Convent. Two sides of a long quadrangular gallery, traversing the interior of the building, are hung with portraits of officers present at the great siege in 1779-83, executed in a style which proves that Pre-Raphaelite painters existed in those days. One of these portraits represents my grandfather. To judge from a painting of him by Sir Joshua, and a small miniature likeness, both still in possession of the family, he must have been rather a good-looking old gentleman, with an affable, soldier-like air, and very respectable features. The portrait at the Convent is doubtless a strong likeness, but by no means so flattering; it represents him much as he might have appeared in life, if looked at through a cheap opera-glass. A full inch has been abstracted from his forehead and added to his chin; the bold nose has become a great promontory in the midst of the level countenance; the eyes have gained in ferocity what they have lost in speculation, and would, indeed, go far to convey a disagreeable impression of my ancestor's character, but for the inflexible smile of the mouth. Altogether, the grimness of the air, the buckram rigidity of figure, and the uncompromising hardness of his shirt-frill and the curls of his wig, are such as are to be met with in few works of art, besides the figure-heads of vessels and the sign-boards of country-inns.

However, my grandfather is no worse off than his compeers. Not far from this one is another larger painting, representing a council of officers held during the siege, where, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion and the imminence of the danger, not a single face in the intrepid assembly wears the slightest expression of anxiety or fear, or, indeed, of any thing else; and though my progenitor, in addition to the graces of the other portrait, is here depicted with a squint, yet he is by no means the most ill-looking individual present. But the illustrious governor, Elliott, has suffered more than anybody at the hands of the artist. Besides figuring in the production aforesaid, a statue of him stands in the Ala-

meda, carved in some sort of wood, unluckily for him, of a durable nature. The features are of a very elevated cast, especially the nose; the little legs seem by no means equal to the task of sustaining the enormous cocked-hat; and the bearing is so excessively military, that it has been found necessary to prop the great commander from behind to prevent him from falling backwards.

My grandfather, John Flinders, joined the garrison of Gibraltar as a major of infantry a few years before the siege. He was then forty-seven years of age, and up to that time had remained one of the most determined old bachelors that ever existed. Not that he ever declaimed against matrimony in the style of some of our young moderns, who fancy themselves too strong-minded to marry; the truth being that they remain single, either because they have not been gifted by nature with tastes sufficiently strong to like one woman better than another, or else, because no woman ever took the trouble to lay siege to them. My grandfather had never married, simply, I believe, because matrimony had never entered his head. He seldom ventured, of his own choice, into ladies' society, but, when he did, no man was more emphatically gallant to the sex. One after one, he saw his old friends abandoning the irresponsible ease of bachelorhood for the cares of wedded life; but while he duly congratulated them on their felicity, and officiated as godfather to their progeny, he never seemed to anticipate a similar destiny for himself. All his habits showed that he had been too long accustomed to single harness to go cleverly as one of a pair. He had particular hours of rising and going to bed; of riding out and returning; of settling himself down for the evening to a book and pipe, which the presence of a helpmate would have materially deranged. And therefore, without holding any Malthusian tenets, without pitying his Benedick acquaintances, or entertaining a thought of the sex which would have been in the least degree derogatory to the character of a De Coverley, his castles in the air were never tenanted by any of his own posterity.

It was fortunate for my grandfather that in his time people did not suffer so much as now from that chronic inflammation of the conscience, which renders them perfectly miserable unless they are engaged in some tangible pursuit—"improving their minds," or "adding

to the general stock of information." A more useless, contented person never existed. He never made even a show of employing himself profitably, and never complained of weariness in maintaining the monotonous jog-trot of his simple daily life. He read a good deal, certainly, but it was not to improve his mind only to amuse himself. Strong-minded books, to stimulate his thinking faculties, would have had no charms for him; he would as soon have thought of getting galvanised for the pleasure of looking at his muscles. And I don't know whether it was not just as well. In systematically cultivating his mind, he would merely have been laying a top-dressing on a thin soil—manuring where there would never have been a crop—and some pleasant old weeds would have been pulled up in the process. A green thistly common, even though a goose could hardly find sustenance there, is nature still, which can hardly be said of a patch of earth covered with guano.

So my grandfather went on enjoying himself without remorse after his own fashion, and never troubled himself to think—an operation that would have been inconvenient to himself, and productive of no great results to the world. He transplanted his English habits to Gibraltar; and, after being two years there, knew nothing more of Spain or Spaniards than the view of the Andalusian hills from the Rock, and a short constitutional daily ride along the beach beyond the Spanish lines, to promote appetite and digestion, afforded him. And so he might have continued to vegetate during the remainder of his service there, but for a new acquaintance that he made about this time.

Frank Owen, commonly called Garry Owen by his familiars, was one of those joyous spirits whose pleasant faces and engaging manners serve as a perpetual act of indemnity for all breaches of decorum, and trespasses over social and conventional fences, committed by them in the gaiety of their hearts. In reproving his many derelictions of military duty, the grim colonel of the regiment would insensibly exchange his habitual tone of severe displeasure for one of mild remonstrance—influenced, probably, quite as much, in secret, by the popularity of the unrepentant offender, as by any personal regard for him. Captain Hedgehog, who had shot a man through the heart for corking his face one night when he

was drunk, and all contact with whose detouring points of honor was as carefully avoided by his acquaintance as if they had been the wires of a spring-gun, sustained Garry's reckless personalities with a sort of warning growl utterly thrown away upon the imperturbable wag, who would still persist, in the innocence of his heart, in playing round the den of this military cockatrice. And three months after his arrival in Gibraltar, being one day detected by a fierce old Spanish lady in the very act of kissing her daughter behind the little señorita's great painted fan, his good-humored impudence converted the impending storm into a mild drizzle of reproof, ending in his complete restoration to favor.

This youth had brought with him from England a letter from his mother, a widow lady, an old friend of my grandfather, who had some thirty years before held with her a juvenile flirtation. It recommended to his protection her son Frank, about to join the regiment as an ensign, pathetically enlarging on the various excellencies, domestic and religious, which shone forth conspicuously in the youth's character, and of the comfort of contemplating and superintending which she was about to be deprived. In fact, it had led my grandfather to expect a youth of extreme docility and modesty, requiring a protector rather to embolden than to restrain him. After in vain attempting to espy in his young acquaintance any of the characteristics ascribed to him in his mother's letter, the Major, naturally good-natured and accessible to his youthful comrades, very soon suffered himself to be influenced by the good-humor, vigorous vitality, and careless cleverness of the Ensign, to an extent that caused him sometimes to wonder secretly at his own transformation. His retired habits were broken in upon, one after the other, till he had scarcely a secluded hour in his sixteen waking ones to enjoy alone his book and his pipe. His peaceful quarters, silent in general as a monk's cell, would now be invaded at all sorts of hours by the jovial Garry, followed by the admiring satellites who usually revolved around him; and the Major, with a sound between a groan and a chuckle, would close his well-beloved volume to listen to the facetious details of, and sometimes to participate in, the uncongenial freaks of the humorous subaltern. Once he had actually consented,

at about the hour he usually went to bed, to accompany the youth to a carnival ball—one of a series of entertainments at which the Catholic youth of the city are wont to indemnify themselves for the mortifications of Lent, and where masks, dominoes, and fancy-dresses lend their aid to defeat the vigilance of the lynx-eyed duennas and mammas who look anxiously on, perfectly aware, in general, that their own watchfulness is more to be relied on for nipping in the bud an indiscreet amour, than any innate iciness of temperament or austere propriety in the objects of their care. Not only did the Major mingle in the scene, but he actually, about midnight, found himself figuring in a cotillon with a well-developed señorita of thirteen years, whose glances and deportment showed a precocious proficiency in the arts of flirtation. At this ball Garry had become enamored beyond all former passions (and they were numerous and inconstant, in general, as if he had been a Grand Turk) of one of his partners, a young Spanish lady. Her graceful figure and motions in the dance had at first captivated him—and when, after dancing with her himself, his eloquent entreaties, delivered in indifferent Spanish, had prevailed on her to lift her mask for one coy moment, the vision of eyes and eyebrows (the common beauties of a Spanish countenance), and the clear rosy complexion, a much more rare perfection, then revealed, had accomplished the utter subjugation of his errant fancy. She had vanished from the ball silently and irremediably, as an houri of Paradise from the awakening eyes of an opium-eating Pasha; and all his attempts to trace her, continued unceasingly for a couple of months afterwards, had proved in vain.

One morning my grandfather was seated at breakfast in the verandah of his quarters, situated high up the rock above the town. Below him lay the roofs, terraced and balconied, and populous with cats, for whose convenience the little flat stone squares at the top of most of the houses appeared to have been devised. Tall towers, called mirandas, shot up at intervals, from whose summits the half-baked inhabitants, pent within close walls and streets, might catch refreshing glimpses of the blue sea and the hills of Spain—conveniences destined soon afterwards to be ruined by the enemy's fire, or pulled down to avoid attracting it, and never rebuilt. Beyond the white sunny ridge of the line wall came the sharp

edge of the bay, rising in high perspective to the purple coast of Spain opposite, which was sprinkled with buildings white as the sails that dotted the water. My grandfather was in a state of great sensual enjoyment, sniffing up the odor of the large geranium-bushes that grew in clumps in the little garden in front, and the roses that twined thickly round the trellis of the vine-roofed verandah; sipping thick creamy Spanish chocolate between the mouthfuls of red mullet, broiled in white paper, the flavor of which he was diligently comparing with that of some specimens of the same fish which he remembered to have eaten in his youth in Devonshire; and glancing sideways over the cup at an open volume of Shakspeare, leaned slopingly on the edge of a plate of black figs bursting with ripeness, like trunk-hose slashed with crimson. The Major was none of your skimming readers, who glance through a work of art as if it were a newspaper—measure, weigh it, and deliver a critical opinion on it, before the more reverential student has extricated himself from the toils of the first act or opening chapter; not he; he read every word, and affixed a meaning, right or wrong, to all the hard, obsolete ones. The dramatic fitness of the characters was not to be questioned by him, any more than that of the authentic personages of history. He would reason on their acts and proceedings as on those of his own intimate acquaintances. He never could account for Hamlet's madness otherwise than by supposing the Prince must have, some time or other, got an ugly rap on the head—let fall, perhaps, when a baby, by a gin-drinking nurse—producing, as in some persons he had himself from time to time been acquainted with, a temporary aberration of the wits; a piece of original criticism that has not occurred to any of the other commentators on this much-discussed point. Of Iago he has recorded a opinion in an old note-book still extant, where his observations appear in indifferent orthography, and ink yellow with age, that he was a cursed scoundrel—an opinion delivered with all the emphasis of an original detector of crime, anxious that full though tardy justice should be done to the delinquent's memory. But his great favorite was Falstaff: "A wonderful clever fellow, sir," he would say, "and no more a coward than you or I, sir."

My grandfather proceeded slowly with his meal, holding the cup to his lips with one

hand and turning a leaf with the other—an operation which he was delaying till a great mosquito-hawk (a beautiful brown moth mottled like a pheasant), that had settled on the page, should think proper to take flight. He had lately come from a parade, as was evidenced by his regimental leather breeches and laced red waistcoat; but a chintz dressing-gown and a pair of yellow Moorish slippers softened down the warlike tone of these garments to one more congenial with his peaceable and festive pursuits. Presently the garden door opened, and a well-known step ascended to the verandah. Frank Owen, dressed in a cool Spanish costume, advanced, and, stopping three paces from the Major, took off his tufted sombrero and made a low bow.

"You are the picture, my dear sir," he said, "of serene enjoyment slightly tinged with sensuality. But how long, may I ask, have you taken to breakfasting on spiders?"—pointing, as he took a chair opposite the Major, at an immense red-spotted one that had dropt from the ceiling on the morsel my grandfather was in the act of conveying to his mouth.

The Major tenderly removed the insect by a leg.

"'Tis the worst of these al-fresco meals, Frank," said he. "Yesterday I cut a green lizard in two that had got on my plate, mistaking him for a bit of salad—being, as usual, more intent on my book than my food—and had very near swallowed the tail-half of the unfortunate animal."

"There are worse things than lizards in the world," quoth Garry. "Ants, I should say, were certainly less wholesome"—and he directed the Major's attention to a long black line of those interesting creatures issuing from a hole in the pavement, passing in an unbroken series up my ancestor's left leg, the foot of which rested on the ground, then traversing the cloth, and terminating at the loaf, the object of their expedition.

"Bless me," said the Major, as he rose and shook his breeches gently free from the marauders, "I must be more careful, or I shall chance to do myself a mischief. But they're worse at night. I've been obliged to leave off reading here in the evenings, for it went to my heart to see the moths scorching their pretty gauzy wings in the candle till the wicks were half-choked with them."

"Do you know, Major," said Owen, gravely, "that either this insect diet, or the sedentary life you lead, is making you quite fat, and utterly destroying the symmetry of your figure? In another week there will be one unbroken line of rotundity from your chin to your knees."

My grandfather glanced downward at his waistcoat. "No, my boy, no," said he; "if there had been any difference, I should have known it by my clothes. I don't think I've gained a pound this twelvemonth."

"More than a stone," quoth Garry. "We all remarked it on parade to-day—and remarked it with sorrow. Now, look you, a sea voyage is the very thing to restore your true proportions, and I propose that we shall take a short one together."

"A sea voyage!" quoth my grandfather; "the boy is mad! Not if all the wonders seen by Sinbad the Sailor lay within a day's sail. Did I not suffer enough coming here from England? I don't think," said my grandfather with considerable pathos, "that my digestion has ever been quite right to this day."

"'Sick of a calm,' eh?—Like your friend Mistress Tearsheet," said the youngster. "But I've settled it all, and count on you. Look here," he continued, drawing from his pocket a large printed bill, and unfolding it before my ancestor. At the top appeared in large capitals the words, "Plaza de Toros;" and underneath was a woodcut representing a bull, gazing, with his tail in the air, and an approving smile on his countenance, on the matadore about to transfix him. Then followed a glowing account in Spanish of the delights of a great bull-fight shortly to take place at Cadiz, setting forth the ferocity of the bulls, the number of horses that might be expected to die in the arena, and the fame of the picadores and espadas who were then and there to exhibit.

The Major shook his head—the captivating prospectus had no charms for him: he had not, as I have before said, an inquiring mind, and habit was so strong in him, that a change was like the dislocation of a joint. The Ensign proceeded to paint the delights of the excursion in the brightest colors he could command. They were to go to Cadiz in a boat which he had lately bought; she was a capital sailer—there was a half-deck forward, under which the Major might sleep as com-

fortably as in his own bed—a cooking apparatus (and here, as he expatiated on the grills and stews and devils that were to be cooked and eaten, with the additional stimulus to appetite afforded by sea air, there was a spark of relenting in my grandfather's eye). "You shall return," said the tempter, "with a digestion so completely renovated, that my name shall rise to your tongue at each meal as a grace before meat, and a thanksgiving after it; and as to sea-sickness, why, this Levanter will take us there in twelve hours, so smoothly that you may balance a straw upon your nose the whole way." Finally, the cunning Ensign laid before him an application for leave already made out, and only awaiting his signature.

My grandfather made some feeble objections, which Owen pooh-poohed in his usual off-hand fashion. There was no standing against the youngster's strong will, and at five o'clock that same evening the Major found himself proceeding through the town towards the Waterport for embarkation, by no means fully reconciled to the abandonment of his beloved Lares. My luckless grandfather! did no presentiment warn you of a consequence then hanging in the clouds, that was to change utterly for you the untroubled aspect of those household gods?

Owen had attired himself for the trip in a half-nautical costume—a shirt of light-blue flannel, fastened at the collar with a smart bandana, a blue jacket, loose duck trousers, and a montero cap, which costume became the puppy well enough. He seemed of this opinion himself, as he walked gaily along beside the Major: so did the black-eyed occupants of many houses on each side, who peeped forth smilingly from behind their green lattices, sometimes nodding, and kissing their hands—for the Ensign had an incredible acquaintance with the budding and full-blown portion of the population of Gibraltar. The Major had stuck to his buckskins, (which stuck to him in return), over which he had drawn a pair of jack-boots, and wore his red-laced coat and regimental hat—for in those days that passion for mufti, now so prevalent in the army, did not exist. Whenever he caught sight of any of the greetings bestowed from the windows, he would take off his laced hat, and, fixing his eyes on the tittering señorita, who generally let fall the lattice with a slam, would make her a low bow—and, after each of

these acts of courtesy, my grandfather walked on more elated than before.

They passed the drawbridge at Waterport, and, struggling through the crowd of Turks, Jews, infidels, and heritics, who usually throng the quay, entered a shore-boat that was to row them out to where Owen's vessel—the *Fair Unknown*, as he had christened her, in memory of his unforgotten partner at the Carnival ball—lay moored. In her they found a sailor who was to accompany them on their voyage—a noted contrabandista, called Francisco, whose friendship Owen had lately acquired, and who acted as his lieutenant on his marine excursions. The boat was a neat affair—a small cutter, smartly painted, well found, and capable of holding several persons comfortably; and Francisco was a ruddy, portly, dark-skinned, large-whiskered son of the sea, the picture of good-humor. My grandfather stepped in, in his jack-boots. There was much settling of carpet-bags and stowing of provisions in the lockers, and then they hoisted sail, and glided smoothly out from among the shipping into the bay.

The breeze was light and fair, and they went on, as Frank had promised, pleasantly enough. My grandfather for the first time surveyed the scene of his two years' residence from the sea. The grey old rock looked mellow in the evening light, as an elderly gentleman over his wine—the window-panes glanced ruddily, the walls gleamed whitely, and the trees were tinted with a yellower green; behind, in the eastern sky, floated one single purple cloud. As the objects became confused in the distance, the sharp rugged outline of the rock assumed the appearance that has caused the Spaniards to call it *El Cuerpo*—the appearance of a vast human body laid out on its back, and covered with a winding-sheet, like a dead Titan on his funeral pile—the head towards Spain, the chest arched at Middle Hill, the legs rising gently upward to the knees at O'Hara's Tower, and then sloping down till the feet rest on Europa. The sun went down as they rounded Cabrita Point, and the breeze, freshening, took them swiftly along under the huge hills that rise abruptly upward from the Spanish coast. Then Francisco, lighting a charcoal fire, placed thereon, in a frying-pan, tender steaks thickly strewn with sliced tomatas and onions, from whence arose a steam that brought tears of gratitude and delight into my grandfather's

eyes. He anxiously watched the cooking—even threw out slight suggestions, such as another pinch of pepper, an additional onion, a slight dash of cayenne, and the like; and then, settling a plate firmly on the knees of his jack-boots, with a piece of bread and a cup by his side, and a knife and fork pointing upwards in his hands like lightning-conductors, gazed cheerfully around him. And when Francisco, rising from his knees, where he had been blowing the charcoal fire, removed the hissing pan towards my grandfather's plate, transferring to it a liberal portion of the contents, the good man, gazing on the white and red streaks of vegetable relieved by the brown back-ground of steak, and the whole picture swimming in a juicy atmosphere of gravy, felt sentiments of positive friendship towards that lawless individual, and, filling a bumper of Xerez, drank success to the voyage.

Three times was my grandfather's plate replenished from the thrice-filled pan. Afterwards he dallied a little with a cold pie, followed by a bit of cheese for digestion. Then, folding his hands across his stomach, he expressed his sincere opinion, that he had never tasted any thing so good as that steak; and when Owen placed in his hand a smoking can of grog, he looked on the young man with a truly paternal eye. He talked complacently and benevolently, as men do who have dined well—praised the weather, the boat, the scene—and wondered where a man was going who rode slowly along a mountain-path above them, within hail, following him, in imagination, to his home, in a sort of dreamy contentment. After a second can he began to grow drowsy, and, just aware that Owen said the breeze was still freshening, retired to the soft mattress spread for him under the half-deck, and replacing his cocked-hat by a red nightcap, slept till morning.

It was broad daylight when he woke, conscious that for an hour or two past he had been sleeping most uneasily. There was a violent swinging motion, a rushing of wind and of water, that confused him extremely; and, forgetting where he was, he nearly fractured his skull by rising suddenly into a sitting posture. Steadying himself on his hands, in the posture of the Dying Gladiator, he slewed himself round on the pivot of his stern, and protruded his powdered head, like an old beaver, out of his hole. Owen and

Francisco were sitting in a pool of water, trying to shelter themselves under the weather-side of the boat—dripping wet, and breakfasting on cold potatoes and fragments of meat left from last night's meal. My grandfather did not like the appearance of things at all. Rent in twain by horrible qualms, he inquired feebly of Owen if they were near Cadiz? Frank, in reply, shook his head, and said they were at anchor. Then my grandfather, making a vigorous effort, emerged completely from his place of repose, and, rising to his feet, looked over the gunwale. The scene he beheld was in dreary contrast to that of the evening before. Ridges of white foam were all around—ahead was a long low line of sandy coast, terminating in a point of rock whereon stood a lighthouse; and to leeward the bay was enclosed by steep hills. Over the low coast-line the wind blew with steady violence. A bright sun rather increased the dreariness of the prospect, which was suddenly closed to my grandfather by a shower of spray, that blinded him, and drenched him to the skin, converting his jack-boots into buckets. The wind had increased to a gale during the night, and they had been forced to take precarious shelter in the harbor of Tarifa. The Major did not venture on a second peep, but sat, dismally wet and sea-sick, the whole morning, trying to shelter him as he best could. Once, a man came down to the beach, and gesticulated like a scaramouch, screaming also at the same time; but what his gestures and screams signified nobody on board could tell. At length, as the gale did not moderate, while their position increased in discomfort, and was also becoming precarious (for one of their anchors was gone, and great fears were entertained for the other), Owen and Francisco decided to weigh, and stand in for the shore, trusting to the smuggler's seamanship for a safe run. The Major, in spite of his sickness, stood up and pulled gallantly at the cable, the wind blowing his pigtail and skirts perpendicularly out from his person. "Heaf!" screamed Francisco from the bows; "Heave!" echoed Owen; and as the words flew past him on the gale, my grandfather's exertions were prodigious. At last, after tremendous tugging, the anchor came up. The jib was hoisted with a reef in it, Owen holding the sheet, while the smuggler ran aft and took the helm. They bent over to the gale, till the Major stood almost perpendicularly on

the lee gunwale, with his back against the weather side, and ran in till he thought they were going to bump ashore; then tacking, they stood up along the coast, close to the wind, till Francisco gave the word. Owen let go the sheet, and the jib fluttered loosely out as they ran through a narrow passage into smooth water behind the sea-wall, and made fast to a flight of steps.

Presently some functionary appertaining to the harbor appeared, and with him an emissary from the Governor of the place, who, aware of their plight, had civilly sent to offer assistance. The messenger was the same man who had made signals to them from the beach in the morning; and he seemed to think it advisable that they should wait on the Governor in person, saying that he was always disposed to be civil to British officers. This advice they resolved to act upon at once, before it should grow dark, foreseeing that, in case of their detention from bad weather in Tarifa, the Governor might prove a potent auxiliary: The Major would have wished to make some little alterations in his toilette, after his late disasters; but, after trying in vain to pull off his jack-boots, which clung to him like his skin, he was obliged to abandon the idea, and contented himself with standing on his head to let the water run out of them. As they advanced along the causeway leading to the town (the point where they landed is connected with the town by a long narrow sandy isthmus), the gale swept over them volumes of sand, which, sticking on my grandfather's wet uniform, gave him somewhat the appearance of a brick-wall partially rough-cast. His beard was of two days' growth—his hair-powder was converted into green paste by the sea-water—and his whole appearance was travel-stained and deplorable. Nevertheless his dignity by no means forsook him as they traversed the narrow alleys of the ancient town of Tarifa on their way to the approaching interview.

His excellency Don Pablo Dotto, a wonderfully fat little man, received them very courteously. He was a Spaniard of the old school, and returned the stately greeting of my grandfather, and the easy one of the Ensign, with such a profusion of bows, that for the space of a minute they saw little more of his person than the shining baldness on the top of his head. They were then presented to his wife, a good-natured, motherly sort of old lady, who

seemed to compassionate them much. But, while Owen was explaining to her the object of their trip and its disastrous interruption, he suddenly stopped, open-mouthed, and blushing violently, with his gaze directed towards the open door of a neighboring apartment. There he beheld advancing towards him, the Beauty of the Carnival ball.

The Governor's lady named her as "her daughter, the Señorita Juana." Spite of the different dress and circumstances, she too recognized Frank, and colored slightly as she came forward to receive his greeting. The Ensign, an impudent scamp enough in general, was, however, the more confused of the two; and his embarrassed salutation was entirely thrown into the shade by the magnificence of my grandfather's bow. However, he presently recovered his assurance, and explained to the elder lady how he had previously enjoyed the pleasure (with a great stress upon the word) of making her daughter's acquaintance. Then he recounted to Juana the manner in which they had been driven in here, when on their way to Cadiz to see the bull-fight.

"We also are going to ride thither to-morrow," said the Señorita, softly.

"Ah, then, we shall meet there," said Frank, who presently after was seized with a fit of absence, and made incoherent replies. He was considering how they might travel together, and had almost resolved to offer to take the whole family to Cadiz in his boat—a proposal that would probably have somewhat astonished the little Governor, especially if he had seen the dimensions of the craft thus destined to accommodate himself and retinue. But Garry was an adept at manœuvring, and marched skilfully upon the point he had in view. He drew such a pathetic picture of the hardships they had endured on the voyage—their probable detention here for most of their short leave—their friendless condition, and their desire to see something of the country—that the little Governor was in a manner impelled (fancying all the time that the impulse sprung altogether from his own native benevolence) to desire the two forlorn Englishmen would travel to Cadiz under his escort. So it being settled entirely to Garry's satisfaction that they were to start next morning at break of day on horseback—an arrangement which my grandfather's total ignorance of Spanish prevented him from knowing anything about

they retired to the principal fonda, where the Major speedily forgot, over a tolerable dinner, the toils and perils of the voyage.

CHAPTER II.

DAYBREAK the next morning found them issuing forth from the ancient city of Tarifa on a couple of respectable-looking hacks, hired from the innkeeper. Frank had, with his accustomed generalship, managed to secure a position at the off-rein of the *Señorita Juana*, who was mounted on a beautiful little white barb. Under her side-saddle, of green velvet studded with gilt nails, was a Moorish saddle-cloth, striped with vivid red and white, and fringed deeply. From the throat-lash of the bridle hung a long tassel, as an artificial auxiliary to the barb's tail in the task of keeping the flies off, further assisted by a tuft of white horse-hair attached to the butt of her whip. She wore a looped hat and white plume, a riding-skirt, and an embroidered jacket of blue cloth, fastened, as was the wrought bosom of her chemise, with small gold buttons. Frank could not keep his eyes off her, now riding off to the further side of the road to take in at once the whole of the beauteous vision, now coming close up to study it in its delightful details.

In front of the pair rode the little Governor, side by side with a Spaniard of about thirty, the long betrothed lover of *Juana*—so long, in fact, that he did not trouble himself to secure his authority in a territory so undeniably his own, but smoked his cigar as coolly as if there were no good-looking Englishman within fifty miles of his mistress. He wore garments of a Spanish cut, made of nankeen—the jacket frogged with silver cords, tagged with little silver fishes—the latter appended, perhaps, as suitable companions to the frogs. A hundred yards ahead was an escort of four horse-soldiers with carbines on their thighs, their steel accoutrements flashing ruddily in the level sunlight. Behind Frank came Major Flinders, clean shaved, and with jack-boots and regimental coat restored to something like their pristine splendor: by his side rode another lady, the *Señorita Carlota*, *Juana's* aunt, somewhere about thirty years old, plump and merry, her upper lip fringed at the corners with a line of dark down, quite decided enough for a cornet of eighteen to be proud of—a feminine embellishment too common for remark in these southern regions, and in the opinion of some

connoisseurs, rather enhancing the beauty of the fair wearers. She talked incessantly, at first, to my grandfather, who did not understand a word she said, but whose native politeness prompted him to say, "*Si, Señorita,*" to everything—sometimes laying at the same moment his hand on his heart, and bowing with considerable grace. Behind this pair came another interesting couple—viz. two servants on mules, with great saddle-bags stuffed to extreme corpulence with provisions.

It was a glorious morning—a gentle breeze sweeping on their faces as they mounted the hills, but dying into silence in the deep valleys, fresh, and glistening with dew. Sometimes they rode along a rocky common, yellowed with a flowering shrub like furze—sometimes through unfenced fields—sometimes along broad plains, where patches of blossoming beans make the air rich with scent, and along which they galloped full speed, the Governor standing high in the stirrups of his demi-pique, the *Señorita's* white barb arching his neck till his muzzle touched his chest under the pressure of the long bit, and my grandfather prancing somewhat uneasily on his hard-mouthed Spanish entero, whose nose was, for the most part, projected horizontally in the air. The Major was not a first-rate seat—he rode with a long stirrup, his heel well down, his leg straight, and slanting a little forward, body upright, and elbows back, as may be seen in the plates to ancient works on equitation—a posture imposing enough, but not safe across country: galloping deranged it materially, for the steed was hard-mouthed, and required a long, strong pull, with the body back, and a good purchase on the stirrups. The animal had a most voracious appetite, quite overcoming his sense of what was due to his rider; and, on seeing a tuft of juicy grass, down went his nose, drawing my grandfather, by means of the tight reins, well over the pommel. On these occasions, the Major, feeling resistance to be in vain, would sit looking easily about him, feigning to be absorbed in admiration of the prospect—which was all very well, where there was a prospect to look at, but wore a less plausible appearance when the animal paused in a hollow between two hedges, or ran his nose into a barn-door. But whenever this happened, *Carlota*, instead of half-smothering a laugh, as a mischievous English girl would, ten to one, have done, sat

most patiently till the Major and his steed came to an understanding, and would greet him, as they moved on again, with a good-natured smile, that won her, each time, a higher place in his estimation.

Thus they proceeded till the sun rose high in the heavens, when, on reaching a grove on the edge of one of the plains, they halted under a huge cork-tree, near which ran a rivulet. The cavalcade dismounted—the horses were tethered, the mules disburthened of the saddle-bags, and the contents displayed under the tree; horse-cloths and cloaks were spread around on the ground, and a fire of dry sticks was lit on the edge of the stream with such marvellous celerity that, before my grandfather had time to take more than a hasty survey of the eatables, after seating himself on the root of a tree, a cup of steaming chocolate was placed in his hand.

"Confess, Major," said Garry, speaking with his mouth full of sausage, "that a man may lose some of the pleasures of existence by leading the life of a hermit. Don't you feel grateful to me for dragging you out of your cobweb to such a pleasant place as this?"

"'Tis an excellent breakfast," said my grandfather, who had just assisted the Señorita Carlota to a slice of turkey's breast, and himself to an entire leg and thigh—dividing with her, at the same time, a crisp white loaf, having a handle like a teapot or smoothing-iron—"and my appetite is really very good. I should be perfectly easy if I could only understand the remarks of this very agreeable lady, and make suitable replies."

"Let me interpret your sentiments," said Garry; "and though I may not succeed in conveying them in their original force and poetry, yet they shall lose as little as possible in transmission. Just try me—what would you wish to say?"

"Why, really," said my grandfather, pondering, "I had a great many things to say as we came along, but they've gone out of my head. Do you think she ever read Shakspeare?"

"Not a chance of it," said Owen.

Here the Señorita laughingly appealed to Frank to know what my grandfather was saying about her.

"Ah," quoth my grandfather, quoting his friend Shakspeare—

"I understand thy looks—the pretty Spanish
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens
I am not perfect in——"

She's an extremely agreeable woman, Frank, I'll be sworn, if one only understood her," quoth my grandfather, casting on her a glance full of gallantry.

The Ensign was not so entirely occupied in prosecuting his own love affair as to be insensible to the facilities afforded him for amusing himself at the Major's expense. Accordingly, he made a speech in Spanish to Carlota, purporting to be a faithful translation of my grandfather's, but teeming, in fact, with the most romantic expressions of chivalrous admiration, as was apparent from the frequent recurrence of the words "ojos" (eyes), "corazon" (heart), and the like amatory currency.

"There, Major," said the interpreter, as he finished; "I've told her what you said of her."

The Major endorsed the compliments by laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing with a tender air. Whereupon Carlota, laughing, and blushing a deeper red, made her acknowledgments.

"She says," quoth Frank, "that she knew the English before to be a gallant nation; but that if all the caballeros (that's gentlemen) of that favored race are equal to the present specimen, her own countrymen must be thrown entirely into the shade."

"Delightful!" cried my grandfather; but it is doubtful whether this expression of pleasure was called forth by the sentiments attributed to the Señorita, or by the crisp succulent tenderness of a mouthful of sucking pig which was at that moment spreading itself over his palate.

Following up his idea, the mischievous Ensign continued to diversify the graver pursuit of prosecuting his own suit with Juana, by impressing Carlota and the Major with the idea that each was disposed to think favorably of the other. In this he was tolerably successful—the speeches he made to Carlota, supposed to originate with my grandfather, had a very genuine warmth about them, being, in fact, very often identical with those he had just been making, under immediate inspiration, to his own divinity; while as for the Major, it would have been an insult to the simplicity of that worthy man's nature to

exert any great ingenuity in deceiving him; it would have been like setting a trap for a snail. So they journeyed on, highly pleased with each other, and occasionally, in the absence of their faithful interpreter, conversed by means of smiles and courteous gesticulations, till my grandfather felt entirely at his ease, and was almost sorry when, on the evening of the second day, they got to Cadiz.

CHAPTER III.

A WHOLE city full of people condensed into one broad amphitheatre, all bearing a national resemblance to each other in countenance and costume, all apparently animated by the same spirit—for nothing could be more unanimous than the applause which greeted a favorite smilingly crossing the arena, the abuse which overwhelmed an object offensive to the eye of the many-headed, or the ridicule which descended in a joyous uproarous flood on the hapless individual in whose appearance, dress, or manner, any thing was detected calculated to appeal to the highly sensitive risible faculty of a Spanish assembly;—a gay and picturesque mixture of colors, waving and tossing like a garden in a breeze, as the masses of white mantillas, heads black as coal, decorated with flowers and green leaves, red sashes, tufted sombreros, and yellow gaiters, with here and there a blue-and-white soldier standing stiffly up, were agitated by each new emotion—such was the scene that met the eyes of our travellers on entering the bull-ring at Cadiz before the sport commenced.

My grandfather had made his entry in spectacles—appendages highly provocative of the public mirth—and had looked wonderingly for a minute or two through the obnoxious glasses on a sea of faces upturned, sideturned, and downturned, all looking at him, and all shouting some indistinguishable chorus; while the men beat time, each with the long, forked, painted stick, without which no Spaniard possessing sentiments of propriety ever comes to a bull-fight, in a manner most embarrassing to a somewhat bashful stranger, till their attention was luckily diverted to an unhappy man in a white hat, in derision of whom they immediately sang a song, the burden of which was “*El del sombrero blanco*,” (he of the white hat,) the multitude conducting itself throughout like one man.

My grandfather and his friends occupied a

distinguished position in a box high above the multitude, and near that of the alcalde. The Señorita Juana looked more lovely than ever in a white dress, over which flowed a white gauzy mantilla, giving a kind of misty indistinctiveness to the wavy outlines of her figure, and the warm tint of her neck and arms. From her masses of black hair peeped one spot of vivid white, a rosebud; and a green plummy leaf, a favorite ornament with Spanish girls, drooped, bending, and soft as a feather, on one side of her gold-and-tortoiseshell comb. The Major sat beside Carlota, who, naturally frank, and looking upon him now as an old acquaintance, would tap his arm most bewitchingly with her fan when she wanted to direct his attention to any object of interest. So the Major sat by her, all gallantry and smiles, gazing about him with wonder through the double gold eyeglass, which still, in spite of the late expression of popular feeling, bestrid his nose. He looked with the interest of a child at every thing—at the faces and dresses around him, distinct in their proximity, and at those, confused in their details by distance, on the opposite side of the arena. He shared in the distress of an unfortunate person (contractor for bulls, who had palmed some bad ones on the public) who tried, as he walked conspicuously across the ring, to smile off a torrent of popular execration about as successfully as a lady might attempt to ward off Niagara with her parasol, and who was, as it were, washed out at an opposite door, drenched and sodden with jeers. And when the folding gates were opened, and the gay procession entered, my grandfather gazed on it with delight, and shouted “*Bravo!*” as enthusiastically as if he had been an habitual frequenter of bull-rings from his earliest youth. First came the espadas or matadores, their hair clubbed behind like a woman’s, dressed in bright-colored jackets, and breeches seamed with broad silver lace, white stockings, shoes fastened with immense rosettes, and having their waists girt with silk sashes, bearing on their arms the blood-colored cloaks that were to lure the bull upon the sword-point. Next followed the chulos, similarly attired; then the picadores, riding stiffly, with padded legs, on their doomed steeds; and mules, whose office it was to drag off the dead bulls and horses, harnessed three abreast as in classic chariots, and almost hidden under a mass of

gay housings, closed the procession. Marching across the middle of the ring to the alcalde's box, they requested permission to begin, and, it being granted, the picadores stationed themselves at equal distances from each other round the circumference of the arena. Then, at a signal from the alcalde two trumpeters in scarlet, behind him, stood up and sounded—a man, standing with his hand ready on a bolt in a door underneath, drew it, and pulled the door swiftly back, shutting himself into a niche, as the dark space thus opened was filled by the formidable figure of a bull, who, with glancing horns and tail erect, bounded out, and, looking around during one fierce brief pause, made straight at the first picador. The cavalier, standing straight in his stirrups, his lance tucked firmly under his arm, fixed the point fairly in the shoulder of the brute, who, never pausing for that, straightway upset man and horse. Then my grandfather might be seen stretching far over the front of his box, his eyes staring on the prostrate picador, and his hands clenched above his head, while he shouted, "By the Lord, sir, he'll be killed!" And when a chulo, darting alongside, waved his cloak before the bull's eyes and lured him away, the Major, drawing a long breath, turned to a calm Spaniard beside him, and said, "By heaven, sir, 'twas the mercy of Providence!"—but the Spaniard, taking his cigar from his mouth, and expelling the smoke through his nostrils, merely said, "Bien está" ('tis very well.) Meanwhile, the bull (who, like his predecessor in the china-shop, seemed to have it all his own way) had run his horns into the heart of a second horse, and the picador, perceiving from the shivering of the wounded creature that the hurt was mortal, dismounted in all haste, while the horse, giving one long, blundering stagger, fell over and died, and was immediately stript of his accoutrements. This my grandfather didn't like at all; but, seeing no kindred disgust in the faces round him, he nerved himself, considering that it was a soldier's business to look on wounds and death. He even beheld, with tolerable firmness, the spectacle of a horse dashing blindfold and riderless, and mad with fear and pain, against the barrier—rebounding whence to the earth with a broken shoulder, it was forced again on its three legs, and led stumbling from the ring. But when he saw another horse raised to its feet, and, all ript

open as it was, spurred to a second assault, the Major, who hadn't the heart himself to hurt a fly, could stand it no longer, but, feeling unwell, retired precipitately from the scene. On reaching the door, he wrote over the same, with a bit of chalk, part of the speech of Henry V., "the royal imp of fame," to his soldiers at Agincourt:—

"He that hath not stomach for the fight,
Let him depart——"

to the great astonishment of the two Spanish sentries, who gazed on the words as if they contained a magical spell.

Frank sat till it was over—"played out the play." Not that he saw much of the fight, however; he had eyes and speech for nothing but Juana, and was able to indulge his *penchant* without interruption, as the little Governor took great interest in the fight, and the lover with the silver fishes was a connoisseur in the sport, and laid bets on the number of horses that each particular bull would kill with great accuracy. So the Ensign had it all his own way, and, being by no means the sort of person to throw away this or any other opportunity with which fortune might favor him, got on quite as well, probably, as you or I might have done in his place.

Leaving Cadiz next morning, they resumed the order of march they had adopted in coming—Don Pablo riding, as before, in front with the knight of the silver fishes, discussing with him the incidents of the bull-ring. The old gentleman, though very courteous when addressing the two Englishmen, had but little to say to them—neither did he trouble himself to talk much to the ladies: and when he did, a sharp expression would sometimes slip out, convincing Owen that he was something of a domestic tyrant in private—a character by no means inconsistent with the blindest demeanor in public. The Ensign was at great pains to encourage the Major to be gracious to Carlota. "Get a little more tropical in your looks, Major," he would say; "these Spanish ladies are not accustomed to frigid glances. She's desperately in love with you—pity she can't express what she feels; and she mightn't like to trust an interpreter with her sentiments."

"Pooh, nonsense, boy," said the Major, coloring with pleasure, "she doesn't care for an old fellow like me."

"Doesn't she?—see what her eyes say—that's what I call ocular demonstration,"

quoth the Ensign. "If you don't return it you're a stock, a stone." Then he would say something to Carlota, causing her eyes to sparkle, and canter on to rejoin Juana.

It was genial summer-time with Carlota—she had passed the age of maiden diffidence, without having attained that of soured and faded spinsterhood. She had a sort of jovial confidence in herself, and an easy demeanor towards the male sex, such as is seen in widows. These supposed advances of the Major were accordingly met by her rather more than half-way. None but the Major was permitted to assist her into the saddle, or to receive her plump form descending from it. None but the Major was beckoned to her rein when the path was broken and perilous, or caught on his protecting arm the pressure of her outstretched hand, when her steed stumbled over the loose pebbles. None was repaid for a slight courtesy by so many warm, confiding smiles as he. These, following fast one on another, began to penetrate the rusty casing of the Major's heart. On his own ground—that is, in his own quarters—he could have given battle, successfully, to a score of such insidious enemies: his books, his flowers, his pipe, his slippers, and a hundred other Penates would have encircled him; but here, with all his strong palisading of habit torn up and scattered, all his wonted trains of ideas upset and routed by the novelty of situation and scenery, he lay totally defenceless, and open to attack. The circumstance of himself and Carlota being ignorant of each other's language, far from being an obstacle to their mutual good-will, rather favored its progress. In company with an Englishwoman, in similar circumstances, my grandfather would have considered himself bound to entertain her with his conversation, and, perhaps, have spoiled all by trying to make himself agreeable—it would have been a tax on the patience of both: but being absolved from any such duty in the present instance, he could without awkwardness ride onward in full and silent communion with his own thoughts, and enjoy the pleasure of being smiled upon without being at any pains to earn it.

His note-book, containing an account of the expedition, which I have seen—and whence, indeed, the greater part of this chronicle is gathered—exhibits, at this period of the journey, sufficient proof that the Major enjoyed this new state of being extremely, and felt his

intellect, his heart, and his stomach all stimulated at once.

"Spain," says my grandfather, in a compendious descriptive sentence, "is a country of garlicky odors, of dirty contentment, of overburthened donkeys, and of excellent pork; but a fine air in the hills, and the country much sweeter than the towns. The people don't seem to know what comfort is, or cleanliness, but are nevertheless very contented in their ignorance. My saddle is bad, I think, for I dismounted very sore to-day. The Señorita mighty pleasant and gracious. I entertain a great regard for her—no doubt a sensible woman, as well as a handsome. A pig to-day at breakfast, the best I have tasted in Spain."

The desultory style of the composition of these notes prevents me from quoting largely from them. Statistics, incidents of travel, philosophic reflections, and the state of his digestive organs, are all chronicled indiscriminately. But, from the above mixture of sentiments, it will be perceived that the Major's admiration for Carlota was of a sober nature, by no means ardent or Quixotic, and pretty much on a par with his passion for pig.

This was far from being the case with Garry, who became more and more enamoured every hour. The Spanish lover continued to conduct himself as if he had been married to Juana for twenty years, never troubling himself to be particularly agreeable or attentive, for which obliging conduct Garry felt very grateful to him. The Major had been too long accustomed to witness Owen's philanderings to see any thing peculiar in the present case, till his attention was attracted by a little incident he accidentally witnessed. After the last halt they made before reaching Tarifa, Garry was, as usual, at hand, to assist Juana to her saddle. Her horse was fastened in a thicket of oleanders, whose flowers and leaves formed a screen such as Cupid himself might have planted. Garry seized the charming opportunity to offer to re-tie the ribbons of her hat, which was very considerate; for, to tie them herself, she would have been obliged to take off her gloves, which would have been a great trouble. Having done so, still retaining his hold of the strings, he glanced quickly around, and then drew her blooming face towards his own till their lips met—for which piece of impudence he only suffered the slight penalty of a gentle tap with her whip. My

grandfather discreetly and modestly withdrew his eyes, but he was not the only observer. He of the silver fishes was regarding them with a fixed look from among some neighboring trees, where he had tethered his horse. Probably the Spaniard, with all his indifference, thought this was carrying matters a little too far, for, after conversing a moment with the Governor, he took his place at Juana's side, and did not again quit it till they arrived at Tarifa. Then both he and the Governor took leave of our travellers with a cold civility, defying all Garry's attempts to thaw it, and seeming to forbid all prospect of a speedy renewal of the acquaintance.

CHAPTER IV.

AT the inn, that night, the Major betook himself to rest early, that he might be ready to start for Gibraltar betimes in the morning, for on the following day their leave was to expire.

He had slept soundly for several hours, when he was awoke by Owen, who entered with a candle in his hand. The Major sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Time's up, my boy, eh?" said he, with a cavernous yawn. "I should have liked another hour of it, but it can't be helped," (preparing to turn out).

"I didn't want to spoil your rest last night," said Owen, seating himself on the edge of the bed, "so I said nothing about a mishap that has occurred. That smuggling villain, Francisco, took advantage of our absence to fetch a contraband cargo in the boat from Gibraltar, and has been caught in attempting to run it here."

"God bless me," said my grandfather, "who would have thought it!—and he such a capital cook! But what's to be done? where's the boat?"

"The boat is, for the present, confiscated," said Garry; "but I dare say the Governor would let us have it in the morning, on explaining, and would perhaps release Francisco, with the loss of his cargo; but—but—in fact, Major, I don't want the Governor to know anything about our departure.

My grandfather stared at him, awaiting further explanation.

"Juana looked pale last night," said the Ensign after a pause.

The Major did not dispute the fact, though he could not, for the life of him, see what the

state of Juana's complexion had to do with the subject.

"She never liked that dingy Spanish lover of hers," said the Ensign, "and her father intends she shall marry him in a month. 'Twould make her miserable for life."

"Dear me," said my grandfather, "how do you know that?"

"She told me so. You see," said Owen, shading the candle with his hand, so that my grandfather could not see his face, and speaking hurriedly, "I didn't intend we should start alone—in fact—that is—Juana has agreed to fly with me to Gibraltar."

"Agreed!—fly!"—gasped my grandsire: "what an extraordinary young fellow!"

"She's waiting for us now," resumed Garry, gathering courage after the first plunge into the subject; "we ought to be off before daylight. Oblige me, my dear sir" (smiling irresistibly), "by getting up immediately."

"And how are we to get away," asked my grandfather, "supposing this insane scheme of yours to be attempted?"

"I've bribed the sentry at Francisco's place of durance," returned the Ensign. "We shall get out of the town the instant the gates are opened; and the boat is tied to the steps, as before, only under the charge of a sentry whom we can easily evade. Every guarda costa in the place was sent out last night to blockade a noted smuggler who has taken refuge in Tangier; so, once out, we are safe from pursuit: I found it all out after you had gone to bed."

The disposition of Major Flinders, as the reader knows, was the reverse of enterprising—he wouldn't have given a straw to be concerned in the finest adventure that ever happened in romance. He paused with one stocking on, inclined, like the little woman whose garments had been curtailed by the licentious shears of the pedlar, to doubt his own identity, and wondering if it could be really he, John Flinders, to whom such a proposition was broached, requiring him to assist in invading the peace of a family. As soon as he recovered his powers of speech, of which astonishment had for a moment deprived him, he began earnestly to dissuade the Ensign from the enterprise; but Owen knew his man too well, and had too much youthful vivacity of will to allow much time for remonstrance.

"Look you, Major," said he, "I'm positive I can't live without Juana. I'll make a bold stroke for a wife. The thing's settled—no go-

ing back now for me; and I shall go through with it with or without you. But you're not the man, I'm sure, to desert a fellow in extremity, at a time, too, when the advantages of your experience and coolness are so peculiarly needed. 'Call you that backing of your friends?' "

The compliment, or the quotation, or both, softened the Major. "'Would it were night, Hal, and all well,'" said he, half mechanically following the Falstaffian train of ideas Owen had artfully conjured up, and at the same time drawing on the breeches which that astute youth obsequiously handed to him.

It was still dark when they issued forth into the narrow and dingy streets of Tarifa. My grandfather, totally unaccustomed to visit the glimpses of the moon in this adventurous fashion, was full of strange fears—heard as many imaginary suspicious noises and voices as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the dark valley—and once or twice stopped abruptly and grasped Owen's arm, while he pointed to a spy dogging them in the distant gloom, who turned out to be a door-post. But Owen was now in his element; no tom-cat in Tarifa was more familiar with housetops and balconies at the witching hour than he, and he stepped gaily on. Presently they were challenged by a sentry, to whom Owen promptly advanced and slipped into his itching palm a doubloon, when the trustworthy warrior immediately turned upon his heel, and, walking to the extremity of his post, looked with great vigilance in the opposite direction.

Owen advanced to a grated window and tapped. Immediately the burly face of Francisco showed itself thereat, his white teeth glancing merrily in a glimmer of moonshine. A bar, previously filed through, was removed from the window, and Owen taking him by the collar to assist his egress, drew him through as far as the third button of his waistcoat, where he stuck for a moment; but the substance was elastic, and a lusty tug landed him in the middle of the narrow street. Receiving Frank's instructions given in a hurried whisper, to go at once to where the boat lay, and cast her off, ready to shove off on the instant, he nodded and disappeared in the darkness, while Owen and the Major made for the Governor's house.

Arrived near it, Owen gave a low whistle—a peculiar one, that my grandfather remembered to have heard him practising to Juana on the previous day—when, to the unuttera-

ble surprise of the Major, *two* veiled figures appeared on the balcony.

"Why, Owen, boy, d'ye see!" quoth the Major, stuttering with anxiety, "who can the other be?—her maid, eh?"—indistinct stage recollections of intriguing waiting-women dawning on him.

"Ahem!—why, you see, Major," whispered Owen, "she wouldn't come alone—couldn't manage it at all, in fact, without the knowledge of her aunt, who sleeps in the next room; so I persuaded Carlota to come too, and gave her a sort of half promise that *you would take care of her.*" Here, wishing to cut short a rather awkward explanation, he ran under the balcony—one of the ladies dropped a cord—and Owen producing from under his coat a rope ladder, (he had sat up all night making it), attached it, and, as soon as it was drawn up, ascended, motioning to my astounded grandfather to keep it steady below. The Major, after a moment's desperate half-resolve to make a hasty retreat from the perilous incidents which seemed momentarily to thicken round him, and leave his reckless friend to his fate, yielded to the force of circumstances, and did what was required of him. Then Owen lifted the ladies, one after the other, over the railing of the balcony, and they swiftly descended. First came Juana, who, scarcely touching the Major's offered hand, lit on the pavement like gossamer; then Carlota descended, and making, in her trepidation, a false step near the bottom came so heavily on the Major, that they rolled together on the stones. By the time they were on their feet again, Owen had slipped down the ladder, and, taking Juana under his arm, set off rapidly towards the bay.

If any thing could have added to the Major's discomfiture and embarrassment, it would have been the pressure of Carlota's arm on his, as she hung confidently on him—a pressure not proceeding from her weight only, but active, and with a meaning in it; but he was in that state of mental numbness from the successive shocks of astonishment, that, as with a soldier after the first two dozen, any additional laceration passed unheeded. He was embarked in an adventure of which he could by no means see the end; all was strange and dark in the foreground of his future; and if he had been at that moment tried, cast, and condemned for an im-

aginary crime, he would have been too apathetic to say any thing in arrest of judgment.

With the silence and swiftness of a forlorn hope, they passed through the town and along the sandy causeway. The succession of white rolling waves on their left, where extended the full breadth of the Straits, while the bay on their right was almost smooth, showed the wind to be still against them; but it was now so moderate that they might safely beat up for the Rock. Arrived at the head of the stairs leading to the water, they paused in the angle of the wall to reconnoitre. Francisco was lying coiled up in the head of the boat, his hand on the rope, ready to cast her loose, and the boat-hook projecting over the bow. Above them, and behind the wall, at a little distance, they could hear the measured tread of the sentry, and catch the gleam of his bayonet as he turned upon his walk: a few vigorous shoves would carry them outside the sea-wall and beyond his ken. All depended on their silence; and like two stealthy cats did Owen and Juana descend to the boat—the Major and Carlota watching the success of their attempt with protruded necks. Cautiously did Owen stride from the last stair to the deck—cautiously did he transfer Juana to the bark, and guide her aft. The Major was just preparing to follow, when a noise from the boat startled him: Juana had upset an unlucky wine-jar which Francisco had left there. The sentry put his head over the wall, and challenged; Francisco, starting up, shoved hastily off; the sentry fired his piece, his bullet shattering the wine-jar that had caused the mischief. Juana screamed, Owen swore in English, and Francisco surpassed him in Spanish. There was no time to return or wait for the other pair, for the guard was alarmed by the sentry's shot, and their accoutrements might be heard rattling near at hand, as they turned hastily out. Before they reached the wall, however, the boat had disappeared.

Major Flinders watched it till it was out of sight, and, at first, experienced a feeling of despair at being thus deprived of the aid of Garry's boldness and promptitude, and left to his own resources. Presently, however, a gleam of comfort dawned upon him—perhaps Carlota would now abandon the enterprise, and he should thus, at any rate, be freed from the embarrassment her presence

occasioned him. In this hope he was shortly undeceived. To have added the shame of failure and exposure to her present disappointment, while an opening to persevere still remained, did not suit that lady's ardent spirit; and whether it was that the unscrupulous Garry had really represented the Major as very much in love, or whether such an impression resulted from her own lively imagination, she certainly thought her companion would be as much chagrined at such a denouement as herself. She displayed a prompt decision in this emergency, being, indeed, as remarkable for presence as the Major was for absence of mind. Taking the Major's arm, she caused him swiftly to retrace his steps with her to the inn where he had slept. As they retreated, they heard the boom of a gun behind them, fired, doubtless, from the Point, at the Fair Unknown. At Carlota's orders, a couple of horses one with a side-saddle, were speedily at the inn-door; they mounted, and, before the sun was yet risen, had issued forth from the gate of Tarifa, on the road to Gibraltar.

The Major rode beside her like a man in a dream—in fact, he was partly asleep, having been deprived of a large portion of his natural and accustomed rest, and partly bewildered. A few days before he had been the most methodical, unromantic, not to say humdrum, old bachelor in his Majesty's service; and here he was, how or why he did not well know, galloping away at daybreak with a foreign lady, of whose existence he had been ignorant a week before, with the prospect of being apprehended by her relatives for her abduction, and incarcerated by the Government for assisting in the escape of a smuggler. When at length roused to complete consciousness by the rapidity of their motion, he positively groaned in anguish of spirit, and vowed internally that, once within the shelter of his own quiet quarters, nothing on earth should again tempt him forth on such harum-scarum expeditions.

It was near noon when they reached Algeciras, where they stopped to breakfast, both of them rather exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This town stands just opposite Gibraltar, across the bay—the road they had come by forms the base of a triangle, of which Cabrita Point is the apex, the bay washing one side of the projecting coast, the Straits the other. The Major was reserved and em-

barrassed; there was a tenderness about Carlota's manner that frightened him out of his usual gallantry, and, to avoid meeting her glance, he looked steadily out of the window at the rock of Gibraltar, casting wistful glances at the spot where his quarters lay hidden in a little clump of foliage. Immediately after the meal he quitted the room, on pretence of looking after the horses. He determined to protract their stay in Algeciras till late in the afternoon, that they might enter Gibraltar in the dusk, and thus avoid awkward meetings with equestrian parties from the garrison, who would then be hastening homewards, in order to be in before gun-fire, when the gates are shut.

On returning, still out of temper, to the room where he had left Carlota, he found her, quite overcome with fatigue, asleep on the sofa. Her head was thrown a little back on the cushion; her lips were just parted, and she looked in her sleep like a weary child. The Major approached on tiptoe, and stood regarding her. His ill-humor melted fast into pity. He thought of all her kindness to him, and, by a sudden soft-hearted impulse, took gently one of her hands projecting over the side of the sofa. Carlota opened her eyes, and squeezed the hand that held hers; whereupon the Major suddenly quitted his hold, and, retreating with great discomposure to the window, did not venture to look at her again till it was time to resume their journey.

At a little distance from Algeciras is the river Palmones, called by the English the Second River. This was crossed by a floating bridge, pulled from shore to shore by a ferryman warping on a rope extended across. They had just reached the opposite bank of the stream, when Carlota noticed two horsemen galloping fast along the road they had just traversed. A second glance showed them to be Don Pablo and the lover of Juana. The first inquiries of the Governor had led him to suppose that all had escaped in the boat, and it was not till some time after that he had learned the true state of affairs.

The fugitives now hastened on in earnest, and roused their horses to a steady gallop, never pausing till they reached the Guadarranque, or First River, about a mile nearer Gibraltar than the other, and furnished with a similar bridge. The delay of the pursuers at the former ferry had thrown them far in rear; and my grandfather, inspired by the

imminence of the peril, now conceived a bright idea—the brightest, probably, that ever flashed upon him—by executing which they might effectually distance their pursuers. Dropping his glove at a little distance from the shore, he sent the ferryman to fetch it, and then pushed off (Carlota having already embarked), and warped the bridge to the opposite bank, heedless of the frantic gesticulations of the proprietor, who screamed furiously after them to stop. When he reached the opposite side, he took out his pocket-knife and deliberately cut the rope. Having thus, as it were, blown up the communication in his rear, my grandfather, without the loss of his baggage, continued his retreat to the fortress; while the little Governor, who galloped up just as they were disappearing, was, like Lord Ullin, left lamenting.

The sun was already declining, and threw their shadows far before them on the sands, as they rode along the beach close to the water. The bay at this inner extremity makes a great circular sweep—radii drawn from the rock to different distant points of the arc would be almost equal; and for half an hour they continued to see Gibraltar at nearly the same distance to the right and in front of them, holding itself aloof most provokingly. Twilight descended as they passed the Spanish lines and entered on the Neutral Ground. The Major glanced anxiously at his watch—in a few minutes the gun from Middle Hill would give the signal for shutting the gates and doom them irretrievably to return into Spain for the night. For the first time in his life Major Flinders really punished his horse, lifting the tired beast along with whip and rein. Carlota's kept easily beside him under her lighter weight, and they rapidly neared the barrier. Just as they passed it, a stream of flame shot from the rock, illumining objects like a flash of lightning;—then came the heavy report of the gun—another minute and the drawbridge at Landport would be lifted; but they were upon it. They dashed across somewhat in the style of Marmion quitting Douglas's castle, "just as it trembled on the rise," and were safe in Gibraltar.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER life's fitful fever, the Major did not sleep well. He had left Carlota comfortably established at the inn; and he now lay nervously thinking how his embarrassment with

regard to her was to terminate, especially if Owen did not shortly make his appearance. Then he was worried by doubts as to the fate of the Fair Unknown and her passengers. They might have been recaptured, as escaped smugglers, by a guarda costa—they might be detained in the Straits by adverse winds or calms—they might have run ashore into some bay, and come on overland. This last supposition haunted him most pertinaciously, and he resolved to go up the rock as soon as it should be daylight, to look out for them along the road from Spain. He lay tossing restlessly till the morning gun gave the signal of the approach of dawn, and before the echoes died away he had his breeches on.

Night was at odds with morning when my grandfather, with a telescope under his arm, sallied forth and began the ascent. Silence was over the rock, except an occasional sighing of a remnant of night wind that had lost itself among the crags. At first, the only clear outline visible was that of the rugged edge of the rock above against the colorless sky; but as he toiled up the steep zigzag path, the day kept pace with him—each moment threw a broader light on the scene—blots of shadow became bushes or deep fissures, and new shapes of stone glided into view. The only symptoms of animal life that he beheld were a rabbit that fled silently to his hole, and a great white vulture that, startled from his perch on a grey crag, sailed slowly upward on his black-tipped wings, circling higher and higher, till his breast was crimsoned by the yet unrisen sun.

The path led diagonally to the summit; and, turning a sharp level corrier, my grandfather looked perpendicularly down on the Mediterranean, whose lazy waves, sending up a gentle murmur, rippled far below him. On his left, also steep down below him, was the Neutral Ground, level as the sea itself, extending northward into sandy plains, abruptly crossed by tumbled heaps of brown mountains. A reddening of the sky showed that the sun was at hand; and presently the glowing disk came swiftly up from behind the eastern hills; the pale earth shared in the ruddiness of the sky, and a long rosy gleam swept gradually over the breadth of the grey sea, like an unwilling smile spreading itself from a man's lips to his eyes and forehead.

Conspicuous on the highest point in the

landscape stood my grandfather, panting with his exertions as he wiped his forehead. After standing for a moment, bronzed in front like a smith at the furnace, face to face with the sun, he turned and swept with his telescope the road into Spain. Early peasants, microscopic as ants, were bringing their fruits and vegetables into the fortress—a laden mule or two advanced along the beach over which the Major had last night galloped—but nothing resembling what he sought was in sight. Then turning completely round, with his face to the path he had just ascended, he gave a long look towards the Straits; and as he did so, the wind, which had shifted to the southwest towards morning, blew gently on his face. A sail or two was discernable in the distance, outward bound, but nothing resembling the cutter. As the Major looked a signal was made from Cabrita, and directly two feluccas left their station at Algeçiras, and swooped out, like two white birds, as if to intercept some bark yet hidden by the Point. Again my grandfather looked out to the Strait, and presently a small white sail came in sight near Cabrita. For a quarter of an hour he stood steadily, with levelled telescope, and then he was almost sure—yes, he could swear—that he saw the small English ensign relieved against the sail; and above, at the masthead, the yellow-striped flag that Francisco hoisted before as the mark of a yacht. It was the Fair Unknown—and my grandfather at once comprehended that the pursuers, whom he had escaped the night before, had, on returning to Algeçiras, made arrangements for her capture as soon as she should appear.

The breeze was on her beam, and much fresher with her than farther in the bay, so that the feluccas steered slantingly across her course as she made for the rock. They held on thus, the pursuers and the pursued, till within a mile of each other, when the cutter suddenly altered her course to one nearly parallel with that of the feluccas. The latter, however, now gained fast upon her, and presently a puff of smoke from the bow of the foremast was followed by the report of a gun. My grandfather could look no longer through his glass, for his hand shook like a reed, but began with huge strides, more resembling those of a kangaroo than a quiet middle-aged gentleman, to descend the rock. Breathless,

he reached his quarters, had his horse saddled, and brought out, and galloped off towards Europa.

Europa Point is at the southern extremity of the rock, and commands at once the entrance of the bay and the passage of the Straits. The road to it from the north, where the Major was quartered, affords, for the most part, a view of the bay. Many an anxious glance did he cast, as he sped along, at the state of affairs on the water. The feluccas fired several shots, but all seemed to fall wide, and were probably intended only to frighten the chase, out of consideration for her fair freight. Still, however, the English colors floated, and still the cutter held her course.

Some artillerymen and an officer were assembled at the Point as the Major galloped up.

"Can't you fire at 'em?" said he, as he drew up beside the battery.

"Too far off," said the Lieutenant, rising from the parapet on which he was leaning, and showing a drowsy unshaven countenance; "we should only frighten them."

"By heavens!" said my grandfather, "'tis horrible. I shall see the boy taken before my eyes!"

"Boy!" quoth the Lieutenant, wondering what peculiar interest the Major could take in the smuggler. "What boy?"

"Why, Owen of ours—he's running away with a Spanish lady."

"The devil!" cried the Lieutenant, jumping down. "What, Garry Owen!—we must try a long shot. Pull those quoins out (to a gunner). Corporal, lay that gun; a dollar if you hit the felucca. I'll try a shot with this one." So saying, he laid the thirty-two pounder next him with great care.

"Fire!" said he, jumping on the parapet to see the effect of the shot. At the second rebound it splashed under the bows of the leading felucca, which still held on. She was now scarcely three hundred yards from the cutter.

"Why, d—n their impudence!" muttered the Lieutenant, on seeing his warning pass unheeded, "they won't take a hint. Corporal, let drive at 'em."

The Corporal earned his dollar. The shot went through the side of the felucca, on board of which all was presently confusion; in a few minutes it was apparent she was

sinking. The other, abandoning the chase, went to the assistance of her consort, lifting the crew out, some of whom were evidently hurt.

"A blessed shot!" cried my grandfather, giving the lucky Corporal a bit of gold; "but I'm glad they're picking up the crew."

The cutter instantly stood in for the harbor, and half an hour afterwards the Major bade his young friend and Juana welcome to Gibraltar.

Carlota was beside herself with joy at seeing the wanderers safe. She first cast herself upon Juana, and cried over her; then embraced the Ensign, who made no scruple of kissing her; lastly, threw herself tenderly upon the Major, who gazed over her head as it lay on his shoulder with a dismayed expression, moving his arms uneasily, as if he didn't know what he was expected to do with them. Every moment it was becoming clearer to him that he was a compromised man, no longer his own property. On his way through the streets that morning he had passed a knot of officers, one of whom he overheard describing "Old Flinders" as "a sly old boy," for that he "had run away with a devilish handsome Spaniard—who would have thought it?" "Ay, who indeed!" groaned the Major, internally. But the seal was put to his doom by the Colonel, who, when he went to report himself, slapped him on the shoulder, and congratulated him on his happiness. "Fine woman, I hear, Flinders—didn't give you credit for such spirit—hope you'll be happy together." The Major, muttering an inarticulate denial, hastily retreated, and from that moment surrendered himself to his fate an unresisting victim.

About dusk that night, Owen came to him.

"By heavens!" the Ensign began, throwing himself into a chair, "I'm the most unlucky scoundrel! Nothing goes right with me. I promised myself that this should be my wedding night—and here I am, as forlorn a bachelor as ever."

"What has gone wrong?" inquired my grandfather, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"I pressed her with all my eloquence," said Owen; "reminded her of her promise to marry me the day we should arrive here—of the necessity of caring for her reputation, after leaving her father's house and coming here under my protection" (here my grand-

father winced;) "talked, in fact, like an angel who had been bred a special pleader—yet it was all of no use."

"Deliberating about marriage!" said the Major, "after leaving her father and lover for you! What gnat can she be straining at, after swallowing a camel of such magnitude?"

"A piece of female Quixotry," returned Owen. "She says she can't think of such selfishness as being comfortably married herself, while Carlota is so unhappy, and her fate so unsettled." Here he made a significant pause; but my grandfather was immovably silent, only glancing nervously at him, and smoking very hard.

"In fact, she protests she won't hear of marrying me, till you have settled when you will marry Carlota."

"Marry Carlota!" gasped the Major in an agonised whisper.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're not going to marry her!" exclaimed the Ensign, throwing a vast quantity of surprise into his expressive countenance.

"Why—why, what should I marry her for?" stammered the Major.

"Oh, Lord!" said Garry, "here will be pleasant news for her! Curse me if I break it to her."

"But really now, Frank," the Major repeated—"marriage, you know—why, I never thought of such a thing."

"You're the only person that hasn't, then," rejoined Owen. "Why, what can the garrison think, after the way you smuggled her in; what can she herself think, after all your attentions?"

"Attentions, my dear boy;—the merest civility."

"Oh,—ah! 'twas civility, I suppose, to squeeze her hand in the inn at Algeciras, in the way she told Juana of—and heaven knows what else you may have done during the flight. Juana is outrageous against you—actually called you a vile deceiver; but Carlota's feeling is more of sorrow than of anger. She is persuaded that nothing but your ignorance of Spanish has prevented your tongue from confirming what your looks have so faithfully promised. I was, really quite affected to-day at the appealing look she cast on me after you left the room; she evidently expected me to communicate her destiny."

My grandfather smoked hard.

"Lots of fellows would give their ears for such a wife," pursued the Ensign. "Love-lace, the Governor's aide-de-camp, bribed the waiter of the hotel to lend him his apron to-day, at dinner, that he might come in and look at her—swears she's a splendid woman, and that he'd run away with such another to-morrow."

Still my grandfather smoked hard, but said nothing, though there was a slight gleam of pride in his countenance.

"Poor thing!" sighed Garry. "All her prospects blighted for ever. Swears she never can love another."

At this my grandfather's eyes grew moist, and he coughed as if he had swallowed some tobacco-smoke.

"And as for me, to have Juana at my lips, as it were, and yet not mine—for she's as inflexible as if she'd been born a Mede or Persian—to know that you are coming between me and happiness as surely as if you were an inexorable father or a cruel guardian—worse, indeed; for those might be evaded. Major, major, have you no compassion!—two days of this will drive me crazy."

The Major changed his pipe from his right hand to his left, and, stretching the former across the table, sympathetically pressed that of the Ensign.

"Do, Major," quoth Garry, changing his flank movement for a direct attack—"do consent to make yourself and me happy; do empower me to negotiate for our all going to church to-morrow." (My grandfather gave a little jump in his chair at this, as if he were sitting on a pin.) "I'll manage it all; you shan't have the least trouble in the matter."

My grandfather spoke not.

"Silence gives consent," said the Ensign, rising. "Come, now, if you don't forbid me, I'll depart on my embassy at once; you needn't speak, I'll spare your blushes. I see this delay has only been from modesty, or perhaps a little ruse on your part. Once, twice, thrice,—I go." And he vanished.

The Major remained in his chair, in the same posture. His pipe was smoked out, but he continued to suck absently at the empty tube. His bewilderment and perturbation were so great that, though he sat up till two in the morning, during which time he smoked eleven pipes, and increased the two glasses of grog with which he was accustomed to prepare for his pillow to four, he

was still, when he went to bed, as agitated as ever.

In this state of mind he went to the altar, for next day a double ceremony was performed, making Owen happy with Juana, and giving Carlota a husband and me a grandfather. The Major was more like a proxy than a principal in the affair; for Owen, taking the entire management upon himself, left him little more to do than to make the necessary responses.

Carlota made a very good-tempered, quiet, inobtrusive helpmate, and continued to be fond of her spouse even after he was a grey-headed colonel. My grandfather, though credulous in most matters, could with difficulty be brought to consider himself married. He would sometimes seem to forget the circumstance for a whole day together, till it came to be forced on his recollection at bedtime. And when, about a year after his marriage, a new-born female Flinders (now my venerable aunt) was brought one morning by the nurse for his inspection and approval, he gazed at it with a puzzled air, and could not be convinced that he was actually in the presence of his own flesh and blood, till he had touched the cheek of his first-born with

the point of his tobacco-pipe, removed from his mouth for that purpose, making on the infant's countenance a small indentation.

The little Governor, Don Pablo, was subsequently induced to forgive his relatives, and frequent visits and attentions were interchanged, till the commencement of the siege put a stop to all intercourse between Gibraltar and Spain.

I have often, on a summer's evening, sat looking across the bay at a gorgeous sunset, and retracing in imagination the incidents I have related. My grandfather's establishment was broken up during the siege by the enemy's shells, but a similar one now stands on what I think must have been about the site of it. The world has changed since then; but Spain is no land of change; and, looking on the imperishable outline of the Audaluzian hills, unaltered, probably, since a time to which the period of my tale is but as yesterday, it is easy for me to "daff aside" the noisy world without, and, dropping quietly behind the age, to picture to myself my old-fashioned grandfather issuing forth from yonder white-walled town of Algeciras with his future bride.

THE public are now admitted to view the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the late Duke of Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's. The material was sought upon the continent, but in vain; and at length it was determined to appropriate for the purpose a huge porphyry boulder, which had lain for ages upon the Trefray estate at Luxalyan, in Cornwall. Here, in the field, whereon it was found, the intensely hard material was cut into the form of a sarcophagus, and polished by steam power, and, being completed, was conveyed to the cathedral, to be deposited in the centre of the cryptal chamber already mentioned. The color is rich reddish brown, with yellowish markings; and the sarcophagus is placed upon a base of light granite, each of the four corners being sculptured with a lion's head. On one side of the sarcophagus is inscribed, "Arthur, Duke of Wellington," and upon the opposite side, "Born May 1, 1769. Died Sept. 14, 1852," and at each end, and upon a boss is an heraldic cross, the outlines of which, as well as those of the inscription, are in gold, which has a rich effect. In each angle of the chamber is a candelabrum of highly polished red granite, from which rise jets of gas to light the apartment. The floor is laid with Minton's tiles, and the appearance of the tomb and the

sepulchral chamber, if not sumptuous, is grand and massive. The tomb is stated to have cost £1100.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.—We English are not a very emotional people; even when we do feel very strongly, we nevertheless think it good breeding to betray nothing of the matter. We are apt to treat even a great feeling as the Spartan boy treated the fox hidden under his garment, suffering it to prey upon our very bowels rather than by any word, gesture, or expression, to discover what we are harboring. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulseless as a prize turnip, and she is the perfection of the very choicest female nature. This is the discipline of high life in its very highest; but the frost descends to the very roots of society. We button up our hearts as we button up our great-coats, all the more resolutely if our hearts, like our great-coat pockets, happen to have any thing valuable in them.—*Jerrold.*

From Chambers's Journal.

MY FIRST PLAY.

WHEN first any thing new happens to us, it is an event, not only for the time being, but for the future. Thoughts, feelings, and intelligences unknown before, spring up and give birth to others which never again seem to leave us, and which indirectly, but certainly, influence our future actions and sentiments, although we may not take the trouble of tracing to their sources "the little things" which gave the first tiny tinge of color to what forms our present and permanent bent of character. I had never seen a play of any kind, and had heard marvellously little about plays or scenic representations in general. To be sure, my nursery-maid, Mary, talked occasionally about the "theater," and had even told me a long story concerning one Jane Shore, and a wicked king, whose wickedness, I concluded consisted in making the said Jane Shore cry water-cresses, as it was apropos to hearing that beautiful, melancholy, but now obsolete cry "Buy my water-cresses," that she for the first time related the pathetic tale—assuring me that such was undoubtedly both the mode and the tune by which the lovely and unfortunate prototype of the dirty draggle-tail drab then passing us, used to call the attention of the Londoners, two or three thousand years ago to the fresh leaves she had been forced to gather for them, to eat with their bread and butter, early in the morning, at the cold brook-side, before the wicked tyrant himself, or the sun, or the birds were awake.

Mary, being somewhat romantically and sentimentally disposed, dealt chiefly in tragedies where ladies died for love of handsome young gentlemen, who stamped about and stabbed each other in measured time, which she practically demonstrated, by making a ferocious attack on a pillow with a poker; which pillow, after having performed the part of a rival lover was rendered available in smothering Desdemona—that is, the unconscious cat, which never would lie quiet and allow itself to be killed as that exemplary wife did, but ran mewling and spitting under the bed. She was not it must be confessed particularly clear in her descriptions; and there was a strange jumble of kings and queens in crowns, poisoned cups, bloody daggers, gold waistcoats, purple and crimson robes, ermine and suits of armor, helmets, battle-axes, and clash-

ing swords, wailing, woe, death, and dismay, dancing in confusion through my childish brain, and filling me alternately with curiosity, terror, delight, and a strong desire to witness myself the wonders she dilated upon.

One Monday morning, when snow lay thick on the ground, frost in the very air of the house, I sat with purple nose and red fingers at the schoolroom piano, picking out a new music-lesson, my father unexpectedly entered—a very unusual event with him. He hoped I was a good girl; and then, in case my prim governess should insinuate anything to the disadvantage of my character, quickly added: "We have secured a box on Thursday at Covent Garden, and mean to take you, Lilian, where I hope Miss Birch," turning to the governess—"will also do us the favor to accompany us." Whereupon Miss Birch's countenance, hitherto any thing but smiling, brightened; she graciously signified her assent to the proposal, saying: "I was a very good girl, and deserved indulgence." Although this was in direct contradiction to the opinion she had expressed to myself some ten minutes before, I was not disposed to be critical, but jumped up in a fever of joy, kissed first my father, and then Miss Birch, my blood circulating so rapidly, that before the former had well closed the door, neither purple nose nor red fingers remained.

What was it to me now that the fire burnt low, or that the streets were covered with snow; was I not going to the play? I bustled through my lessons with unusual energy; and the moment the clock struck twelve, bounded off to the nursery, where my little sister Susan always staid until she joined me at two to commence her lesson also. The joyful news had already been imparted there, and Susan was longing for my arrival to talk over our anticipated treat with Mary, who entered into our feelings most good-humoredly, but told us she did not think we should see Jane Shore, inasmuch as that was an entertainment of too lofty a nature to take children to; but she daresayed that we should see "harleyqueen and columbind," more amusing, and better suited to our intelligence; and then she nothing loath, tried to enlighten us in the same confused manner she had before attempted to describe her favorite tragedies; leaving our little minds in a tangled maze, which only still more whetted our curiosity. How Tuesday and Wednesday passed it is

equally impossible to recollect as imagine. Going to the play was ever present; and the time seemed so far off, we feared it never would come. Thursday, I remember, was a rapid thaw. I suppose it had begun before, for by the middle of the day, no snow was to be seen or frost felt, the sun shone on our anticipated treat; no lessons were thought of, for Miss Birch, who had her "frocks to trim" most generously gave us a holiday. We were to dine late, and our parents early—all together! because we were going to the play as we duly informed every person we saw, and to have a cup of *café à la crème* to keep us awake; not that there was the slightest danger, we felt sure, of our ever wishing to sleep; but we wisely kept that conviction to ourselves, lest the *café* should be struck out as unnecessary.

Every one knows the particular rumble of his own carriage; that evening, however, we made several mistakes. "There it is," was said a dozen times before there it really was, but at last it did positively come just at the very minute it was ordered, old John Gemmel, the coachman, knowing full well where we were going and who was going. So jumping bustling, laughing, squeezing each others' hands, and pinching our mamma's till she wisely bethought herself of elevating them out of our reach, we allowed our little white satin tippets, edged with swandown, to be tied on, smelling of cedar drawers, lavender, and dried roses—a mixed odor which, when inhaled, even at this day, restores to me the feelings of that happy hour. A happy hour it was; for

"All things please when life itself is new."

Although it was yet the days of oil lamps—never having been out in an evening before—to our unaccustomed eyes, the streets seemed brightly illuminated. The shops were one blaze of light; and we shouted with glee as we rolled on past mercers and milliners, perfumers and chemists, dazzling the eyes with a rapid succession of the brightest colors; grocers and green-grocers with their shows of figs and chestnuts, almonds, raisins, apples, pears, and all sorts of good cheer; pastry-cooks' shops, resplendent with snow-capped twelfth-cakes; toy-shops, with dolls and drums and baby-houses, in every variety! all looking twice as tempting as by day; but yet we pitied the poor people behind the counters, and their customers, for they were evidently not going to the play. Much we

wondered to see grown persons, who, of course, could always do just as they pleased, composedly walking away from the goal of our desires; and felt certain every one going in the right direction along the glistening pavement, wet with a recent shower, must be "going to the play." It seemed a long way off; and so many new sights and feelings were succeeding each other, that to us it appeared at least ten miles. At length, carriages increased; cries met our ears of "Bill of the play," "Oranges," and so forth; link-boys flashed their torches; coachmen cut in and cut out, and lashed and swore—we stopped—we went on—we stopped again—we were come to the playhouse door at last! Lifted out by the footman, my father took my little sister by the hand, whilst I followed between my mother and Miss Birch. We now talked no more, and jumped no more, for a sort of overwhelming feeling of mixed joy and fear kept us still as we walked along the lobbies. The box-door suddenly opened; and the lights, the sea of heads, the uproar the gods were making at that particular moment, heard amidst the tuning of the orchestra, the cry of "Music," "O. P.," "Turn him out," "Throw him over," had such an effect upon my excited feelings, that I really think, for a moment I lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I found we were all, except my father, seated in the front row, and the overture about to begin. Passionately fond of music, and knowing every popular air, of course this overture, where many were introduced, was a great treat, and one I had not counted upon. It was short, for at Christmas, children form the greatest part of the audience, and what is likely to please them is then more attended to than at other seasons.

I cannot now remember what the name of the piece first acted was; but although I knew it was make-believe, I still could not help fancying it real: the scenery was so like nature; for we saw it from the centre-boxes, which favor the illusion; only the ladies were almost too beautiful for flesh and blood, or anything but wax; however, they sang and danced in a haymaking scene, which, but for these beautiful wax-doll ladies, would have been just like the real country, as I had seen it at my uncle's the summer before, where coldhopping clowns and rosy-cheeked ragged rustics figured instead. And there were also

warriors in plumed helmets, such as I read of in my story books; but I could hear with difficulty so far off, and could not comprehend what the gentleman ranted, and the ladies kept whining about. At last it came to an end; and although we entertained some fears that all was over, our patience was helped by an orange and a bun; and, after an overture, even prettier than the last, came the pantomime.

Ah, these were the palmy days of pantomimes! Grimaldi was clown; Bologna, harlequin; and Mrs. Parker, who, though sixty, the age of my venerable grandmamma, looked as young and as blooming, and danced far better than any of the aforesaid haymakers—Mrs. Parker, who never grew old was Columbine. Perhaps I confuse, perhaps I may be introducing parts of another pantomime, or perhaps there were three pieces played; but a live elephant and horses appeared on the stage in Bluebeard; and along with my reminiscences of that tragedy, the cabbage man is intimately connected. A pumpkin formed the head; a cabbage, the body; carrots, the arms; radishes, the fingers; rolls of Epping butter, the legs; and Dutch cheeses, the feet. Whilst I was wondering what Grimaldi could mean, after making his marketings disguised as a farmer, and laying them together with such care, up jumped this vegetable man, and pursued him round the stage. Certainly a foreshadowing of Frankenstein; perhaps the origin of that remarkable book. Then harlequin entered an apothecary's shop, struck with his wand three large drug bottles, and out jumped three little devils, with horns and tails, instead of the medicine they were supposed to contain. "Nothing is new under the sun," this was undoubtedly a homœopathic hint, whilst yet homœopathy was in embryo; but, I suppose, I must have been rather below par as to intelligence, for one of these poor little imps got hurt in some way, and emitted most doleful cries before he was extricated from his drug-bottle; and in recording the fact, I almost awaken the feelings of shame of that moment—I, I alone, of all the immense audience, in that immense Covent Garden Theatre, laughed. I heard my own laugh; I saw every eye in our vicinity turn upon me, and then I understood it all, and felt myself a fool; for it was not "part of the

play" as I in my ignorant simplicity, thought. The unfortunate child *was* hurt and frightened both. How utterly miserable I felt is more than words can convey. I did not dare look up for long; but when at last I ventured to do so, to my great surprise, and greater relief, no one appeared to be aware of my existence; all eyes were directed towards the stage; so, with the happy *insouciance* of childhood, I soon forgot my humiliation; I was as much engrossed with the moving scene as before.

The greatest of pains and the greatest of pleasures come to an end sometime or other and, although our kind parents, stifling their yawns, remained until the curtain fell, that we might see the whole, we both declared we should like it all to begin over again. Once, in the carriage, however, nature resumed her sway, and we fell so fast asleep, that we were undressed and put to bed without awakening, and our slumbers were dreamless; but early next morning we were alive again, calling to each other from our little beds, humming the airs, singing the songs, acting the scenes we had witnessed the night before. For many successive nights, however, clowns and columbines, harlequins and helmeted heroes, chased each other through our midnight visions; and my imitation of Mrs. Parker was so successful, that Monsieur Ricochet declared I must have practised in my sleep, so astonishingly had I improved since the preceding week. My sister attempted to read with the emphasis the actors recited, and although it must have been most intensely ludicrous, this new fancy certainly laid the foundation of a better style of reading than the unchanging sing-song, she was before remarkable for. The happiness of this our first play did not terminate when the curtain fell, for even now, as I write the above description of what occurred so long, long ago, I seem to live it over again; the tunes start up in my mind, the perfume of my white satin tippet in my nose; for a moment, all the innocent imaginings of that period of life are mine once more; and not only mine, but my little daughter and niece find the description so pleasant, that they have had it read over to them three times, which makes me hope it may meet with the approbation of other young readers of *Chambers*, and so I send it.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: 1855.
2. *The Correlation of Physical Forces.* By W. R. Grove, Q.C., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition. London: 1855.
3. *On the Conservation of Force.* By Professor Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., &c.
4. *Essays from the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other Pieces.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H. London: 1857.
5. *The Soul in Nature.* By the late Professor Oersted. Translated by the Misses Horner. London: 1852.
6. *Nomos. An attempt to demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature.* London: 1856.

ALMOST every age of human history has either given to itself, or received from posterity, some epithet, marking, whether truly or fancifully, its distinctive place in the records of the world. It would be easy to find and to apply many such epithets to the remarkable period in which our own lot is cast; abounding, as it does, in characteristics which distinguish it from any that have ever gone before. One, which we cannot doubt that our own posterity will adopt, inasmuch as it affirms a fact equally obvious and certain, is, that we are living in *an age of transition*;—a period when changes, deeply and permanently affecting the whole condition of mankind, are occurring more rapidly, as well as extensively, than at any prior time in human history. The fact is one which lies on the very surface of all that we see in the world around us. No man of common understanding, even in the narrowest circle of observations, but must mark the continual shifting of things before him; reversing, in many cases, the maxims and usages which are the inheritance of centuries, and altering, in a thousand ways, the present conditions of material and social life. The philosopher who looks from a higher level, and upon a more distant horizon, discerns in these changes a wider and more lasting influence. He sees that they involve the relations of races and communities of men over the whole face of the globe; and that they are destined, sooner or later, to obliterate many of those diversities and lines of demarcation, which, however originally pro-

duced, seemed almost to dis sever the species, in the contrasts of human existence they afford. He takes further note of what is the great agent in this and other changes, that wonderful progress in physical philosophy, which has placed new powers in the hands of man—powers transcending in their strangeness and grandeur the wildest fables and dreams of antiquity; and the effects of which are already felt in every part of the habitable earth. He sees the march of discovery continually going on; new paths opened; new instruments and methods of research brought into action; and new laws evolved, giving connexion and combination to the facts and phenomena which unceasingly accumulate around us.

Closely, or even necessarily, connected with the changes last denoted, is the topic to which, as suggested by the works before us, we would especially invite the attention of our readers. We allude to the concurrent changes taking place in the spirit and scope of physical philosophy at large; scarcely less remarkable in their nature and influence than the discoveries in which they originate, and by which they are sanctioned. Modern science, in its dealings with the great physical powers or elementary forces which pervade and govern the material world, has been led, or even forced, into a bolder form and method of inquiry. Inductions of a higher class have been reached, and generalizations attained, going far beyond those subordinate laws in which science was formerly satisfied to rest. Experiment and observation, as the agents in acquiring knowledge, must always to a certain extent be alike in their objects and methods of pursuit. But the precision and refinements of modern experimental research—partly due to greater perfection of instruments, partly to the higher principles of inquiry pursued—strikingly distinguish it from that of any anterior time. With every allowance for illustrious exceptions, it is impossible to make the comparison, and not to see that the physical researches of our own day have a larger scope and more connected aim—that experiment is no longer tentative merely, but suggested by views which stretch beyond the immediate result, and hold in constant prospect those general laws which work in the universe at large. Nor is the power so gained ever now permitted to be dormant or inert. If thought suggests experiment, experiment ministers fresh materials to thought; and the philosopher working boldly with the

new forces at his command, and under the guidance of hypotheses, which extend to the very confines of human intelligence, obtains results which almost startle the imagination by the inroads they seem to make on the mysteries beyond. When flying along the railroad at forty or fifty miles an hour, with a slender wire beside us, conveying with speed scarcely measurable, the news of nations, the demands of commerce, or the fates of war, we have an example (though few care to estimate it fully) of those mighty attainments which bind, to our bidding, elements before unknown or uncontrolled by man; and which give certainty of other and similar attainments in time yet to come.

Admitting that hypothesis, and this often of very adventurous kind—the “*animi jactus liber*”—blends itself largely with the recent progress of physical science, we would in no way impugn this powerful instrument and aid of research; the use of which, under due limitation, is justified equally by reason and experience. In all inquiries of this nature, except those of strictly mathematical kind, certainty and conjecture necessarily and closely commingle. The speculation or bare analogy of one day becomes the scientific induction of the next; and even where hypothesis is not thus happily fated, it still has often high value as a partial interpreter and provisional guide to the truths sought for. All sciences, and very especially those of optics, of chemistry, of electricity, furnish notable instances to this effect; and have rescued hypothesis, in the philosophical sense of the term, from the vague reproach which it was once the fashion to cast upon it. Such vindication, however, affords no sanction to that spirit, which pushes mere speculation far in advance of experiment and observation, and adventures rashly into fields not prepared for human culture, if indeed ever accessible to it. Eccentric theories of this kind, the produce of imperfect knowledge or illogical understanding, will ever be found in the path of science; perplexing, it may be, to those who loosely follow it; but disappearing one after another, as truth pursues its steady course amidst them. The mysteries of organic life, approached with caution by the true philosopher, are an especial seduction to these framers of new systems,—systems which it becomes easy to coin, under shelter of a vague phraseology, and aided by the very obscurity of the subject.

While speaking thus generally on the spirit and methods of modern science, we may notice the fact, that there is scarcely one of the legitimate hypotheses of our own time, or even any great law founded on the soundest inductions from experiment, which is not prefigured in some way, more or less distinctly, in the philosophy of former ages. We might, had we space for it, give many curious instances of these anticipations; and assign reasons why they should especially be found in the more recondite parts of philosophy, such as the origin of matter, the qualities and combinations of atoms, the theories of space, ether, forces, &c.,—transcendental questions which press themselves upon the thought of the metaphysician, as well as of the naturalist and mathematician, in contemplating the phenomena of the universe. Through these avenues of thought and speculation, little aided by experiment or systematic observation, the subtlety of a few rare spirits in each early age came upon the traces of physical truths, which modern science has approached by more certain roads, and made the lawful prize of inductive research. What were then hasty and transient glances into these profound parts of philosophy, have now become a steady insight into the great physical laws under which are embodied all the phenomena of the natural world.

We have placed at the head of this article the titles of several recent works, well fitted, by their various merits and by the eminence of their authors, to illustrate the view we have briefly given of the present aspects of physical philosophy, as well as to indicate those future prospects of science, which may fairly be inferred from the spirit in which it is now pursued—the attainments still possible to human reason or human power. These are the points to which we now seek especially to direct attention. We might easily double or treble the number of the volumes thus referred to, were we to include even a small proportion of the systematic or elementary works; the lectures, memoirs, or addresses to scientific bodies; or the articles in reviews and other periodicals, which, under the influence of this new vigor of inquiry, and the practical popularity of many of its topics, have opened their pages to meet the demand for more familiar information than scientific treatises can afford. These topics, in fact, include not only the sciences treating of the

simpler inorganic conditions of matter, and the elementary forces,—heat, light, electricity, gravitation, chemical affinity, which act upon the material world,—but also animal and vegetable physiology in their whole extent, and those wonderful laws of organic life, connecting matter with vitality, instincts and intellect, under the numberless forms and species which are placed before us for our contemplation. In surveying this vast field of natural knowledge, for the purposes just indicated, we must of necessity limit ourselves to a broad outline; thereby forfeiting in some part the interest which belongs to the familiar details and illustrations of each particular science; but gaining in compensation a more connected and comprehensive view of the relation between the different sciences; and of those great discoveries in all, which are ever tending to bring them into closer approximation and subjection to common laws. We need scarcely dwell on the importance of such general views, and their influence on the spirit and progress of physical philosophy. We shall have occasion immediately to illustrate it, in speaking of the efforts made by some of the most eminent men of science of our day, to give concentration and unity to parts of physical knowledge, and to classes of phenomena, hitherto regarded as having no co-relation or common principle of action.

We do not undertake to analyse in detail, or even to notice all the works before us. To some of them, however, and especially to those placed first on the list, we must separately refer, inasmuch as they furnish the most able exposition of those doctrines and methods of modern science which it is our object to examine. And under this view we must first notice the volume of the Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford; not merely from the high scientific reputation of the author, but as embodying, and vindicating in great part, all the boldest conclusions derived from recent research. Approaching our subject through this work as the threshold, we enter at once on the highest debateable ground, amidst questions which have more or less perplexed the reason of man in all ages; formerly, as intellectual problems or paradoxes only, now, as the natural or necessary result of those experimental inquiries which have been carried through every part of the material creation.

Professor Powell's work includes three

separate essays:—one on the “Spirit of Inductive Philosophy,” another on the “Unity of Worlds,” the last on the “Philosophy of Creation.” The second of these essays, though containing much other valuable matter, is mainly an answer to that remarkable volume entitled the “Plurality of Worlds,” which, despite its anonymous form and paradoxical argument, has gained credit and weight in the public mind from the eminent name attached to its probable authorship. The curious raised, or rather revived, by this work—one destined from its very nature to be answered by *presumption* only—has already elicited so much active controversy, in which we have ourselves taken part, that we refrain from touching upon it here; though we might fairly do so as an example of the altered method in which such controversies are now carried on, and of the new class of proofs brought forward for their solution. But of the first and third of these essays of Professor Powell we must speak more in detail, in their bearing upon the subject before us.

They are written, we may first remark, with great vigor and ability of thought; with much of happy illustration, derived from the very large scientific resources of the author; and in a style singularly fitted to these subjects by its clearness and precision. Of the boldness of the work, in advocating doctrines and hypotheses not yet fully matured by research, we have just spoken. It would not be a harsh criticism to say that Professor Powell shows a marked fondness for what is new and arduous in philosophy; and takes pleasure in stigmatising, as hindrances to truth in physical science, all such opinions as are fostered by ancient and popular belief, including those which assume Scriptural authority for their foundation. In his just zeal against dogmatical authority, he sometimes falls into the opposite rashness of lending his authority and favor to hasty and partial experimental deductions; or to doctrines still in their infancy, and checked or controverted by opposite opinions of equal weight. To this temperament of mind, as we venture to describe it, we may attribute his somewhat eager adoption of the doctrines of “Transmutation of Species;” of “the Unity of Composition” as a principle in physiology; of the principle of “Continuity and immutability of physical laws in geology;” and of

the Correlation or community of vital and physical forces in all the automatic acts of life, and even in many mental acts which may be thus regarded. His reasonings on the doctrine of Final Causes, or *Teleology*, as it is now the fashion to call it, have the same character and bearing. All these are broad questions, and fairly open to argument and evidence. But we have the constant feeling in the volume before us, that the leaning is too much to one and the same side of these questions:—we might fairly call it the *paradoxical side*, while admitting at the same time, that paradoxes are often raised into the class of recognised truths; and, in a certain sense of the term, may even be deemed instruments of science, though instruments ever to be used with caution and forbearance. As a more special instance of what we have just mentioned, we might quote the sort of sanction our author gives to the crude experiments of Messrs. Crosse and Wickes on the seeming creation of animalcule life under certain conditions of the galvanic current;—a conclusion loosely drawn in its origin, without any known analogy, and not justified by any later research. On this point, as on many others in his third Essay on the “Philosophy of Creation,” we find a close approximation to the doctrines of the “Vestiges of Creation,” another well-known work of our own time, which by its ability has contributed greatly to diffuse a taste for these transcendental inquiries in science,—a dangerous effect, were it not corrected by the contemporaneous activity of those philosophers who make experiment and strict induction the sole measure and guides of their progress.

To the questions stated above we may especially refer, as examples of the class of profound problems on which modern science exercises itself; seeking their solution by experiments and observations far more refined and exact, than have ever before been applied to these inquiries. But there is another question largely discussed in Mr. Baden Powell's work, to which we would advert, as expounding better than any other the present spirit and scope of physical philosophy. This is the doctrine described by our author in his first essay, under the titles of “Unity of Sciences,” and “Uniformity of Nature,”—terms meant to express, but expressing too strongly, those admirable generalisations which have connected under common laws

phenomena seemingly the most remote and unlike, and are continually tending still further so to combine and concentrate them. Taking the subject in this general sense, we cannot hesitate to regard it as one of the very highest which can be submitted to the human understanding. The unfulfilled objects of science, as well as its ultimate end and aim, evidently lie in this direction; and none can be indifferent to the wonderful results which every year is disclosing to researches pursued on this principle. Among those who have labored most successfully for this especial object are the eminent men whose discoveries in particular branches of science have given them merited fame in the world. If out of many contemporaries we were to select a few who have done most to elevate physical science by generalisations of its phenomena and laws, the names of Arago, Faraday, Herschel, and Humboldt occur at once as first and most illustrious in this career. These philosophers have looked upon the world of nature in its largest aspects, and made their several discoveries subservient to this great object; thereby widening the circle of facts and phenomena, and at the same time drawing them more closely towards that centre in which we find so many sciences to converge.

Nevertheless we must not allow these terms of “Unity of Science,” “Unity of Principle,” and “Unity of Law,” to usurp too much on the understanding. Professor Powell seems to us to give undue force to such phrases; which, strictly examined, have no counterpart or reality in our actual knowledge. It is true that there is various high authority for their use, as for that of language analogous in effect. Humboldt, in several passages of his “Cosmos,” and, at an earlier period, D'Alembert and Laplace, have sanctioned the general conception, though not defining it sufficiently for any practical application beyond that attempt at generalisation just noticed; and which would have existed, even if no such mysterious word as “Unity” had been used to signify the ultimate end in view. We readily admit it as probable or certain, that numerous facts, hitherto insulated or anomalous, and even whole classes of phenomena unexplained by science, will hereafter be submitted to common and known laws. And we further believe that many laws themselves now of partial application, will hereafter merge in others of higher scope and gener-

ality. We shall speedily have to notice certain cases where this amalgamation has so far advanced as to furnish an entirely new basis for research, scarcely seen or anticipated before. But admitting what we have full right and reason to presume, that this concentration may be carried yet much further, still the attainment or even the conception of unity, in any strict sense of the word, lies indefinitely beyond, shrouded by an obscurity which words may seek to penetrate, but which human intellect can reach only in that one sublime sense of the unity of the Divine Creating Power. We may reduce to a small number the many forms of matter which are elementary to our present knowledge; we may show the identity of certain forces, hitherto deemed elementary, by their mutual convertibility; we may accept the phrase of Laplace, "*Les phénomènes de la Nature ne sont que les résultats mathématiques d'un petit nombre de lois immuables*;" and yet we shall never prove that there is but one kind of matter, or one nature of force, or that a single law governs all the phenomena around us. To put forward, therefore, the phrase and conception of the "Unity of Science" as the final term of our labors, is to inflict a metaphysical issue upon them, for which there is no warranty either in reason or practical use. Bishop Berkeley had somewhere spoken of ultimate ratios in mathematics as the "ghosts of departed quantities." With like reason we might call the unity of some of our modern philosophers the "ghost of departed pluralities;" having this quality of ghosthood, moreover, that there is nothing truly tangible or substantial about it.

We have dwelt thus much on these preliminary topics because, while they indicate what may be considered the exaggerations and excesses of theory, they show at the same time that spirit and propensity of modern science of which we have before spoken; and which, duly regulated, has been the source of all its high attainments. We now proceed to such details as may best illustrate this spirit in its application to different branches of science; selecting, amidst the multitude of examples, those especially which involve either some new physical principle or some new method of physical inquiry. It has been said by one who could well estimate the value of the latter, "*La connoissance de la méthode, qui a guidé l'homme de génie, n'est pas moins utile*

au progrès de la science que ses découvertes." A new method is often indeed in itself the greatest discovery, and betokening the highest genius in him to whom it is due.

In dealing with this wide subject, the first and most material division is that between the forces acting *on* or *in* matter; and the various forms of matter, inorganic or organic, so acted upon. With full admission of the difficulty of defining the abstract nature of matter and force, and their mutual relations in the universe, this distinction is still the only one which our intelligence can apprehend, or practically apply to the objective phenomena ever present and active around us.

In regard to matter and force it may undoubtedly be affirmed, that all questions as to their nature become more difficult and abstruse in proportion as we generalise and reduce them to their simplest terms. With respect to force, more especially, the most eminent philosophers of our time, while declining any metaphysical definition, have been constrained to adopt new methods of regarding and describing it, in those various actions upon or through matter which testify to its presence and energy. Centres of force (an expression due to Boscovich in its scientific use), lines of force, polar force, &c., are terms found necessary to express the several modes of force in action, irrespectively of all questions as to its abstract nature, or special relations to matter. Under the gradual adoption of this new language, there has been a corresponding abandonment of phrases, more hypothetical in themselves, and far less fitted to aid the progress of scientific inquiry. As such we may denote that expression, current in some of our best systematic works, of the "imponderable substances or forms of matter;" which, in including heat, light, and electricity, makes assumptions wholly unproved; while in excluding gravitation, chemical, mechanical, and vital forces from the same category, it affirms a distinction which we do not absolutely know to exist in any of these cases, and which certainly does not exist in some of them. For the notion of an *imponderable element* (if notion it can be called) that of a *mode of motion of matter* might probably in each case be more truly as well as advantageously substituted. Science, it may fairly be said, is constantly tending to a better and closer form of logic in these

matters; and simple induction from facts, unfettered by names and prior notions, is here as elsewhere the best guide to all ulterior discovery.

The great problem respecting force, in the most general conception of it as a motive power on matter, is involved in the question, whether it can ever be really lost or extinguished?—whether the seeming cessation and limits to its action are not merely conversions or translations of power, testified in other forms and effects of material change? Most persons, seemingly justified by experience, would answer at once that any force has ceased to exist, when the motions or other effects it induces on matter are no longer present. The question, however, is one which rises far above the mere evidence of the senses. Vaguely suggested at different periods, it has been adopted in a definite shape by the philosophers of our own time; forced upon them, we may say, by the course and character of recent discovery. It is the question which forms the main topic of Mr. Faraday's lecture, just referred to, on the "Conservation of Force;" and we willingly quote a few lines, both from the intrinsic weight of all that comes from this source, and as expressing what we consider to be the growing conviction of all who have grappled with this great problem of modern science.

"To admit that force may be destructible or can altogether disappear, would be to admit that matter could be uncreated, for we know matter only by its forces." . . . "Agreeing with those who admit the conservation of force to be a principle in physics as large and sure as that of the indestructibility of matter, or the invariability of gravity, I think that no particular idea of force has a right to unlimited or unqualified acceptance, that does not include *assent* to it; and also, to *definite amount* and *definite disposition of the force*, either in one effect or another, for these are necessary consequences. Therefore I urge, that the conservation of force ought to be admitted as a physical principle in all hypotheses, whether partial or general, regarding the actions of matter."

This question was forced upon the attention of men of science by the very nature of their recent researches, and the remarkable doctrine based upon them, which is now developing itself under the title of the "Correlation of Physical Forces;" a description modest as well as apposite of a theory, which, if matured, as we think it likely to be, into full

truth, will give new foundation and guidance to the whole course of physical inquiry. In the work of Mr. Grove, bearing this title, and prefixed to our article, we have the first and most able exposition of this doctrine. Partial suggestions of it, both in England and Germany, had already been derived from the results of experiment; but we owe to Mr. Grove its distinct enunciation as a physical principle, and the illustration of this principle by instances drawn from his own researches and those of others, which give it all the characters of a new physical law. Eminent in his own profession, he has made to himself a high and merited reputation in science, by his acute application of experiment to some of its most profound problems, and by the bold but precise logic with which he draws his inductions. His work, of which the third edition is before us, is remarkable for its clearness and simplicity of style—qualities valuable in all scientific writings, and essential on subjects like those here treated of.

By the term correlation, as applied to physical forces, Mr. Grove means to convey the general idea of *reciprocal production*,—that is, that any force capable of producing another, may reciprocally be produced by it. But the principle here involved, as well as the wide scope of the doctrine conveyed by these terms, will be better understood by taking correlation to express generally those relations of forces which render them mutually and constantly convertible—one form or manifestation of force generating another, so as to bring together into the same series of effects, physical actions and changes seemingly the most remote and dissimilar. Thus, to take a familiar but striking instance—the same single electrical current from a voltaic battery is capable in its circuit of evolving heat and light, of creating magnets, of producing mechanical force, of violently affecting the nervous and muscular organisation, and of inducing, by decomposition or combination, the most powerful chemical changes, simply according to the nature of the different material objects which the experimentalist interposes in the circuit, so as to subject them to this current of power. Here then (gravitation excepted) we find all the great natural forces, of which we have present knowledge, evolved from a single source; and that source, be it remarked, a chemical change of affinities, giving origin to the electrical current, and thereby affording

fresh proof of the reciprocity of actions alluded to above. One form of force disappears as another is evolved.

We might give, had we space for them, many other curious instances of this reciprocity of relation, as manifested by the several forces of heat, electricity, magnetism, mechanical power, and chemical affinity. One we may select, as an example of beautiful contrivance as well as striking results. By a certain combination of apparatus, in which light, acting through the daguerreotype, was the initiating force, Mr. Grove obtained, first the *chemical action* upon the plate; thence a current of *electricity* circulating through wires; next *magnetism* by a coil of these wires; then the production of *heat*, testified by the delicate helix of Bregnet; and finally, of *motion*, shown by the needles of the galvanometer. Instances of this kind, indeed, are rapidly multiplying, since the correlation and convertibility of forces has been recognised as a principle and applied to research. They are derived not solely from recent experiment, but even more frequently and fruitfully from phenomena already familiar to us as facts, but waiting for their illustration the happy induction now at length attained.

The beauty of this principle, however, is not limited to the expression of the reciprocity or mutual convertibility of the physical forces with which we are dealing. There is much reason to believe in a further correlation as regards their equivalents of power, or measurable quantitative effects. Though this generalisation is still far from complete, numerous cases occur where it is attested by the results of very exact experiment. The discoveries of Faraday have furnished some of the most striking examples of constant quantitative relation between electrical power and chemical actions and changes. The researches of Dulong, Petit, and Neumann show very remarkable relations between chemical affinity and heat, in proving that the specific heats of certain substances, compound as well as simple, when multiplied by their chemical equivalents, give a constant quantity as the product. And again, the experiments recently made by Mr. Joule and Professor W. Thomson, on the mutual convertibility of heat and dynamical force, go far to demonstrate the remarkable fact that, in whatever way mechanical force is employed to produce heat, the same amount of heat is produced by the same amount of force. We doubt not that the progress of science will so multiply

the number of these instances of quantitative relation, as ultimately to submit them to some general law, as well as to that practical application which is the most certain test of truth.

It will be noticed that we have not hitherto spoken of gravitation as a physical force; though it is the one with which we are most familiar in every incident of life, and to which we look as the most universal agent upon matter, as well in the globe we inhabit, as in the innumerable worlds surrounding us in space. We place it apart from other physical forces, because, while thus familiar to our senses in its effects, it is to our deeper meditation the most mysterious as well as vast and sublime of the powers which act in the universe. Human genius has discovered and mathematically defined its laws. By knowledge of these laws, human science has been carried, and is ever penetrating further, beyond our own planetary system, while within this system they have enabled us to predict events in time and space and to define physical conditions of the planets and their satellites, seemingly inaccessible by man. With all this knowledge and perpetual application of the power, of its nature and essence we are utterly ignorant. Science has dealt with its effects only, without really approaching a step nearer to the cause, than when Newton declared that he must leave to the consideration of his readers the question whether the agent producing gravity was material or not. Hypotheses have grown up—such as that of *gravific atoms* permeating all space, of Le Sage—or the *residual force* theory of Mosotti, connecting gravity with cohesive attractions—but none which satisfy fully the exigencies of the case. The research is even made more difficult by the simplicity and invariability of the power in question. It controls or modifies the other forces acting on matter, but has no such relations to them as they have to one another—no reciprocal production or mutual convertibility; nor the *duality of action* belonging peculiarly to the electrical and magnetic forces; nor lines of propagation and polarisation, such as we recognise in light and heat; nor those molecular changes manifested in acts of chemical affinity. Whether any—or if any, through what avenues,—closer approach may hereafter be made to the solution of this great problem of gravity, we cannot here inquire. But in speaking of the forces which act upon matter, it was impossible to omit this the most universal of all—innate and

incorporate, we might almost say, in matter itself.

Nor can we rightly avoid in this place some allusion to the equally abstruse subject (though rendered so by very different causes) of the mutual relations of the physical and vital forces—a topic handled with great ability by Dr. Carpenter, in a paper in the “Philosophical Transactions” a few years ago, and more recently in the systematic works of this physiologist. Without plunging into the depths of this question, we may say that the tendency of all recent research has been to impugn the doctrine of vitality, both in animal or vegetable life, as a distinct force or power; and to merge its alleged functions, whether of organisation, maintenance or reproduction, in those same physical forces which act on the inorganic matter of the world around us. That this is true to a certain extent cannot indeed be doubted. That heat and light, and more especially the former, are intimately concerned in all the phenomena of vital organisation, is a fact familiar to us from a thousand examples. The researches of Liebig and others have shown how very closely chemical processes are engaged—even under the strict law of definite proportions—in all the great processes of the highest animal life, assimilation, secretion, respiration, animal heat, &c.; while the discoveries of Matteucci and Du Bois Raymond have demonstrated the curious and exquisitely subtle relations which exist between electricity and the nervous and muscular functions; not indeed proving the absolute identity of electricity with the nervous element of force, but countenancing this view beyond all prior expectation.

In thus discussing the relation of the physical and vital forces as applied especially to man, we continually approach that line, hard indeed to discriminate or define, which separates the mere vital or automatic acts from the proper functions of mind, consciousness, thought, feeling, and volition. On this debatable land we encounter at once the old questions, so long the subject of philosophical speculation, and destined, as far as we can see, ever so to remain. Human science on this point is as feeble as it was two thousand years ago, and beset by exactly the same difficulties. We have just been speaking of forces which are correlated and measurable in their effects. We come here to powers

and functions *wholly incommensurable* either with material qualities or physical forces; yet so linked with both under the present conditions of existence, that not even personal consciousness, the best and surest of all teachers, can mark any certain boundary line. Those who have sought to decipher or define these proximate relations of matter and mind have but substituted barren words for the realities of knowledge. Mr. Baden Powell himself, while stretching the domain of physical causes to the total phenomena of animal life, yet finds a limit here; and somewhat abruptly closes his argument by observing that the assertion of a moral and spiritual nature in man refers essentially to “a *different order of things*, apart from and transcending any material ideas whatsoever.” To some such conclusion, however expressed, all must come who honestly and rationally approach this question.

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of the physical forces—the “imponderables” of former systems—as illustrating at once a great doctrine of modern science, and the general spirit of philosophy at the present time. We are far, however, from having exhausted the subject. Questions crowd round and converge upon it from every side; some of them so subtle in kind that we might well call them metaphysical, had we not in some sort repudiated this term. Such are, to state briefly a few of them, the question whether forces can exist, except in absolute connexion with matter?—whether they may, intelligibly and consistently with phenomena, be regarded as molecular actions, or modes of motion in matter?—whether (to revert to a question urged before) they can ever by possibility be annulled or even rendered latent?—whether, in admitting this constant combination of forces, we do not virtually admit a *constant amount* of force, variously manifested, to be always present in the universe?—and whether, in such case, we can ever rightly speak of an *initial force*, otherwise in the sense of those acts of creation which are the beginning of all things? All these and other like questions belong to the philosophy of our day; some of them shadowed out in the hypotheses of antiquity; now approached through the safer avenues of experiment and sound induction. How far these may carry us to the future solution of the problems suggested we cannot here stop to inquire.

In passing from the province of forces acting on matter, to that of matter thus acted on, we have yet to traverse another debatable ground, on which science is seeking to find some firm footing, as well in explanation of known phenomena as for purposes of further research. We allude here to the question regarding the *physical condition of space itself*—of those inter-planetary and inter-sidereal distances, some of them hardly measurable by numbers, and such as no efforts of mind can compass or conceive. Are we to regard this vastness of space as void of matter—a mere vacuum, through which the numberless worlds we see as stars or planets are dispersed? Or may we better contemplate it, as pervaded throughout by some material medium, though so rare and attenuated, that no form of matter of which our senses are cognisant, can rightly interpret it to our reason? The question can no longer be argued in that mystical language of “nature abhorring a vacuum,” which satisfied the demands of an earlier philosophy; nor can we evade it by the adoption of terms such as *ether*, *etherial medium*, &c., which, though sanctioned by some great names, go little further than to shelter a vague and incomplete solution. Modern science seeks urgently for proof that matter, in some condition, does exist throughout space; and in such continuity, however rare it be, that forces may be transmitted *by* or *through* the medium thus afforded. Two great powers, gravitation and light, undoubtedly reach us from the most remote regions of space. There is presumption, though not certainty, that heat is associated with light in its origin, as a concomitant, if not convertible force. More doubt exists as to the transmission through space of the electric or magnetic powers; but many facts of recent observation tend to authenticate this belief. How then are these forces, or any of them, transmitted to and fro in the universe? If we say that the tides of the ocean are raised, or the perturbations of a planet produced, without any intervening medium between the bodies affected and those affecting them, we quit the domain of physics altogether, and put an abrupt end to inquiry. Newton has expressed himself strongly on this matter, in saying, “To suppose that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of any thing else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed

from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it.” The conviction which his conception of gravity impressed thus strongly on Newton’s mind, is enforced upon us not less cogently by the undulating theory of light. This theory—based on mathematical proof and capable not merely of explaining phenomena before known, but of *predicting* others evolved by later research—presumes of necessity the existence of an elastic medium, whatever its nature, through which these undulations are transmitted. We say of *necessity*, because it is logically thus to our reason. Not solely on the analogy of air and other elastic media, but as the only conception we can form to the mind of undulation singly considered, the presence of a medium is essential to its existence and effects. And this fully recognised, the inferences become of magnificent kind. The progressive retardation of Encke’s comet, and the aspects of the zodiacal light, afford presumption of such material media existing within our own solar system; but the argument we have just stated, carries us far beyond this limit, to every part of that sidereal and nebular space from which light ever reaches the eye of man.

In coming finally to those several sciences which deal with matter in its more recognised forms, we must once again repeat that our object is simply that of indicating the spirit and scope of modern science, as illustrated by its new objects and methods, and by the high attainments at which it has arrived. Volumes would be needed to give even an approximate idea of the particular discoveries, whether from experiment or observation, which have conduced to these attainments. In the hasty view we are taking, we can but notice such as are most striking in character and results. Nor are we called upon to do this methodically; since, as we have before mentioned one of the most eminent successes of our time is that of having brought all the branches of physical science into closer connexion and subordination to more general laws; and in illustrating these new connexions, examples converge and crowd upon us from sources seemingly the most remote.

Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, has rightly given to astronomy—“the science of the universe without”—the first place in his great picture of physical knowledge. So much has lately

been written on this science—the highest glory, it may well be deemed, of the human intellect—that we need only allude to, a few of its more recent attainments; not surpassing indeed those discoveries which we owe to the genius of an anterior time, yet so extending the doctrine of universal gravitation in the variety and refinement of its applications, that new grandeur is given to this great law of nature. We may take one or two examples, among many that offer themselves, from our own planetary system; where this power is more within our cognisance, both in its simple effects and in those complex perturbations of orbits, which have taxed, but not overcome, the efforts of our most illustrious mathematicians. The first instance—one of those familiar to the world for the moment, but speedily forgotten—is a discovery made by means of these very perturbations. The movements of Uranus, then (1846) supposed the most remote planet of our system, were found to be disturbed by some external influence not referrible to causes *within* its orbit, as could be shown, but due to some material attraction from without. Another planet alone could answer these conditions. Science set itself to work in the persons of two eminent mathematicians, Adams and Leverrier—the position of the disturbing body was determined by them simultaneously, but independently—telescopes followed their guidance, and Neptune was added to the number of our planets. The method of discovery here has higher interest than the fact itself; though now but one of numerous instances in science, where results can be predicted with hardly less certainty than if attained and present to the senses.

A second example we may cite, in proof of the exactness, or even *delicate minuteness*, with which modern astronomy pursues the vast objects of its science. The complex irregularities of the moon's motions have long put to test all the resources of analysis, and are scarcely even yet fully submitted to our knowledge. Chiefly, of course, they depend on the relative position and distances of the sun and earth; and Laplace had shown not only the secular acceleration of mean motion, produced by the increasing eccentricity of the earth's orbit, but also a small irregularity depending on the spheroidal figure of the earth itself. His suggestion that the oblateness of the earth's spheroid might reciprocally be

determined by this irregularity of the moon's motion led Burg to a calculation, the results of which closely tallied with the best measurements and pendulum observations. Very recently new and more delicate causes of lunar disturbance have been indicated, as depending on the action of the planet Venus; first, indirectly, by perturbing the motion of the earth, altering its distance from the sun, and thereby affecting the motion and position of the moon during periods of 120 years; secondly, by a minute disturbance arising from the *direct* action of Venus on the moon itself. In all these cases the theory accords with the phenomena observed, and this accordance well illustrates the perfection of use which the great law of gravitation has now attained.

In passing the bounds of our own system—*narrow*, we may call them in relation to what lies beyond—we lose in great part the guidance of this law; though retaining such proof of its equal and probably similar operation in the most distant regions of space, as almost to force upon us the conclusion (warranted indeed by other considerations) that motion is universal and constant in all matter—that nothing in the universe around us is at absolute rest. To prove the continuous movement of the solar system in space, with the direction and rate of its motion—to confirm this wonderful fact by the discovery of the proper and absolute motions of other stars—to determine, by parallaxic observations of incredible delicacy, the distances of certain of the fixed stars, and to measure these distances by the *years* which light takes to traverse them—to demonstrate, among the many thousand double or multiple stars now discovered, those orbits and periods of revolution which obey the same law that brought Newton's apple to the ground—to *gauge* by refined processes our own nebula of the Milky Way—to discover and assign the place of more than 3000 other nebulae, resolving many of them into systems of stars, and by admirable methods obtaining some approximate idea of their distances—these have been among the undertakings of modern sidereal astronomy; admirably fulfilled by the eminent men who have devoted themselves to this science, the two Herschels, Struve, Bessel, Airy, Argelander, Peters, &c. Sublime even in their simplest enunciation, these problems will be seen to involve results as to space and

time which border on infinity; and as such illustrate well those arduous efforts and aspirations of modern science which it is our especial object to indicate.

Though not easy in a science like this to set limits to its future scope, yet is it difficult to suppose any ulterior discovery which can do more than aid in filling up this vast outline. If any new law is discovered in our own system, we might perhaps presume it to be one relating to the rotation of the planets on their axes—an important series of facts arbitrary to our present knowledge, but doubtless due to determinate physical causes, and therefore fairly open to physical research. It is *possible*, seeing the distances which some comets reach in their aphelia, that another planet may exist even beyond Neptune:—the discovery, if ever made, would probably be so through the observed perturbations of Neptune itself. In the sidereal system of which we are a part, much yet remains for future completion. Nothing is more wonderful than the phenomena, periodical or otherwise, of the variable stars, which are now largely catalogued in our books. Ages may be required to gather any certain induction from our observations upon them. But ages are the field in which the astronomer works; and each present fact, duly recorded, ministers to the higher knowledge, which is the harvest of the future. The research into the proper motions of the stars, already noticed, is sure to be greatly extended, and may possibly connect itself in the end (as Mädler has already sought to connect it) with the discovery of some centre of attraction and movement to the whole sidereal system. If such central body or point in space were ever ascertained, it would still be simply an expression of the law of universal gravitation; but how sublime an expression, and how wonderful as a result of the genius and labors of man!

But the limit does not lie even here. The telescope of the astronomer, enlarged in its powers and more perfect in all its appliances, is continually engaged amongst those other sidereal or nebular systems, the remoteness of which goes far to express all that man can ever understand of the infinite in space. In a former article, already referred to (No. 208., Art. 6.), we have spoken more at large on this subject. Whoever has inspected those admirable *portraits* of nebulae, as seen through Lord Rosse's great reflector, will comprehend

in part the magnitude of this research, and of the problems it puts before us. The aspects and multiplicity of the spiral nebulae, though hardly sanctioning the notion of any new law of matter, yet well warrant the belief in some common but unknown cause conducing to this singular effect. A matter of still higher interest is suggested to us in the question, whether there exist in these nebulous lights, or elsewhere in space, matter not yet condensed or shapen into forms—the material, it may be, of future worlds, and in different stages of progressive concentration, but still not aggregated as such. The resolution into clusters of stars, by high telescopic power, of many nebulae before thought irresolvable, alters the degree of presumption, but does not settle the question. The comparison of different nebulae, as they now exist and of their several relations to centres or points of greatest condensation, would seem the sole probable avenue to further knowledge; since any changes in the figure, condensation, luminousness, or other aspects of these nebular systems must, upon every analogy of the more proximate parts of the heavens, occupy such immense periods of time as to place them beyond all present reach; and we know too little of the duration of our own species on the earth to venture on any assumption thus remote in its fulfilment.

These questions as to nebulous matter in space are deeply interesting, *retrospectively*, as well as *prospectively*, in time. Few subjects have so keenly exercised speculation of late as the hypothesis, first sanctioned by Laplace, that our own solar system, with its central sun, planets, moons, and comets, has its origin in the concentration of the matter of a nebulous sphere in successive zones; each several planet being formed by the condensation of vapor at these successive limits in the plane of a common equator; and the satellites being similarly formed from the atmospheres of the planets. It does not annul this theory to admit that there are great difficulties in conceiving the cause of such aggregation of matter at certain points, and of the permanent movements impressed on the bodies thus formed. These difficulties, whatever they be, have not prevented its eager appropriation by philosophers who hold the doctrine of progressive development according to certain determinate laws, in the

reaction both of the inorganic and organic world. They find a basis for the evolution or transmutations they suppose, in this hypothesis of the nebular origin of suns and planets; and their argument would be plausible were the hypothesis itself capable of being verified. How far presumptive evidence may reach in future towards such verification we do not venture to say; but the sources of fresh knowledge are ever opening in this as in other directions of research. The most careful study of cometary phenomena; of the numerous planetoids revolving in eccentric orbits between Mars and Jupiter, of those meteors, some of which have lately been recognised as periodical in occurrence; and of the aerolites, which impinge in mass upon the earth, can hardly fail to settle some questions as to the occupation of planetary space. How curious, for example, the inference to be drawn from the composition of these falling stones, brought to us undoubtedly from far beyond our own atmosphere, or, as Laplace boldly phrases his belief, "*des profondeurs de l'espace céleste!*" Of the various ingredients they are found to contain, every one is familiar to us upon the surface of the earth we inhabit. They represent, indeed, fully one-third of those forms of matter which are still simple or elementary to our knowledge; though under different aspects and forms of combination. Here then we have a sort of *material ingress* into the regions of inter-planetary space; and presumption as to a common origin, though under different modes of aggregation, not merely of those fragmentary masses which casually reach us, but of the great planets also, which move with ourselves in orderly and ordered course around the sun.

We are tempted to add one or two other instances here, illustrating the manner in which modern science—resting upon the uniformity of laws, whatever the scale of their operation—has brought evidence to bear upon these vast astronomical questions from the most minute manipulations with matter here below. The happy idea occurred to M. Plateau of Ghent of suspending globules of oil within water, rendered exactly of the same specific gravity by addition of alcohol, so that the globules should be wholly exempt from action of gravity, or other extrinsic force, and free to take any position or motions impressed upon them. By means of a small metallic

disk and wires rotatory movements of various velocity and direction were produced in the spherical globules of oil, thus suspended in water; making them to assume many conditions closely allied to planetary configuration;—to become spheroids flattened at the poles;—to throw off smaller globules having movements both of revolution and rotation;—and even rings like those which Saturn shows to our telescopes. These experiments, repeated by Faraday and others, are as valid in the way of inference as they would be were the scale of operation a thousand times greater. And the same may be said of the second instance we have before us, in those beautiful instruments and inventions of Foucault, Piazzi Smyth, Wheatstone, &c., illustrating the principle of the stability and composition of rotatory motions, and thereby expounding with admirable simplicity the great phenomena of the precession of the equinoxes, and of the earth's rotation on its axis. The *gyroscope* of Foucault, set into action, and placed on a table, shows even in a few minutes, by the angular deviation from its plane of rotation, the movement the earth has made in this short space of time—a demonstration almost startling from its simplicity and grandeur. The instrument is one of consummate beauty in its other applications; and in the more compound form which Professor Smyth has recently given to it, well indicates the perfection such means have attained in furtherance of scientific research.

We have lingered somewhat long on the subject of astronomy, partly from the striking exemplification it affords of the spirit and aims of modern science; partly from the specialty of its objects, as detached by distance from those relations which so closely connect the sciences treating of matter on our own globe. But though thus distant in space, the vast masses moving in the heavens, and especially the Sun, are variously associated with the matter of the earth, through the elementary forces, of which we have already so largely spoken. Here indeed we come again into contact with those arduous questions, where mathematical aids are scantily supplied, and few certainties yet attained; but where new facts and presumptions unceasingly offer themselves, the foundation and materials of more exact knowledge. Omitting gravitation, of which we have sufficiently spoken as a power apart from the rest, there

comes that wonderful element of light ; blending itself, as we have seen, with heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity, in such close correlation of action that we can scarcely dis sever its continuity, or detach these physical forces from connexion with that great source whence light itself chiefly emanates. The solar beam, as unfolded and analyzed in the spectrum, is in truth the most marvellous and mysterious object of the physical world ; comprising in itself whole volumes of science, and problems that might put to trial the boldest theorist. The poetry of Milton, sublime though it be, fails to reach the reality of these great attributes of light, as evolved from a single beam, by simple refraction in passing through a glass prism. It is an analysis of exquisite order and perfection ; in which not only are the several colors separated in the same constant proportions, with the intervention of numerous dark lines equally constant in their character ; but rays of heat and of chemical power appear severally also at opposite extremities of the spectrum, partially interblended with those of color, but in greatest intensity beyond the visible colored limits of the spectrum. We are now speaking only of the simplest relations of the solar light to terrestrial matter ; and without any immediate reference to the astonishing phenomena included under the undulatory theory of light, which, though attested by mathematicians, and interpreted by numbers, wholly transcend the powers of human conception. We allude, but cannot here do more than allude, to those formulæ of space and time expressing the amplitude and frequency of the undulations, and their variations for the several colors and rays of the spectrum ; and the whole series of phenomena of interference, polarisation, diffraction, &c.—discoveries which have given or added lustre to the names of Young, Fresnel, Arago, Brewster, Cauchy, Herschel, Hamilton, and other philosophers scarcely less eminent in this great inquiry.

A word or two we must add here as to one relation—simple in fact, but not familiar to thought—which light establishes between man and the universe around. The total science of astronomy belongs in origin to this element alone. Extinguish those vivid points or bright surfaces of light, which give splendor to the midnight sky ;—deprive the astronomer of the feebler rays and fainter gleams which stars and nebulae, invisible to

the eye, bring before his telescope ;—and you annihilate at once that science which can predict eclipses centuries beforehand ; determine the orbits and return of comets ; measure the distances of the fixed stars, and the motion of our own sun and solar system in the universe of space ; and penetrate into systems of worlds beyond, where relative degrees of light become the solitary evidence of form and distance. Nowhere are these relations of astronomy to light so admirably illustrated as in “Arago’s Analysis of the Life and Labors of the elder Herschel,” recently republished in the collection of his works.

The evidences connecting electricity and magnetism, as forces, with the Sun and other bodies of our system, are of course different and inferior to those which establish the relations of light. Yet they are now continually becoming more numerous and significant. Whoever has seen the star of pure and intense light which bursts forth on the approach of the charcoal points completing the circuit of a voltaic battery ; or the *flood of light* thence poured by reflection over wide and distant spaces, cannot but suspect that the new “fountain” thus opened to the eyes of men (and certainly not destined to remain an idle and valueless gift of science) may be the same in source and qualities as that higher fountain which diffuses light and heat over the whole planetary system. Sir J. Herschel, who ever makes his highest speculations subordinate to cautious induction, has assigned strong reasons for believing the sun to be in a permanently excited electrical state. The various phenomena of the tails of comets he considers as not to be explained, but by supposing a *repulsive force*, acting from the central body, which electricity alone could furnish. “The sun electrically charged would induce opposite states in the two hemispheres of day and night on the earth,” is the expression applied to the effect of this solar condition upon our own globe ;* and if we suppose, as may fairly be done, variations in the intensity of this electrical state, we acquire a probable cause for many periodical or secular variations which have hitherto embar-

* These passages, with others equally remarkable, will be found in Sir J. Herschel’s volume on the “Nebulae and Double Stars of the Southern Hemisphere ;” a volume in which the tabular results of his vast labors of observation are intermingled with some of the highest speculations to which the human mind has yet *legitimately* reached.

rapped science. We allude especially here, to changes in the intensity, declination, and inclination of the magnetic force—that extraordinary power which we are now led to refer to particular conditions of electricity, in its connexion with material media. General Sabine, whom the labors of a life have rendered our highest authority on magnetic phenomena, has recently, through his papers to the Royal Society, furnished full evidence, from the exact coincidence in time of magnetic changes or disturbances at remote parts of the globe, that these are due to *causes from without*, irrespective of any local conditions of the earth or atmosphere; while in pointing out the correspondence of such periodical variations with the several conditions of the sun, he has shown a direct relation of these phenomena, which we cannot refuse to admit. Diurnal or annual changes, subject to this relation, we may indeed in part comprehend; but it needs new elements of knowledge to link together in theory, as General Sabine and Schwabe have seemingly done in fact, the maxima and minima of diurnal magnetic variation, with the greater or smaller number of dark spots present on the sun's surface;—a coincidence expressed, as far as the proof now goes, by periods of ten to eleven years; but one so extraordinary in character, that we are bound still to await other similar recurrences before finally admitting it into the records of discovery.

Meanwhile the Moon also has been found, by delicate observations and averages carefully collected, to exercise a magnetic influence on the earth,—the needle expressing to human eye certain small variations which strictly correspond with the lunar hour angle. The fact has its peculiar interest in indicating, and this not vaguely, a similar influence throughout the whole planetary system, and possibly far beyond. The magnetic conditions and changes of the earth itself come into direct testimony here; so general and strictly coincident over its surface, as to give us assurance that the total globe is in a definite magnetic state; and capable through this state of affecting other worlds, as well as the little needle which man makes his index here of this mysterious force.

From these vast and remote actions in space around us, we come to those affecting the matter, whether inorganic or living, of the earth on which we dwell. The same great

physical forces are still in unceasing action here; with more diversity of effect from the differences of the material acted upon, and from the reflected influence of organic life upon the matter from which it is engendered. We have already spoken of the impossibility of giving more than a glance over this wide field; but such cursory view will suffice to show the magnitude of the objects attained in each science, and the energy which is ever active to forward the work—*τα ἡμέτερα ἐς τέλος ἐξεργάζεσθαι*. On one subject, indeed, that of Electricity, though beyond any other prolific of great discoveries, we need say very little, having in a recent review of M. De la Rive's admirable work described its progress, and the wonderful results thence obtained, as well for pure science, as for the practical uses of man. Yet even amidst these marvels of human attainment, it must needs be avowed that we are still at the very alphabet of electrical science. The terms of *positive* and *negative*, though required for practical use and illustration, are little better than barren phrases as respects any real explanation of the phenomena; while the whole subject of *induction* and *conduction*, so essential to a perfect theory of electrical action, is still awaiting more certain and complete conclusions than have yet been obtained. Some single and simple observation may, perchance, furnish the truths desired; and in the very beautiful experiments recently recorded in the Bakerian Lecture of Mr. Gasiot, we willingly recognise one of those various avenues through which research may reasonably be directed towards this object. Nor can we do more here than allude to the discoveries, scarcely less remarkable than those of electricity, which concern the material phenomena of heat. Some of them we have already noticed in their connexion or correlation with the functions of the other elementary forces. But there are many besides, due to the various labors of Melloni, Forbes, Herschel, Seebeck, Clausius, Tyndall, &c., which singularly tend to confirm this connexion, and to offer other modes of access to those higher laws of force and motion, which we have denoted as the ultimate aim of all philosophy.

If seeking to denote in a few words the most striking characteristic of modern science as directed to matter, we should come at once to the principle of Molecular action, in its

present application to physical research. Through this doctrine has been made man's deepest inroad into the secrets of the natural world. No single principle is so variously applicable to every branch of knowledge; none has done so much to promote discovery, or to authenticate and give the form and force of law to the results obtained. And yet it may be said to have had a lawless origin, and to have been long a play of human phantasy under the garb of science. We cannot here travel back to those early speculations on atoms which entered so largely into the staple of the ancient philosophy; and which the poetry of Lucretius has better consecrated to later times than the most subtle prose of the Greek philosophers. In every intermediate age, even the darkest, the atomic doctrine, in one form or other, has kept a certain hold on the minds of learned or speculative men;—a natural effect of the facility with which it lends itself to any hypothesis, however crude, regarding matter and material phenomena. It was reserved for our own time to render it at once the subject and instrument of legitimate science; the foundation of laws next to mathematical in scope and exactness, and the most powerful of all aids to ulterior research.

This great achievement, for such it is, we owe mainly to Chemistry; and to John Dalton, the Quaker chemist, more appropriately than to any one besides. Close approaches had been made before to the doctrine of *definite proportions*, as represented by the molecules of matter in their combinations. Such anticipations are recorded in the case of every great discovery. But Dalton (speedily seconded indeed by other great chemists) first gave clear declaration to the principle; and illustrated its applications, mighty in their universality, with a simple sagacity belonging to the genius and habits of the man. The simplicity of his early experiments is, indeed, characteristic also of the manner in which many of the highest truths in science have been reached. Facts the most familiar to common observation, and thence disregarded by common intellects, have furnished better materials and suggestions for discovery than the most recondite theories.

It has been justly said by Sir J. Herschel that *number*, *weight*, and *measure* are the foundations of all exact science. The atomic doctrine has acquired from chemistry these conditions, which give it substance and cer-

tainty as a physical truth. When analysis and synthesis, carefully applied to compound bodies, disclosed a constant and definite proportion of the combining elements, and an equivalent or multiple ratio of parts in every chemical change, the requirements of number and weight and measure were all met by the discovery. Numbers became needful to express the proportion of the combining molecules; and in every case, even of the most complex chemical compounds, they have been found to fulfil this object so exactly, that combinations, yet unknown, may be predicted with assurance as the results of future research. The *absolute weight* of these elementary molecules is unresolved, and will probably ever remain so; but their *relative weight* is known to us through the proportions in which they severally combine; and this method is checked and counter-checked through such vast variety of compounds, that every chance of error is done away. Measure, the third condition proposed, is expressed chiefly in the combining volumes of gases—invariable always, whether under the simplest proportions shown by analysis, or the multiple measures of other chemical compounds.

Here then we have a great law, or group of laws, thoroughly attested; of high generality; and proving, because based upon, that atomic or molecular constitution of matter which alone could afford such results. Whatever name we give to them, these atomic parts exist in all bodies, and determine by their own nature or arrangement the properties and functions of each. That they are minute beyond all human measure is proved, not only by the chemical relations just denoted, but also by those relations to heat, light, electricity, and mechanical force which experiment has demonstrated to us.

No hindrance to belief need exist on this score. When, even in organic or compound material structure, the microscope tells us, by computation, that two cubic feet of the Tripoli slate of Billin contain 140 billions of fossil infusoria,—that there are some millions of distinct fibres in the crystalline lens of the cod fish,—and that a single fungus (*Bovista Giganteum*) is composed of cellules far exceeding this number—we infer in reason, though not by comprehension, what the elementary molecules must be, so organised into living forms. Looking to simple inorganic matter, or what we suppose such, we have before us a

recent memoir of Faraday's, on the "Optical Phenomena of thin Gold Films and Gold Fluids," where in one experiment a ruby tint, equal to that of a red rose, was given to a fluid by a quantity of gold not exceeding 1-500,000 part of its weight. We quote another instance from this paper, as well expounding the spirit which prompts and guides these bold incursions into the atomic world. In seeking to procure the thinnest film of gold, *retaining continuity*, for the purpose of noting its effects on light passing through it, he obtained by a chemical action on gold leaf, films not exceeding 1-3,500,000 of an inch in thickness. The number of vibrations in an inch of the red ray being 37,640, it follows that each such film cannot occupy more than a hundredth part of the vibration of light,—a deduction derived in such way from the premises as to compel belief, hard though it be for the imagination to follow it. But if in these, and other cases, the imagination fails, yet reason accepts this next to infinite divisibility of matter, and the conception of polarities and mutual relations of atoms so constituted, as the sole method of expounding the phenomena ever present around us.

Had we room here, we might fairly dwell on the astonishing results already derived from this new method of chemical inquiry, through the atomical combinations of matter; and those especially which bring new laws of action and combination into view; such as the doctrines of *isomorphism*, *atomic substitution*, *homologous series of compounds*, *compound radicals*, *catalysis*, &c., which we owe to the genius and labors of Berzelius, Mitscherlich, Dumas, Liebig, Hoffman, and other chemists. Each one of these laws, thus based on the atomic doctrine, is a special example of that spirit of profound research which we are seeking to denote in the science of our day; while the growth of organic chemistry, in sequel to labors pursued on this principle, is perhaps the most wonderful of the results thence attained. No surer test of truth in any law than its power of predicting events or effects yet unknown. When, for instance, we find in the different series of organic acids, where every step of change is made in multiple ratios of arithmetic exactness, that certain void places left in the first construction of the series are afterwards filled up by the discovery of compounds answering *precisely* to the numerical conditions required, we see

at once how much has been done towards the deciphering of this secret scroll of nature's innermost workings. Nor is the advancement limited to the simple discovery of what actually exists. The chemistry of our time, bold in all its aims, has succeeded, through this same law of quantitative proportions, not solely in filling up, by the *creation of new compounds*, the gaps thus deserted, but even yet further, in producing, by the processes of the laboratory, numerous substances absolutely identical with organic compounds, hitherto known to us only as the products of animal or vegetable life. A vast step we must admit it to be; yet subject to the remark, that whereas nature works primarily with the simple or inorganic material elements, the chemist can only elaborate these "counterfeit presentments" from the dissolution and changes of organic compounds already in his hands. The difference here is greater than may appear at first sight; but there is no reason in theory why science should not eventually pass beyond the line and obliterate it.

While especially demonstrated in chemical force and affinities, the atomic theory is far from being limited in application to this single science. We have seen that the other great forces are known to us by their actions on and through matter,—such actions and changes, whether from light, heat, electricity, or dynamic force, giving foundation to the several physical sciences which bear these names. Correlated as they all are with chemical phenomena, we might expect some corresponding relation to that atomic constitution of bodies, from which modern chemistry has drawn its greatest discoveries. And accordingly we find numerous and striking proofs to this effect furnished by those who are seeking to solve experimentally these high problems, and thereby to establish new connexions in the sciences, and laws common to all. We might take, as a most instructive example, the various and beautiful phenomena of crystalline bodies in their relation to heat, light, and electricity. The crystal itself, whatever the matter composing it, must be regarded as a substance, the component molecules of which are compelled by a force or affinity (which we may *provisionally* call polarity) to assume certain definite positions, determining both the inner structure and outer form. The three forces just named all affect most curi-

ously this molecular arrangement. Mitscherlich has shown that while octædral crystals expand equally in all directions from heat, other crystals, not in this group, change the measure of their angles with every change of temperature. He has further shown that great alterations may be effected by heat in the internal structure of crystals (as in the case of certain prismatic crystals evolving octædrons under exposure to the sun's heat), without affecting their solidity or altering their external form.

This latter fact, now attested in various ways, that molecular changes, transient or permanent, may occur within bodies while retaining what we call their solid state, is one of high interest, and scarcely enough regarded in its various applications to every part of physics. The familiarity of some of the instances disguises what is most curious and important in the inferences from them. The simple expansion of a metallic bar by heat involves an atomic change through its every part; less complex it may be than those changes of molecular arrangement within crystals, however produced, which affect the passage of light through them; but analogous in the main fact of the mobility of atoms, and their power of assuming new and definite position within a solid body. We know from recent experiments that an iron bar is sensibly elongated; and the elasticity of iron transiently, of steel permanently, altered by magnetization. We know further that the capacity of iron to conduct heat is variously modified under the electro-magnetic action. We have the certainty, from the effects manifested at its extremities, that every molecule in the wire of an electric telegraph, whatever its length, undergoes change at the moments of transmission or cessation of the electric force. Without stopping to inquire whether such changes may or may not be interpreted as a *tendency* to what we term fluidity, we clearly see in them a proof of the *individuality of atoms*; and very strong evidence that these molecules of matter, minute beyond conception though they be, are endowed individually with axes of motion or polarities, determining their mutual relations, and the changes they undergo when submitted to forces from without. Such conclusions, forced upon us by the simplest view of the subject, are strikingly corroborated by the whole course of modern inquiry: and very especially in those

sciences to which the actions of light, and of electricity or magnetism, upon matter give foundation. We might in truth affirm that the highest speculations and most arduous questions and researches in modern physics concentrate themselves upon this point. The most eminent discoveries of our own day involve these qualities and conditions of the elementary molecules of matter; while the number of problems yet unsolved render this the most fertile and capacious field for future labor. The time may come when molecular forces or affinities, now represented chiefly in chemical actions, may be reduced to a common principle with what we term *mechanical forces*. And if gravitation be ever submitted to some common law with other powers, such law will probably be founded on the nature and functions of these ultimate particles—the *σώματα ἀδιάπερα* of ancient philosophy—the elements through which modern science works amidst the most profound mysteries of the natural world.

Our limits prohibit any details as to those numerous discoveries which illustrate this particular inquiry, or the more general progress of those sciences of optics, heat, and electricity which so variously and wonderfully interpret the relations of matter to the forces acting through or upon it. Some of these discoveries, simple and limited in their origin, have become volumes of new knowledge in their progress. Such are, for instance, the discovery of Oersted, on which depends the whole science of electro-magnetism;—the doctrine of electrolysis, as established by Faraday in strict fulfilment of the law of definite proportions and equivalents;—the still greater discovery of Faraday, that all matter, whatsoever its nature, solid, fluid, or gaseous, is affected in a determinate manner when placed within the sphere or lines of magnetic force;—the contemporaneous discovery by the same philosopher of the rotation of a beam of polarised light under the influence of magnetic force directed through glass of a certain texture, followed by those larger researches which establish relations between magnetic force and the intimate structure of crystalline bodies;—the whole science and exquisite art of photography; and the beautiful and still more recent experiments of Grove and Neipce, founded upon it, showing the direct action of light upon the molecules of matter to be far more universal, as well as

more definite and lasting, than was before dreamt of in our philosophy;—and the discovery of *allotropic states* in various substances, as phosphorus, oxygen, &c., where (as in the earlier instance of the diamond and carbon) a total change of physical properties is produced, the matter so changed retaining its exact identity of nature.

We name these few instances out of many equally remarkable; all expounding, in one form or other, the great principle of molecular action and relation, to the clear conception of which modern science owes so much of its success. Even the points still open to controversy,—such as the true nature of the distinction between pure magnetic and diamagnetic bodies, those which take position parallel to the line of magnetic force, or transversely to it,—are clearly seen to depend for solution on more exact knowledge of the modes of molecular aggregation, and their influence on the forces which traverse them. Again, we have the question, before noticed, as to the phenomena of electrical induction through air, glass, and other media—whether these are due to some unknown physical causes? or to molecular polarities and motions, far removed from all cognisance of the senses, but interpreted to our reason by the closest experimental analogies? Faraday has given the sanction of his opinion to this molecular view of the phenomena; and Grove has done much to strengthen and extend this important conclusion.

We have hitherto been speaking of matter generally, without regard to the various aspects under which it is known to us. For with all the refinements of modern analysis, there still remain about sixty substances *undecomposed*, and which must therefore be deemed simple or elementary to our present knowledge. Of these the largest proportion are what we term metallic bodies, and most of the additions recently made to the list of simple substances belong to this class; with the further curious specialty pertaining to several of them, that while perfectly distinct from all others in physical characters, they are hitherto known to exist in a few rare specimens only. Almost we might be tempted to surmise that they belong to the number of those materials of which *aërolites* seem to tell us that other worlds are made; and that they are present there much more largely than in the feeble representation of their ex-

istence on our own globe. Such suggestion, however, must be received simply as illustrating the manner in which modern science attaches facts already attained to problems yet unresolved; concentrating them as it were around common *foci*, towards which they ever more closely converge.

The great problem regarding these many modes or kinds of matter on our earth lies in the question, whether and how they may be lessened in number by reduction to certain elements, common to several or all? Whether, in other words, bodies simple to our present knowledge are actually compound in their nature? Chemistry, it must be owned, has hitherto done little directly towards solving this question; the vast resources of analysis having tended to multiply elements upon us rather than to abridge their number. Some approach in this direction has, however, been made through the law of isomorphism; which, in showing relations of mutual substitution between certain elementary bodies, having other curious resemblance of physical properties, has led to their arrangement in groups; preparatory, it may be hoped, to some future discovery which will give a common basis to all the bodies thus related. The most remarkable of these groups is that comprising chlorine, iodine, and bromine. Arsenic and phosphorus, selenium and sulphur, are other examples of these combinations; to all which, in connexion with the law of definite proportions, the labors of the chemist are sedulously directed; not solely for instant results, but with the prospect continually before him of those higher truths, to which some one single discovery may perchance open the way. The present methods of chemical inquiry are peculiarly fitted to this *critical examination* of the simple bodies. Electricity, equally powerful and delicate as an instrument of analysis, has been, and must ever be, an especial aid—probably the most effective of all—in the prosecution of an object worthy of all the labor and genius that can be given to its attainment.

Oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are the three elements which furnish what we may fairly call the *crucial problem* in this part of science. Embodying themselves with all other forms of matter by the most complex affinities, and in compounds of infinite variety, no art or force has yet succeeded in showing them to us singly otherwise than in the gaseous form.

The powers of analysis, whether chemical or electrolytic, utterly fail when put to trial upon them. A recent discovery, indeed, has shown us oxygen under the new or allotropic form of ozone; but no analogous transformation has hitherto been effected on the two kindred elements. Mighty though the power and efficiency of this one is in every part of the natural world, we must avow a still deeper interest in the scientific fortunes of nitrogen, and a belief that it is fated to disclose still more to future discovery. Its history down to the present time has been one of paradox throughout. Known as a simple gas chiefly by its negative qualities, and in this state capable of direct union with only one or two bodies (as titanium and boron), nitrogen shows itself in combinations, otherwise effected, as one of the most strange and powerful elements with which chemistry has made us acquainted. We inhale it largely with every breath, seemingly but as a diluent to the oxygen, with which it is mixed in our atmosphere. We take it into the system as a constituent of food, and find it forming an integral and essential part of the animal textures; while to compounds differing but in slight proportion of their elements, it imparts the character of the most virulent poisons. These incongruities, which might seem to render research more difficult, do in truth afford more ample materials and room for discovery. Certain approaches have already been made in this direction of inquiry; and we should wrong the spirit and resources of modern science were we to doubt its reaching yet much nearer towards the ultimate truth.

In passing thus cursorily over the sciences which deal with the various forms of matter in our globe, and the forces affecting them, we have said nothing of that science now become so vast in its objects and methods, which takes as its province the outer structure of the globe itself; and the changes, organic as well as merely material, succeeding one another for ages on that surface which is now the dwelling place of man. Such seeming

omission we may explain by reference to a previous article in this Number,* in which the present aspect of geological science, and the questions it involves, have been considered at some length. We may remark further that Geology has (within the last thirty years more especially) undergone a change which raises it far above the mere history of the location or dislocation of the strata, and connects it inseparably with other branches of science still more fruitful of discovery. Fossil Geology, the creation of our own time, is allied in every part with the history and physiology of animal and vegetable life;—that great domain of knowledge which, though closely encircled round by physical laws and phenomena, and approached only through these, has still secret region within, the law and principle of life, hitherto inaccessible by any method of human inquiry. It was our original design to have included this latter subject in the present article; as illustrating, not less than other branches of science, the advances made in actual knowledge, and the spirit which impels and animates to further research. While admitting that this spirit has sometimes run riot upon questions the very mystery of which invites and emboldens speculation, we find true inductive science moving steadily onwards, amidst these more erratic courses, to those truths—the *κρήμα ἐς ἀεί*—which are the certain reward of all legitimate inquiry. So much, however, has recently been attained in animal and vegetable physiology, that not even the briefest summary could bring it within our present limits; and we must postpone till some future occasion, if such should occur, our notice of these eminent discoveries, and of the works which best describe and illustrate them. What we have just drawn from other branches of physical science will, we trust, adequately fulfil our intention of showing in what spirit such science has been recently pursued; and with what signal success in compassing and expounding the great phenomena of the natural world.

* On Hugh Miller—See Living Age No. 743.

A YOUNG LADY'S DESCRIPTION OF A STORM AT SEA.—The sun went down like a ball of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red-currant jam. The wind began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in a shifting gallery. Every wave was suddenly as

big and high as Primrose Hill. The cords of the ship snapped like bad stay-laces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament, and not even the voices of the ladies calling for the stewardess were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements.—*Jerrold.*

From THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.
JOHN FOSTER.*

It seems to be one of the prerogatives of genius not only to perpetuate its productions through successive ages, and in them, as a soil, to propagate itself as a sort of seminal element, but also, more or less, to permeate society incessantly, though often with an influence scarcely perceptible during the progress of its operation. That influence, too, is by no means confined to cognate minds,—either to those who possess the rare endowment, or to that larger class who occupy a disputable and yet an envied border-land within sight of the enchanted region. Genius is contagious even to the unendowed. They are moulded by it unconsciously, and experience elevating emotions of admiration and even of sympathy which they are altogether unable to define or to investigate. Indeed genius, as an intensification of one or more of those mental faculties which are possessed in common by mankind, appeals to a universal sense, and leads men captive less by the attraction of superior bulk than by the more subtle influence of an indefeasible affinity. The inhabitants of the cities which disputed the honor of having given birth to Homer, could not doubtless, if they had clubbed their wits, have produced the *Iliad*; but the contest, if it ever existed, was, we may suppose, thoroughly earnest, and must moreover have been sustained by causes which lay far below the stratum of mere provincial vanity. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and even a clown in the gallery will be beguiled of a tear over the sublime sorrows of *Ulysses*. Even the philosophic poet, whom (though with many critical exceptions) we are inclined to designate as the Alexander Pope of classical antiquity, does not hesitate to endorse one of his *dicta* with the explanation:

"Non meus hic sermo, sed quæ præcepit Ofellus
Rusticus, abnormis, sapiens, crassæque Minervæ."

There is no such thing as an aristocracy in the intellectual world. "The republic of letters" is a true designation. Nature, has, indeed, her aristocracy; but it is neither constitutional nor exclusive: it boasts no her-

aldry, and it knows no pedigree; all earnest thinkers are the candidates, and the world ennobles by the right of a sovereign authority.

Indeed, the universality of the appeal of genius may be illustrated by that of the imitative arts. As all men of deep thought and feeling are the judges of the one, so are all close and patient observers of the other. Apelles did not disdain to be instructed by a cobbler; and there is something suggestive in the criticism of the rustic who was gazing at a well-known painting of pigs feeding: "That man knew nothing about pigs. When did you ever see a lot feeding together but one of 'em had his foot in the trough?" Both the author and the artist appeal with right and reason to the judgment of those who can criticise what they cannot perform, and who can heartily admire what they are unable to imitate.

But the potentate that most exalts and perpetuates the honors of genius is Death. No sooner has that power terminated for ever the instructions and the enchantments of genius, than the world awakes to a sense of the value of what it has lost. Monuments arise to mark the scene of a biographical incident; the discovery of a literary fragment outweighs in interest that of a new orb in the solar system; and even an authentic autograph will make wise men mad. It is this, as Cicero says, that attaches an interest so universal to the places that have been haunted by the departed great; and it is this which leads mankind, as in the case before us, when genius can no longer reward them with a nugget, to wash and sift and triturate its dust and *debris*. Just so we give more pains and palisading to ruins to preserve them from destruction, than we do to palaces and temples to protect them from injury and decay.

We have said that we owe to this universal feeling the gleanings before us from the more fugitive writings of the late John Foster. And now we can imagine that not a few readers, and those not deficient in literary culture, will exclaim, "And who was *he*?"—so true it is that the only men well known to the bulk of society are men of action. Yet these are not the real movers in the great changes that pass upon the world. With all their marvellous energy, they are but the operatives under the men of thought. So men travel admirably half over the world by steam who never heard of Watt and Stephenson, and

* *Fosteriana*; consisting of *Thoughts, Reflections, and Criticisms of John Foster, Author of "Essays on Decision of Character, Popular Ignorance," &c.* Selected from Periodical Papers, not hitherto published in a collective form. London: H. G. Bohn, 1858.

many have witnessed the battles that decided the fate of empires without having caught a glimpse of the commander-in-chief. The invisible Nemesis which hovered behind the hosts of Naseby field, and swayed the fortunes of that direful day, was not delegated from the palace of a king, nor from the chamber of a senate, but evoked by the thought of a people informed and embodied into life by an open Scripture. No march of armies ever produced a greater social result than the barefoot pilgrimage of Ignatius Loyola; and the great ecclesiastical revolution to which her Majesty owes her crown, and this country three-fourths of all that makes it worth while to be a Briton, was brought about by "the solitary monk that shook the world." So too the chivalry of Spain vanished before the laughter that issued from the cell of Cervantes; and no extrinsic and material powers have ever moved society as it has been moved by those "thoughts that wander through eternity" which escaped from dungeons where men of whom the world was not worthy, by the majesty of their endurance, have "led captivity captive." Thinkers rule the ages; and all that the conquerors and statesmen who have lived since the Christian era have done towards making the civilised world the "theatre of wonders" which it now is, is nothing comparable to the foundling of the inductive philosophy, which was systematised by a lawyer in a chamber in Gray's Inn.

It is, then, to the class of thinkers that John Foster preëminently belonged. Foster is (for why should we say *was*?) a great intellectual instructor. The reader must not expect the faintest biographical sketch of this remarkable man; for it may be said of him (as he once said to the writer respecting his friend Coleridge) that he never *had a biography*. He was a recluse man—we had almost said an anchorite—who lived between the dates 1770 and 1840. He was a Dissenter, and in early life entered the Christian ministry. During the principal part of his life, however, he had no regular charge; his ministerial labors having been limited to a weekly lecture delivered in Bristol, and to occasional services held in village-chapels and private houses. Some of the lectures referred to have been published from his manuscript notes; but none, we believe, under his own supervision. Of the latter and more private

services we know nothing save by few and faint traditions. Comparing these, however, with our own recollections of his conversations, we can imagine that what the privileged few must have heard was as profound as Butler, and scarcely less original than the first chapter of Genesis. One sermon—and, as we believe, one only—he published. This was preached in the defence and advocacy of Christian missions; and if any of our readers should be tempted to peruse it, we promise them that they will see some meaning in a criticism upon it addressed to us by one who heard it,—“that it should have been preached to an auditory *created for the purpose*.”

The literary world acknowledges great obligations to the ladies; but it owes them far more than it supposes, and doubtless far more than can ever be disclosed. When Foster sought the hand of the lady whom he eventually married, she expressed her unwillingness to ally herself to any one who had not distinguished himself in literature. Upon this he addressed to her, in a series of letters, the work which, under the title of *Foster's Essays*, is now known wherever the English language is spoken or read. This latter statement, however, requires a very serious limitation. They are known, not to the reading, but only to the thinking world; and a brief description of them, necessarily avoiding any thing approaching to criticism, will probably afford information to very many who may read these lines. The *Essays* are four in number: the first is entitled “On a Man's writing *Memoirs of Himself*,” the second, “On Decision of Character,” the third, “On the Application of the Epithet *Romantic*,” and the fourth, “On some of the Causes of the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion.” The finest criticism on these is the review of them which will be found in the collected writings of the late Rev. Robert Hall; a tribute which was pensively but nobly repaid by Foster in his treatise “On the Character of Hall as a Theologian and a Preacher,” which will be found in the sixth volume of Hall's works, edited by the late Dr. Olinthus Gregory.

Of the essays, the second, on “Decision of Character,” has ever been the most popular. The first, however, is by far the most characteristic, as being unquestionably the most original; while the last is perhaps, on the whole, the most practically valuable. Of it it

may well be said to the preachers, and especially to the popular preachers, of the present day,

"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

If they would but saturate their minds with the sentiments of this noble essay, the advance of the success of the pulpit would cease to be impeded by some of its greatest obstacles,—professional egotism, effeminate sentimentality, coarse familiarity, theatrical attitudinising, self-admiring pauses, and theological slang. All else that Mr. Foster has left to posterity is his essay "On Popular Ignorance," which fills a large octavo volume; an Introduction to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*; and his *Diary and Letters and Literary Fragments*, published in two volumes octavo, under the judicious and singularly modest editorship of Jonathan Ryland. Foster was also for many years an almost constant contributor to the *Eclectic Review*. A selection from these critical Essays has been published, in two volumes octavo; and the work before us is made up of the gleanings from those contributions too fragmentary to be suited to the larger work.

Of this volume it is unnecessary to say one word; but we hail its appearance because it affords an opportunity of directing the attention of the public to the writings of John Foster. In knowledge of human nature we should almost class Foster with Shakspeare. He sounds the most secret depths of human experience, touches the most delicate springs of human motive and feeling, stimulates to germination the nascent buds of fancy, and unlocks the most secret apartments of conscience and feeling; he plays upon a congenial mind like a master upon an instrument of his own creation, now awakening the diapason of profoundest thought, while anon he "opes the sacred source of sympathetic tears." It is true that his writings are a study; but it is equally true that there is not a faculty nor an emotion of the human mind, whether active or dormant, which they do not either nourish into efflorescence or stimulate to vitality. It is also true that the massiveness of his thought gives to his sentences what to a superficial observation might appear an impenetrable solidity of meaning; but this should only supply a stimulus to investigation and reflection. Foster was infinitely removed from the pedantry and the feebleness of mysticism; the student digs through a few

feet of genial soil and finds the virgin ore. He once told the writer that it had taken him half an hour to frame a single sentence to the satisfaction of his fastidious taste; but this fact is obviously dependent upon the profundity and the originality of his conceptions, and the consequent difficulty of presenting them to others in the same point of view which he himself occupied. The construction of his sentences is a marvel of ingenuity; and we have been told by a minute scholar that nothing could be more interesting than the explanations elicited from him of the emendations made in—we think—the ninth edition of his Essays upon the merely verbal structure of the former editions.

It is no condemnation of Foster's Essays to say that they are a study; for it is one in which the student finds a present reward. Hall says, in the review to which we have alluded, that Foster travelled into those remote and untrodden regions of thought in which light glanced from an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole. He might have added that he presented those masses of thought, of which one phase only can be observed at a time, but in rounding which the adventurer finds iridescent snows on the one side and wild fruits and flowers on the other. It is for the rising and the thinking youth of this country, the staple of future generations, to study the writings of this extraordinary man; and in doing so, to bear in mind that they are entering on no trifling pursuit. A single perusal will be of slight avail in reading Foster; they must drink deep or taste not; and in entering upon the study they should solemnly embrace a conviction which the present conditions of society are well calculated to extinguish. All its tendencies are outwards, and point to material greatness and magnificent display. Greatly as education has advanced during the present generation, these appear to be the principal tendencies of the advance; and to these the external conditions of society, viewed in their most extended aspect, have greatly contributed. Multitudes fly to ransack the Antipodes for gold; and at home, owing to the marvellous discoveries of science, and to the consequent stimulus of enterprise, we can imagine that posterity will designate this as "the monster age." We build ships which would export the population of a provincial town, and a palace of glass which would shelter the in

habitants of our largest cities; we have monster concerts, monster oratories, monster religious congregations,—in a word, every thing cultivated by a forcing process except the inner life.

Surely this is the appropriate time for inviting attention to the writings of a man who, if his varied attributes could be designated by a single term, would be emphatically described as *reflective*. But they are such as have no specific relation to any age or to any social condition. Those who will devote their time to the study of them will not find themselves instructed on any special subject, but will find that they are being taught to think, and becoming possessed of a master-key which will admit them to all the chambers of imagery, and to all the apartments and domains of human speculation. They will find the loftiness of Milton presented in the flexible and

copious phraseology with which time and refinement have enriched our language. They will find the wisdom and solidity of Johnson without his notional exclusiveness, and all the cloud-land of Coleridge's remote speculation cleared of his mysticism, and mapped and outlined with an intellectual and logical precision. However select may be his school in the present generation, and however slowly the rule of his great genius may extend, we venture to predict that in distant days he will be teaching mankind; and that "John Foster" will be a household word though every pinch of dust in our imperial mausoleums may have parted for ever with its name. Evermore the present is the epoch of power, the future of thought—the present of the sceptre, the future of the pen. Princes are consigned to chronology, but thinkers are made over to time.

No aboriginal race has ever yet come directly in contact with Anglo-Saxons, except to its moral and physical ruin. Whenever such a race has been saved from destruction, it has been through the interposition of some powerful corporate body, whose guiding policy was not simply selfish. The English religious societies, by their emissaries at the Cape, in the South Sea Islands and in New Zealand, have preserved the aborigines from oppression, enslavement, or massacre, at the hands of colonists and adventurers of our own blood. But for the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Hottentot, the South Sea Islander, and the Maori would have been as clean swept from the earth as the Pequod or the Narragansett. What the religious societies have been to ignorant fetish-worshipping barbarians, the East India Company has been to the Hindoo—the creature of the false civilization, false knowledge, and false faith of centuries. A sphere too vast and an undertaking too difficult for bodies which, with all their excellences, cannot boast of their statesmanship or pride themselves on a varied familiarity with human nature, devolved on a great association which wedded policy to energy, and which to the virtues of single-mindedness and benevolence added those of tolerance and charity. No more grotesque injustice was ever committed than by Mr. Bright and Mr. Drummond, when they impliedly taxed the representatives of the Company with insulting and oppressing the natives. Practices of insult and oppression are normal in India among the class of gentlemen who give the sort of evidence on native character which may be seen in the new Blue-book on Colonization. We fear, too, that they have become only too common among military men of both armies.

But nobody can breathe the air of India for three weeks without realizing the absurdity of fastening such charges on the civil servants of the Company. If their enemies in England have accused them of ill-treating the Hindoo, it must be in the same spirit of humorous calumny in which an American novelist asserts that he saw the wife of a missionary drawn to church in Tahiti by a team of four Christian converts harnessed to a wheel-chair. When these matters are seriously ventilated in England, it will be found that the civil servants stand between the Hindoo and his European oppressors as distinctly as did Las Casas and his monks between the colonists of the Spanish Indies and the unfortunate race which they were grinding into powder.—*Saturday Review*.

It has become a common and not very creditable practice to put up horses at auctions for sale "without reserve," and then for the owner to buy them in unless the bids rise to a certain point. The practice has been much commented upon, and the question has been raised whether a horse, so advertised for sale, cannot be claimed by the highest bona fide bidder. Captain Warlow attended a sale at Birmingham of horses that were to be sold without reserve. He selected one and bid for him. The owner of the horse bid higher, and the hammer descended. Captain Warlow, finding that the owner was the purchaser, tendered his bidding, and demanded the horse. As it was not given up he brought an action against the auctioneer. It was tried at the Warwick Assizes, and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn decided against the defendant, but gave him liberty to move upon all the points of law he had raised. It is time some check should be put to a practice so discreditable.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RESPIRATION AND SUFFOCATION.

A YOUNG man, in all the vigor of abounding life, shuts himself up in his room, prevents the access of fresh air, closing the windows, chimney, and chinks, lights a pan of charcoal, and seating himself at his writing-desk, begins to unburthen his heart of its sorrow, in the tragic eloquence of one for whom such sorrow is insupportable. The poor boy has been refused the hand of the girl he loves, and believing that without her life would be worthless, he has resolved on suicide. As his pen hurries over the paper, the vapor from the burning charcoal fills the room. His pulses throb, his head is hot, his breathing oppressed. The candle is beginning to burn dimly, and its flame lengthens. He is unable to continue. He walks languidly up and down the room, and finally crawls to the bed. Life slowly ebbs. On the following morning, when his door is burst open, a corpse is stretched upon the bed.

A few hours later, she whom he loved, and who loves him, hears of this rash act, which annihilates even hope. In her despair she flings herself into the dark and sullen Seine. The next morning a corpse is exposed at the dreadful Morgue. The casual spectator gazes on it with undefinable awe, as he thinks of the stillness of that wondrous organism, which but a few hours before was so buoyant with life. Where is all that mystery now? The body is there, the form is there, the wondrous structure is there, but where is its activity? Gone are the graceful movements of those limbs, and the tender sweetness of those eyes; gone the rosy glow of youth, and the soft eagerness of womanly grace; gone the music of that voice, and the gaiety of that heart. The mystery of Life has given place to the mystery of Death.

What has thus suddenly arrested the wondrous mechanism, and, in the place of two palpitating, vigorous beings, left two silent corpses? The cause seems so trifling that we can only marvel at its importance, when revealed in the effect; it was the same in both cases, in spite of the difference of the means: that which killed the one killed the other; the fumes from the charcoal pan, and the rushing waters of the Seine, interrupted the exchange of a small quantity of gases, and by preventing the blood from getting rid of its carbonic acid, in exchange for an equiv-

alent of oxygen, the fervid wheels of life were suddenly arrested. It is the same cause acting with milder force, which makes the faces pale of those who issue from a crowded church, and gives a langor to those who have sat for some hours in a theatre, concert-room, or any other ill-ventilated apartment, in which human beings have been exhaling carbonic acid from their lungs. A breath of fresh air quickly restores them, and after breathing this fresh air, during a walk home, they scarcely feel any evil results of the late partial suffocation. Had the young man's door been burst open, and fresh air admitted to his room, or had the girl been rescued from the river, and made to breathe within a few minutes after her plunge, both would have been finally restored, as our concert-goers are restored; and the concert-goers, if kept much longer in that ill-ventilated room, would have perished, as the lovers perished.

Among the earliest experiences of mankind must have been the necessity of fresh air for the continuance of life; but the complete explanation of the fact, in all its details is a scientific problem, the solution of which only began to be possible when Priestley discovered the gases of which the air is composed, and the relation these bear to the organism; nor is the problem even now entirely solved, in spite of the labors of so many illustrious men. We have learned much, and learned it accurately; but the difficulties which still baffle us are many and considerable. The ancients really knew nothing of this subject; nor did the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lay any solid foundation-stone. That was laid by Priestley, when he discovered the oxygen contained in atmospheric air to possess the property of converting venous into arterial blood. Lavoisier carried out this discovery, and founded the chemical theory of Respiration. Goodwyn (1788) applied the new views to Asphyxia, showing, by a series of experiments, that when air was excluded, venous blood remained unchanged, and when it remained unchanged, death inevitably followed. Bichat instituted a number of striking experiments to prove that an intimate relation existed between Respiration, Circulation, and Nervous Action; he showed how the access of venous blood to the brain stopped its action, and subsequently stopped the action of the heart. Legallois extended these observations to the spinal chord.

But by far the most brilliant investigations on the subject of Respiration, are those of Spallanzani, whose *Mémoires* still deserve a careful study, both as models of scientific research, and as storehouses of valuable facts. He was succeeded by W. F. Edwards, whose *Influence des Agens Physiques sur la Vie* (which may be found on the old book-stalls for a couple of shillings) still remains one of the best books the science can boast of. During the present century, hundreds of physiologists have devoted labor to the elucidation of the various difficulties which darken this subject, and a vast accession of valuable facts has been the result. The chief points which have been cleared up we may now endeavor to exhibit.*

And first, let us ask, What is Respiration?—a question which many may regard as idle; yet, until it is answered in something like a definite manner, we shall find our inquiries constantly obstructed. Reduced to its simplest elements, Respiration appears to be nothing more than the interchange between the blood and the atmosphere of carbonic acid and oxygen; but although this is the simple formula to which analysis of the process conducts us, we shall be led into important errors if we see in it the whole of the process. It is the *physical fact* upon which the vital process depends, but it is not the *vital function* itself. This interchange is effected by every tissue—even when separated from the organism. They all absorb oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid. A fragment of muscle, so long as it retains its irritability, is found to absorb oxygen from the air, and to exhale carbonic acid; but we do not call such interchange Respiration, because Respiration is something more than a mere exchange of gases, it is an animal Function, which, although dependent on the physical laws of gaseous interchange, derives its special character from the organism in which it is effected. In the course of our inquiry we shall have occasion to observe how the neglect of the distinction now insisted on, between Respiration as the Function of an ap-

paratus of organs, and Respiration as the mere interchange of gases, determined by physical laws, has led to error; for the present, it is enough to have drawn attention to the true physiological conception. In the higher animals we see this Function performed by two different organs—gills and lungs. In both organs we find that a large quantity of blood is exposed to the air by means of a network of vessels spread over the surface. The blood arrives there black, and passes away scarlet. It has exchanged some of its carbonic acid for some of the oxygen of the air; it has become changed from venous into arterial blood. This oxygenation of the blood is therefore the special office of Respiration; and although all animals exhale carbonic acid and absorb oxygen—although every tissue does so—yet we must rigorously limit the idea of Respiration, as an animal Function, to that which takes place in the gills or lungs. True it is, that the simpler animals effect such exhalation and absorption by their *general surface*, and not by any *special modification of it*—such as gills or lungs; true it is, that even fish and reptiles, furnished with gills, also respire by their skin; and that, when the lungs of a frog are removed, the necessary oxygenation of the blood may be effected through the skin, if the temperature be low; nay, it is also true that even man himself, in a slight degree, respire by the skin; so that the student tracing upwards the gradual complication of the organic apparatus, and finding, *first*, the whole of the general surface effecting the aeration needed; *secondly*, a part of the surface formed into a gill, in which aeration is far more active; and, *finally*, finding this gill replaced by a lung, may be tempted to say, “If the aeration of the blood is the office of Respiration, and if this is effected in some animals by the skin alone, in others by the skin and the gills, and in others principally by the lungs, but still in a slight degree also by the skin, how can you pretend to establish a distinction, other than a simple distinction of degree; how can you expect me to lay much stress on a verbal difference such as that between Function and general Property or Tissue?”

In reply to this plausible objection, we must observe that in science verbal distinctions are often extremely important; they keep attention alive to real, though subtle, distinctions.

* In the following works will be found most of the facts cited or alluded to in our exposition:—Spallanzani: *Mémoires sur la Respiration*; Edwards: *De l’Influence des Agens physiques sur la Vie*; Claude Bernard: *Leçons sur les Effets des Substances toxiques*; Milne Edwards: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l’Anat. Comp.*; Lehmann: *Physiologische Chemie*; and the Treatises on Physiology of Bérard, Funke, Müller, Draper, &c.

It is difficult to keep to such distinctions, for, as Bacon says, "words are generally framed and applied according to the conception of the vulgar, and draw lines of separation according to such differences as the vulgar can follow; and when a more acute intellect, or a more diligent observation, tries to introduce a better distinction, words rebel." In strict physiological language, no animal without blood ought to be said to *breathe*; for Respiration in such animals is not effected by a special apparatus of breathing organs; and in physiology the *idea of Function is inseparably connected with that of Organ*, as the Act is with its Agent. Professor Bérard says that, penetrated with the idea of a special organ being necessary for Respiration, he experienced a singular disappointment in reading the experiments of Spallanzani, which proved that every tissue of the body absorbed oxygen, and gave out carbonic acid; and he "only recovered his contentment on perceiving that the essence of Respiration consisted in this interchange of gases, so that, wherever a nutritive fluid was in contact with the atmosphere, Respiration must take place." Here the professor seems to us to have made an oversight, confounding the general with the particular, as completely as if a savage visiting England, and observing the transport of men and goods by railways, and "penetrated with the idea of a special method of transit being necessary," were afterwards to observe that vans, carts, and wheelbarrows also conveyed goods, from which he would conclude that the essence of transport being the removal of goods from one place to another, every means of transport must be a railway. The interchange of gases, like the transport of goods, may be effected by various means, but we only call the one Respiration when it is effected by gills or lungs, and the other Railway transit when it is effected by Railways. Professor Bérard was right in conceiving that a special organ was necessary for Respiration; and his error arose from confounding the *action of the organ* with the *result of that action*. Respiration effects the interchange of gases, and the aeration of the blood, by means of a peculiar organic apparatus, without which the due aeration would not take place in the higher animals. In the simpler animals this apparatus is not needed, because the nutritive fluid, being easily accessible, requires no function to bring it into

contact with the air; but no sooner does the organism become so complex that a direct aeration of the nutritive fluid ceases to be possible, than an apparatus is constructed, the function of which is to effect this aeration. In the gills and lungs we see such an apparatus. Unless distinctions like these are established, Respiration ceases altogether to be a vital process; and every interchange of Carbonic acid and oxygen, no matter where effected, will have an equal claim to be designated as a respiratory act. Therefore, as it is of the first importance in all physiological inquiries to keep constantly in view the part played by the organism in modifying physical laws, the philosophic reader will see at once that any verbal distinction which aids us in this must be of advantage. We should perhaps, do well to indicate the special distinctions by using phrases, such as "pulmonary respiration," "bronchial respiration," and "cutaneous respiration," for the various classes of animals.

If now we ask, What is Respiration? the answer will be this: *The function of the lungs or gills, by means of which the blood absorbs oxygen, and parts with carbonic acid and some other noxious elements.* Oxygen is the great inciter of vital changes; its presence is the indispensable condition of life. It is at once fuel and flame: it feeds, and it destroys: constantly withdrawn from the blood, by the ceaseless activities of vital change, it is as constantly drawn into the blood by the process of Respiration. If the blood rushing through our lungs does not meet there with a supply of oxygen, the torrent carries venous in lieu of arterial blood to the tissues, and the consequence is an arrest of all the vital changes. If in passing through the lungs the blood only meets with a small supply of oxygen, an imperfectly arterialised fluid is carried to the tissues, and a partial arrest takes place, which is seen in the diminished vigor of the organism: all the functions are depressed; and if this depression continue, death arrives.

An organism and a medium—these are the two factors in the sum; yet, strangely enough, in trying to solve the problem of Respiration, men have principally directed their attention to one factor, the *medium*, forgetting the equally important influence of the organism. What is that medium? It is an atmospheric ocean forty-five miles in depth, whirling with

our planet, while that planet whirls round the sun, subject to incessant fluctuations, yet always preserving the same composition. This atmosphere is chiefly composed of two gases—oxygen, which forms about one-fifth, and nitrogen, which forms nearly the remaining four-fifths; to these must be added about 1-2000 of carbonic acid, and traces of ammonia. Such being the medium, let us now glance at the organism. Here there is nothing constant; not only are all animals different, and consequently their action on the atmosphere is different, but the same organism varies at different periods. As a general fact, the action of the animal organism may be succinctly stated to be the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere, and the exhalation of carbonic acid into it. It matters not whether the animal lives in air or in water—the real respiratory medium is always the air—for water, deprived of its air, or of its due proportion of oxygen, is as fatal to marine as to terrestrial animals. It matters not by what organ or surface the respiratory exchange takes place, it is always a twofold act of exhalation of carbonic acid on the one hand, and of absorption of oxygen on the other. The variety of respiratory organs is great. In the Molluscs we find some kinds having no “organs” at all; some kinds having gills, others having lungs, and one kind (*Oncidium*) having both gills and lungs. In the Crustacea we find rudimentary gills. In spiders there are both gills and lungs. Fish have only gills. Frogs and Salamanders begin with gills, which disappear and give place to lungs. Reptiles, birds, and mammals, have lungs of different degrees of complexity. Cutaneous Respiration is effected when the air, either in the water or as atmospheric air, comes in contact with the moist skin in which the blood is circulating. Gill Respiration is effected in a similar way: the water, rushing over the delicate surface, parts with oxygen, and takes up carbonic acid. In Pulmonary Respiration the air is no longer outside, but inside the organ: it is drawn in from the atmosphere; the exchange is effected in the organ, and the altered air is then driven out, to be replaced by fresh air.

To understand the mechanism of Pulmonary Respiration, let us commence with an examination of the Newt (*Triton*), which presents us with the simplest form of the lung, and will therefore best enable us to understand the

more complex forms. On opening the chest of this Newt, recently caught from a neighboring pond, we observe two elongated air-sacs of thin membrane; these are the lungs. We remove one sac, and find an artery with its ramifications running down one side, and a vein running up the other. Into this sac the air enters by the windpipe; when there, it is in contact with the delicate blood-vessels lying in the membranous wall; the exchange of gases takes place; and the vitiated air is expelled by a contraction of the abdominal muscles; as you may see by observing the live animal in a glass vessel. The reptile’s lung is thus an air-sac, on the surface of which blood-vessels are distributed; and if we now examine the lung of a man, we shall find that, in spite of its apparently different structure, it is little more than an almost endless repetition, on a smaller scale, of this very air-sac. The windpipe, instead of simply dividing into two branches, each branch terminated by a large air-sac, divides and subdivides like the branches and twigs of a tree, and these tubes are called the *bronchial tubes*; each tubelet terminates in a cell, forming, as Kölliker justly says, the miniature representation of the reptile’s lung. The lung of a man is thus an aggregation of bronchial tubelets and air-sacs: these air-cells are very minute, sometimes the 200th of an inch, occasionally the 70th of an inch. Between these air-cells run the capillary blood-vessels. Thus each side of a blood-vessel is exposed to the air contained within a cell, and the gases pass to and fro through the delicate wall of the cells, and through the walls of the capillaries, with perfect facility. So crowded are the blood-vessels, that the diameter of the meshes formed by their network, is less than the 3000th of an inch, and the number of air-cells is calculated at not less than six hundred millions!

With this brief description of the organ, let us pass on to the function. When we breathe, we draw in the air by our nostrils, which penetrate the trachea, or windpipe, from thence passing into the bronchial tubes and tubelets, and from thence into the air-cells. Here it yields part of its oxygen to the blood, receiving carbonic acid in exchange. It was drawn in by a dilatation of the chest, and is driven out again by a contraction of the chest. Science has accurately measured the amount of air thus inspired and expired—

namely, about 20 or 25 cubic inches each time. But we never empty our lungs by an expiration; there is always a much larger quantity of air remaining in the air-cells; this quantity varying, of course, with the force of the effort. Herbst found that, while 25 cubic inches was the quantity expelled in ordinary quiet breathing, the quantity would rise to 90, and even 240 cubic inches by very energetic efforts. It is therefore calculated that an adult man, with a well-developed chest, will retain about 170 cubic inches of air in his lungs, after each expiration, during ordinary breathing; and as 25 inches will be added at the next inspiration, there will be alternately 175 and 200 cubic inches of air acting on the blood which rushes over the vast area of the lungs. The phrase "vast area" is no exaggeration; for small as the bulk of those organs truly is, the amount of surface on which blood is exposed to the air in them, has been calculated by Lindenau at not less than 2642 square feet. Is it not wonderful to reflect that, in the course of a single year, 100,000 cubic feet of air have been drawn in and expelled, by something like 9,000,000 of separate and complicated actions of breathing, to aerate more than 3500 tons of blood?

The injurious effect of tight-lacing has often been pointed out, and in England, at least, women have pretty generally learned to see the danger, if not always the hideousness of those wasp-waists once so highly prized. A single fact elicited in the experiments of Herbst will probably have more weight than pages of eloquent exhortation. It is this: the same man who, when naked, was capable of inspiring 190 cubic inches at a breath, could only inspire 130 when dressed; now, if we compare the tightness of women's stays with the tightness of a man's dress, we shall easily form a conception of the serious obstacle stays must be to efficient breathing; and the injurious effect of this insufficient breathing consists, as we shall see hereafter, in its inducing a depression of all the vital functions.

In Respiration we draw in and give out a *similar quantity* of air; but this air is by no means of *similar quality*. It has been altered—vitiated. The ancients had no other notion of Respiration than that it served to cool the blood, as the air cools the heated brow. We know that it serves to supply the indispensable conditions of vital changes, by

removing carbonic acid from the blood, and supplying its place with oxygen. The air which is expired differs profoundly from that which was inspired: it has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from 3 to 6 per cent of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen, and volatile organic substances, with an increase of heat. It was pure respirable air when it entered, and is now so vitiated that after a few repetitions of the process it becomes irrespirable. The vitiation results from the carbonic acid. The quantity of this gas which is momentarily thrown into the atmosphere by each individual, varies according to sex, age, physical and mental condition, and according to the season of the year and time of day. We are constantly exhaling carbonic acid, but not in constant quantities. Men exhale much more than women; during the ages of from 16 to 40 the quantity exhaled by men nearly doubles that exhaled by women of the same ages. In men it is observed that the amount gradually increases from the age of 8 to that of 30, making a sudden start at the approach of puberty. From the age of 30 it decreases gradually, till at extreme old age the amount is no greater than it was at 10. In women a noticeable phenomenon is observed; the amount increases from infancy to puberty, just as in men; but at that epoch the increase suddenly ceases, and remains stationary till the change of life, when the amount increases. Besides such variations dependent on age and sex, there are others dependent on the muscular activity and physical condition of the individual. The amount of carbonic acid exhaled during digestion is greater than that exhaled during fast, and greater in sunlight than in darkness. Wines, spirits, tea, coffee, and narcotics lessen the amount; not, however, because they interfere with the process of Respiration, but because they cause less carbonic acid to be produced by the organism—they protect the tissues from the destructive action of oxygen.

The carbonic acid thus thrown into the air is the product of the disintegrated tissues—the ashes of the vital flame. The blood in the capillaries parts with its oxygen, received in the lungs, and, according to the current hypothesis, takes up in exchange the carbonic acid produced by the action of the tissues. If we were permitted to designate every interchange of these gases by the name of

Respiration, we should have to speak of two different kinds of Respiration, one taking place in the lungs, where carbonic acid is exchanged for oxygen, the other taking place in the tissues, where oxygen is exchanged for carbonic acid; but a more accurate and philosophical nomenclature, which seeks its terms in a consideration of functions, and not in the results effected by those functions, will not permit such confusion.

The exchange of these gases, considered simply as an exchange, is a physical fact resting on well-known physical laws. There have been, and there still are, disputes as to whether the gases are *free* in the blood, as in water, or are in a state of slight chemical combination; but the facility with which the exchange is made seems to be as great as if they were free. If blood be shaken in a vessel containing air, it will absorb more than a tenth of its volume of oxygen from that air. It is then saturated; and if now poured into a vessel containing carbonic acid, and there shaken, it will abandon almost all its oxygen, and absorb carbonic acid. This is a simple illustration of the interchange effected in the lungs and in the tissues; for, as previously indicated, the delicate walls of the blood-vessels oppose no obstacle to this interchange. It is only necessary that the blood should be brought in contact with an atmosphere, or a fluid, of a composition specifically different from our own; in the lungs the carbonised venous blood comes in contact with air containing scarcely any carbonic acid, in the tissues the oxygenised arterial blood comes in contact with a plasma which contains scarcely any oxygen, and in both cases the blood yields up its own gas in exchange for another. In the normal process the exchange is always that of *these* gases; but to prove the simple physical nature of the exchange, we have only to substitute hydrogen for oxygen, and the animal confined in a vessel containing this gas will be found to exhale carbonic acid with the same facility as when atmospheric air is breathed. No animal can continue long to breathe hydrogen, simply because that gas does not furnish the conditions of vitality; but while the animal breathes in hydrogen, the exhalation of carbonic acid is as perfect as at any other time: thus showing that the exhalation depends on the difference in the nature of the gases in the atmosphere, and in the blood.

When we breathe over and over again the same air, we gradually vitiate it by the constant exhalation of carbonic acid, which gradually brings the air up to the point where the difference between it and the blood—as regards the proportions of carbonic acid—disappears. The blood ceases to be arterialised, and the vital functions are arrested. In vain does the air still contain a quantity of life-giving oxygen; the blood cannot take it up, because it cannot get rid of the carbonic acid, and it cannot get rid of its carbonic acid because the conditions of the exchange are absent. To make an animal breathe air overcharged with carbonic acid, is equivalent to a gradual prevention of his breathing at all. Suffocation results from vitiated air in precisely the same manner as from interception of the air. Although burking and gagging are crimes which appal the public, that public seems almost indifferent to the milder form of the same murder when it is called “want of ventilation.” In spite of the historical infamy of the Black Hole at Calcutta, our prisons, hospitals, theatres, churches, and other public buildings, were left disgracefully neglected, until, thanks to the energetic labors of our sanitary reformers, public attention was aroused. That thousands have been the victims of public ignorance on this important matter, may be shown by a single example. The deaths of new-born infants between the ages of 1 and 15 days, which in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital amounted in the course of four years to 2944 out of 7650 births, were suddenly reduced to only 279 deaths during the same period, after a new system of ventilation had been adopted. Thus more than 2500 deaths, or 1 in every 3 births, must be attributed to the bad ventilation. In England the public is daily becoming more enlightened on the subject of ventilation, although a dangerous indifference, springing from want of elementary knowledge, is still prevalent, and taxes the patience of reformers; but in the country where these lines are written, it is painful to observe that even highly-cultivated men seem almost insensible to the importance of fresh air. The Germans sit for hours in low crowded rooms, so dense with tobacco-smoke that on entering you cannot recognise your friends; and so vitiated is the atmosphere by the compound of breath, bad tobacco, human exhalations, and an iron stove, that at first it seems impossible for you to

breathe in it. Even in their private rooms they breathe a hot, musty, *dry* air, which makes an Englishman gasp for an open window. It is true that after a while you get accustomed to the air. You also get accustomed to that of the smoke-filled tavern. On entering, you felt it would be impossible to stay there ten minutes; but in less than ten minutes it has become quite tolerable, and in half an hour scarcely appreciable. If you quit the room for a few minutes, and return once more after having breathed fresh air, again you perceive the poisonous condition of the atmosphere, but again you will get accustomed to it, and seem to breathe freely in it.

Was this atmosphere really not injurious? or have your sensations, like sentinels asleep, ceased to warn you of the danger? To answer this, we will first bring forward some experiments instituted by Claude Bernard, on the influence of vitiated air. A sparrow left in a bell-glass to breathe over and over again the same air, will live in it for upwards of three hours; but at the close of the second hour—when there is consequently still air of sufficient purity to permit *this* sparrow breathing it for more than an hour longer—if a fresh and vigorous sparrow be introduced, it will expire almost immediately. The air which would suffice for the respiration of one sparrow suffocates another. Nay more, if the sparrow be taken from the glass at the close of the third hour, when very feeble, it may be restored to activity; and no sooner has it recovered sufficient vigor to fly about again, than, if once more introduced into the atmosphere from which it was taken, it will perish immediately. Another experiment points to a similar result. A sparrow is confined in a bell-glass, and at the end of about an hour and a half it is still active, although obviously suffering; a second sparrow is introduced; in about ten minutes the new-comer is dead, while the original occupant flies about the lecture-room as soon as liberated.

One cannot try experiments on human beings as on animals, but accident and disease frequently furnish us with experiments made to our hand. What has been just related of the birds, is confirmed by an accident which befel two young Frenchwomen. They were in a room heated by a coke-stove. One of them was suffocated, and fell senseless on the ground. The other, who was in bed, suffer-

ing from typhoid fever, resisted the poisonous influence of the atmosphere, so as to be able to scream till assistance came. They were both rescued, but the healthy girl, who had succumbed to the noxious air, was found to have a paralysis of the left arm, which lasted for more than six months. Here, as in the case of the sparrows, we find the paradoxical result to be, that the poisonous action of a vitiated air is better resisted by the feeble, sickly organism, than by the vigorous, healthy organism. This paradox admits of a physiological explanation. In the vitiated air of a German *Kneipe*, as in that of the houses of the poor, we find those who have had time to adjust themselves to it, breathing without apparent inconvenience, although each new-comer feels the air to be vitiated; and because they "get accustomed to it," people very naturally suppose that no injurious effect can follow. Here lies the dangerous fallacy. They get accustomed to it, indeed, and only because they do so are they contented to remain in it; but at what price? by what means? By a gradual *depression of all the functions* of nutrition and secretion. In this depressed condition less oxygen is absorbed, and there is less needed in the atmosphere. A vitiated air will suffice for the respiration of a depressed organism, as it would amply suffice for the respiration of a cold-blooded animal. When we enter a vitiated atmosphere, our breathing becomes laborious; the consequence of this is a depression of all the organic functions, and then the breathing is easy again, because we no longer require so much oxygen, and we no longer produce so much carbonic acid. Were it not for this adjustment of the organism to the medium, by a gradual depression of the functions, continued existence in a vitiated atmosphere would be impossible; we see the vigorous bird perish instantaneously in air which would sustain the enfeebled bird for upwards of an hour. Thus does Physiology explain the paradox; but at the same time it points out the fallacy of supposing that bad air can be harmless because we "get accustomed" to it. However fortunate a circumstance for those who have to breathe bad air, that the organism is quickly depressed to such a point as to render such air respirable, no one will deny that depressions of this kind are necessarily injurious, especially when frequently experienced. There is indeed a wonderful elas-

ticity in the organism, enabling it to adapt itself to changing conditions; but a frequent depression of functional activity must be injurious, and fatal if prolonged.

It is interesting to observe the effect of a *gradual* adjustment of the organism, as contrasted with one less gradual. The longer the time allowed, the easier is this adjustment. Thus a bird will live three hours in a certain quantity of air; in the same quantity, two birds of the same species, age, and size, will *not* live one hour and a half, as might be supposed, but only one hour and a quarter. Conversely, the bird which will live only one hour in a pint of air, will live three hours in two pints.

Enlightened by these remarkable results, we shall now be able to regard Respiration as a physiological function rather than as a simple physical process. On more than one occasion we have had to protest against the tendency to explain vital phenomena by physical and chemical laws only, without regard to the order of conceptions specially belonging to vital phenomena; and we must repeat that protest in the present case. That Respiration is ultimately dependent on physical laws, no one thinks of disputing; and in the arduous endeavor to detect the operation of those laws, it is natural that men should neglect the still more difficult study of vital laws. But we think it can be shown that however far analysis may trace the operation of the laws of gaseous interchange and diffusion, and the condensing action of moist membranes, these will only conduct us to the threshold; they will never open for us the temple. These physical laws reveal only one part of the mystery. Respiration is not a simple physical fact. It is the function of a living organism, and as such receives a specific character from that organism. No sooner do we cease to regard the exclusively physical aspect of this function—no sooner do we fix our attention on the organism and *its* influence, than the whole theory we have raised on the laws of gaseous interchange suddenly totters and falls.

It seems easy to explain why warm-blooded animals cease to breathe in an atmosphere charged with a certain per-centage of carbonic acid, although there may still remain sufficient oxygen to permit a candle to burn in it, and even to permit continued respiration if the carbonic acid be removed. The

presence of a certain amount of carbonic acid in the air prevents the exhalation of that gas from the blood. As we read the explanation, nothing can seem clearer, and we admire the skill with which the laws of the absorption of gases are brought to bear on the fact. But as we pursue our researches, various difficulties arise; and as we extend the inquiry from the respiration of warm-blooded to that of cold-blooded animals, we learn that the fact so luminously explained is not at all true of the simpler organisms. Let us for a moment consider one striking contradiction in the theory; the air which has once passed through the lungs of a man, and which, in losing four or five per cent of its oxygen, has become charged with three or four per cent of carbonic acid, will yield but very little of its remaining oxygen when again passed through the lungs; and if this air be breathed over and over again, until the sense of suffocation forces a cessation, the air will still be found to contain ten per cent of oxygen—that is to say, nearly half its original quantity. In air thus vitiated the respiratory process is impossible, but only impossible for warm-blooded animals in health: frogs, reptiles, fish, and molluscs, instead of perishing when the air has lost about half its oxygen, continue to breathe, and to absorb oxygen, almost as long as there is any left. Spallanzani, Humboldt, and Matteucci, have placed this beyond a doubt by their experiments; and when we consider how long these experiments have been before the world, it is a matter of surprise that the contradiction they give to all the purely physical theories of Respiration has not been insisted on. If the process depends simply on the proportion of gasses in the atmosphere, how is it that one animal can continue to breathe in an atmosphere irrespirable by another? If it be simply the interchange of oxygen and carbonic acid, and this interchange be frustrated whenever eleven per cent of oxygen has disappeared, the law must be *absolute*, and as applicable to reptiles and molluscs as to birds or mammals. Instead of this, we find that reptiles can continue to breathe long after such a limit has been passed; they continue to absorb oxygen as long as even only three per cent remains, in spite of the continually increasing proportion of carbonic acid.

How is it that the physical laws of absorption frustrated the Respiration of one class

of animals, and were powerless with another class? Why is it that, when a bird and a frog are confined in the same vessel, the frog will continue to absorb oxygen from the vitiated air in which the bird has long perished? Clearly the cause of this difference lies in the difference of the organisms; and we must no longer seek in the mere quantities of gases an explanation of interrupted respiration; we must no longer say that "breathing becomes impossible when the air is charged with a certain amount of carbonic acid, *because* that amount prevents the gaseous interchange;" but we must say that such an amount prevents the gaseous interchange, because it interferes with the organic action of the pulmonary apparatus. The distinction becomes palpable when we have an organism which is not affected by this amount of carbonic acid, and is even more palpable when we see a warm-blooded animal capable of breathing for a long period the air which, under a different condition, it would find irrespirable. We have seen how a bird, with its functions depressed, can continue to breathe for an hour in an atmosphere which immediately suffocated another bird of the same species; whereby it became clear that the lungs of one warm-blooded animal could absorb oxygen from an atmosphere in which there was such a proportion of carbonic acid, that sufficient oxygen could not be absorbed by a vigorous animal of the same species.

The intervention of organic conditions, modifying the simple physical laws of gaseous exchange, is sufficiently evident from what has just been said; but we have as yet no clear insight into the nature of this intervention; we do not know why blood, charged with carbonic acid, cannot in the one case exchange that gas for the oxygen, of which 10 per cent still remains, since in another case the same blood *can* effect the exchange when there is even less than 10 per cent of oxygen.

Atmospheric air contains only 21 per cent of oxygen. But if 50 per cent of oxygen be mixed with 50 of carbonic acid, a warm-blooded animal is suffocated in it, in spite of there being more than double the amount of oxygen there is in ordinary atmosphere. Bernard, who made the experiment, thinks that the carbonic acid in this mixture prevented the oxygen from entering the blood, not only because of its greater solubility, which gives it a tendency to displace the oxy-

gen, but also because of the obstacle it presents to the exhalation of carbonic acid. On the other hand, the extensive and careful experiments of Regnault and Reiset show that Respiration will take place quite well in an atmosphere which contains as much as 23 per cent of carbonic acid, if at the same time it contains as much as 40 per cent of oxygen. How are we, on physical principles, to reconcile such facts as those just cited? In the one case we see that 50 per cent of oxygen is insufficient if the amount of carbonic acid be also 50 per cent; in another case we see that 40 per cent of oxygen suffices if the carbonic acid do not exceed 23 per cent; and we could explain both by saying, that unless the amount of oxygen nearly doubles that of carbonic acid, respiration is impossible, were it not for the irresistible objection that reptiles breathe in an atmosphere which has become charged with carbonic acid, and has gradually lost all but 3 per cent of its oxygen.

We have raised difficulties which we cannot pretend to remove. It is enough to have called attention to the physiological problem involved, as a justification of our scepticism in presence of the physical explanations. Respiration is not a simple interchange of gases, but an organic function, which chiefly consists in exhaling carbonic acid and absorbing oxygen: whatever interferes with the exhalation or the absorption, checks Respiration, no matter what may be the condition of the atmosphere. As a final proof of the correctness of this conception, we will add that oxide of carbon, by preventing the exhalation of carbonic acid from the blood, prevents all Respiration, whatever amount of oxygen may be in the air. Moreover, experimenters are now agreed that there is no accurate correspondence between the amounts of oxygen absorbed and carbonic acid exhaled, as there ought to be were the process one of simple exchange. Spallanzani placed four couples of snails in four separate vessels containing atmospheric air; he found that two of these couples absorbed 20, one 19½, and the fourth only 17 of oxygen, but that the amount of carbonic acid exhaled was strikingly at variance. In two vessels he found 20 and 17 of oxygen replaced by 3 of carbonic acid; in two others, 20 and 19½ by 4 and 8 of carbonic acid; clearly showing that the exhalation had been one process, and the absorption another.

If we have gained some idea of Respiration, we shall be able to understand what Suffocation is, and why carbonic acid in the air is so injurious. Carbonic acid is not a poison, as was formerly maintained. Its accumulation in the blood is only fatal when there is such an accumulation in the atmosphere as prevents its exhalation; its mere presence seems to be quite harmless, even in large quantities, provided always that it be not retained there. Carbonic acid, when absorbed into the blood, which is alkaline, cannot there exert its irritant action as an acid, because it will either be transformed into a carbonate or be dissolved. Bernard has injected large quantities into the veins and arteries and under the skin of rabbits, and found no noxious effect ensue. The more carbonic acid there is in the blood, the more will be exhaled, provided always that the air be not already so charged with it as to prevent this exhalation.

Oxide of carbon seems, however, to be truly a poison. The blue flame which rises from the coals or lighted wood is this same oxide, the product of an imperfect combustion; and being notoriously poisonous, it has by some writers been selected as the real agent in those numerous deaths by asphyxia, occurring from voluntary and involuntary exposure to the fumes of charcoal in closed chambers. Carbonic acid was said to be innocent, and oxide of carbon had to bear the whole infamy. There is no doubt, however, that although carbonic acid is not a poison, it will produce asphyxia, and deaths from charcoal-fumes may occur either from this asphyxia or from poisoning by oxide of carbon, or from a conjunction of the two. Oxide of carbon is truly called a poison, because its action is deleterious even in slight doses, no matter what may be the state of the atmosphere; but carbonic acid is only deleterious when the quantity in the atmosphere is such that the absorption of oxygen is frustrated. But how does this oxide of carbon act? If venous blood be exposed to it, we see at once the change into scarlet blood take place. It acts on the blood like oxygen? you will ask. Not precisely; for if venous blood be exposed to oxygen it becomes scarlet, but when left to itself it becomes black again (except at the surface), probably because the oxygen has gradually formed carbonic acid. After exposure to oxide of carbon, the blood rema-

scarlet for days and days—nay, even for weeks, according to Bernard. Prussic acid acts in a similar manner. *Poisoning by prussic acid or oxide of carbon, may be detected by this scarlet color of the venous blood.*

The effect of oxide of carbon is to render the blood-discs incapable of that process of exhalation, on which, as we have seen, the activity of the organism depends. The blood, to all appearance, preserves its vitality, for neither the form nor the color of its discs is altered; but the blood is really dead, because its restless changes are arrested. Ever wonderful is the fact constantly intruding itself upon us, that Life is inseparably linked with Change, and that every arrest is Death. Only through incessant destruction and reconstruction can vital phenomena emerge, an ebb and flow of being. The moment we preserve organic matter from destruction, we have rendered it incapable of the restless strivings of Life. A spirit like that of Faust seems ranging through all matter; and if ever it should say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art fair," its career will be at an end.

The reader has doubtless often heard, with surprise, that the rusting of iron, the burning of a candle, and the breathing of an animal, are only three forms of the same process, three names for Combustion, or Oxidation. There is a certain fascination in such generalisations, and one always regrets to find them not correct. The rusting of iron and the burning of a candle are indeed two forms of one oxidising process; but Respiration can no longer be considered as in any sense a process of combustion—it is a twofold process of exhalation and absorption. The interesting experiments of Priestley will enable us to set forth the differences between Respiration and Combustion. He placed mice in a bell-glass, where in due time they were suffocated by the air which they had vitiated; other mice were introduced, and they expired immediately. In another bell-glass a candle went out, after having in its combustion absorbed a part of the oxygen; another burning candle was introduced, and it was at once extinguished by this vitiated air. In both of these vessels some mint was now placed, where it flourished, and so completely revived the air, by absorbing its carbonic acid and giving out oxygen, that mice could again breathe in the one, and a candle burn in the other. In these

experiments we seem to have a demonstration of the identity of Combustion and Respiration—and this, indeed, was the conclusion drawn; but that the conclusion is erroneous, appears from the experiments of Claude Bernard, who takes a bell-glass containing an atmosphere of 15 per cent of oxygen, and 2 per cent of carbonic acid—the rest of the oxygen having disappeared to form water with the hydrogen of the candle which has just gone out. In this atmosphere, in which a candle will not burn, a linnet will breathe at ease for some time. He reverses the experiment, and makes an atmosphere in which a candle will burn, but in which an animal instantaneously perishes—an atmosphere composed half of oxygen and half of carbonic acid, in which a candle will burn better than in the air, because of the greater amount of oxygen; but in which the animal perishes, because, in spite of the amount of oxygen, that oxygen cannot be absorbed. The bird, when about to expire in vitiated air, will be recalled to life if the carbonic acid be removed by the introduction of potash—showing that it is owing to the presence of this carbonic acid that Respiration is impeded; but we cannot thus restore the expiring flame of the candle by removing the carbonic acid. Take two bell-glasses, and as soon as the combustion grows feeble, introduce into one glass some potash to remove the carbonic acid, you will, nevertheless, find that the candles in both glasses will go out at the same instant. The experiment is very simple, and its significance is plain. By it we see the difference between Combustion, which is only oxidation, and Respiration, which is not *oxidation* but *exchange*. In the combustion of the candle the oxidation is everything, and no process of exchange takes place. In the breathing of an animal the exchange is everything. The candle expires because there is not enough oxygen in the air; the animal expires because there is too much carbonic acid in the air.

Further, to prove that Respiration is an exchange of gases in the lungs, and not a process of oxidation, we need only refer to the experiments of Spallanzani and W. Edwards—experiments so celebrated, that one is amazed to find one's-self citing them in this discussion, which they ought long ago to have closed. These physiologists found that cold-blooded animals will breathe in an atmosphere of pure hydrogen, almost if not quite as easily

as in ordinary air: the carbonic acid is exhaled, and hydrogen absorbed.* This proves that carbonic acid pre-exists in the blood, and is not formed during respiration by the oxygen as it enters; and proves, likewise, that the respiratory process is one of exhalation and absorption, which can take place as well with hydrogen as with oxygen: and we are thus forced to exclude the idea of oxidation altogether. Although Respiration can take place without oxygen, life will not long continue without it; for, as before stated, oxygen is the power which burns organic matter into life.

Why is death inevitable when the access of fresh oxygen is excluded? The fact we know—of the reason we are ignorant. There still remains a large quantity of oxygen in the blood of the expiring animal; nor will death be sensibly retarded if fresh oxygen is injected into the veins and arteries. How is this? The process of Respiration brings oxygen to the blood; yet, if the oxygen be brought there through a more direct channel while respiration is impeded, the animal will die as quickly as if left to itself. Bernard tied a dog's head in a bag, which would in a certain time produce suffocation, and he found that period by no means retarded when he injected oxygen into the arteries.

Quitting for a moment this labyrinth of difficulty and doubt, which alternately fascinates and disheartens us when we strive to gain some explanation of the myriad processes of Life, let us stand apart and contemplate the marvel of respiratory interchange no longer as an animal function, but rather as a planetary phenomenon; let us endeavor to picture to ourselves the silent creative activity everywhere dependent on this interchange. The forests, the prairies, the meadows, the corn-fields, and gardens—the mighty expanse of plant-life covering mountain and valley—subsist on the carbonic acid which is exhaled from the lungs and bodies of animals. Plants take up this carbonic acid from the atmosphere, mould the carbon into their own substance, and set free the oxygen, once more returning it to the atmosphere. Animals reverse the process, taking up the oxygen, and giving out carbonic acid for the nourish-

* The same is true of warm-blooded animals when newly born, but after they have breathed for a few hours, they no longer possess this capability. The reason is unknown.

ment of plants. This beautiful rhythmus of organic life has been so often described, that it has almost become a commonplace, without, however, losing its charm for the contemplative mind. The dependence of plant on animal, and of animal on plant, united in one mystery, and ever acting each for the advantage of the other, is not an idea to lose its charm by becoming familiar; but it sometimes leads to misconceptions. What, for instance, seems more natural than that the influence of trees planted in our cities should be very beneficial? If trees can thus withdraw the noxious carbonic acid from the vitiated air of cities, would it not be desirable—nay, ought it not peremptorily to be demanded—that as many trees should be planted in our streets as we can find room for? Such conclusions are soon reached by swift logicians. But Nature is apt to elude the grasp of swift logicians, and she repeatedly declines to fall into the most symmetrical of their formulas. Not that Nature is capricious or illogical; but logicians are apt to draw inferences before they have collected sufficient data. Nature, in the present case, point-blank declares that the influence of vegetation on the atmosphere is totally *inappreciable*, unless the atmosphere be in a closed chamber or vessel, and *then* the influence is striking. Human wit has discovered no test delicate enough to appreciate the influence of plants on the free atmosphere in which we live. The depth and compass of this air-ocean are too vast, and the amount of oxygen absorbed by animals too trivial in comparison, for any effect to be appreciable; moreover, the mixture of the gases in the air, and their mutual diffusion, is so rapid, that no difference has yet been detected in the proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid in the air of crowded towns or wooded valleys. The air of cities will hold more noxious exhalations suspended in it, but its gaseous composition will be the same as that of the country. To give an idea of the insignificant part played by animals as vitiators of the great air-ocean, we may mention the calculation made by the distinguished chemist Dumas, that all the oxygen consumed by all the animals on the surface of the globe during one hundred years would not amount to more than the 1-8000 of the quantity in our atmosphere; and even supposing all vegetation to be annihilated, consequently no oxygen to be returned to the air by the in-

cessant reduction of the carbonic acid, there would still need a period of ten thousand years before the diminution of the oxygen could become appreciable by any instruments we have hitherto invented.

After having thus described the essential characters and conditions of the respiratory process, it will be interesting to glance at the results obtained by various investigators respecting the variations among different animals, and in different states of the same animal. We learn, for example, without surprise, that animals of large bulk consume more air than the smaller animals; horses and oxen more than men; men more than dogs and cats. But, to use an Eastern figure, it raises the eyebrow of astonishment when we learn that the proportion of carbonic acid exhaled by a man and a horse bears no sort of correspondence to the differences in their relative bulk—the proportion being 187 to 16. We are, in like manner, puzzled to find that a full-grown cat only exhales 1·2·3 of carbonic acid, where a rabbit produces more than 2. How is this to be explained? Is there not a streak of light trembling on this question when we bring forward the fact previously mentioned, that the vegetable feeders uniformly exhale more carbonic acid than the animal feeders, and that carnivorous animals exhale more than their usual quantity if they are fed on vegetables? Some light may fall from this source, but it does not suffice to clear up the obscurity. Another interesting problem also arises here. Although the larger the animal the greater is the *absolute* amount of carbonic acid it produces,* yet, the smaller the animal the greater is the *relative* amount it produces. Thus, supposing the production of carbonic acid be estimated according to each pound weight of the animal, then we shall find that the smaller the animal the greater will be its proportion. But it is not size and weight alone which determine the differences in the amount of air consumed; far greater differences will arise from the varieties of organisation. We may accept it as an axiom in physiology, that the activity of Respiration is inseparably connected with

* This applies, of course, only to animals of the same kind. "Vous serez étonné," says Spallanzani, "quand je vous dirai qu'une larve du poids de quelques grains s'approprie presque autant d'oxygène dans le même temps, qu'un amphibie mille fois plus volumineux qu'elle."—*Mémoires sur la Resp.*, p. 69. This is because the insect lives so much more rapidly than the reptile.

vital activity—not simply muscular activity, as some writers maintain, but all processes whatever involving chemical change within the body. The most striking confirmation of this axiom is perhaps to be seen in the phenomena of hybernation or winter-sleep. No sooner are the vital functions reduced to this extremely feeble condition, in which we may almost say life is suspended, than these hybernating animals are so incapable of ordinary respiration that they may be placed in an atmosphere of pure carbonic acid, and remain there unhurt for four hours; whereas if they were placed in such an atmosphere when their breathing was going on, they would instantly perish.

One would imagine, on hearing this, that our ordinary Sleep would also bring with it a diminution of the quantity of air consumed. And in as far as sleep may be considered a diminution of the vital activity, such a conclusion must be correct. But in how far is sleep a diminution? That is a question not hitherto asked, consequently without as yet an answer. In sleep there is very obvious diminution of some forms of vital activity, but we are by no means sure that the organic changes are so much less rapid on the whole. We are led to this by the experiment of Moleschott and Böcker, which establish that the chief cause of the difference noticed between the amount of carbonic acid produced during the day and night is the influence of *sunlight*; and that a man lying quietly awake will produce *less* instead of more than a man asleep, if the conditions of light and temperature are the same. Sleep, *as* sleep, is not therefore a diminution of the vital activity; although the sleep which we take at night after the fatigues of the day must of course be considered as accompanied by a diminution. It is quite certain that, partly from fatigue and partly from the absence of sunlight, less carbonic acid is formed at night than during the day. Boussingault found that the same turtledoves during day and night showed a difference of 94 and 59 on one occasion, and of 75 and 53 on another. Lehmann confirmed the observations.

If it is true that all vital activity increases the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, and if every diminution is accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the amount, we may readily believe that intellectual fatigue, and the lassitude which succeeds mental or

emotional excitement, will be accompanied by a corresponding depression of the respiratory function. Nay, even the concentration of the mind on any subject will produce this. Every one knows the state of "breathless attention." Whenever the mind is preoccupied by a powerful impression of some duration, the breathing becomes so feeble that from time to time we are forced to compensate this diminished activity by a deep inspiration. This is the rationale of *sighing*, an action commonly attributed only to grief, but which is the accompaniment of all mental preoccupation. The philosopher, brooding over his problem, will be heard sighing from time to time, almost as deeply as the maiden brooding over her forlorn condition. All men sigh over their work, when their work deeply engages them; but they do not remark it, because the work, and not their feelings, engages their attention, whereas during grief it is their feelings which occupy them.

It is an interesting fact, and one which throws light on the intimate connection between respiration and vital activity, that a very considerable increase in the production of carbonic acid swiftly follows after eating, consequently an enormous reduction in the amount is found to accompany starvation. The fact was established by Spallanzani, and has been repeatedly confirmed. Boussingault found that pigeons, when fasting, did not produce half the amount which they produced when well fed. Spallanzani suggests that the food during digestion gives off carbonic acid, and this passing into the blood, is exhaled in respiration—a suggestion which receives additional force from the fact that vegetable food uniformly produces more carbonic acid in respiration than animal food. But this will scarcely account for the whole of the increase, and we are led to seek in the greater activity of the nutritive processes for the other cause thereof: the fasting animal has a depressed vitality.

Temperature has considerable influence on respiration. The fact has been ascertained by experiment, but it might have been deductively established; for the influence of temperature on the vital activities is well known, and whatever influences them must affect respiration. It is only by the aid of such an axiom that we can find our way amid the apparent contradictions of this subject. The remarkable difference noticed between

the capabilities of warm and cold-blooded animals in breathing vitiated air, is not less than the difference in the effect of temperature on these two classes. We remember our astonishment on learning from Spallanzani that increase in the temperature brings with it an uniform increase in the amount of oxygen absorbed by molluscs and reptiles; it was a statement in direct contradiction to the well-established fact in human physiology, that more oxygen was absorbed in cold than in hot weather. Our difficulty was lightened, however, when we learned that Spallanzani's statement is only true of cold-blooded animals, and true of them only within certain limits; too great a heat ceases to increase the amount, and gradually diminishes it, as with warm-blooded animals. What are these limits, and why this cessation of increase? The limits are these: take a frog and place it in an atmosphere a little above the freezing point; as the temperature rises from 36° to 45° Fahrenheit, the amount of oxygen absorbed uniformly increases; it remains nearly stationary from 45° to 57° ; at 58° it begins to decrease, and this decrease continues till 104° is reached, and then the frog perishes. The reason is very simple: a certain amount of heat stimulates all the vital functions of the frog, and consequently increases its need for oxygen; when the heat becomes too great it ceases to be a stimulant, and depresses the functional activity, till at length a point is reached when the organism can no longer exist.

On warm-blooded animals the effect of temperature is apparently different, but really the same. Every increase of heat is found to *diminish* their respiration, every increase of cold to *augment* it. Thus it is ascertained that the smaller mammals, at a temperature of 86° to 104° Fah., consume only half the quantity they consumed at freezing point. Various experiments on man have elicited the general fact, that under the influence of a moderately cold atmosphere the respiration is increased by one-sixth more than in a moderately warm atmosphere. Precisely as too intense a degree of heat diminishes the respiration of the frog, by enfeebling its vital activity, does too intense a degree of cold diminish the respiration of a warm-blooded animal by enfeebling its vital activity. There are certain limits of temperature within which every increase of heat raises the respiration

of the frog, because the increase raises its vital activity; and there are certain limits within which every decrease of heat raises the respiration of the man, because the decrease raises his vital activity; but if these limits be overstepped, the stimulant is changed into a debilitant.

We see this very curiously illustrated by the hibernating animals, the dormouse, marmot, bat, hedgehog, &c. They occupy in this respect, an intermediate position between the cold-blooded and warm-blooded animals; for although they are really warm-blooded animals, the effect of temperature on them is closely allied to that produced on the cold-blooded. No sooner is there a fall of external temperature than their respiration diminishes. Unlike the rest of warm-blooded animals, their organism seems to have little power of resisting the changes of external temperature; they cannot produce heat with sufficient rapidity to counterbalance the loss they sustain from the surface of their bodies when the air is cold. Instead of acting on them as a stimulus, which would accelerate the respiratory process, cold acts on them with a depressing influence which gradually reduces their respiration almost to zero. But no sooner have they passed into this winter-sleep, and their organic activity has become almost null, than we can at pleasure reawaken it to any degree by raising the surrounding temperature, and as the vital activity once more begins to manifest itself, the respiration (which is only one form thereof) likewise becomes manifest.

Why do we breathe? The foregoing pages have given some answer to the question, *How* do we breathe? but have not yet hinted at the *why*, yet after reading about the respiratory process, a natural curiosity prompts the inquiry as to its cause. Unhappily nothing but extremely vague answers can be given. We know that the chest expands and contracts with beautiful rhythm, and, mostly, as an involuntary, automatic process. We know that our attention is not required, that no effort is needed, and indeed that no effort of ours can prevent the regular alternation of inspiration and expiration. We can by an effort accelerate or retard these motions, but we cannot prevent them. The process, then, clearly depends on a stimulus given to the involuntary part of the nervous system: it is called into action by nervous stimulus, and

physiologists have vainly endeavored to discover the nervous apparatus which is involved and the rationale of its action. The pressure of carbonic acid in the air-cells, or of venous blood in the capillaries, may act as a stimulus to the pneumogastric nerve; but what is the rationale of whipping a newly-born child's back and continuation, as a means of making it draw breath? Generally, the stimulus of the cold air on the child's face suffices to make it draw breath, which it expires again in a well-known cry, to mothers' ears most musical; but this stimulus is often insufficient and the doctor or nurse initiates the little

stranger into that experience of "external local applications," which, in later years, will also be freely used as a stimulus to virtue or learning. The fact we know; but why such "local applications" excite the respiratory activity, we do not know, for we do not know the nervous apparatus which regulates the actions of respiration. It is probable that the researches of physiologists will, ere long, clear up this point, as they have cleared up so many others; meanwhile we must content ourselves with vague answers to our question *Why do we breathe?*

Early Ancient History; or the Ante-Greek Period, as it appears to us since the most recent discoveries in Egypt and Assyria. By Henry Menzies.

THERE are, says Mr. Menzies, but two classes of historical English books, one too elaborate for common readers, as Grote's Greece; others are mere compendiums. This judgment is stated too broadly. Merivale for part of Roman History, and Schmitz for Ancient History in general, have passed far beyond mere school compendiums in treatment as well as in length; not to mention other authors. Particular histories have been treated broadly in books, and historical periods in popular lectures, not very much unlike the manner in which Mr. Menzies handles the history of Egypt, Palestine, Nineveh, and Babylon, as well as that of the Medes and Persians. The leading information respecting the manners, customs, arts, and so forth, of these peoples, as drawn from monuments and their so-called history, as recorded by ancient writers, are doubled up in this volume in a popular and indeed rather telling manner. The book is "intended for popular use," for which it is well designed; but the flourishes that herald it in the preface could have been spared.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.—When Lieut. Berryman, with the apparatus for deep sea soundings, invented by Lieut. Brooke, succeeded in bringing up and placing under the microscope actual specimens of the bottom of the deepest ocean, it was naturally asked by many, Of what value a handful of mud from the bottom of the ocean could be? But such questions are never asked by the true students of natural phenomena, to whom it is sufficient to know that they have conquered a portion, however small, of Nature's unknown territories; and the sequel soon showed that this conquest was one of positive and incalculable value to the whole world.

The specimens were submitted to the microscope and found to consist, not of mud, nor of sand nor gravel, but of Infusoria, and shells so minute so fragile and delicate of texture, that they could almost be dissipated into nothing by a breath. From this fact Lieut. Maury immediately concluded that the bottom of the ocean, from whence these specimens came, must be undisturbed by currents, or they would have been abraded and ground to dust, and that as the Gulf Stream ran across the Atlantic in a direction a little south of and parallel to this line of soundings, the current must have heaped up a bank upon its northern side from which these soundings came. Thus Brooke's lead revealed and verified the fact of the existence of this ridge, and that it was covered, probably to a depth of many feet, with a cushion as soft and yielding as eider down, in which a wire might repose with perfect safety, and this was the famous "Telegraph Plateau."

A FEW days ago, Lord Brougham cut the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway. His mode of doing so was very characteristic. "Lord Brougham," says the *Carlisle Journal*, "received from the brawny navy who stood beside him a neat spade, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it into a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His lordship then, with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or a dozen yards, emptied its contents, and then, in a truly navy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point whence he started. During the operation, the most deafening cheers resounded from every part of the field. His lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
 The house so mossy and brown,
 With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
 And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
 The trees a century old,
 And the winds go chanting through them,
 And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
 The roses bloom on the hill,
 And beside the brook in the pasture
 The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
 The old folks sit in the sun,
 That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
 Till the day is almost done.

The children have gone and left them;
 They sit in the sun alone!
 And the old wife's ears are failing,
 As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
 That has soothed her in many a care—
 And praises her now for the brightness
 Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
 How dressed in her robe of white,
 She stood by her gay young lover,
 In the morning's rosy light.

O! the morn is as rosy as ever,
 But the rose from her cheek has fled;
 And the sunshine still is golden,
 But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
 Come back in her winter time,
 Till her feeble pulses tremble,
 With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And, looking forth from the window,
 She thinks how the trees have grown
 Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
 She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
 And dimmed her hair's young gold,
 The love in her girlhood plighted
 Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
 Till the day was almost done,
 And then at its close an angel
 Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
 He touched their eyelids with balm,
 And their last breath floated outward,
 Like the close of a solemn psalm!

Like a bridal pair, they traversed
 The unseen mystical road
 That leads to the Beautiful City,
 Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle-country,
 They will give her, her lost youth back,

And the flowers of the vanished spring time
 Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
 Shall call back his manhood's prime;
 And eternal years shall measure
 The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
 The wrinkles and silver hair—
 Made holy to us by the kisses
 The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
 When the day is low in the west,
 Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
 Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tomb-stone
 With its age and date to rise
 O'er the two who are old no longer,
 In the Father's House in the skies.

A GERMAN FUNERAL HYMN.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek
 one to come."—*Heb. xiii. 14.*

"Wohlanf woplan! zum letzten Sang,
 Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruhe ist lang."

COME forth! come on, with solemn song!
 The road is short, the rest is long.
 The Lord brought here, he calls away:
 Make no delay,
 This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
 Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
 Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
 The task is o'er,
 The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
 He goes to seek a deeper rest.
 Good night! the day was sultry here,
 In toil and fear.
 Good night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells! again begin,
 And ring the Sabbath morning in:
 The laborer's week-day work is done,
 The rest begun,
 Which Christ hath for his people won!

Now open to us, gates of peace!
 Here let the pilgrim's journey cease:
 Ye quiet slumberers make room
 In your still home,
 For the new stranger who has come!

How many graves around us lie!
 How many homes are in the sky!
 Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
 A place with care:
 Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

Jesus, thou reignest, Lord, alone,
 Thou wilt return and claim thine own,
 Come quickly, Lord! return again!
 Amen! Amen!
 Thine seal us ever, now and then!

—F. Sachse.

From Household Words.
THE CANON'S CLOCK.

I. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

It was the prettiest thing I had seen in the course of that day's march. It stood at the corner, where the road divided half way up the hill; and I had been wondering as I worked my way wearily up what this little bit of building would turn out to be at last. It is a stone shed—it is a broken pedestal—I said at every heavy step. It might have been any thing, but for that sparkling, shining thing in the centre, which soon helped me to its true meaning.

A fountain, to be sure! Which should have been known to me a good half-mile off but for that dulness which visits weary eyes. An elegant little bit of builder's work, of the greyest iron-grey stones, like a Moorish tower, furnished with clusters and bunches of decayed iron-grey pillars, and four sharp arches, one for every side. All kept warm, as it were, by snug moss and ivy jacketing, which crept round and round about in belts and comforters for the old iron-grey pillars. While, over-head, in a little snug niche—barely large enough, it must be said—was a little figure of a saint, iron grey too. The saint was pointing downwards to what I had seen sparkling and glittering from the foot of the hill—to the fresh gush that came out with splash and spray and luxuriance into the old stone basin; which, having a slice bitten as it were out of its side, let the fresh water run wild and make a shining pool for itself among the stones. Its own water orchestra played all the while it gushed—played me up the hill.

"The gem of the day's march," I thought. And so, loosening my wallet, I brushed the dust away from the stone bench, and sat down.

"What was the Blandusian fount," I said aloud, taking some of the water in a leathern cup, "which glittered more than crystal to this? Crystal! Why here are diamonds, my old Venusian! This fountain against yours—kid and all!" And here I filled the leathern cup again. "Here's to the fountain of—hum—what's the name, in what parish?"

The fact was, I had lost my road some three hours and a half before. Stay; there was something like a sign-post. So there was—and so there should have been, if there were not. For this spot where the two roads

branched off was a tongue of meadow, and on the very tip of the tongue was planted this pet spring of mine. "I will see what our signboard has to tell," and with that I got up from the stone seat and walked to the back of my fountain. Said the sign-post—by one of his straggling arms which hung to him quite loosely, and would assuredly part company at the next gust—said this disorderly limb: "To Petit-Pont, so many [illegible] leagues." By the other, which he carried more decently: "To Mèzes, so many [illegible also] leagues." Filled with which information, I came round again to the stone seat, and, regarding my wallet with a certain animosity, "I must carry it," I said aloud, "to Petit-Pont or to Mèzes, that is certain. I may bear it in to Petit-Pont or to Mèzes, over their sharp paving-stones, likely enough, at midnight, or, say, at break of day. The pedestrian who has not yet dined, will have, perhaps, to forgo bed. I angrily emptied out the leathern cup which I had half-filled; a thimbleful of Burgundy would have been worth the whole spring bottled off. I was out of sorts with the pet fountain. "Your moss jacketing," I said, addressing it moodily, "and your iron-grey pillars and arches, and your saint, too, are all well enough, and your water-music is respectable; but I think for the highly-important position you occupy—which, being one of bifurcation, has extraordinary responsibilities—you might look a little to your sign-posts. The Blandusian fount was worth a dozen of you! No disrespect to you, sir," making as though I would take off my hat to the saint, who, I thought, was looking down a little sourly; "these matters are not in your keeping, sir!"

The sun was going down; the day was nearly spent; and it was long past dinner-time. I do believe the good saint, in that mossy surtout of his, had appreciated handsomely the little compliment I had paid him at the expense of his fountain, and sent me help in that matter of deciding betwixt Petit-Pont and Mèzes, for, just turning my eyes towards the foot of the hill, I espied two objects beginning to ascend—a very little French child, driving before her a goat.

They came up the hill slowly enough, for the goat would stop every now and again to crop a tempting bunch of herbage, and the little child would wait for him patiently;

which gave me time to find out that she was the queerest little old woman of a child that was ever sent in charge of a goat. She had on a little blouse that went down to her heels, and a little, clean woman's cap of linen with a frill to it. When she was near the top she caught sight of me, and put on a sort of stiff gait or comical little strut, dropped me a little curtsy, dropped another most reverential curtsy to the saint, and stood by while the goat drank his fill.

"Come here, *ma petite*—little epitome of a woman, most curious miniature housewife!" (The last titles expressed in the English tongue.) "What is the goat called?"

She was on the other side of him, and leaning on his tough neck; and, without answering, dipped down her head behind him.

"What is his name, little one?" I said again, encouragingly. "He is the finest fellow of his years in the parish, I'll swear!"

She was playing hide-and-seek with me behind that goat's neck of hers, instead of answering me; and, when I did catch a glimpse of her, she was smiling roguishly, with the top of her finger in her mouth.

"Big Beard!" she said at last, "Grosse Barbe!"

"You love Big Beard, then, little one?" I said.

With more of the playing hide-and-seek, she answered:

"I do love him very much,—next to father. See this, sir; I love papa one thousand—Grosse Barbe five hundred!"

"And me?"

Here she kept holding Big Beard's rough head and neck between me and her. "She will be the coquette of the whole village when she grows up," I said; and that brought another question to my mind—which was nearer, *Petit-Pont* or *Mèzes*.

She said the words over thoughtfully, looking round her and stamping with a little foot upon the ground, to keep time as it were, then shook her head doubtfully. "I will ask Grosse Barbe," she said.

I fell to laughing at this notion, though vexed enough that I was destined to have no help from this quarter.

"And where, then, dost thou live, my child; thou and thy Grosse Barbe?"

"Over the hill, sir; in papa's little cottage, Big Beard has a great house all to himself at

the end of the garden. We are so happy, sir, the three of us."

I had no doubt of it, I said, musingly; for I was thinking that, at this cottage, I would learn the relative distances of *Petit-Pont* and *Mèzes*. By this time Big Beard, thinking there could be no earthly object for staying, now that his thirst was slaked, was moving on up the hill.

"See, Grosse Barbe will not stay," she said. "I must go, too." And with that she jerked me a little curtsy, jerked another to the Saint, and set off after her goat.

If I had not been too lazy to unpack my wallet, I should have had out colors and brushes and the rough sketching-paper in a twinkling. Child and goat would have been washed in boldly, and slept that night in the portfolio. But the notion of an encounter with the stiff straps and buckles—Not at that season certainly. The sketcher, dinnerless, makes a poor picture after all.

They had taken the left prong of the Fork, and were now just over the top of the hill. So I hoisted up my wallet (it might have been a sack of coals from the weary way I did it); and, taking off my hat to the Saint—

There was some one coming down the hill on the right prong. At least there were steps, and good steady ones. A tree hung over the road and hid what was approaching. So, without moving a step out of my position, I waited, strapping the wallet, until it should have come round the tree, whatever it was. The steps came closer, and, from under spreading branches of the tree, there emerged—as from under an archway—a figure in a dark robe, half-cloak half-soutane, with a sash round his waist, with a little skull-cap on his head, covering grey hairs, and about the fairest old man's head I had fallen in with for many a long day. A sort of country curé or pastor; and, with that, as indeed was only becoming, I took off my hat to him as I had done to the Saint, and wished him good evening.

As I wished him good evening, he took off his little skull-cap with a Frenchman's grace, and halted.

"I had apparently travelled far, that day," he said, in the softest and most benignant of tones. "It was weary work," he said, "heaven knew it, this trudging along the

dusty roads. The close of day must come gratefully enough to the traveller. He presumed I was a stranger; could he be of any assistance?"

"You could tell me, sir," I said, "what I have been craving to learn these three hours—namely the distance of these towns." And I pointed up to the sign-board.

"Why," said the Abbé, "I have just come from Petit-Pont. It is barely a league from this."

"A long French league," I sighed. "Perhaps Mèzes is nearer?"

"Two leagues and a half," says he with a gentle smile; "but there is a cross-road over the fields, reducing it to scarce half a league."

"Aye," I said, with another sigh; "but full of all manner of turns and twists?"

"So it is," said the Abbé.

"I was going to see a poor sick peasant," he added, presently—(there was a little basket under his cloak, doubtless holding certain comfort for the sick peasant)—"but a quarter of an hour's difference will not be much matter. I will show you the way."

There was a little friendly contention on this. I protested against this diversion from his journey and its pious end. The trouble—the fatigue. I would not for the world.

"'Twill be a pleasure," said my Abbé smiling. And he had his own way.

Across the fields, then, by paths under shade, and over stiles and past farming cottages. Barely ten minutes and I heard faint chiming as of bells very old and mellow. "Petit-Pont church," I said, turning to the Abbé, "that must be seven o'clock!"

He had stopped short suddenly, and was fallen a little behind, describing figures on the ground with his stick.

"Seven o'clock—seven by the clock! just look here, sir."

I came up to him with a little wonder.

"See here," he said, still working with his stick, "here was the escapement—here was the lever. Barrels were behind—plenty of tooth-wheels. I could have given any number; and yet it wouldn't do!"

I looked from his stick to him with increasing surprise. "What wouldn't do?" I asked.

"Now, see," he said, with a curious look in his eyes, "there was no reaching that double movement—no! I might have worked my

poor brains out before that. Wheels within wheels, indeed!"

I began to have a glimmering of how it was with my poor Abbé. "We had best make for Petit-Pont at once," I said to him. "It is getting late."

"No, no!" he answered, sitting down upon the bank. "I must stay here and work the thing out. An idea has struck me. It might bring the whole thing straight. The beats being isochronous, of course." Then he fell to making fresh figures. "Go your way, monsieur; don't heed me. Yonder is the little town—the road is straight to it. Pray go, monsieur. I feel nervous about this calculation."

"But to think of leaving you here, Monsieur l'Abbé, it is——"

"'Twill escape me. I shall lose this precious thought," he said, rising up quite excitedly.

"I go," I said, a little alarmed, and turned round towards the town.

It is best not to cross these strange spirits, and I could tell some one in Petit-Pont; where, doubtless, his ways were known; and, with this commendation of him to Providence I left the poor Abbé to his own shifts, and soon was at the threshold of the little town,—a sort of halt for the posts. I first saw a straw-house or two; then trees; then a stray fellow in his blue frock driving a cart; then more houses; fewer trees; all introducing me to the solid, substantial paving! A narrow street, with different sized houses of the true French cream-color; a street running in twists and curves. An inscrutable Boulanger or a baker's-store; general store, also, with the open cask of roton pears, all mashed up, at the door, and a bunch of peg-tops in a net. An old grey-beard, in a cap and blue frock, leaning over the half-door; smart women with children in their arms at half-doors, too, and seen only in Kit-Kat. Children in wooden shoes clattering over the pavement; special groups gathered about the cask of mashed pears; but at most respectful distances, like dogs round costermongers' carts. So on, up to the posting-house, or tavern of the place—the Tête Noire or Black Head, where was good entertainment for beast; not so good perhaps for man; there being over-much tap-room savor to be inviting. Tap-room upstairs, tap-room down stairs—to the right and

to the left. I shook my head and sighed, as I stood before it. It would not do. I saw a buxom young person over the way, in Kit-Kat, with a child in her arms. Fancying I could read sympathy in her blooming face, I crossed to her.

"Dear, yes. O dear, yes. Only a little way out of the town was the Golden Rose inn, with a charming view of the country! A sweet spot monsieur would find it. Just to go on straight—straight as I could go. And, by the way, Monsieur will arrive just in time for a little diversion. For there was to be a wedding there to-night."

"So there is to be a wedding," I said, laying my hand on the lower half of the door, "a sprightly wedding! And whose? Yours?"

She shook her head a little dolefully, as I thought I saw a twitch on her cheek.

"Ah," said I, translating it to myself, "thy good man is not quite so loving: so full of the petits soins, as he used to be in those bright, early days, when the tambour was drummed, and the pipe played, and the neighbors gathered, on your wedding-night."

II. THE GOLDEN ROSE.

It was not likely that a man could very well miss it; for there it hung above me, swinging from an ancient tree in the very middle of the road. Here was a sort of circus formed by that road, fringed round with grass and hedges; and the circus was almost filled with light waggons and covered things, and a char-a-banc or two; while the horses were straying about at large. Plain out-speaking tokens of what doings were about. But, through the high, wooden paling, painted white, and the white-railed gates, there was the Golden Rose Inn itself to be seen, afar off as it were, with a pretty plaisance, as old-fashioned men called it, lying in front. There were vines loaded heavily, and sweet-smelling flowers, and little grass-plats and winding walks (not weedless, however), and an old broken fountain or two, now quite dry and thirsty-looking. Then, for the house of the Golden Rose itself—seen through the white rails of the great gates—it was of the pleasantest cream-tint, overlaid with abundance of green shuttering; high roof and chimneys, as in the old-established pattern. Surely roadside inn—Golden Rose or other—never looked out so invitingly across its plaisance. But, in truth, it needed no great stretch of thought

to divine that this had been the château of Milord Marquis, Seigneur in those parts; that is, long, long ago, before Milord Marquis was sold up or decapitated by the Septembrists, or turned emigré dancing-master in London. Now, by whatever shift it had come about, it was the Golden Rose, and kept by Hippolite Bontiquet, at my service.

That worthy had come forth, looking most festive in his bright blue coat and shining wig, and huge bunch of flowers at his button-hole, as soon as he heard the rattle at his great white gate. Although corpulent, Bontiquet came round the walk at a surprising pace, his crimson glistening oilily.

"Come in, come in, Monsieur," he said, throwing open wide both doors of his gate. "You are welcome, indeed! Soyez le bien venu of this happy night! You shall see a wedding, sir; and shall have every thing of the best with us. Come in, sir. Everybody shall be a guest to-night."

With that I followed the worthy man up his own broad walk, he talking all the time. It was Marie, his only daughter, who had that day been united to a well-to-do master wheelwright of the neighborhood.

"They will be as happy a young pair as are on the road from this to Paris," he said, rubbing his hands merrily; "or, indeed, as are in Paris itself. She is as good as pretty, and Jacques is the steadiest young fellow in all his parish."

'Twas a pleasant thing to watch the honest glow of pride and happiness in his cheeks,—pleasant to have lighted on such a scene of almost pastoral happiness. The bare notion put me into spirits.

"Believe me," I said, with much heartiness, "they will be as happy as you can wish them to be! As to the connubial bliss of those in Paris, 'twould be only a poor measure of comparison."

"Indeed I have heard so," says Monsieur Bontiquet, innocently.

"Then it would be best to put it down out of Paris."

"With all my heart," said Monsieur Bontiquet.

This was spoken at the door, under the porch of honeysuckles and twining plants. Then came to us sounds of voices and merry laughter from within.

"They are going to sit down to table," said Monsieur Bontiquet.

I went in with him to the room. His Seigneurie (decapitated or banished) must have entertained company there on state-days: and now it is full to the door of the merriest laughing faces that marriage bell ever brought together. There was good-humor and mirth, and innocent joy, written in a fine round hand on every face. They were only waiting for Father Bontiquet.

"This way," said he, and led me straight up to the top of the room, where was standing a sweet village maid, all white and garlands. Her bridegroom was beside her; a smart young fellow, whose cheeks bore as much polish as rude health and towelling could give them.

"'Tis a stranger, Marie," said Bontiquet, "and we must make him welcome!"

With that he took his seat at the head, motioning me to one beside him. The newly married pair sat together on the other side of him. Monsieur le Curé, who had officiated, sat next to me, and said grace. Then there came a universal sitting down, to such shrieking of chair-legs over the oaken parquet floor and such shuffling of heavy shoes, as man could scarcely conceive. Then succeeded a universal bringing in and uncovering of dishes, the very best fare Monsieur Bontiquet's larder could compass. "Eat, drink, and be merry," said every glance of his honest face shooting down the long table. And truly, it had been a banquet for such funny men as go forth pencil furnished, beating up for queer twists and shapes of human physiognomy. A fine avenue it was—two rows of healthy human trees. Fine handsome swains—generals of division, counsellors of state, and maires in posse—each beside his swainness. Corydon busy with Phyllis, Damon delighting Chloë. There were grim, grizzled fellows, with chins like flax-carders, sitting together and talking gravely: they were long past such nonsense. And there was the comic man, or clown of the party, with a face that would have stood him fifty francs a-night, at the least, in the provincial theatre, convulsing all who had even bare view of him, which was about the whole table. His name was Corbeau—and Corbeau must have been the funniest fellow breathing. He was Laughter-holding-both-his-sides,—out of the poem and in the flesh! Marie and Jacques spoke to all around, and to each other with their eyes. Each look was a whole hour's talk.

"'Tis a sight," I said to Monsieur Bontiquet, "I would not have missed for a thousand francs. 'Twill do me good for the next twelvemonth."

"You do us honor," said he, with a bow, "but you have reason, Monsieur. My old heart has got young again, within the last half-hour. Ah! Jacques," he added, turning to him, "thou must take care of her!"

Marie looked at her husband, and answered for him with her beaming eyes.

"Thou art in gentle hands, Marie," I said. "I will be his bail to thee."

"We shall not want you, Monsieur," said Marie, a little wickedly.

I whispered to Bontiquet. He shook his head. "But it must be—it shall be," quoth I. He gave way at last, a little reluctantly. With that he got up and tapped for silence on his table. "Our good stranger and guest here to-night, desires to present the company with some choice Burgundy."

"Send for it at once," Monsieur Bontiquet, without more ado," I said, standing up, "and let us drink the health of our bride in that noble fluid, à la mode Anglaise!"

Rapturous applause and satisfaction at this speech of the noble stranger. Corbeau positively turned a somersault with those grotesque cheeks and nose of his.

The fine old Burgundy was brought in, and we drink it à la mode Anglaise, to the bride's health, to the bridegroom's health, to my health, to everybody's health. That mode Anglaise grew so popular. More Burgundy—more healths and happiness.

"I would have walked," I said to Bontiquet, "again from Calais to Marseilles, for this."

"'Tis the happiest day of my life," said Bontiquet. "If we only had the poor canon here."

"He promised to come," said Monsieur le Curé. "He must have taken one of his long walks."

"He would have enjoyed this," said Bontiquet.

I thought of the strange Abbé I had met at the fountain.

"Messieurs," I said, "I fell in with an Abbé outside the town, at the fountain; who talked curiously concerning clock-work and wheels."

"Ah! the poor gentle soul!" said Bontiquet.

quet. "You must have touched on his weak point. He is all astray on such matters."

"'Tis his misfortune. Heaven help him!" said the good Curé. "He was for years inventing clocks, and it has turned his brain at last. God keep us our wits, when so gentle a man has lost his!"

"'Tis the sweetest nature in the world," said the Flax-carding Chin.

"And so wise and sensible in all things but clocks," said Monsieur le Curé.

"Curious phenomenon," I struck in with.

"So it is," said the Curé; "but he is the most amiable and charitable soul alive. Gives all his little means away; for which Heaven reward him!"

"See how he stopped his niece's marriage with a rascally spendthrift cousin, which would have ruined her. There was wit in that, I fancy, and no madness."

"The match is off, then," said the Curé. "Well, I am glad of it; such stories as there were through his parish concerning him! An utter ne'er-do-well."

"A very desperate fellow, they say," added Bontiquet. "The good Abbé's money would have helped him prodigiously. He had sooner he had the fingering of it than the poor."

It had now got to be between nine and ten o'clock. Bontiquet hammered on the table. "Messieurs et mesdames! lads and lasses! out on the green with you! Vive la danse! Let each one fit himself with the partner he loves best, and lead out on the grass. Under the vine-trees there shall be plenty of cooling drinks; I will look to that! So go forth—and vive la joie!"

That cry was in every one's heart, if not upon their lips. Handsome Corydons were all a-foot in an instant, and trooped out, holding Phyllis' fingers in theirs. Such a pretty procession as it defiled past Bontiquet and me!

There was the music all ready; a fiddle and a tamborine, played with delightful vigor! The little cymbals of the tamborine rattled musically. Shut your eyes, and it seemed to be the Spanish dance, bolero, or fandango. Such circling round and round again; such motion of many twinkling feet; such flashing of colors; such fall of leaves from roses under daintiest caps. This night Sir John Suckling had seen a whole legion of those mice (full-grown ones, though) to which he had so fancifully likened his mis-

tresses's feet when dancing, running in and out. The green was alive with skittering mice. Thrum the tamborine lustily; join hands, and round and round in a ring; scatter again, like a shower of falling leaves, and be mated in pairs!

I had walked thirty miles that day; enough to stiffen the limbs of any stout man. Said Bontiquet to me: "Here is a lively demoiselle that will give you her hand for a dance. Yet, Monsieur, rather, may go about and choose for himself; the stranger is as his majesty the king." There was the most roughish cap yonder I had ever seen; the neatest, daintiest thing in the world. "I will have Cap," I said; and Mademoiselle Rosalie was fetched for me at once. Corydon stood by a little jealously. "Why trouble so much as one honest heart on this glad night?" I said to myself. (The ghost of Mr. Sterne was at my elbow. He had once had such a dance on the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France.) So we went one merry round, offered her a short compliment, and brought her back to the side of Corydon. That youth looked grateful. What did Rosalie think of the stranger? Si bête! I dare say she told Corydon.

What was the significance of this sudden lull! this sudden dropping away of dancers? Tamborine thrumming grows halting, and nearly dies off altogether. The dancers are looking uneasily to the gate.

There are three horsemen in cloaks and slouched hats drawn up, looking in. Three mysterious, ugly-looking fellows, on tall strong horses. They are at the gate, looking in silently and scornfully. The taum-taum had now stopped altogether; the fiddle had found rest; Corydons, with Phyllises, are looking suspiciously and with awe at the silent horsemen. Bontiquet walks down slowly to accost them. We hear them laughing loudly and discordantly—shaking in their very saddles.

"Pretty inn-keeping!" says one, a low-browed, villainous fellow, with a scar on his cheek, the shortest of the three besides. "Pretty inn-keeping this! you must be laying by money at this rate?"

"Sacré!" says a second; "but here are pretty wenches—my soul! what if we rode in among them, and each picked for himself?"

Bontiquet was not to be put out that festive night. He was clearly inviting the horse men to dismount and refresh themselves, which only set them laughing the louder.

"Come! let us go forward," said the third, who had not spoken as yet. "Mordieu! what do we stand prating here for? Are we children? Come! en avant!" And he clapped spurs to his horse and set forward, the other two following close behind, swearing and contending with their horses.

"Lord deliver us!" said Bontiquet, returning; "what strange persons! What can bring them along our peaceful roads? But let us forget them, my children! Come! to the dance once more! Lead out your partners again, my brave Messieurs!"

Thrum, thrum, went tamborine again, with jingle jangle most musical. Ply your fiddle, village musician; here is fellow with pipe come to aid you. And so they took it up again until it began to darken. Then little pink and blue lamps began to twinkle among the trees — Bontiquet was improvising an illumination of his gardens. Up in the branches, along the borders of the walks, they were shining out.

III. THE CLOCK.

It was past ten o'clock, and time to have done with festivity. So the light cars and wagons were being got ready and horses put to. Time, surely to be gone. The bride was to go, too; to be seen home with an escort; to be waited on to her own door with torch-light and a handsome following; much noise and obstreperous laughter; much confusion in finding garments. But they are gone at last, out by the white gate! May they all be happier for that night's happiness furnished to the stranger.

It seemed lonely now, after all that hum of voices. "They are gone," said Bontiquet, with a sigh, "and I have a daughter the less. She was a good girl! Marie! Monsieur would like to see his room, doubtless; and no wonder, for he must be heartily tired! This way, Monsieur, please!"

He went on before, up a broad state staircase—to his Seigneurie, in the old days—with a balustrade up which one might have walked conveniently. It went to the right and to the left with grandest sweep, and landed us in a grand picture corridor, where there were no pictures now. The corridor was a grand

room in itself, and off it were other stately apartments.

"O mon Dieu!" said Bontiquet, stopping, as his foot touched the top step. "I had quite forgot the poor canon. Where is he? Our fiddling and dancing swept him clean away from my head! He ought to have returned long since."

"'Tis rather late," I said, "for the good man to be abroad."

"He has some little ways of his own," said Bontiquet, thoughtfully, "like all poor folk affected as he is. He is most likely gone up to the town, and will stay there the night."

"It is likely enough," I said. "What a pity so gentle a soul should be so visited!"

"Ay!" said Bontiquet; "and yet but for that one little crookedness, he is as the rest of us. O, so good, so noble, so full of sweetness and charity; giving to the poor almost every sou of that large fortune Providence has given him. But if you touch on that one subject! Mordieu! I wish there were no clocks in the world!"

All this was spoken when Monsieur Bontiquet's foot was on the last step of his oaken stair. He was shading his candle all the time with his hand, scattering about him a cloud of black dancing shadows. We passed on down the broad gallery.

"This," Bontiquet said, touching a door with his hand, "is his room when he stays with us—when he comes this road—sometimes for a fortnight, for a month even at a time. For you must know, Monsieur, he roams in this way about the country the whole year round. This is his room," he said, opening the door softly; "and here he keeps that famous clock, the making of which, 'tis said, turned his poor brain. A wonderful work!"

We entered; a fine spacious apartment, lofty, and glistening all round with oak panelling. It was divided by a broad archway and tapestry hangings (drawn back, however) from another room as spacious, where could be made out the dusky outline of a huge bed. And on the chimney-piece, in front of a huge mirror, was this famous clock which had cost a man's wits.

"See," said Bontiquet, holding the candle close, "what a wonderful thing it is! Every night, towards twelve o'clock, he sits up to wind it; which he does with such tenderness! it might be a child he was putting to bed."

It was one of those curious horological toys that used to be the fashion in the early days of clock-making. The poor Abbé with marvellous ingenuity had peopled his clock with all manner of strange actors. There was the cock on the top, that came out and crowed for the quarter and half-hours. There was the door that opened, and the procession of men and women that came forth for the striking of the hour. There was a bell-ringer that pulled the bell, and rung out the time. There were the changes of the moon and seasons; the movement of the stars, and innumerable other devices very pleasing to contemplate. No wonder they had set a man's wits awry. As we stood looking, the cock flapped his wings, and crowed, the figures came trooping solemnly, and drew up with a quaint gravity, and the bell-ringer tolled out eleven o'clock.

"It has this convenience—the absence of our Abbé," Bontiquet said, "that it gives you choice of rooms. Our house is full, and you would have to ascend to a little apartment up-stairs. Will you choose this room?"

"With all my heart," I answered. "I love these great chambers. I shall be the departed Seigneur for a night at least." Still I hankered to learn more concerning the poor wandering priest.

"One word," I said. Bontiquet was going to the door. "What was that spoken during dinner about the marriage of his niece?"

"Only this," said he, "that he has wit to save her from a wicked husband; the worst fellow, I am told, in the kingdom, and she has sense enough to hearken to her uncle. He has written and threatened him, but in vain. Dieu merci! He held firm. I will now wish Monsieur a very good night!" He closed the door softly behind him, and left me.

I was soon swimming, as it were, in the Great Sea of Napery, floating in an ocean of broad linen. In these great beds on the Ware model, a prodigious luxuriance—a sense of infinity: even of temporary nobility. Our poor Seigneur must have lain here, and extended his signorial limbs to the right or to the left in those happy days before Samson had held up his head on the scaffold, or before his shoulder had got used to the kit fiddle as *maitre de danse*. Unhappy nobleman, tuning his kit fiddle and pointing his toes to one and sixpence the lesson. Playing so merrily

for Marie and Corydon, and Phyllis and Rosalie on the green. Join hands now, sweet demoiselle. Faster now—play up, *marquis!* Thrum, tamborine, more vigorously! Round again! Phyllis is my only joy! not in the least tired—not in the least. Bontiquet—ah!

To weary sleepers rude disturbance and cruel wakening are odious. There should be a law in all well-ordered parishes to protect them, and not allow horsemen to come clattering into inn yards at unholy hours. A monstrous grievance for tired men. I heard the fellow ride his beast in, in most unfeeling fashion, with spur and whip, up to the very door: and then halloo louder for some one to take his horse. Presently are heard steps in the gallery, and afterwards in the room separated from me by the tapestry half drawn aside. A sleepy waiter was making up a shakedown or impromptu bed. Bontiquet himself is fast bound in slumber, or he would not have tolerated this treatment. Eyes, however, which seem fitted with leaden rims, must have their way, and will look no more. "We must close up," they say, and so I let them close up.

I am fast slipping away into what may be called muddle-land, when the great posts of the bed began to take, indistinctly, the shapes of the trees I had passed by in the day, and I began my rambles over again through the open country, when I am brought back with a crash to the Seigneur's room. Somebody is tramping about the next room—speaking to himself. Wroth again at this second disturbance, I look out through the tapestry, and see that there is a light burning on the floor, and that a short man, with very disordered looks, is walking to and fro muttering to himself, and stripping off his clothes as he walks. I had seen his face before, but where?—a round cunning face with a scar. Ah! at the gate! One of the ill-looking horsemen. Now I put it to myself with gravity, Was this a discreet position to be in, with such company alongside of one, though even in a Seigneur's apartment? It was a monstrous feature in Bontiquet's ménage, that you were thus liable to be set cheek by jowl with fellows of this complexion—and so—and so—I would com-plain to—the clock! Rosalie—dance—fandango, thrum, thrum—join hands—all—all!

Profoundest, absorbing slumber. Floating

in sweetest dreams, that bring me back home again. Soft waving meadows, happy trim hunting-grounds, found in the dream-country, and that placid dream sunlight blazing eternally over all; when there comes suddenly a piercing cry shooting through my brain, which makes me start up suddenly, and look round, not knowing whether that dream-country was still about me or no. There was a figure bending over me, a figure in shirt and trousers, a face with a scar across it, but pale, ghastly, and filled with fright and terror. He held the candle in his hand.

"O!" he said, "*pour l'amour de Dieu*, don't leave me! Help me—aid me—stay with me!"

I rubbed my eyes. The candle was shaking in his hand, and bringing out his ghastly face with strange, Rembrandtish effects. "What is it, in Heaven's name?" I said. And curiously enough, what struck me more than any thing about him, was a great rent down the front of his shirt.

"O, such a night! I would not stay by myself in that room for another instant—no, not for the wealth of a prince!"

"What is it?" I asked. "What has disturbed you?" (How did he come by that rent?)

"Such a terrible thing! It was enough to make one die on the spot. Ah," he went on, wiping away the drops from his forehead, "I knew something of the sort would come of this business! But I was not so bad as the rest!"

"What do you speak of!" I said again, impatiently. "Why have you disturbed me?"

"I thought I was above such womanish terrors. But to see him come in, and glide past me, just as I had seen him only a few hours before—him whom we thought was—" He stopped suddenly, and, seeing there was no explanation to be got from him, I threw myself back wearily.

Here I heard the flapping of the cock's wings, and presently my bell-ringer roars out two o'clock.

"Two o'clock!" continued this strange visitor. "I will go down and fetch out my horse, and go my way. The open road, the darkness, any thing but that horrid spectre!" With that, I saw him thrust on his garments hurriedly, and leave the room. He left the candle behind him, burning on the table.

No more rest for me that night or morning. The sweet weariness was gone from my eyelids, utterly routed. Nightmare, or drunkenness must have been on him. The hound! Could he not have slept off his debauch elsewhere? Now, on those dark roads, and with an unsteady hand on the bridle, he will most likely come tumbling head foremost over his horse's neck, and be found in the morning on the hard stones, quite stiff and stark! Well, on his own head be it.

Whir-r-r! went the flapping wings of the cock. It was one quarter past two.

The candle was burning with a dull yellow light, on a little buhl table with twisted legs, not a yard from the tapestry. Thus it broke up the walls into great patches of black, sprinkling little dribblets of yellow light here and there on points projecting. A faint glimmer reached even as far as the next room, to the cock on the chimney-piece.

Click! click! click! Why, what could that sound signify? Clock running down? No; rather winding up—positive winding of a clock—click! click! in the regular fashion—click! click again! Why this was to be a night of wonders and mysterious——Bah! my brains are astray. These complicated wheels must be busy inside. And, yet, it is like winding—very like. Two quarters past two now, by the flapping of the cock's wings.

The clock was now suddenly shut out from view by something that had stolen in between me and it! Something bending over the yellow light—a face—a figure close by the buhl table! A figure quite still and motionless—dark and solemn—and the face? Why, heavens! it was the poor canon's gentle face returned to us again. So gentle, so sweet, so benign, so angelic, bent over the yellow light; yet with a strange melancholy over it. I called to him in a low voice: "You have been a long way, Canon Dupin, and we have waited for you, but you have come at last." The gentle face moved round slowly, and looked full at me, but did not speak; that is moved into the shadow, but I knew it was looking towards me. "You must be weary," I went on—a curious feeling was creeping over me—"you must be weary with this long night-ramble—very weary?" Was it a light echo that seemed to repeat after me, "Very, very weary?"

"Where have you been wandering all this long night? Have you been sleeping?"

The face was now bending over the yellow light; but the eyes—the gentle eyes—were turned upward. Again, was it a sighing echo that seemed to whisper the words, "Sleeping behind the fountain—behind the fountain?"

A sense of something terrible began to weigh upon my heart. I got up suddenly, went to the window, and threw the shutters wide open. It was daylight; fresh and clear; it poured into the room like a flood. Then I looked to the candle, flaring wretchedly and sickly in that pure healthy light. No one in the room but myself. Whirr-r, flapping! Three o'clock by the canon's clock.

At breakfast next morning—a fine, sunny, inspiring morning, too—out under Monsieur Bontiquet's vines, at a dainty little table covered with wines and dainty fruits—I asked for Monsieur Bontiquet; I was told he had gone to the post-town early, had returned, and had gone away again.

"The truth is, Monsieur," said the person who officiated, "he is troubled in his mind on the score of the poor canon. He was not heard of at the town where we fancied he had passed the night."

"Passed the night?" I said. "Why, was he not here?"

"Here is Monsieur Bontiquet himself," said the youth.

And as he spoke, I saw Bontiquet dismounting from a horse at the door.

"Good morning, Monsieur!" he said. "Our poor canon is not to be heard of. They tell me that he left the town about nine o'clock to join our little festival. Heaven send he has come to no harm! Those three men on horseback——"

"Ah! by the way," said the waiter stepping forward, "one of those gentlemen came here last night, but must have departed again before daylight."

"So he did," I said.

"Mordieu!" said Bontiquet, muttering.

"But," said I, starting, and thinking of what I had seen, "the canon must have been here last——"

A peasant came running across the green, holding up something like a black rag all over mud.

"This was found," he said, "in the ditch by the roadside. It looks like the canon's skull-cap."

People gathered round from all sides.

"It is no other," they said.

There were hairs and clotted blood sticking to it, at the sight of which the gentle-hearted bystanders groaned and wept. All this while I was in a sort of dream, trying to bring back, one by one, the mysterious events of the night. They were coming—coming slowly.

"What can they have done with him?" said one.

"We should try the road both sides—all along to the fountain!"

To the fountain! That soft sighing echo came back at once. Sleeping behind the fountain! behind the fountain! Had it been a dream?

No; for within an hour they came back slowly, those good village souls, with downcast eyes and drooped heads, and brought news that behind the fountain, indeed, had been found their loved canon, quite cold and stiff; with which melancholy messengers came a train of weeping women and children.

"O, sirs," said one, "it was a devilish thing, with no reason in the wide world; for he never was enemy to so much as a fly! Who could have done it?"

"Mordieu!" Bontiquet said, through his closed teeth. "I know well. Too well."

"I saw," said an old peasant, stepping forward, "I saw Dupin the younger with these eyes ride through the village last night, with two other horsemen."

"Ah-h-h!" from all the crowd; and then a pause.

"The same that were at the gate during the dance," Bontiquet added. "Yes, the nephew."

The events of the night before, and its mysterious disturbances, began to take something like shape in my mind. "Had he not a scar across his face?" I asked, hurriedly; "a short, thick-set fellow?"

"Ay," said Bontiquet, "the same."

Here broke in some one: "He was here last night, that man with the scar. I stabled his horse; but he was gone in the morning. He slept inside Monsieur's room."

"I heard some one ride away at dead of night," a guest put in.

"Mordieu! so did I," said another.

"Ha!" Bontiquet said, rubbing his hands; "this looks like business. We shall have him, yet. Fetch your best horses, and we

will go forth together. Hi! Jacques! Bring round the grey horse."

Each man was soon mounted, and off; tearing away, belly to ground, as they say, in different directions.

It was a weary day. I should have been on my road, only I longed to see the end of this strange drama. It came to eleven o'clock; and then to mid-day; to one, to two o'clock. I wandered in and out restlessly; setting out at last on the road towards that fountain. There were groups at the house-doors, and leaning on gates, talking that one engrossing business over. The day was beautiful; the sun shining brightly, and a sweet scent abroad as of new-mown hay. Three o'clock now, by those tinkling church-bells whose music sounded from afar off,—as far, indeed, as Petit-Pont. For this was the very spot where, the evening before, I had parted with the poor canon, then on his errand of charity. There were the marks of that strange diagram he had drawn with his stick, still fresh. Here, a few steps on, was the fountain, christened Blandusian, clattering noisily as ever, but no longer the pure, fresh, innocent stream of the night before. And in the brake behind, was that rough, terrible gap, where he had lain for the long weary night: the rent briars and broken twigs telling plainly of what violence it had been the scene. The bells of Petit-Pont had to chime again and again before I left the place.

Six o'clock. A cloud of dust approaching; people from inns, from cottages, from fields all run out—run hastily to the cloud. They are coming, they are coming! See yonder! It is Bontiquet, it is Jacques; it is everybody

that has gone forth in the morning. There is a procession; there is a buzz of many tongues; there are cocked-hats and drawn swords, many of them; and, as the dust, thickened by crowds pressing round, clears a little, I see the short, thick man in the centre mounted on his black steed. Terrible excitement! bitter execrations! Gendarmes with difficulty keeping the people off. Bontiquet rode at the head. It was his caption.

Said I to Bontiquet, when dismounting, "See, is his shirt torn in front?"

There was a great rent in the breast. It was blood-stained besides. In his pocket, too, a packet of his own letters taken from the Abbé, with ample proof besides. But the bold ruffian made show of denial—laughed the thing off. It was only when he saw me that he suddenly turned pale and trembled.

"You were in the room?" he said, in a whisper. "You saw it; was it not terrible?"

"A thing never to be forgotten. If it comes to me again I shall kill myself."

"Would that night's work could be undone!"

This was the last scene of that little history—the last at least that I witnessed—for that night I was on the road again. But for the guilty there was another road, one more terrible but amply merited.

But the clock! was it a dream? The criminal and I could not both have dreamt alike. He, with his scar and his torn shirt-front, saw the canon wind it up. I saw him wind it up. Everybody saw in the morning that it was wound up. Every mystery was cleared but this.

MADAGASCAR.—There is talk of an expedition against Madagascar by a combined English and French force, to punish the piracies of which the savages of that island have been guilty. From all I can learn, I believe that nothing is yet positively decided, but that the plan is being deliberated upon, and that the necessity of some such measure is recognised. As long ago as the end of the Crimean war an expedition to Madagascar was talked of, and it was said that some regiments suspected of dis-

affection to the present order of things in France were to be employed upon it. The reason then assigned for its not being carried out was the painful tradition preserved in the French army of the expedition to St. Domingo, early in the century, when thousands of the veterans of the Egyptian and Italian campaigns perished miserably of the diseases of the West Indian climate. The suspected battalions were, I have been told, re-shipped for Algeria soon after they reached Marseilles.—*Times Paris Correspondent.*

From Chambers's Journal,
IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

YOU, the general public, remember doubtless that I have had difficulties to contend against for these last six or seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys. In the advertisement-sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and under the head of "Education," you cannot but have often perused that rather compact statement, just within the five-shilling charge, of exactly what is wanted in the tutorial line by A. Z., in Derbyshire: "*In a gentleman's family at a picturesque village in the north*"—I put in the word "picturesque," not at all because the prominent feature of the place, which is singularly bleak, is a tumbledown old granary, upon a very unproductive moor, but because I thought it might attract a draughtsman; in which case my boys would gain an accomplishment, in addition to the usual branches of education, which yet should not be an extra—"an opportunity of making himself nobly useful"—the idea which that happy turn of expression conveys is, it is right to state, borrowed from the classics; but the phrase is all my own—"is offered to any gentleman of character and attainments in the capacity of tutor to three intelligent youths. For information regarding salary, &c., &c., apply to Rev. A. Z., Peakton, Derbyshire."

I had some conscientious doubts about referring inquirers to those initials, on account of my surname not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian name being William; but these were overruled by my wife. She objected strongly to my real address being given in the paper, lest it should be supposed—so she argued, and I am not bound to find her reasons, but only to render her obedience—that I was connected with the public press.

"Never," said she, "let me see you so forgetful of what a stock I came of, as to put your name in the columns of a newspaper, William." Nor, indeed, am I likely to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day of my life. It was a great blow to my good lady's importance when Mr. Donald Macdermot of Glengaritheoe, N. B., having answered the advertisement and our requirements, came down to Peakton from his Highland eyrie and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather be-

hind) any southern pedigree. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengaritheoe had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known, among ourselves, by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgiana—"the Macdermot," as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife's ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up-stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with undiminished vigor. I instantly flew to their assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

"We suddenly came upon Glengar-gar," sobbed my wife.

"Yes," interrupted my daughter, "upon the Macder-der-der-mot at the corner of the gravel-walk."

"Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William," continued her mamma; "there he was, this beau—beau—beautiful tutor of yours without any"—

"Yes, papa," corroborated Georgiana, "without any at all."

"Without any what?" cried I impatiently. "Speak out—what had he not got?"

"No tut—tut—tut—trousers on," exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, "Papa, papa," shrieked my second son from without, in an ecstasy; "there's Donald Macdermot, Esq., walking about in the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him."

The young man coolly informed me, in his

defence that he always wore the kilt in hot weather, and recommended me to discard "trews" myself, and take to a shepherd's plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This reprehensible style of dress (which he persevered in), joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition at least as much Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengorith man from my unworthy roof.

Mr. Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any old or young whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honors that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

"I love retirement," said he, "and domesticity; and the approval of such a man as you (he was indeed so good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. *Here,*" he would say, laying his thin white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who chanced to be most convenient—"here lies my future duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me."

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr. Donaldson Adams in our house. Georgiana raved about him to that extent, that I had to remind her that, although when house and land are gone and spent, learning might be most excellent, still it was better to have house and land to begin with; and that Mr. Adams, however eligible in other respects, was not, in his present circumstances, the man for my son-in-law. The families in the neighborhood expressed themselves indebted to me for the introduction of such an Admirable Crichton into the county. Nay, he completely cut out the pet Puseyite curate in the market-town among his own female disciples; and the member for the borough himself spoke to him in public, affably, upon two distinct occasions.

Mr. Donaldson Adams was indeed at the

apex of his popularity at the very moment when the whole edifice of it came down with a crash. If he could but have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means do. The restraint which he had put upon his disreputable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colors at once.

My watch, my wife's watch, the cook's watch, Bob's silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus's opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—every thing of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr. Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles was to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o'clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter's salary overnight. It would wring my heart to recapitulate the many crimes of that abominable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honors; the dishonorable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself. "His worst he kept, his best he gave," as the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that I ever saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr. Adams had, among other wickednesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to oblige, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing;

that she herself--she even went to that length--had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I "ought to have known."

"Good," replied I; "in future, madam, you shall choose the tutor yourself."

Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of any department of war or science at ten minutes' notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory, as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her housemaids' situations--namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising: it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr. Joseph Buttamuth, a washed-out individual of a whity-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the down which gives the promise of whiskers; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to shamle; he termed his future pupils, to their great merriment, "the boyth," and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered, "Yeth, thir."

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr. Buttamuth fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr. Donaldson Adams, poor Buttamuth did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless. Our character and

our watches in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his fist. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying, I made use of the expression: "If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;" to which the unsophisticated young fellow rejoined: "Ah, thir, but the misfortune is that I *don't know how to play cardth.*" Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canonicals and in *deshabille*, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three "boyth," and the servants, full length and half length, full face and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was collodion and innocence, instead of being design and camera obscura! One day--a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, "a white day," but which I do not consider "a white day" by any means--while he was taking a "negative" of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr. Buttamuth had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost "simultaneous" (another of his ridiculous terms); every thing was then settled, except the asking the consent of her parents--the drying process, I suppose--which they put off till after their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Buttamuth are now trying in a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on £120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby "boyth."

AM RHEIN.

OH! the Rhine--the Rhine--the Rhine--
 Comme c'est beau! wie schön! ché bello!
 He who quaffs thy Luft und Wein,
 Morbleu! is a lucky fellow!
 How I love thy rushing streams!
 Groves of ash, of birch, of hazel;
 From Schaffhausen's rainbow beams,
 Jusqu'à l'écho d'Oberwesel.

Oh que j'aime thy Brüchen when
 The crammed Dampfschiff gaily passes,
 Love the bronzed pipes of thy men,
 And the bronzed cheeks of thy lasses.
 Oh! que j'aime the "oui," the "bah!"
 From thy motley crowds that flow!
 With the universal "ja,"
 And the allgemeine "so!"

—Punch.

From The Philadelphia North American.
THE PUBLIC PARADE OF PRIVATE DIFFERENCES.

THE readers of newspapers have, for some time, been regaled with comments and speculations on the domestic difficulties of the celebrated novelist, Mr. Charles Dickens. We have forbore any editorial remarks upon the matter, and do not purpose to say any thing now with particular reference to the parties about whom there seems to be "the Dickens to pay." It does impair our faith in the reform of human nature by novel writing, somewhat, we acknowledge, to find this pen and ink high priest of the domestic altar, unable to keep the incense to the Lares and Penates properly asmoke on his own hearth. In the best aspect in which we have been able to view the matter, Mr. D. seems to have failed wonderfully in the philosophy of his own heroes. Old Weller behaved infinitely more wisely than Mr. D. has, even allowing Mrs. D. to have been as hard to manage as the good woman who presided at the tap of the Marquis of Granby. And there is more than a suspicion, in some minds, that Mrs. D. has been the figure on which Mr. D. has hung the Drapery of several of the inefficient and impracticable wives which he delights to paint. We can trace a family likeness among them all. Incapable, as Mrs. D. is said to be, of appreciating her husband's funny genius, she is therefore all the more capable of suspecting that fun is poked at her. But we forget. We premised that we meant to say nothing about these good folk in particular, and are going on as wisely as the Dickens himself. He declared, or very plainly intimated, that he is resolved to say nothing, and then proceeds with letter, and poem, and letter, till we are like to get a volume of domestic miscellanies—not half equal to poor, dear defunct Caudle's Lectures.

But on the general subject. Every man and woman has a character of individuality. Those who are most characterless in the eyes of the world, are really as distinct in their idiosyncrasy as their more conspicuous neighbors. The difference between them is that between chalk and cheese. But chalk is as positive in insipidity as cheese in pungency. People who marry must come together prepared, having found each other out, to accommodate themselves to each other. If they have made a bad bargain, all that is left them is to make the best of it. Any thing is better than to quarrel; and especially to quarrel, no matter how politely, in such a way that the public hears of it. Above all should pronouncements through the press be avoided. Legal steps may sometimes be imperatively necessary; but the parties in such a case, no

matter what third parties may print or say, should never, by themselves or their friends, stoop either to vindicate or to assail. Public opinion never can be settled by newspaper appeals in a family difficulty. The respective friends of each will adhere to each, and the scandal-loving portion of the public will believe all the ill that is spoken of both, and imagine much more. No position can be worse than that of those who throw their private matters before the public eye. The victor in the contest is only not so unfortunate as the other; and a party really in the wrong may seem to have the better cause by maintaining silence.

So in the quarrels of former friends, and, indeed, in all private differences. "Least said, is soonest mended." But what is written may not be mended at all. The real difficulty in compromising or healing any difference, is not so much in prevailing upon the disputants themselves to be reconciled, as in inducing them to forget that others have heard them commit themselves. Sensible married people have their quiet tiffs and reconciliations, without any outside witnesses, and the little quarrel and reconciliation both are forgotten. So do partners differ quietly. So do friends. But the moment you have admitted one witness you have prolonged the difference. Make it the subject of neighborhood gossip, and you lengthen it still more. Put it in the newspapers in any shape, and the arrival of a condition of irreconcilable feud is only a question of time. No patching can entirely remedy the difficulty; because nothing can entirely remove the shame that the parties feel that they have exposed themselves to public animadversion. Each is anxious to place the folly of the exposure upon the other, and new disputes arise which throw the original difficulty entirely out of sight. The sated public, tired at length even of scandal, heartily denounces both, or mischievously laughs at them, which is even more provoking.

Keep, then, your quarrels out of the newspapers, and submit to a small wrong, or even a serious one, without wasting printers' ink upon it. The foolish 'personal twaddle and scandal which finds its way into print, is really the disgrace of the age. Those of us who happen to know sensible people who, with the infirmity of human nature, have differed, and yet with the delicacy of true good breeding, have kept their private griefs from the public eye, can testify how highly we honor them. We respect even the faults of those whose true nobility of character keeps them above the meanness of an appeal to a public which has no concern in their private matters. He is very forgetful of his own self-respect who tries to bolster himself with public sympathy.

From The Spectator.

The Butterfly Vivarium, or Insect Home.

By H. Noel Humphreys, Author of "Ocean Gardens," &c.

AN application of the principles of the aquarium to the study of insect life and transformations, with descriptions for the arrangement of the case and the management of its inhabitants. As far as the author's clearness of direction goes the "butterfly vivarium" is as easy to keep as an aquarium, and the observation of insect metamorphosis exhibits more wonderful processes than can be seen in the growth of fishes. We suspect that the insects require minuter care and closer observation than the piscine tribes, and perhaps there is less sympathy with an insect than a vertebrate animal. This, however, is a matter of individual feeling.

The account of an instructive, amusing, and elegant experiment is not the only feature of *The Butterfly Vivarium*. In a summary review of the four stages of insect life—egg, larva, pupa or chrysalis, and butterfly, Mr. Noel Humphreys popularly exhibits some of the most singular examples of transformation, yet showing that wonderful as they appear to the superficial observer, the metamorphoses are in reality but development, minute germs of the future organs being ever traceable. In further chapters he gives particular accounts of some of the most remarkable insects, regard being had to their fitness for the "vivarium." Here are a few miscellaneous samples of the book.

Periodicity of Insect-Hatching.—"Many experiments have been made with the view to accelerate the hatching of insect eggs by the stimulus of heat, and to retard them by the application of intense cold; but, except in a very few cases, little or no effect was produced—periodicity, rather than any kind of atmospheric influence, being the governing power which regulates the hatching time. In some few instances, however, as stated, the time can be accelerated by warmth—as with silkworms, for example—which is, perhaps, owing to their existence in Europe being altogether artificial, and their instincts being more or less thwarted and confused in all their stages. It has been found much more difficult, and in many cases impossible, to retard the period of hatching by any degree of cold; and certain eggs destined to hatch in June, for instance, will, according to Brahm, hatch at that time even in an ice-house."

Preserved Insect Food.—"In some cases the food for the young has to be positively

provided, and even placed in a proper situation, by the parents; and this they never fail to effect with the greatest completeness, whatever may be the cost of labor necessary to effect the arrangements; and although they never live to see the happy results of their contrivance, as the eggs are not hatched till after they have perished, which they invariably do when they have performed that last and most important act of their existence.

"Other species kill insects for the express purpose of placing them in a subterranean lair to become the food of their progeny as soon as the eggs placed near the prey are hatched; and the Mason Wasp builds up the bodies of caterpillars in the structure in which its larvæ are to come forth, taking care to select such as are just about to change, and which are consequently unlikely to attempt escape, being in a semi-dormant state, in which they remain as nice, fresh, live food for the carnivorous young as soon as they are hatched. The Spider Wasp pursues a similar method in providing a feast of spiders for its expected young—just stinging the victims sufficiently to prevent any attempt to escape, but not to kill them."

Butterfly's Egg-nest.—"This little insect is, however, by far surpassed in the skill displayed in her maternal cares by some kinds of butterflies, which may be said to build a positive nest for their eggs, precisely similar to that constructed by birds, except that it is not used for the purpose of incubation, the eggs being abandoned so soon as properly protected in the manner which instinct has suggested to the parent. The interior of this nest is formed by several layers of soft down which the female plucks from her own body, and upon this delicate couch the eggs are deposited, and then protected by an elegant covering of the same material, often arranged with very curious intricacy. In some cases this covering is disposed in such a manner that each silken hair remains erect, the nest thus enclosed having the appearance of a small patch of the softest and most downy fur. Some times, when the eggs are laid spirally round a branch, this kind of covering naturally follows their course, and it then produces a very beautiful appearance, which it would sorely puzzle a tryo in entomology to account for, as it often assumes the appearance of a minute bottle-brush, and at other times that of a miniature fox's-tail. By the time this final protection to the eggs is completed, the body of the devoted parent, as may be imagined, is almost entirely encased of its beautiful silky clothing; but she has fortunately no further occasion for it, as having thus completed the last act of her brief existence, she almost immediately expires."

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THE BROOK.

A LITTLE Brook went singing
Through the flowery lea,
"On, onward must I hasten
The Silver Lake to see."

The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing will she stay;
Through stones and pebbles winding,
She speeds her sparkling way.

The little Brook impatiently
Creeps through the bushes green,
And through the tall reed-forests
Where the sedge-bird's nest is seen.

The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing doth she stay,
Till she comes where the speckled fishes
Pursue their noiseless play.

"Stop, little Brook!" they call to her,
"Nor sweep us on with thee;
Flow gently through our shady pool
Beneath the willow-tree."

And the little Brook, all lovingly,
Flowed slowly through the pool;
Where her playful friends, the fishes,
Had their homes so deep and cool.

Then on again she hasten'd,
In cold, in rain, and heat;
Onward and onward springing
With eager twinkling feet.

Hastening, ever hastening—
Untiring, bright and free;
Now, little Brook—be happy—
Thy Silver Lake, oh see!

Then the little Brook leap'd wildly,
And down the glen she springs,—
O'er ferns and tangled branches
A cloud of spray she flings.

It ceased—the wild sweet music
Of the rippling waters pass'd
Away,—as, on the Lake's clear breast,
She found her home at last!

Mrs. Rathbone.

A POET'S HAUNT.

WHERE the bend of the river leaves bare to the
sunlight
Its bed of brown sand and its loose tinkling
shingle;
Where the breath of the noontide comes laden
with sweetness
Through arches of limes, and o'er meadows of
flowers;
Where the bee and the bird bring their songs,
and its beauty
The butterfly poisoning from blossom to blossom;
Where afar crop the fleet dappled fawns the
park-herbage
With swift stealthy bite, and keen eyes cast be-
hind them:

Where yet the old watch-tower above, flings the
shadows,
Misshapen and broken, it flung there for ages,—
The watch-tower whose beacon hath lighted
the hill-side
While yet the great king of its forest was
acorn—

I lie with some poem to serve me for pillow,
I weave for myself a bright dream of the Future,
While the Present, the blithe silver Present, soft
glideth
Before me in music, as glideth the river.

One fair curvèd arch, like the rainbow, is span-
ning

The river; and, under that frame of the picture,
The loch with its sun-burnished billows upheav-
ing

To soft winds from seaward; the steep-crested
mountains;

The valleys far waving with woodland and
cornland.

The fish boats are passing, red-sailed with their
cargoes,

The fishers are toiling up th' entangled meshes,
The crews round their anchors are shouting in
cadence.

I hear them; I hear the slow beat of the oar-
blades;

The hum of the market that comes from the
pier-head;

The music afar off of life and its labors.

I gaze, till at e'en, o'er the archway, the
maidens

Return to their homes in the Highlands; their
burthens

Secure on their fair heads—a crown to their
tresses.

I dream, till the watch-tower above casts its
shadow

O'er breast and o'er brow: till the dews and the
darkness

Are falling; and Night, with her finger uplifted
For silence, is ruling the Earth and the Waters.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TO A LARK.

Singing close to a Railway Station.

BRAVE-HEARTED bird! who, with undaunted
wing,

Despite the toiling engine's deafening sound,
From this bare spot on which no dew doth lie,
Up heavenward so joyously dost spring;
Time was, when, resting on the furrow'd
ground,

Thy nestlings watch'd thee vanish in the sky,
And, poised in air, thy hymn of rapture sing;
Yet e'en in this drear waste thou still hast found
Sweet solace in the charm of minstrelsy,
The gift of song within thy breast concealed.
Oh for thy spirit, bird! hopeful and strong,
Born of the life in poet's heart reveal'd,
Which lifts the soul above all care and wrong!

—*Mrs. Rathbone.*

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade.* By Harry Scrivenor. London, 1841.
2. *The Theory, Practice, and Architecture of Bridges of Stone, Iron, Timber, and Wire; with Examples on the Principle of Suspension.* London, 1843-1853.
3. *Iron Bridges.* (Article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica.") Edinburgh, 1857.
4. *Traité Théorique et Pratique de la Construction des Ponts Métalliques.* Par MM. L. Molinos et C. Pronnier, Ingénieurs Civils. Paris, 1857.
5. *A Practical Treatise on Cast and Wrought Iron Bridges and Girders.* By W. Humber, C.E. London, 1857.
6. *Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Correspondence and Reports on the Victoria Bridge.* 1855-6.
7. *Boyd's Marine Viaduct, or Continental Railway Bridge between England and France.* 1858.

FRANCIS HORNER once observed, after inspecting a steel manufactory, that "Iron is not only the soul of every other manufacture, but the mainspring perhaps of civilized society." John Locke even went so far as to aver that notwithstanding man's extraordinary advancement in knowledge, we should in a few ages, "were the use of iron lost among us, be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans: so that he who first made known the use of that contemptible mineral, may be truly styled the father of arts and author of plenty." Nor will this view be deemed extravagant, if we reflect that but for iron man would be virtually *without tools*, since it is almost the only metal capable of taking a sharp edge and keeping it. Of the various definitions of man by philosophers, not the least forcible is that of "tool-making animal," for with tools he tills the ground, builds dwellings, makes clothes, prints books, constructs roads, manufactures steam-engines, and carries on the whole material business of civilization, on which its very highest developments in a great measure depend.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting museum of antiquities ever collected is that formed by M. Worsaae at Copenhagen, in which the remarkable parallelism in the advances made in civilization and in working in metals, has been illustrated by articles gathered from ancient burying-places. From these remains it appears that, in the first instance, the only tools of man were sharpened

stones, such as are still found in use amongst savage tribes, and which are insufficient to enable him to till the ground, or build, or carve. If he felled a tree, and hollowed out a canoe from its trunk, he had to summon fire to his aid. He could only gather a precarious subsistence by hunting or fishing, using a flint head for his arrows and crooked bones for fish-hooks. The skins with which he covered himself were joined together by thongs or skewers; and any thing like domestic comfort could not exist, for the construction of a dwelling was as yet impracticable. This first stage of man's primeval history M. Worsaae designates "The Stone Period." Copper, which is found in such a state of comparative purity as to require very little smelting to fit it for use, preceded the discovery of iron, which in its native state looks more like a stone, than a metal. The progress of man was now more decided, especially after the art of hardening the copper by admixture with tin had been acquired, when various tools and weapons of bronze were fabricated. Tillage could now be practised, trees could be cut down, and houses and boats built. M. Worsaae designates this "The Bronze Period." During the same epoch, as is curiously illustrated by the Copenhagen collection, gold was well known and highly prized for its beauty. But the utility of gold to man was always very small compared with that of iron, which was the metal next discovered. There was not an art but felt the impulse given to it by the improvement of tools which was immediately effected. The first to profit was the art of war, bows and arrows being shortly supplanted by muskets and cannon. But the beneficent uses of this metal were more extensively experienced in the various branches of peaceful industry—in agriculture, in architecture, in shipbuilding, and in manufactures of all kinds.

The superiority of this metal over all others consists in the vast number of purposes to which it can be advantageously applied, and the various modifications of which it is susceptible in the process of manufacture. There is no other metal which could be so worked up as to serve equally well for a needle and as shot for a ninety-eight-pounder gun; as a surgeon's lancet and a five-ton Nasmyth tilt hammer; as the spring of a watch the size of a shilling, and the hull of a

Leviathan steamship; and which is alike indispensable in the construction of a pair of scissors and an electric telegraph, a steel pen and a railroad, a mariner's compass and a tubular bridge. The iron machines of our manufacturers are driven by the iron steam-engines of Watt, and their products are distributed over iron railroads by the iron locomotives of Stephenson. Intelligence is telegraphed to and from the ends of the earth by means of the iron wire. Our Crystal Palaces are built of glass framed in iron. We have iron roofs, iron houses, iron churches, iron bedsteads, iron lighthouses, iron ships, iron palaces, and iron bridges. In short, we now seem to be in the very midst of M. Worsaae's "Iron Age."

Although the iron industry of Great Britain may be pronounced indigenous, by reason of the juxtaposition of coal, ironstone, lime, strong men, and cheap transit—a combination not yet known to exist in the same perfection in any other country in the world—it is only of comparatively late years that the manufacture has assumed its present gigantic magnitude. So long as the ore was smelted by means of charcoal made from wood, the produce of the metal was very limited, and its price excessive. The manufacture was for some time partially prohibited in England, the consumption of wood charcoal in the process of smelting being so great as to create apprehensions that if care were not taken of the remaining forests, enough timber would not be left to supply the wants of the royal and mercantile navy. Hence acts were passed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, forbidding the felling of timber for the smelting of iron, except in certain districts of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, then the principal seats of the manufacture, and even there the erection of new works was expressly forbidden. These enactments had the effect of greatly checking the manufacture, which shortly ceased in the southern counties, the last iron forged in Kent having been the rails round St. Paul's Cathedral, which were cast at Lamberhurst, about the beginning of last century.

Attention was then directed to the smelting of ironstone by means of pit coal. Large stores of both these minerals existed side by side in the midland counties. Amongst others Lord Dudley gallantly struggled to establish a manufactory in the neighborhood of Stour-

bridge, and partially succeeded; but what with riots among the iron workers, who broke into and destroyed his works, and the wars of the Great Rebellion, which ruined his fortunes, the noble lord reaped no advantage from his enterprise. Nothing contributed to arrest the decline in this branch of trade, and towards the middle of last century the number of furnaces, which in James I.'s reign had amounted to 300, fell off to 59, the principal part of the iron consumed in England being imported from foreign countries. The partial use of pit-coal in the process of smelting was revived at Coalbrookdale, in Shropshire, about 1713. The chief difficulty was to keep the coal in a state of combustion sufficiently intense for the purpose of smelting the ore; the hand-worked bellows, or the more powerful water-movement, which produced blast enough for charcoal, having comparatively little effect upon coal. This obstacle was finally overcome through the perseverance and enterprise of Dr. John Roebuck (grandfather of the present member for Sheffield), who may be said to have originated the modern iron manufacture of Britain, though his merits as a great public benefactor have as yet received but slight recognition. Being a good practical chemist, his inquiries led him, when residing at Birmingham, where he practised as a physician, to seek for more economical methods of smelting iron ore than those then in use. Several gentlemen having joined him in his enterprise he selected a site on the banks of the River Carron, in Stirling-shire, in the neighborhood of which both coal and iron abounded; and there he planted the germ of the now celebrated Carron Works. With the assistance of Mr. Smeaton, the engineer, he erected powerful blowing cylinders, worked by water, and supplied by means of an atmospheric engine. The original works were completed in 1759, and before long the Carron castings acquired an extensive celebrity. But, besides being the first to manufacture cast-iron by means of pit-coal on a large scale, Dr. Roebuck was the inventor in 1762 of the process for converting the produce into malleable iron, a discovery usually attributed to Henry Cort, whose patent was taken out twenty years later. Dr. Roebuck's specifications leave no room for doubt; the cast-iron was melted on a hearth with a blast, and then worked until "reduced to nature;" in that state it was exposed to "the

action of a hollow pit-coal fire, heated by the blast of the bellows until reduced to a loop," which was then "drawn out under a forge hammer into bar-iron." Successive improvements were made by other inventors,—by the Carneges, in 1766, who invented the reverberating, or air furnace; by Onions, in 1783, who patented the puddling process; and finally by Cort, in 1783-4, who, besides embodying these processes in his patent, introduced the use of grooved rollers, an addition of great importance. But all these appliances would have proved of comparatively small value without the aid of the steam-engine, which was about the same time taken in hand by James Watt. Dr. Roebuck had early discovered the value of Watt's improvements, encouraged him in their prosecution, and eventually became a partner in the patent. But having taken a lease of the Duke of Hamilton's coal near Boroughstouness, with the object of securing an abundant supply of coal for his ironworks, the difficulties encountered in the mining proved so great, that the Doctor was involved in serious embarrassment, and made over his share in Watt's invention, by this time perfected, to Mr. Boulton of Soho, to whom it proved a source of vast wealth.

From the period of the introduction of Boulton and Watt's engines, and their employment in blowing the iron furnaces, the progress has been truly astonishing. The total quantity previously manufactured in Great Britain did not amount to more than twenty thousand tons annually: but by the end of the century the production had increased ten times. The introduction of the hot blast by Mr. Neilson of Glasgow in 1828, and the discovery by Mr. Mushet of the Black Band ironstone, gave a further impulse, especially in Scotland,—a country in which the metal was formerly so scarce that in the times of the Edwards, the Scotch were accustomed to make predatory incursions into England for the sake of the iron they could carry off, but in the course of last year they not only manufactured sufficient for their own use, but exported 500,000 tons. In England the pig iron produced during the past year reached the astounding quantity of 3,636,377 tons; which, at an average price of £4 a ton, represents a total annual value of fourteen millions and a half sterling. Nor does there seem to be any limit to the supply, for almost bound-

less stores of the mineral have recently been discovered in Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and other counties. It is this extraordinary abundance and comparative cheapness of manufactured iron in England which has enabled it to be applied to purposes which formerly were never dreamt of. It promises before long to supersede timber in ships' hulls of large burden. Indeed, a timber ship of even half the tonnage of the Leviathan would be an impossibility. The modern structures in this metal bid fair to equal in grandeur the monuments which have been the admiration of ages; and amongst these triumphs of engineering in our day, iron bridges and viaducts undoubtedly occupy the first rank.

The progress of bridge building has at all times kept pace with that of road making. The best ferries are insufficient to connect the opposite banks of a river, across which there is any considerable amount of traffic. Like every thing else, bridges had very humble beginnings. As the prototype of the man-of-war was a canoe hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, so the magnificent bridge of modern times began with a log thrown across a stream. A number of these laid together and planked would form a track sufficient for foot-passengers and pack-horses. But as vehicles came into use, something better was required, and then the bridge of timber or stone was devised. Public benefactors in past times were accustomed to leave money* for structures so useful as the best means of displaying their benevolence and commemorating their names. The stream of traffic, sometimes from a large extent of country on either side, gave great importance to the locality which enjoyed the advantage; and towns and cities became exceedingly jealous of the privileges thus conferred upon them. A curious illustration of this is afforded by what occurred in our capital. Down to 1750 London Bridge formed the only connexion between the two sides of the river. Various attempts were made to obtain the benefits of a second bridge, but they were strenuously and successfully resisted. Thus, in 1671, when it was proposed to build a bridge at Putney, the citizens of London rose in oppo-

* One of the first stone bridges in England was erected and endowed by Queen Matilda, who on one occasion narrowly escaped drowning when crossing the river Lea, at Stratford, in Essex. The place was hence afterwards called *De Arcubus*, or *Le Bow*.

sition to the scheme, and protested against any bridge being established which should enable the traffic to pass from one side of the river to the other without going through the City. When the bill was brought into the House of Commons, a remarkable debate took place which is recorded by Mr. Grey.* Mr. Love declared the opinion of the Lord Mayor to be, "that if carts were to go over the proposed new bridge, London must be destroyed!" Sir William Thompson opposed it because it would "make the skirts of London too big for the body," besides producing sands and shelves in the river, and affecting the below-bridge navigation which would cause the ships to lie as low down as Woolwich; whilst Mr. Boscawen opposed the bill because, if conceded, there might be a claim set up for even a *third* bridge, at Lambeth or some other point. The bill was thrown out on these grounds by a majority of 67 to 54; and for nearly a hundred years more London had no second bridge, notwithstanding that Old London Bridge was so narrow that there was not room for two carts to pass each other. The London Bridge of the present day is capable of accommodating four continuous streams of vehicles, with the addition of wide pavements for foot passengers. Yet it is sometimes "blocked" for an hour together by the press of traffic between London and Southwark; and, on an average, 12,000 vehicles and 60,000 pedestrians cross it daily. Though there are now nine bridges from Putney to the City, five of which, when Westminster Bridge has been completed, will be of iron, the City of London is not "destroyed" and the almost daily cry is for more bridges!

The first employment of iron for the purposes of bridge building was in the form of cast-iron. Compared with the weight of a solid stone and lime bridge, a cast-iron one possesses the merit of lightness, which is of great value where headway is of importance, or where the difficulties of defective foundations have to be met. The Italian and French engineers, who took the lead in engineering works down to the end of last century, early discerned the value of the material, and made several attempts to introduce it, but without success, chiefly because of the inability of the early iron-founders to cast

large masses, and because it was then more expensive than stone or timber. The first attempt was made at Lyons, in 1755, and one of the arches was put together in the builder's yard; but the project was abandoned as too costly, and timber was eventually substituted. It was reserved for English engineers to triumph over the difficulties. The efforts of Mr. Darby of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works to smelt iron with coke had been attended with such success, as to enable it to be cast in masses of sufficient size for building purposes. A bridge was required across the Severn near the village of Broseley in Shropshire, and it was determined to try the experiment of a bridge of cast-iron of about a hundred feet span. It was constructed after the designs of Mr. Pritchard, a Shrewsbury architect; and though it was on the whole a bold design well executed, the error was committed of treating the arch as one of equilibrium. There seems to have been, in addition, some defect in the abutments, which were forced inwards by the pressure of earth behind them, and the arch was partially fractured. Nevertheless the bridge proved serviceable, and remains so to this day.

It is a curious circumstance that the next successful contriver of an iron bridge—and that of the very boldest design—was no other than the celebrated, or rather the notorious Tom Paine. The son of a decent Quaker of Thetford, who trained him to his own trade of a staymaker, he seems early to have contracted an intense dislike for the drab-colored circle within which he was immured. Arrived at manhood, he left stay-making for the wild life of a privateersman, serving in two successive adventures; but his father sought him out, and induced him to settle down to his old calling at Sandwich. There he married the daughter of an exciseman, and became an exciseman himself; but his commission lasted only for a year. He then filled the office of usher in several schools, and studied mathematics and mechanics. Again appointed exciseman, he was stationed at Lewes in Sussex, where he acquired some local celebrity as a poet. While there, he was selected to draw up the petition to government from the excise officers for increase of pay,—a document which procured him an introduction to Oliver Goldsmith and Benjamin Franklin, and his dismissal from his post. Franklin persuaded Paine to go to

* Debates of the House of Commons, from the year 1667 to 1694, collected by the Hon. A. Grey. 1767.

America; and the quondam staymaker, privateersman, usher, and exciseman, took a prominent part in the Revolutionary controversy, and performed several important services to the States in negotiating loans with France and Holland, for which he was liberally rewarded by public grants of money and lands. He then settled down at Philadelphia to mechanical and philosophical studies, and speculations on electricity, minerals, and the uses of iron. In 1787, when a bridge over the Schuylkill was proposed to be constructed without any river piers, as the stream was apt to be choked with ice in the spring freshets, Paine boldly offered to build an iron bridge with a single arch of 400 feet span. The same year we find him at Paris, submitting the plan of his bridge to the Academy of Sciences, whose opinion was decidedly favorable. He sent a copy of the same design to Sir Joseph Banks to be submitted to the Royal Society; and he next proceeded to the Rotherham iron works, in Yorkshire, to have his bridge cast. It was a segment of an arch of 410 feet span, and constructed of framed iron panels radiating towards the centre in the form of voussoirs. An American gentleman named Whiteside, having advanced him money on the security of his property in the States, he was enabled to complete the castings of the bridge, which were then shipped off to London, and erected on a bowling green at Paddington. There it was visited by a large number of persons, and regarded as a great success. Suddenly, however, his attention was drawn away from the prosecution of the work by the publication of Mr. Burke's celebrated letter on the French Revolution, which he undertook to answer. Whiteside having become bankrupt, Paine was arrested by his assignees, but was liberated by the assistance of two other Americans, who became bail for him. He was now lost for a time amid the surges of the French Revolution. Elected a deputy to the National Convention by the inhabitants of Calais, he had not been long in Paris when Robespierre and other "Friends of Man" had him imprisoned in the Luxembourg, where he lay for eleven months. Having escaped to America, we find him in 1803 presenting to the American Congress a memoir on the construction of iron bridges, accompanied by several models. It does not appear, however, that Paine succeeded in erecting his

bridge. He was a restless, speculating, unhappy being; and it would have been well for his memory if, instead of penning shallow infidelity, he had devoted himself to his original idea of improving the internal communications of his adopted country. In the meantime, however, the bridge exhibited at Paddington had produced results. The manufacturers agreed to take it back as part of their debt, and the materials were used in the noble structure over the river Wear at Sunderland, where it was erected in 1796. This bridge was long regarded as the greatest triumph of the art. Its span exceeded that of any existing stone arch, being 236 feet, with a rise of 34 feet, the springing commencing at 95 feet above the bed of the river; and its height was such as to allow vessels of 300 tons' burden to sail underneath without striking their masts. After its erection, the bridge, being imperfectly braced, deflected laterally to the extent of from 12 to 18 inches; and though the arch was partially restored to its original form by wedges, tie-bars and braces, its stability has always been regarded as precarious. "If," says Mr. Stephenson, "we are to consider Paine as its author, his daring in engineering certainly does full justice to the fervor of his political career; for, successful as the result has undoubtedly proved, want of experience, and consequent ignorance of the risk, could alone have induced so bold an experiment; and we are rather led to wonder at, than to admire a structure which, as regards its proportions and the small quantity of material employed in its construction, will probably remain unrivalled."

About the period of the erection of the Wear Bridge, Mr. Telford, then rising into eminence as an engineer, began to employ cast-iron extensively in bridges, having, as early as 1796, constructed a bridge of that material over the Severn at Buildwas. His finest examples, however, were the Tewkesbury, Craigellachie, and other similar structures. So favorable was Mr. Telford to the employment of this material, that, in 1801 he even proposed to throw a single arch of cast-iron across the Thames at London Bridge, with an opening of 600 feet, and providing a clear headway of 65 feet above high water. The plan was received with considerable incredulity, and it was sarcastically said that he had determined to set the Thames

on fire. But Old London Bridge was becoming rickety. It was deemed necessary to take some steps, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the feasibility of his design. Amongst the eminent men consulted were the venerable James Watt of Birmingham, Professor Hutton of Woolwich, Mr. John Rennie, Professors Playfair and Robison of Edinburgh, Mr. Jessop, Mr. Southern, and Dr. Maskelyne. It was generally admitted that the experience which had been obtained up to that time of the resistance of cast-iron to compression was too small to enable a positive opinion to be expressed on the subject. Professor Robison foresaw immense difficulty in casting pieces of the necessary size and exactness, so as to have the radiated joints all straight and bearing; and he apprehended the chipping off of the upper angles of the castings at the crown of the arch by the compression caused by the removal of the centres. On the whole, it appeared to the parliamentary Committee that the project was far too bold for adoption; and it was eventually abandoned, after considerable expense had been incurred in contracting the river to the necessary width.

Iron bridges of smaller span continued to be successfully erected both in Great Britain and France—the Pont du Louvre (1803) and the Pont d'Austerlitz (1806) being well-known examples. These, however, were shortly thrown into the shade by the Vauxhall Bridge of Mr. James Walker and the Southwark Bridge of Mr. Rennie. Among the examples of arch-construction the latter remains to this day unrivalled as regards its colossal proportions, its massive architecture, and the general simplicity and efficiency of its details. The bridge is of three arches, the centre being of not less than 240 feet span—the most extensive stone arch in existence, that over the Dee at Chester, being only 200 feet. It was found, however, to be a defect in the original construction, that it was liable to expansion and contraction by the alternate heat and cold of day and night, of summer and winter—the arch rising in summer about an inch and a half above its winter's height. The roadway was consequently subject to constant disturbance, and considerable inconvenience was experienced from its leakiness, which has never been entirely remedied.

It will be observed that up to this time all the bridges constructed of cast-iron were in

the arched form, and the same principles were followed as in bridges of stone, where the arch is treated as one of equilibrium, and all its parts are supposed to be equally at rest, the thrust being resisted directly by the abutments. But during the same period in which the use of cast-iron had been extending, wrought iron had also been introduced as the essential material in suspension bridges capable of bearing the traffic of common roads. While cast-iron is of a crystalline, wrought iron is of a fibrous structure; the former being much superior to stone or any other material in resisting compression, the latter being capable of resisting tensile strains to an enormous extent, on which quality its fitness for the purposes of suspension bridges chiefly depends. Thus, whilst granite bears a crushing force of about five tons to the square inch, and malleable iron from twelve to thirteen tons, the crushing force which cast-iron will bear is not less than from thirty-six to forty-nine tons to the square inch. But whereas cast-iron offers a resistance to extension of only from three to seven tons per square inch, wrought iron presents a resistance of not less than from sixteen to eighteen tons.

The semi-civilized nations of South America had long adopted suspension bridges of a light description for the crossing of rivers and narrow valleys. In Chili and Peru, in China and India, bridges of this sort, constructed of hide, rope, and bamboo basket-work, were well known and long used. The first suspension bridge in this country was of a very rude description, consisting of two common chains stretched across the river Tees near Middleton, upon which a footpath was laid, enabling the colliers to pass between their cottages and the colliery, which stood on the opposite side of the river. Sir Samuel Brown greatly improved—he may almost be said to have invented—the iron suspension bridge, by introducing the system of the barlink, now generally adopted. It is a curious and interesting circumstance that he derived the first idea of this contrivance from a spider's web which hung across his garden walk one dewy autumn morning. Many bridges were made on his principle—on the Tweed, at Newhaven, at Brighton, at Montrose, and other places. The finest work of this kind, however, was the celebrated Menai Bridge, constructed by Telford over the arm of the sea which flows between the mainland of Wales and the island

of Anglesea. And although it has been thrown into the shade by the great railway bridges of recent years, it was unquestionably the boldest and most successful engineering undertaking of that time. The proposal which Telford had made some twenty years before to bridge over the Thames with a single arch of cast-iron, was now exceeded in daring by his scheme of bridging over an arm of the sea with a suspension bridge of wrought iron, under which a ship might pass in full sail. The years which intervened had been to Telford full of the results of observation gathered in the school of daily experience. Though originally but a working mason, who commenced his career with the building of dry stone dikes in Dumfriesshire for the Duke of Buccleuch, he had by dint of valourous industry reached the very first rank in his new profession. He had no education beyond what he had gathered at a Scotch parish school. But he possessed a remarkably clear insight, and, like Brindley and Stephenson, arrived at his conclusions by a sort of instinct. He had already built so many bridges of stone and iron, and contrstrued so many main highways, that his contemporaries distinguished him as "Pontifex Maximus" and the "Colossus of Roads." When instructed by Government to prepare plans for a bridge across the Menai Straits, he had already occupied much time in ascertaining, by experiments, the tensile power of iron; and the result determined him to recommend for adoption a suspension bridge of wrought iron as best suiting all the exigencies of the case. The bridge being in the vicinity of the Snowdon range, and situated at a great height—100 feet above the level of the sea at high water—was subject to violent gusts of wind, and it was therefore necessary that it should present as small a surface as possible to its force.

The point of crossing selected was Ynys-y-moch (or Pig Island), on which one of the two main suspension piers was placed, and the foundation-stone of the first was laid on the 10th of August, 1819. The total height of the main piers from low water-spring-tide is 194 feet, the height of the roadway above high water 100 feet. The road platform was occupied by two parallel carriage-ways, each 12 feet in breadth, with a footpath of four feet between them, thus admitting of four distinct lines of suspension-chains. The distance between the points of suspension was 579 feet.

The extremities of the chains were firmly fixed into the solid rock on either side, and hung loosely over cast-iron saddles placed on the two main towers; and from these chains the horizontal platform or roadway was suspended by vertical rods. The entire work was very skilfully done; every piece of iron used in the bridge was subjected to careful tests, and each bar made to bear a strain of at least 35 tons. The bridge was finished and opened for traffic on the 30th of January, 1826, having been five years and a half in building.

It is a serious objection to bridges of the suspension kind that they are liable to undulate and swing by the passage of a comparatively light load, by the action of the wind, and more particularly by the regular tread of a body of men. A suspension bridge at Broughton, near Manchester, was broken down, in 1831, by the march of a company of only sixty soldiers, and a similar accident happened at Angers in France. The chain-pier at Brighton was in like manner seriously damaged in 1833 by the force of the wind and the waves, which threw the platform into a state of violent vibration, and reduced it almost to a total wreck. Nor has the Menai Bridge escaped damage from the same cause. In January, 1839, a storm of wind so injured it that one-third of the suspending-rods were broken, both the carriage-ways were rendered impassable, and nearly 200 feet of one of them was broken away. It seems a marvel how the bridge, under such a vibratory strain, should have escaped complete destruction.

Amongst the best and most recent specimens of road suspension bridges may be mentioned Mr. Tierney Clark's over the Danube at Buda-Pesth, Mr. Brunel's over the Thames at Charing-Cross, and Mr. Page's over the Thames at Chelsea. The Buda-Pesth and Charing-Cross Bridges are both of greater span than the Menai; the former, which includes a carriage-way as well as a foot-road for passengers, being 700 feet, the latter, which is a foot-road only, being 676 feet. In Mr. Brunel's bridge, the rigidity has been increased by connecting together the chains on each side of the bridge so as to constitute essentially but one chain, every suspending-rod bearing with an equal strain on both. Mr. Page's bridge is chiefly remarkable for the elegance of its design, in which we detect the skill of the architect as well as of the

engineer. By means of two wrought-iron longitudinal lattice-girders extending the entire length of the bridge, firmly secured to the suspension-chains by vertical rods, great rigidity is secured. Cast-iron, in graceful forms, has also been extensively employed in the columnar suspension towers, the piers, and the foundations, which are strongly cased in iron.

The noble bridge over the Danube at Buda-Pesth was a work of much greater difficulty. The previous communication had been effected by means of a bridge of boats, often destroyed or seriously damaged at the breaking up of the ice in spring, when the passage of the stream was completely interrupted. The bed of the river—about a quarter of a mile wide—was sand and mud to a considerable depth, presenting bad foundations; and it was feared that the expense of constructing the requisite number of piers for a stone or cast-iron bridge would have rendered either impracticable. Under these circumstances, a suspension bridge was determined on and commenced amidst general misgivings. The Hungarians believed that the bridge could never stand the pressure of the winter floods, and they apprehended that the piers would be swept away by the torrents of ice which rush down the Danube in spring. Great opposition was encountered from the nobles, whom, for the first time, it was proposed to tax for the purpose. Such a thing had never before been heard of as Hungarian nobles paying tolls. Count Széchenyi, the patriotic projector of the work, inveighed against them in the Diet, wrote against them in the journals, and in the end conquered them. A Bill passed both Chambers in 1839, by which the legal taxation of the nobles, in the form of a bridge-toll, was acknowledged. The *Judex-Curie* shed tears on the occasion, and declared that "he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of Hungarian nobility." The works were commenced in the following year, and considerable difficulty was experienced, as had been anticipated, in securing proper foundations. Some of the staging was carried away on the breaking up of the ice in January, 1841, but on the whole what had been done was not greatly damaged. The work proceeded steadily, and the superstructure was pretty well advanced in 1849. The chains had just

been raised, the roadway beams fixed in their places, and the upper parts of the suspension-towers finished, when the Hungarian revolution broke out. Towards the end of December, on the advance of the Austrian army, the Provisional Government sitting at Buda sent messages to the directors of the bridge, requiring them, under heavy penalties, immediately to prepare the approaches for the passage of the rebels and their artillery. It was in vain represented that the bridge was unfinished, and that dangerous consequences might ensue. Temporary planking was laid upon the longitudinal larch timbers, to save them as much as possible, and the whole Hungarian army retreated over the bridge—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and baggage-waggons. A few days after, the Imperial troops, to the number of 70,000, with 270 cannon, crossed after them, and took possession of Buda-Pesth. The bridge works proceeded in the very midst of the war, though the supply of iron-work was stopped in consequence of the foundries being taken possession of to cast cannon for the contending armies. Strong batteries were thrown up on the Buda side to defend the entrance to the bridge and to sweep its platform. The workshops were cleared away, and the materials removed to a distance. The Imperial troops, being repulsed by the Hungarians from Pesth, again crossed the bridge, after which Hentzi, the Austrian General, had the platform timbers stripped off, leaving the cast-iron beams and trussing quite bare. Arrangements were made for blowing asunder the chains, in event of the Hungarians attempting to force a passage, and 30 cwt. of gunpowder was deposited for the purpose. Firing went on between the rival forces on the opposite banks; about a hundred Austrian cannon were directed against Pesth, and when Georgey arrived in that city on the 4th of May, he commenced bombarding Buda, which stands exactly over against it. The cannonade continued day and night for eight days, and Pesth was set on fire in thirty-two different places. Mr. Adam Clarke, the resident engineer, had his house smashed with 24lb. shot. Some damage was done to the bridge machinery and to the columns of the toll-house on the Pesth side, but far less than might have been expected. Buda having been successfully stormed by the Hungarians, one of the last acts of the Austrian General

Hentzi was to set fire to the powder on the bridge with his own hands, blowing himself and about 80 feet of the skeleton of the platform to atoms. After this all resistance ceased. Georgey had the bridge temporarily repaired for the passage of his troops. It was found that some injury had been done to the chains by the heavy shot, steps were immediately taken to replace them, and the works went on as vigorously as before. Again the tide of war turned, and the Hungarians being beaten at Raab, Dembinsky made arrangements to blow up the bridge as the Austrians had done before, in order to protect the retreat of his troops. Mr. Clarke implored the General not to commit such an act of Vandalism, and offered again to take up the planking, and render the road impassable. Dembinsky consented, the bridge was stripped of its timbers, and when close upon completion, was once more reduced to a skeleton. When the war was ended, the bridge was finished, and the people of Buda-Pesth now proudly pronounce it to be the "eighth wonder of the world."

A curious modification of the suspension bridge is presented in that erected over the valley of the Sarine in Switzerland, connecting the hill on which stands the city of Fribourg with the opposite mountain. Before this bridge was built, the road leading through Fribourg to Berne and the German frontier of Switzerland descended into the valley and gained the summit of the mountain opposite by an exceedingly crooked and precipitous route. The passage was at all times dangerous, and in winter usually impassable. This state of things continued until 1830, when M. Chaley, a French engineer, undertook to build a bridge across the valley. It is remarkable that this, the largest single-span bridge in the world, exceeding that of Telford by more than three hundred feet, should be entirely constructed of so delicate a material as *fine wire* little more than a tenth of an inch in diameter! The bridge, which includes a carriage-way with a footpath on each side, is of the vast span of 870 feet between the suspension towers, and is supported by four main suspension cables, each composed of 1056 threads of wire, bound firmly by a ligature of the same material at every two feet, and thus preserving its cylindrical form.

An American engineer, Mr. Roebling, has even had the daring to employ a wire sus-

pension bridge, for the purposes of railway traffic across a rapid river. American engineers frequently exercise their highest skill in "doing things cheap." Hence there is perhaps more bad, rickety workmanship in America than in any other civilised country. One of the most vaunted merits of this railway suspension bridge is that it has cost only £80,000; whereas a rigid wrought-iron bridge, if constructed by an English engineer, might have cost more than double the money. Nevertheless, Mr. Roebling's bridge is an ingenious work, and does him much credit. It forms the link which binds the railways of Western Canada with those of the United States, and spans the wide and deep gorge at the bottom of which flows the Niagara River, about two miles below the Falls. The span of the bridge as originally constructed was not less than 320 feet, and the roadway is 250 feet above the level of the stream. It makes the head dizzy to look down from that immense height upon the waters rushing below at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Seen from beneath, standing by the river's side, the bridge looks like a strip of paper suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the gossamer-looking structure swings to and fro as if ready to start from its fastenings, and it even shakes under the firm tread of the passing pedestrian. Yet, though suspended by means of wire—the first cord of which was carried across the river at the tail of a kite—it is of considerable strength, bearing locomotives and trains along the railroad above, and ordinary road traffic upon the platform immediately underneath it. The floors of both roads are constructed of timber beams, with wrought-iron diagonal rods passing between them; and both platforms have three distinct sets of suspension wire cables, which rest upon separate saddles on the top of the suspension towers. The four cables—two suspending the upper, or railroad, and two suspending the lower road, or highway—are each of ten inches diameter, composed of 3640 wires of No. 9 gauge, making the solid section of each wire rather more than 60 square inches. From the suspension cables descend 624 suspenders, also of wire, each stated to be capable of supporting a weight of 30 tons. The anchor chains are firmly imbedded in masonry, built deep into the solid rock on either side. Whilst it must be admitted that the Niagara Bridge has been

to some extent successful, most engineers entertain great doubts as to the applicability of the suspension principle to railway purposes. Shortly after this bridge was opened, it was ascertained that the deflection caused by the passing trains was so considerable—varying according to the load from five to nine inches—that it was found necessary to reduce the span about a hundred feet by building up underneath the platform at each end, and by additional strutting; and after all, the speed of the passing trains had to be reduced from five to three miles an hour, while the load was reduced to its minimum. The adoption of the suspension principle is no doubt a great temptation to those engineers who study the saving of expenditure at the outset; but it is highly probable that the cost of maintaining the cheaper structure will be found to amount to considerably more than the interest on the extra capital that would have been required to erect a rigid iron bridge capable of bearing railway traffic at ordinary speeds.

We now come to iron railway bridges proper, in the construction of which the English engineer has achieved his greatest triumphs, and exhibited higher skill and ingenuity in surmounting difficulties than in any other branch of his Cyclopean science. On the introduction of railways, an extraordinary stimulus was given to the art of bridge building. The necessity which existed for carrying rigid roads, capable of bearing heavy railway trains at high speeds, over extensive gaps free of support, rendered it apparent that the methods which had up to that time been employed for bridging space were altogether insufficient. The railway engineer could not, like the ordinary road engineer, divert the road, and select the best point for crossing a river or a valley. He must take such ground as lay in the line of his railway, be it over bog, or mud, or shifting sand. Navigable rivers and crowded thoroughfares had to be crossed without interruption to the existing traffic, sometimes by bridges at right angles to the stream or road, sometimes by arches more or less oblique. In many cases great difficulty arose from the limited nature of the headway; but, as the level of the original road must generally be preserved, and that of the railway was in a measure fixed and determined, it was necessary to modify the form and structure of the bridge in almost every case in order to comply

with the public requirements. Novel conditions were met by fresh inventions, and difficulties of the most unusual character were one by one successfully surmounted. Instead of the erection of a single large bridge, constituting, as formerly, an epoch in engineering, hundreds of extensive bridges of novel construction were simultaneously constructed. The number built since the commencement of the railway era is not less than 25,000 in Great Britain alone, or more than all the bridges previously existing in the country. In London and the suburbs there are above 11 miles of viaducts, consisting of a series of arches. In executing this vast amount of bridge work, iron has been the sheet-anchor of the engineer. In its various forms it offered an invaluable resource, where rapidity of execution, great strength, and cheapness of construction, were elements of prime importance.

In many of the early cast-iron bridges the old form of the arch was adopted when the structure depended wholly on compression, the only novel feature being the use of iron instead of stone. But in a large proportion of cases, the arch, with the railroad over it, was found inapplicable, in consequence of the limited headway which it provided. Hence it early occurred to Mr. George Stephenson, when constructing the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to adopt the simple cast-iron beam for the crossing of several roads and canals along that line; then cast-iron arched girders, with their lower webs considerably larger than their upper, came into general use where the span was moderate; and wrought-iron tie-rods below were added to give increased strength where the span was greater. A serious accident, however, which occurred to a bridge of this description over the Dee, near Chester, tended to throw discredit on this kind of structure. It was felt that the theory of equilibrium of the stone arch, as employed in ordinary road bridges, was inapplicable in the case of railway cast-iron bridges, where the rolling load bears so much larger a proportion to the weight of the whole structure. From a series of experiments, afterwards conducted by government engineers, it also appeared that girders were more apt to be deflected by a load run over them at a high speed, when it was supposed that the weight of the locomotive coming suddenly upon the bridge had the effect of giving it a heavy blow, and thus increased the risk of fracture, though the

same bridge might be able to sustain a standing load of more than six times its breaking weight. Although railway engineers accounted differently for the fact, they were agreed in the necessity of contriving bridges of iron of greater strength and rigidity, capable of safely bearing heavy loads at high speeds.

The next step was the contrivance of arched beams or bowstring girders, firmly held together by horizontal ties, to resist the thrust, instead of abutments. Numerous specimens of this description of bridge, designed by various engineers, might be adduced, but as the very finest specimen of such a bridge yet constructed—as a monument of modern engineering skill with the impress of power as grandly stamped upon it as on any work of our times—we prefer introducing a brief description of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, which is due to the genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The problem was, to throw a railway bridge across the deep ravine which lies between the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, at the bottom of which flows the Tyne—a navigable river crowded with “keels,” which bear down from colliery staiths their loads of black diamonds for the London market. Along and up the sides of the valley—on the Newcastle bank especially—run streets of old-fashioned houses, clustered together in strange forms peculiar to the older cities. The ravine is of great depth—so deep and so gloomy-looking towards dusk, that local tradition records that when the Duke of Cumberland arrived late in the evening at the brow of the hill overlooking the Tyne, on his way to Culloden, he exclaimed to his attendants, on looking down into the black gorge before him, “For God’s sake, don’t think of taking me down a coal-pit at this time of night!” The road down the Gateshead High-street was almost as steep as the side of a house, and up the Newcastle Side, as the street there is called, it is little better. During many centuries the traffic north and south passed along this dangerous and difficult route over the old bridge which crosses the river in the bottom of the valley. For some thirty years the Newcastle corporation discussed various methods of improving the bridge road between the towns; Captain Brown, Telford, and other engineers, were consulted, and the discussion might have gone on for thirty years more, but for the advent of railways, when the skill and enterprise to

which they gave birth speedily solved the difficulty and bridged the ravine. The locality adroitly took advantage of the opportunity, and insisted on the the provision of a road for ordinary vehicles and foot passengers in addition to the railroad. In his circumstance originated one of the striking peculiarities of the High Level Bridge, which serves two purposes, being a railway above and a carriage roadway underneath. The work was not executed, however, without dismal forebodings on the part of some of the Gateshead people; one of whom, on hearing the pile-driving machine at work with the foundations, was wont to ejaculate, “There goes another nail in the coffin of Gateshead!”

The breadth of the river at the point of crossing is 515 feet, but the length of the bridge and viaduct between the Gateshead station and the terminus on the Newcastle side is about 4000 feet. It springs from Pipewell Gate Bank, on the south, directly across to Castle Garth, where, nearly fronting the bridge, stands the fine old Norman keep of the *New Castle*, now nearly eight hundred years old, and a little beyond it is the spire of St. Nicholas Church, with its light and graceful Gothic crown; these noble relics of the older civilization thus confronting this beautiful offspring of the new. The bridge passes completely over the roofs of the houses which fill both sides of the valley, and the extraordinary height of the upper parapet, which is about 130 feet above the bed of the river, offers a prospect to the passing traveller the like of which is nowhere else to be witnessed. Far below are seen the queer chares and closes, the wynds and lanes of old Newcastle; the water is crowded with pudgy, black, coal keels, each with their single sail, said to be of the same primitive model as the vessels of the early Danish invaders who so often ravaged Tyneside; and, when there is a lull of the great smoke volcanos which usually obscure the sky, the funnels of steamers and the masts of the shipping may be seen extending far down the river. The old bridge lies so far beneath that the passengers crossing it seem like so many bees passing to and fro. The High Level Bridge itself is an eminently picturesque object seen looming amidst murky clouds of smoke, and Roger Fenton has made it the subject of one of his happiest photographs.

The first difficulty encountered in building

the bridge was in securing a solid foundation for the piers. The dimensions of the piles to be driven were so huge, that the engineer found it necessary to employ some extraordinary means for the purpose. He called Nasmyth's Titanic steam-hammer to his aid—the first occasion, we believe, on which this prodigious power was employed in bridge pile-driving. A temporary staging was erected for the steam-engine and hammer apparatus, which rested on two keels, and, notwithstanding the newness and stiffness of the machinery, the first pile was driven on the 6th of October, 1846, to a depth of 32 feet in four minutes. Two hammers of 30 cwt. each were kept in regular use, making from 60 to 70 strokes per minute; and the results were astounding to those who had been accustomed to the old style of pile-driving by means of the ordinary pile-frame, consisting of slide, ram, and monkey. By the old system, the pile was driven by a comparatively small mass of iron descending with great velocity from a considerable height—the velocity being in excess and the mass deficient, and calculated, like the momentum of a cannon-ball, rather for destructive than impulsive action. In the case of the steam pile-driver, on the contrary, the whole weight of a heavy mass is delivered rapidly upon a driving-block of several tons weight placed directly over the head of the pile, the weight never ceasing, and the blows being repeated at the rate of a blow a second, until the pile is driven home. It is a curious fact, that the rapid strokes of the steam-hammer evolved so much heat, that on many occasions the pile-head burst into flames during the process of driving. The elastic force of steam is the power that lifts the ram, the escape permitting its entire force to fall upon the head of the driving block; whilst the steam above the piston on the upper part of the cylinder, acting as a buffer or recoil-spring, materially enhances the effect of the downward blow. As soon as one pile was driven, the traveller, hovering overhead, presented another, and down it went, into the solid bed of the river, with as much ease as a lady sticks pins into a cushion. By the aid of this formidable machine, what was formerly amongst the most costly and tedious of engineering operations, was rendered simple, easy, and economical.

When the piles had been driven and the coffer-dams formed and puddled, the water

within the enclosed space was pumped off by the aid of powerful engines to enable the foundations to be dug out and built up. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting in the foundations of the middle pier, for the surrounding pressure forced in the water through the quicksand below as fast as it was removed. This fruitless labor went on for months, and many expedients were tried. Chalk was thrown in in large quantities, outside the piling, but without effect. Cement concrete was at last put within the cofferdam, until it set, and the bottom was then found to be secure. A bed of concrete was laid up to the level of the heads of the piles, and the foundation course of stone blocks was commenced about two feet below low water, and the building proceeded without further difficulty. It may serve to give some slight idea of the magnitude of the work, when we state that 400,000 cubic feet of ashlar, rubble, and concrete were worked up in the piers, and 450,000 cubic feet in the land-arches and approaches.

The most novel feature of the structure is the use of cast and wrought iron in forming the double bridge, which admirably combines the two principles of the arch and suspension, the railway being carried over the back of the ribbed arches in the usual manner, while the carriage-road and footpaths, forming a long gallery or aisle, are suspended from these arches by wrought-iron vertical rods, with horizontal tie-bars to resist the thrust. The suspension-bolts are enclosed within spandril pillars of cast-iron, which add great stiffness to the superstructure. This system of longitudinal and vertical bracing has been much admired; for it not only accomplishes the primary object of securing stability in the fabric, but at the same time, by its graceful arrangement, heightens the beauty of the structure. The arches consist of four main ribs, disposed in pairs, with a clear distance between the two inner arches of 20 feet 4 inches, forming the carriage-road, while between each of the inner and outer ribs there is a space of 6 feet 2 inches, constituting the footpaths. Each arch is cast in five separate lengths or segments, strongly bolted together. The ribs spring from horizontal plates of cast-iron, bedded and secured on the stone piers. All the abutting joints are carefully executed by machinery, and the fitting is of the most perfect kind. In order to provide for the ex-

pansion and contraction of the iron arching and to preserve the equilibrium of the piers without disturbance or racking of the parts of the bridge, it was provided that the ribs of every two adjoining arches resting on the same pier should be secured to the springing-plates by keys and joggles; whilst on the next piers, upon either side, the ribs remained free and were at liberty to expand or contract—a space being left for the purpose. Hence each arch is complete and independent within itself, the piers having simply to sustain their vertical pressure. The arches are six in number, of 125 feet span each; the two approaches to the bridge being formed of cast-iron pillars and bearers in keeping with the arches. The result is a bridge that for massive solidity and perfect finish may be pronounced unrivalled, and over which the stream of road and railway traffic may be safely carried north and south for a thousand years to come. This great work was opened on the 15th of August, 1849, and a few days after the royal train passed over, halting for a few minutes on the bridge to enable her Majesty to survey the wonderful scene below. In the course of the following year the Queen opened the majestic stone viaduct and bridge across the Tweed, upwards of 2000 feet in length, by which the last link was completed of the continuous line of railway between London and Edinburgh. Over the entrance to the Berwick station, occupying the site of the once redoubtable Castle of Berwick, so often the deadly battle-ground of the ancient Scots and English, was erected an arch, under which the royal train passed, bearing in large letters of gold the appropriate motto, "The last act of the Union."

The next great step in advance was the application of iron under its most perfect form—of wrought-iron plates, in bowstring, tubular, and box-girders, capable of bearing the heaviest railway trains at the highest speeds. The first, and, up to this time, the most complete, specimen of the simple tubular bridge is the Britannia Bridge, constructed by Mr. Robert Stephenson across the Menai Straits, which we have already so fully described,* that it is not necessary for us to enter upon any further description of that masterly work—the result of laborious calculation, founded on painstaking experiment, combined with

eminent constructive genius and high moral and intellectual courage. Although the Britannia Bridge represented the most scientific distribution of material which could be devised at the date of its construction, it has since been improved upon by the same engineer in the Victoria Bridge, now in course of construction across the river St. Lawrence near Montreal.

The Victoria Bridge is, without exception, the greatest work of the kind in the world. For gigantic proportions and vast length and strength there is nothing to compare with it in ancient or modern times. The entire bridge, with its approaches, is only about sixty yards short of *two miles*. It is five times longer than the Britannia across the Menai Straits, seven and a half times longer than Waterloo Bridge, and more than ten times longer than the new Chelsea Bridge across the Thames! The Victoria has not less than twenty-four spans of 242 feet each, and one great central span—itsself an immense bridge—of 330 feet. The road is carried within iron tubes 60 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, which runs beneath at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and in winter brings down the ice of some two thousand miles of lakes and upper rivers, with their numerous tributaries. The weight of iron in the tubes will be upwards of ten thousand tons, supported on massive stone piers which contain some six, some eight thousand tons each of solid masonry.

So gigantic a work, involving so heavy an expenditure, has not been projected without sufficient cause. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—one of the greatest national enterprises ever entered on—is upwards of 1100 miles in length, opening up a vast extent of fertile territory for the purposes of future immigration, and, by connecting the settled provinces of Western Canada with the seaboard States of the American Union, calculated to afford full scope for the development of the industrial resources of that magnificent colony. Without the Victoria Bridge the system of communication would have been manifestly incomplete. The extensive series of Canadian railways on the north side of the St. Lawrence, terminating opposite Montreal, would, for all purposes of through traffic, be virtually sealed up during the six months of the year that the St. Lawrence is closed against navigation by the ice; and the Grand Trunk system must nec-

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxv., p. 399.—Living Age, No. 301.

essarily have remained to a great extent nugatory, in consequence of the province being cut off from the coast, to which the commerce of Canada naturally tends.

The particular kind of structure to be adopted formed the subject of considerable preliminary discussion. Even after the design of a tubular bridge had been adopted, and the piers were commenced, the plan was made the subject of severe criticism, on the ground of its alleged excessive cost. It therefore became necessary for Mr. Stephenson to vindicate the propriety of his design in a report to the directors of the railway, in which he satisfactorily proved that as respects strength, efficiency, and economy, with a view to permanency, the plan of the Victoria Bridge is unimpeachable. Various modes were proposed for spanning the St. Lawrence. The suspension bridge, such as that over the Niagara, was found inapplicable for several reasons, but chiefly because of its defective rigidity, which greatly limits the speed and weight of trains, and consequently the amount of traffic which can be passed over such a bridge. Thus, taking the length of the Victoria Bridge into account, it was found that not more than 20 trains could pass within the 24 hours, a number insufficient for the accommodation of the anticipated traffic. To introduce such an amount of material into the suspension bridge as would supply increased rigidity, would only be approximating to the original beam, and neutralizing any advantages in point of cheapness which might be derivable from this form of structure, without securing the essential stiffness and strength. Iron arches were also considered inapplicable, because of the large headway required for the passage of the ice in winter, and the necessity which existed for keeping the springing of the arches clear of the water line. This would have involved the raising of the entire road, and a largely increased expenditure on the upper works. The question was therefore reduced to the consideration of the kind of *horizontal beam* or *girder* to be employed.

Horizontal girders are of three kinds. The *Tubular* is constructed of riveted rectangular boiler plates. Where the span is large, the road passes within the tube; where the span is comparatively small, the roadway is supported by two or more rectangular beams. Next there is the *Lattice girder*,

borrowed from the loose rough timber bridges of the American engineers, consisting of a top and bottom flange connected by a number of flat iron bars, riveted across each other at a certain angle, the roadway resting on the top, or being suspended at the bottom between the lattice on either side. One of the best known specimens of this bridge is the fine work erected by Sir John Macneil on the line of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, over the river Boyne near the town of Drogheda; its centre span being of 264 feet. Bridges on the same construction are now extensively manufactured in this country for crossing rivers in India, and are specially designed with a view to their easy transport and erection. The *Trellis* or Warren girder is a modification of the same plan, consisting of a top and bottom flange, with a connecting web of diagonal flat bars, forming a complete system of triangulation—hence the name of “Triangular girder,” by which it is generally known. The merit of this form consists in its comparative rigidity, strength, lightness, and economy of material. These bridges are also extensively employed in spanning the broad rivers of India. One of the best specimens in this country is the Crumlin viaduct, 200 feet high at one point, which spans the river and valley of the Ebbw near the village of Crumlin in South Wales. The viaduct is about a third of a mile long, divided into two parts by a ridge of hills which runs through the centre of the valley—each part forming a separate viaduct, the one of seven equal spans of 150 feet, the other of three spans of the same diameter. This bridge has been very skilfully designed and constructed by Mr. T. W. Kennard, and, by reason of its great dimensions and novel arrangements, is entitled to be regarded as one of the most remarkable engineering works of the day.

“In calculating the strength of these different classes of girders,” Mr. Stephenson observes, “one ruling principle appertains, and is common to all of them. Primarily and essentially, the ultimate strength is considered to exist in the top and bottom,—the former being exposed to a compression force by the action of the load, and the latter to a force of tension; therefore, whatever be the class or denomination of girders, they must all be alike in amount of effective material in these members, if their spans and depths are the

same, and they have to sustain the same amount of load. Hence, the question of comparative merit amongst the different classes of construction of beams or girders, is really narrowed to the method of connecting the top and bottom *webs*, so called." In the tubular system the connexion is effected by continuous boiler plates riveted together; and in the lattice and trellis bridges by flat iron bars, more or less numerous, forming a series of struts and ties. Those engineers who advocate the employment of the latter form of construction, set forth as its principal advantage the saving of material which is effected by employing bars instead of iron plates; whereas Mr. Stephenson and his followers urge, that in point of economy the boiler plate side is equal to the bars, whilst in point of effective strength and rigidity it is decidedly superior. To show the comparative economy of material, he contrasts the lattice girder bridge over the river Trent, on the Great Northern Railway near Newark, with the tubes of the Victoria Bridge which are now in course of construction. In the former case, where the span is 240½ feet, and the bridge 13 feet wide, the weight including bearings is 292 tons; in the latter, where the span is 242 feet, the width of the tube 16 feet, the weight including bearings is 275 tons, showing a balance in favor of the Victoria Tube of 17 tons. The comparison between the Newark Dyke Bridge and the Tubular Bridge over the river Aire is equally favorable to the latter; and no one can have travelled over the Great Northern line to York without noting that as respects rigidity under the passing train, the Tubular Bridge is decidedly superior. It is ascertained that the deflection caused by a passing load is considerably greater in the former case; and Mr. Stephenson is also of opinion that the sides of all trellis or lattice girders are useless, except for the purpose of connecting the top and bottom, and keeping them in their position. They depend upon their connexion with the top and bottom webs for their own support; and since they could not sustain their shape, but would collapse immediately on their being disconnected from their top and bottom members, it is evident that they add to the strain upon them, and consequently to that extent reduce the ultimate strength of the beams. "I admit," he adds, "that there is no formula for valuing the *solid* sides for strains, and that at present we only ascribe to

them the value or use of connecting the top and bottom; yet we are aware that, from their continuity and solidity, they are of value to resist horizontal and many other strains, independently of the top and bottom, by which they add very much to the stiffness of the beam; and the fact of their containing more material than is necessary to connect the top and bottom webs, has by no means been fairly established." Another important advantage of the Tubular bridge over the Trellis or Lattice structure, as pointed out by Mr. Brunel and Mr. Edwin Clarke, consists in its greater safety in event of a train running off the line,—a contingency which has more than once occurred on a tubular bridge without detriment, whereas in the event of such an accident occurring on a Trellis or Lattice bridge, it must, Mr. Clarke says, "infallibly be destroyed." Where the proposed bridge is of the unusual length of a mile and a quarter, it is obvious that this consideration must have had no small weight with the Directors, who eventually decided upon proceeding with the Tubular Bridge according to Mr. Stephenson's original design.

From the first projection of the Victoria Bridge, the difficulties of executing such a work across a wide river, down which an avalanche of ice rushes to the sea every spring, was pronounced almost insurmountable by those best acquainted with the locality. The ice of two thousand miles of inland lakes and upper rivers, besides their tributaries—many of which exceed the Thames in length, depth, and volume of water—is then poured down stream, and in the neighborhood of Montreal especially, it is often piled up to the height of from forty to fifty feet, placing the surrounding country under water, and doing severe damage to the massive stone buildings along the noble river front of the city. To resist so prodigious a pressure, it was necessary that the piers of the proposed bridge should be of the most solid and massive description. Their foundations are placed in the solid rock; for none of the artificial methods of obtaining foundations, suggested by some critical engineers for cheapness' sake, were found practicable in this case. Where the force exercised against the piers was likely to be so great, it was felt that timber ice-breakers, timber or cast-iron piling, or even rubble-work, would have proved but temporary expedients. The two centre piers are

eighteen feet wide, and the remaining twenty-two piers fifteen feet. To arrest and break the ice, an inclined plane, composed of great blocks of stone, was added to the up-river side of each pier—each block weighing from seven to ten tons, and the whole firmly clamped together with iron rivets.

To convey some idea of the immense force which these piers are required to resist, we quote a brief account received from Mr. Alexander Ross, the principal engineer superintending the works, of the scene which occurred at the breaking up of the ice in March last, when the pressure of the pack was unusually severe. It must be premised that fourteen out of the twenty-four piers were then finished, together with the formidable abutments and approaches to the bridge. The ice in the river began to show signs of weakness on the 29th of March, but it was not until the 31st that a general movement became observable, which continued for an hour, when it suddenly stopped, and the water rose rapidly. On the following day, at noon, a grand movement commenced; the waters rose about four feet in two minutes, up to a level with many of the Montreal streets. The fields of ice at the same time were suddenly elevated to an incredible height; and so overwhelming were they in appearance, that crowds of the townspeople, who had assembled on the quays to watch the progress of the flood, ran for their lives. This movement lasted about twenty minutes, during which the jammed ice destroyed several portions of the quay-wall, grinding the hardest blocks to atoms. The embanked approaches to the Victoria Bridge had tremendous forces to resist. In the full channel of the stream, the ice in its passage between the piers was broken up by the force of the blow immediately on its coming in contact with the cutwaters. Sometimes thick sheets of ice were seen to rise up and rear on end against the piers, but by the force of the current they were speedily made to roll over into the stream, and in a moment after were out of sight. For the two next days the river was still high, until on the 4th of April the waters seemed suddenly to give way, and by the following day the river was flowing clear and smooth as a millpond, nothing of winter remaining except the masses of borage ice which were strewn along the shores of the stream. On examination of the piers of the

bridge it was found that they had admirably resisted the tremendous pressure; and though the timber "cribwork" erected to facilitate the placing of floating pontoons to form the dams, was found considerably disturbed and in some places seriously damaged, the piers, with the exception of one or two heavy stone blocks which were still unfinished, escaped uninjured. One heavy block of many tons' weight was carried to a considerable distance, and must have been torn out of its place by sheer force, as several of the broken fragments were left in the pier. We may add that already two of the tubes have been placed *in situ* upon the piers, and that this magnificent work is expected to be completed and opened for traffic by the beginning of 1860.

We have not left ourselves space to do more than allude to Mr. Brunel's admirable combination of the principles of the tubular and suspension bridges in the fine structures recently erected by him at Chepstow and Saltash. The latter bridge is of even greater length than the Britannia. Including the land openings it is not less than 2200 feet long, having nineteen openings, two of which are of the immense span of 455 feet each. These two main openings are spanned by longitudinal beams, suspended from arched tubes of wrought-iron plates by long-linked tension chains, rendered rigid by vertical struts and diagonal bracing. They are both works of great merit, deservedly admired by engineers.

The tubular bridge system has even been extended to Egypt, the land of old Cheops and the Pyramids. The principal feature of the two extensive bridges on the Egyptian railway recently completed is, that the road is carried upon the top of the tubes instead of in the interior. The longer of the two is over the Damietta branch of the Nile near Benha. It contains eight spans or openings of 80 feet each, and two centre spans, which are formed by one of the largest iron swing bridges ever constructed—the total length of the swing-beam being 157 feet, and leaving a clear waterway on either side of the central pier of 60 feet. The foundations of this bridge offer another exemplification of the extended use of iron in structures of this sort, for they consist of wrought-iron cylinders filled in with concrete, and sunk by means of a remarkable pneumatic process which we will briefly describe.

The securing of firm foundations for piers has always been a point of the greatest importance with bridge-builders. When the stream could not be diverted and the bed laid bare for the purpose of getting in the foundations—as is supposed to have been done in the case of Old London Bridge—the early builders adopted the expedient of throwing loose rubble-stones into the river until they were sufficiently high and solid to build upon. They were then surrounded with piles to prevent the foundations washing away. Labelye, in constructing Westminster Bridge, employed the method invented by French engineers of getting in the foundations by means of caissons or watertight floating chests, prepared on shore and floated over the points at which it was proposed to build, where they were loaded and sunk upon as flat a bottom as could be dredged. The masonry was then built up within the casing to high-water mark, when the sides of the caisson were removed, and the work was protected by piles driven side by side all round the pier. The same system was adopted by Mylne in getting in the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge; but both have proved defective, and the failure in each case was greatly hastened by the removal of the numerous piers of Old London Bridge, which increased the velocity of the flowing tide and the consequent “scour” of the stream in the bed of the river above-bridge. In securing the foundations of the Waterloo and New London Bridges, Rennie adopted the costly but effectual plan of the coffer-dam—that is, enclosing a sufficient space within double or treble rows of piles driven deep into the bed of the river. The enclosure was made watertight by planking and clay puddle packed between the piles, and the water within the dam was pumped out by means of engine power. The bed of the river, thus exposed, was dug out to the proper depth, when timber piles were driven deep beneath the entire foundation, upon which the solid masonry was then erected. The same plan continues to be pursued in many cases where great solidity of foundation in river-beds is required.

Iron began to be introduced for the purpose of securing foundations, in cases where the superstructure was of a lighter character, or where sands, mud, or bog, had to be crossed. Hence Dr. Pott's invention of cylinder piles, which consisted in employing iron cylinders,

placed in a position for sinking, the lower end being open, and then exhausting them by means of a pneumatic apparatus. The contents of the tube, whether of air or fluid, were thus sucked out, and the tube was forced downwards by simple atmospheric pressure. A succession of piles might be placed over that first sunk, by means of flanges, or other joints, so that piles of any length could be employed. In the case of Mr. Brunlees' disc piles, upon which the Morecombe Bay iron viaducts are erected, the reverse process is employed, and the air, water, and sand, instead of being drawn out of the cylinders by exhaustion, are forced out during a slight rotating motion of the piles, which gradually descend to their proper depth. By one or other of these methods, it would even be possible to obtain foundations for a lighthouse on so treacherous a basis as the Goodwin Sands, whilst for crossing the sandy, muddy beds of broad Indian rivers, the invention is calculated to be of great value. Mitchell's screw-pile is another favorite method of employing iron in securing firm foundations in treacherous ground, the pile being so constructed as to be capable of being screwed down to almost any depth. But the most remarkable application of iron for the purpose of securing foundations in difficult ground at great depths, is that which has been recently adopted by Mr. Hughes, and was first employed by him in constructing the piers of the new bridge over the Medway, at Rochester. It was proposed to build the piers of the bridge upon a series of cast-iron cylinders, each seven feet in diameter: and it was originally intended to force them to a sufficient depth into the bed of the river (which indicated soft clay, sand, and gravel) by means of Dr. Potts' pneumatic process, which had succeeded in similar cases. But it was discovered, soon after the works commenced, that the bed of the stream was encumbered in many places by the ruins of an ancient bridge, which history records as having been taken down some five hundred years ago. On examination the bottom was found to be a compact mass of Kentish rag stone, through which it was impossible to force the cylinders by atmospheric pressure. It was then determined to *reverse* the process, and to give to each cylindrical pile the character of a diving-bell, keeping the interior clear of water by *forcing* air into it by means of a double-acting pump driven by a steam-engine, so that

the workmen should be enabled to proceed with the excavations in the interior of the cylinder; and afterwards with the masonry of the foundations. To enable the workmen to pass into and out of the cylinder, and to throw out the excavated stuff as well as to introduce the necessary building materials, without removing the pressure from the water held down by the pneumatic force at the bottom of the excavation, the top of the cylinder was fitted with a moveable wrought-iron cover capable of being securely bolted to it, and over this were placed two cast-iron chambers, or air-locks. These chambers had two openings, one towards the interior, the other towards the exterior, both being securely fitted with an air-tight flap, or valve. After a loaded bucket had been raised from the bottom, by means of a light wrought-iron crane fixed within the cylinder and drawn through the opening referred to, the cover was hermetically closed, when the outer aperture was opened and the stuff cast out. Building materials were introduced by the same process, and the compression of the air within the interior of the cylinder, in which the men were at work, perhaps some twenty feet below water, was strictly preserved. Strong glass lenses were fitted into the cylinder cover, and in the chambers of the air-locks, to give light to the workmen, but when at a considerable depth candles were constantly used.

As the excavation proceeded, the cylinder descended, until the pile was gradually sunk to the desired depth. The piles of the Rochester Bridge were thus carried down thirty feet into the river's bed before the building commenced; in Mr. Stephenson's bridge across the Nile, they are sunk thirty-three feet through soil of a peculiarly shifting character; but in Mr. Brunel's Saltash Bridge they were sunk not less than ninety feet, a depth of foundation that would have been considered fabulous but a few years ago. In the latter case, an exterior cylinder was also employed, which was afterwards withdrawn when the foundations had been secured. It is worthy of remark that the cost of getting in foundations by this process has been very considerably reduced—the total cost of completing those of the Rochester Bridge to four feet above the water-line being effected at less than one-half of the estimated cost of coffer-dams alone. The effect of the great atmospheric pressure upon the workmen em-

ployed within the cylinder, is sometimes serious. When the pile has descended to a considerable depth, it is possible to work for only a comparatively short time. On entering the cylinder, great pain is felt in the ears, blood sometimes runs from the nose and ears, while the breathing is considerably affected; persons of weak lungs are found quite unfitted for the work. The men who persevere are said to experience an immense sharpening of the appetite, and consume increased quantities of animal food—doubtless caused by the greater waste produced by the increased quantity of oxygen inspired.

The last great project in iron bridge building that we have heard of—and a project it is likely for some time to remain—is a tubular bridge across the Straits of Dover. A French engineer, M. Thomé de Gamond, having projected a tunnel under the sea between England and France, which he states has received the favorable consideration of the French government, Mr. Boyd, not to be outdone in daring, projects his bridge over the sea from Shakspeare's Cliff to Cape Grinez. Mr. Boyd proposes a bridge of iron tubes of 500 feet span, laid upon 190 towers 300 feet high, to be constructed at an estimated cost of £30,000,000 sterling. Apart from the question of practicability, we greatly doubt the utility of such a bridge. The entire number of persons annually travelling between England and all the ports of France, does not amount to 250,000 persons, or less than four days traffic over London Bridge. Seventeen millions of persons annually pass through the railway stations on the south of the Thames, the greater number of whom have to cross the bridges to and from the north side of the river. We are ready to recognise the necessity of an iron railway bridge across the Thames to a convenient station on the north bank—a measure which would, more than any other project, relieve the "block" of the bridges, and the crowded thoroughfares leading to and from the City. But there is no such pressure of traffic across the Channel, the existing means being more than sufficient for it accommodation. To this we must add that there is considerable force in the observation of a celebrated English wit to a Frenchman on the subject of Anglo-French relations: "The best thing that I know of between England and France is—the sea."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE IRON SHROUD.

BY WILLIAM MUDFORD.

THE castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and un pitying revenge of an Italian heart.

VIVENZIO—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding-doors beneath them which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner: and beside it a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread of man, would greet his senses. He

had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault? No—for then it would have been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it; but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from castle, or from neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sank within him, and he threw himself dejectedly down upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for

he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As however his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor color as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited, therefore, during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Toki, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and glomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if not bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a friendly blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded. He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! *Here* was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and

mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A simple circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in), about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he

found himself close to the wall. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching towards them. There were *FOUR!* He could see only four: but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding-door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which

the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, 'urked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! it must be so!—Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six-and-thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no obliv-

ion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the tops and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments, to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to wait a slow coming tor-

ture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate *was* to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes,

he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears, and as he sank to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed—"Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and *two* days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wallings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:—

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be a witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, who'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees,

and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with this tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight? It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still

clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loth to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends of his home, and of those he loved with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed

had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this he started from the ground; and, in raising himself suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done," was all he said as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously-contrived machinery that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a

lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counter-acting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud*.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BOOK. — A paragraph from an American paper concerning Mr. Murray and Dr. Livingstone has been reproduced by one journal in this country. As there is an error therein, we (*Athenæum*) hasten to correct the paragraph before it goes the usual round. "Murray, the publisher," thus runs the passage, "undertook to give Livingstone £2,000 out of the proceeds of the first edition of 12,000 copies.

When the second edition was called for, the publisher wrote to the author that he should have a third of the profits." The facts, however, are that Mr. Murray did not calculate possible proceeds, but paid 2,000 guineas at once; and that, instead of promising *one-third* of the profits of future editions, he undertook to pay *two-thirds*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING WORK AND PLAY.

NOBODY likes to work. I should never work at all if I could help it. I mean, when I say that nobody likes work, that nobody does so whose tastes and likings are in a natural and unsophisticated condition. Some men, by long training and by the force of various circumstances, do, I am aware, come to have an actual craving, a morbid appetite for work; but it is a morbid appetite, just as truly as that which impels a lady to eat chalk, or a child to prefer pickles to sugar-plums. Or if my reader quarrels with the word *morbid*, and insists that a liking for brisk, hard work is a healthy taste and not a diseased one, I will give up that phrase, and substitute for it the less strong one that a liking for work is an *acquired taste*, like that which leads you and me, my friend, to like bitter beer. Such a man, for instance, as Lord Campbell, has brought himself to that state that I have no doubt he actually enjoys the thought of the enormous quantity of work which he goes through; but when he does so he does a thing as completely out of nature as is done by the Indian fakir, who feels a gloomy satisfaction as he reflects on the success with which he has labored to weed out all but bitterness from life. I know quite well that we can bring ourselves to such a state of mind that we shall feel a sad sort of pleasure in thinking how much we are taking out of ourselves, and how much we are denying ourselves. What college man who ever worked himself to death but knows well the curious condition of mind? He begins to toil, induced by the love of knowledge, or by the desire of distinction; but after he has toiled on for some weeks or months, there gradually steals in such a feeling as that which I have been describing. I have felt it myself, and so know all about it. I do not believe that any student ever worked harder than I did. And I remember well the gloomy kind of satisfaction I used to feel, as all day and much of the night I bent over my books, in thinking how much I was foregoing. The sky never seemed so blue and so inviting as when I looked at it for a moment now and then, and so back to the weary page. And never did green woodland walks picture themselves to my mind so freshly and delightfully as when I thought of them as of something which I was resolutely denying myself. I re-

member even now, when I went to bed at half-past four in the morning, having risen at half-past six the previous morning, and having done nearly as much for months, how I was positively pleased to see in the glass the ghastly cheeks, and the deep black circles round the eyes. There is, I repeat, a certain pleasure in thinking one is working desperately hard, and taking a great deal out of oneself; but it is a pleasure which is unnatural, which is factitious, which is morbid. It is not in the healthy, unsophisticated human animal. We know, of course, that Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough said, when he was about seventy, that the greatest pleasure that remained to him in life, was to hear a young barrister, named Follett, argue a point of law; but it was a highly artificial state of mind, the result of very long training, which enabled the eminent judge to enjoy the gratification which he described: and to ordinary men a legal argument, however ably conducted, would be sickeningly tiresome. If you want to know the natural feeling of humanity towards work, see what children think of it. Is not the task always a disagreeable necessity, even to the very best boy? How I used to hate mine! Of course, my friendly reader, if you knew who I am, I should talk of myself less freely; but as you do not know, and could not possibly guess, I may ostensibly do what every man tacitly does, make myself the standard of average human nature, the first meridian from which all distances and deflections are to be measured. Well, my feeling towards my school tasks was nothing short of hatred. And yet I was not a dunce. No, I was a clever boy. I was at the head of all my classes. I never competed at school or college for a prize which I did not get. And I hated work all the while. Therefore I believe that all unsophisticated mortals hate it. I have seen silly parents trying to get their children to say that they liked school-time better than holiday-time; that they liked work better than play. I have seen, with joy, manly little fellows repudiating the odious and unnatural sentiment; and declaring manfully that they preferred cricket to Ovid. And if any boy ever tells you that he would rather learn his lessons than go out to the play-ground, beware of that boy. Either his health is drooping, and his mind becoming prematurely and unnaturally developed, or he is a little humbug. He

is an impostor. He is seeking to obtain credit under false pretences. Depend upon it, unless it really be that he is a poor little spiritless man, deficient in nerve and muscle, and unhealthily precocious in intellect, he has in him the elements of a sneak; and he wants nothing but time to ripen him into a pick-pocket, a swindler, a horse-dealer, or a Whig statesman.

Every one, then, naturally hates work, and loves its opposite, play. And let it be remarked that not idleness, but play, is the opposite of work. But some people are so happy, as to be able to idealize their work into play: or they have so great a liking for their work that they do not feel their work as effort, and thus the element is eliminated which makes work a pain. How I envy those human beings who have such enjoyment in their work, that it ceases to be work at all! There is my friend Mr. Tinto the painter; he is never so happy as when he is busy at his canvas, drawing forth from it forms of beauty: he is up at his work almost as soon as he has daylight for it; he paints all day, and he is sorry when the twilight compels him to stop. He delights in his work, and so his work becomes play. I suppose the kind of work which, in the case of ordinary men, never ceases to be work, never loses the conscious feeling of strain and effort, is that of composition. A great poet, possibly, may find much pleasure in writing, and there have been exceptional men who said they never were so happy as when they had the pen in their hand: Buffon, I think, tells us that once he wrote for fourteen hours at a stretch, and all that time was in a state of positive enjoyment; and Lord Macaulay, in the preface to his recently published *Speeches*, assures us that the writing of his *History* is the occupation and the happiness of his life. Well, I am glad to hear it. Ordinary mortals cannot sympathize with the feeling. To them composition is simply hard work, and hard work is pain. Of course, even commonplace men have occasionally had their moments of inspiration, when thoughts present themselves vividly, and clothe themselves in felicitous expressions, without much, or any conscious effort. But these seasons are short and far between: and although while they last it becomes comparatively pleasant to write, it never becomes so pleasant as it would be to lay down the pen, to lean back in the easy

chair, to take up the *Times* or *Fraser*, and enjoy the luxury of being carried easily along that track of thought which cost its writer so much labor to pioneer through the trackless jungle of the world of mind. Ah, how easy it is to read what it was so difficult to write! There is all the difference between running down from London to Manchester by the railway after it has been made, and of making the railway from London to Manchester. You, my intelligent reader, who begin to read a chapter of Mr. Froude's eloquent *History*, and get on with it so fluently, are like the snug old gentleman, travelling-capped, railway-rugged, great-coated and plaided, who leans back in the corner of the softly-cushioned carriage as it flits over Chat-moss; while the writer of the chapter is like George Stephenson, toiling month after month to make the track along which you speed, in the face of difficulties and discouragements which you never think of.

And so I say it may sometimes be somewhat easy and pleasant to write, but never so easy and pleasant as it is not to write. The odd thing, too, about the work of the pen is this: that it is often done best by the men who like it least and shrink from it most, and that it is often the most laborious writing along which the reader's mind glides most easily and pleasurably. It is not so in other matters. As the general rule, no man does well the work which he dislikes. No man will be a good preacher who dislikes preaching. No man will be a good anatomist who hates dissecting. Sir Charles Napier, it must be confessed, was a great soldier though he hated fighting; and as for writing, some men have been the best writers who hated writing, and who would never have penned a line but under the pressure of necessity. There is John Foster; what a great writer he was; and yet his biography tells us, in his own words, too, scores of times, how he shrunk away from the intense mental effort of composition; how he abhorred it and dreaded it, though he did it so admirably well. There is Coleridge: how that great mind ran to waste, because Coleridge shrunk from the painful labor of formal composition; and so *Christabel* must have remained unfinished, save for the eloquent labors of that greatest, wisest, most original, and least commonplace of men, Dr. Martin Farquhar Tupper: and so, instead of volumes of hoarded

wisdom and wit, we have but the fading remembrances of hours of marvellous talk. I do not by any means intend to assert that there are not worse things than work, even than very hard work; but I say that work, as work, is a bad thing. It may once have been otherwise, but the curse is in it now. We do it because we must; it is our duty; we live by it; it is the Creator's intention that we should; it makes us enjoy leisure and recreation and rest; it stands between us and the pure misery of idleness; it is dignified and honorable; it is the soil and the atmosphere in which grow cheerfulness, hopefulness, health of body and mind. But still, if we could get all these good ends without it, we should be glad. We do not care for exertion for its own sake. Even Mr. Kingsley does not love the north-east wind for itself, but because of the good things that come with it and from it. Work is not an end in itself. "The end of work," said Aristotle, "is to enjoy leisure;" or, as *The Minstrel* hath it, "the end and the reward of toil is rest." I do not wish to draw from too sacred a source the confirmation of these summer day fancies; but I think, as I write, of the descriptions which we find in a certain volume of the happiness of another world. Has not many an over-wrought and wearied-out worker found comfort in an assurance of which I shall here speak no further, that "There remaineth a rest to the people of God?"

And so, my reader, if it be true that nobody, anywhere, would (in his sober senses) work if he could help it, how especially true is that great principle on this beautiful July day! It is truly a day on which to do nothing. I am here, far in the country, and when I this moment went to the window, and looked out upon a rich summer landscape, every thing seemed asleep. The sky is sapphire-blue, without a cloud; the sun is pouring down a flood of splendor upon all things; there is not a breath stirring, hardly the twitter of a bird. All the air is filled with the fragrance of the young clover. The landscape is richly wooded; I never saw the trees more thickly covered with leaves, and now they are perfectly still. I am writing north of the Tweed, and the horizon is of blue hills, which some southrons would call mountains. The wheat-fields are beginning to have a little of the harvest-tinge, and they contrast beautifully with the deep green of

the hedge-rows. The roses are almost over, but I can see plenty of honeysuckle in the hedges still, and a perfect blaze of it has covered one projecting branch of a young oak. I am looking at a little well-shaven green (I shall not call it a lawn, because it is not one), it has not been mown for nearly a fortnight, and it is perfectly white with daisies. Beyond, at a very short distance, through the branches of many oaks, I can see a gable of the church, and a few large gravestones shining white among the green grass and leaves. I do not find all these things any great temptation now; for I have got interested in my work, and I like to write of them. But I found it uncommonly hard to sit down this morning to my work. Indeed, I found it impossible, and thus it is that at five o'clock P. M., I have got no further than the present line. I had quite resolved that this morning I would sit doggedly down to my article, in which I have really (though the reader may find it hard to believe it) got something to say; but when I walked out after breakfast, I felt that all nature was saying that this was not a day for work. Come forth and look at me, seemed the message breathed from her beautiful face. And then I thought of Wordsworth's ballad, which sets out so pleasing an excuse for idleness:—

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife,
Come, hear the woodland linnet!
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it."

"And hark! how bright the thristle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

"One impulse from a vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can!"

Just at my gate the man who keeps in order the roads of the parish was hard at work. How pleasant, I thought, to work amid the pure air and the sweet-smelling clover! And how pleasant, too, to have work to do of such a nature that when you go to it every morning you can make quite sure that, barring accident, you will accomplish a certain amount before the sun shall set; while as for the man whose work is that of the brain and the pen, he never can be certain in the morn-

ing how much his day's labor may amount to. He may sit down at his desk, spread out his paper, have his ink in the right place, and his favorite pen, and yet he may find that he cannot *get on*, that thoughts will not come, that his mind is utterly sterile, that he cannot see his way through his subject, or that if he can produce any thing at all it is poor miserable stuff whose poorness no one knows better than himself. And so, after hours of effort and discouragement, he may have to lay his work aside, having accomplished nothing, having made no progress at all—wearied, stupified, disheartened, thinking himself a mere blockhead. Thus musing, I approached the roadman. I inquired how his wife and children were. I asked how he liked the new cottage he had lately moved into. Well he said, but it was far from his work; he had walked eight miles and a half that morning to his work; he had to walk the same distance home again in the evening after laboring all day; and for this his wages were thirteen shillings a week, with a deduction for such days as he might be unable to work. He did not mention all this by way of complaint; he was comfortably off, he said; he should be thankful he was so much better off than many. He had got a little pony lately very cheap, which would carry himself and his tools to and from his employment, and that would be very nice. In all likelihood, my friendly reader, the roadman would not have been so communicative to you; but as for me, it is my duty and my happiness to be the sympathizing friend of every man, woman, and child in this parish, and it pleases me much to believe that there is no one throughout its little population who does not think of me and speak to me as a friend. I talked a little longer to the roadman about parish affairs. We mutually agreed in remarking the incongruous colors of a pair of ponies which passed in a little phaeton, of which one was cream-colored and the other dapple-grey. The phaeton came from a friend's house a little way off, and I wondered if it were going to the railway to bring some one who (I knew) was expected; for in such simple matters do we simple country folk find something to maintain the interest of life. I need not go on to describe what other things I did; how I looked with pleasure at a field of oats and another of potatoes in which I am concerned, and held several short

conversations with passers-by; but the result of the whole was a conviction that, after all, it was best to set to work at once, though well remembering how much by indoor work in the country on such a day as this one is missing. And the thought of the roadman's seventeen miles of walking, in addition to his day's work, was something of a reproof and a stimulus. And thus, determined at least to make a beginning, did I write this much *Concerning Work and Play*.

I find a great want in all that is written on the subject of recreation. People tell me that I need recreation, that I cannot do without it, that mind and body alike demand it. I know all that, but they do not tell me how to recreate myself. They fight shy of all practical details. Now it is just these I want. All working men must have play; but what sort of play can we have? I envy school-boys their facility of being amused, and of finding recreation which entirely changes the current of their thoughts. A boy flying his kite or whipping his top is pursued by no remembrance of the knotty line of Virgil which puzzled him a little while ago in school; but when the grown-up man takes his sober afternoon walk—perhaps the only relaxation which he has during the day—he is thinking still of the book which he is writing and of the cares which he has left at home. Then, and all the worse for myself, I can feel no interest in flying a kite, or rigging and sailing a little ship, or making a mill-wheel and setting it going, or in marbles, or ball, or running races, or playing at leap-frog. And even if they did feel interest in athletic sports, the lungs and sinews of most educated men of middle age would forbid their joining in them. I need not therefore suggest the doubt which would probably be cast upon a man's sanity were he found eagerly knuckling down (how stiff it would soon make him), or wildly chasing the flying football, or making a rush at a friend and taking a flying leap over his head. Now what recreation, I want to know, is open to the middle-aged man of literary tastes? Shooting, coursing, fishing, says one; but he does not care for shooting or coursing or fishing. Gardening, says another; but he does not care for gardening. Watching ferns, caterpillars, frogs, and other "common objects of the country;" well, but he lives in town, and if he did not he does not feel the least interest in ferns and cater-

pillars. Music is suggested; well, he has no great ear, and he may dwell where he can have little or none of it. Society! pray what is society? No doubt the conversation of intelligent men and women is a most grateful and stimulating recreation; but is there any recreation in dreary dinner-parties, where one listens to the twaddle of silly old gentlemen and emptier young ones, or in the hot-house atmosphere and crush of most evening parties? These are not play; they are very hard work, and a treadmill work producing no beneficial results, but rather provocative of all manner of ill-temperers. Then, no doubt, there is most agreeable recreation for some people in the excitement of a polka or gallop and its attendant light and cheerful talk, not to say flirtation; but then our representative man has got beyond these things: these are for young people—he is married now and sobered down; he probably was never the man to make himself eminently agreeable in such a scene, and he is less so now than ever. Besides, if play be something from which you are to return with renewed strength and interest to work, I doubt whether the ball-room is the place where it is to be found. Late hours, a feverish atmosphere, and excessive exercise, tend to morning slumbers, headaches, crossness, and laziness. To find dancing which answers the end of recreation, we must go to less fashionable places. I like the pictures which Goldsmith gives us of the sunny summer evenings of France, where the whole population of the village danced to his flute in the shade; and even the soured Childe Harold melted somewhat into sympathy with the Spanish peasants as they twirled their castanets in the twilight. Southey's picture is a pretty one, but its description sounds somewhat unreal:

"But peace was on the Cottage, and the fold
From Court intrigue, from bickering faction
far:

Beneath the chestnut tree love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose
the evening star!"

Nor let it be fancied that such a scene cannot be represented except in countries to which distance and strangeness give their interest. This very season, on a beautiful summer evening, I saw a happy party of eighty country folk dancing upon a greener little bit of turf than Goldsmith ever saw in France. And I wished such things were more com-

mon; though the grave Saxon spirit, equal to the enjoyment of such gaiety now and then, might perhaps flag under it did it come too often. But on the occasion to which I refer, there was no lack of innocent cheerfulness; the enjoyment seemed real; and though there were no castanets and no guitars, but a fiddle for music and reels for dances, there were as pretty faces and as graceful figures among the girls, I warrant, as you would find from the Rhine to the Pyrenees.

But, to resume the somewhat ravelled thread of our discussion,—if a man has come to this, that he can feel no interest in such recreations as those which we have mentioned, what is he to do? And let it be remembered that I am putting no fanciful case: be sorry, if you will, for the man who from taste and habit cannot be easily amused; but remember that such is the lot of a very large proportion of the intellectual laborers of the race. And what is such a man to do? After using his eyes and exerting his brain all the forenoon in reading and writing by way of work, must he just use his eyes and exert his brain all the evening in reading and writing by way of play? Has it come to this that he must find the only recreation that remains for him in the *Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and *Fraser's Magazine*? All these things are indeed excellent in their way. They relax and interest the mind: but then they wear out the eyes, they contract the chest, they render the muscles flabby, they ruin the ganglionic apparatus, they make the mind but unmake the body. Now, that will not do. Does nothing remain, in the way of play, but the afternoon walk or drive: the vacant period between dinner and tea, when no one works, notwithstanding Johnson's warning, that he who resolves that he cannot work between dinner and tea, will probably proceed to the conclusion that he cannot work between breakfast and dinner; a little quiet gossip with your wife, a little romping with your children, if you have a wife and children; and then back again to the weary books? Think of the elder Disraeli, who looked at printed pages so long, that by and by, wherever he looked, he saw nothing but printed pages, and then became blind. Think what poor specimens of the human animal, physically, many of our noblest and ablest men are. Do not men, by their beautiful, touching, and far-reaching thoughts, reach

the heart and form the mind of thousands, who could not run a hundred yards without panting for breath, who could not jump over a five-foot wall though a mad bull were after them, who could not dig in the garden for ten minutes without having their brain throbbing and their entire frame trembling, who could not carry in a sack of coals though they should never see a fire again, who could never find a day's employment as porters, laborers, grooms, or any thing but tailors? Educated and cultivated men, I tell you that you make a terrible mistake; and a mistake which, before the end of the twentieth century, will sadly deteriorate the Anglo-Saxon race. You make your recreation purely mental. You give a little play to your minds, after their day's work; but you give no play to your eyes, to your brains, to your hearts, to your digestion,—in short, to your bodies. And therefore you grow weak, unmuscular, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted, out-of-breath, neuralgic, pressure-on-the-brain, thin-haired men. And in time, not only does all the train of evils that follows your not providing proper recreation for your physical nature, come miserably to affect your spirits; but, besides that, it comes to jaundice and pervert and distort all your views of men and things. I have heard of those who, though suffering almost ceaseless pain, could yet think hopefully of the prospects of humanity, and take an unprejudiced view of some political question that appealed strongly to prejudice, and give kindly sympathy and sound advice to a poor man who came to seek advice in some little trouble which is great to him. But I fear that in the majority of instances, the human being whose liver is in a bad way, whose digestion is ruined, or even who is suffering from violent toothache, is prone to snub the servants, to box the children's ears, to think that Britain is going to destruction, and that the world is coming to an end.

It may be said, that the class of intellectual workers have their yearly holiday. When this article sees the light, it will be the middle of the "Long Vacation." And it is well, indeed, that most men whose work is brain-work have that blessed period of relief, wherein, amid the Swiss snows, or the Highland heather, or out upon the Mediterranean waves, they seek to re-invigorate the jaded body and mind, and to lay in a store of health and strength with which to face the winter

work again. But this is not enough. A man might just as well say that he would eat in August or September all the food which is to support him through the year, as think in that time to take the whole year's recreation, the whole year's play, in one *bonne bouche*. Recreation must be a daily thing. Every day must have its play, as well as its work. There is much sound, practical sense in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*; and nowhere sounder than where he tells us that in his model country he would have "half the day allotted for work, and half for honest recreation." Every day, bringing, as it does, work to every man who is worth his salt in this world, ought likewise to bring its play: play which will turn the thoughts into quite new and cheerful channels; which will recreate the body as well as the mind; and tell me, great Father of Waters, to whom Rasselas appealed upon a question of equal difficulty,—or tell me, anybody else, what that play shall be! Practically, in the case of most educated men, of most intellectual workers, heavy reading and writing stand for work, and light reading and writing stand for play.

I can well imagine what a delightful thing it must be for a toil-worn barrister to throw briefs, and cases, and reports aside, and quitting the pestilential air of Westminster Hall, laden with odors from the Thames which are not the least like those of Araby the Blest, to set off to the Highlands for a few weeks among the moors. No schoolboy at holiday-time is lighter-hearted than he, as he settles down into his corner in that fearfully fast express train on the Great Northern Railway. And when he reaches his box in the North at last, what a fresh and happy sensation it must be to get up in the morning in that pure, unbreathed air, with the feeling that he has nothing to do,—nothing, at any rate, except what he chooses; and after the deliberately-eaten breakfast, to saunter forth with the delightful sense of leisure,—to think that he has time to breathe and think after the ceaseless hurry of the past months,—and to think that nothing will go wrong although he should sit down on the mossy parapet of the little one-arched bridge that spans the brawling mountain-stream, and there rest, and muse, and dream just as long as he likes. Two or three such men come to this neighborhood yearly; and I enjoy the sight of them, they look so happy. Every little thing, if they indeed be

genial, true, unstiffened men, is a source of interest to them. The total change makes them grow rapturous about matters which we, who are quite accustomed to them, take more coolly. I think, when I look at them, of the truthful lines of Gray:

"See the wretch, that long has tost,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Equidem invideo, a little. I feel somewhat vexed when I think how much more beautiful these pleasant scenes around me really are, than what, by any effort, I can make them seem to me. You hard-wrought town folk, when you came to rural regions, have the advantage of us leisurely country people.

But, much as that great Queen's Counsel enjoys his long vacation's play, you see it is not enough. Look how thin his hair is, how pale his cheeks are, how fleshless those long fingers, how unmuscular those arms. What he needs, in addition to the autumn holiday, is some *bond fide* play every day of his life. What is his amusement when in town? Why, mainly it consists of going into society, where he gains nothing of elasticity and vigor, but merely injures his digestive organs. Why does he not rather have half an hour's lively bodily exercise,—rowing, or quoits, or tennis, or skating, or any thing he may have taste for? And if it be foolish to take all the year's play at once, as so many intellectual workers think to do, much more foolish is it to keep all the play of life till the work is over: to toil and moil at business through all the better years of our time in this world, in the hope that at length we shall be able to retire from business, and make the evening of life all holiday, all play. In all likelihood the man who takes this course will never retire at all, except into an untimely grave; and if he should live to reach the long-coveted retreat, he will find that all play and no work makes life quite as wearisome and as little enjoyable as all work and no play. *Ennui* will make him miserable; and body and mind, deprived of their wonted occupation, will soon break down. After very hard and long-continued work, there is indeed a pleasure in merely sitting still and doing nothing. But

after the feeling of pure exhaustion is gone, that will not suffice. A boy enjoys play, but he is miserable in enforced idleness. In writing about retiring from the task-work of life, one naturally thinks of that letter to Wordsworth, in which Charles Lamb told what he felt when he was finally emancipated from his drudgery in the India House:

"I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, and feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings."

There are unhappy beings in the world, who secretly stand in fear of all play, on the hateful and wicked notion, which I believe some men regard as being of the essence of Christianity, though in truth it is its contradiction, that every thing pleasant is sinful,—that God dislikes to see his creatures cheerful and happy. I think it is the author of *Friends in Council* who says something to the effect, that many people, infected with that Puritan falsehood, slink about creation, afraid to confess that they ever are enjoying themselves.

But there is another class of mortals, who are free from the Puritan principle, and who have no objection to amusement for themselves, but who seem to have no notion that their inferiors and their servants ought ever to do anything but work. The reader will remember the fashionable governess in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, who insisted that only genteel children should ever be permitted to play. The well-known lines of Dr. Isaac Watts,—

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,—"

were applicable, she maintained, only to the children of families of the wealthier sort: while for poor children there must be a new reading, which she improvised as follows:—

"In work, work, work. In work alway,
Let my first years be past:
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last."

And as for domestic servants, poor creatures, I fear there is many a house in which there is no provision whatever made for play for them. There can be no drearier round of life than that to which their employers destine them. From the moment they rise, hours before any member of the family to the moment when they return to bed, it is one constant push of sordid labor,—often in chambers to which air and light and cheerfulness can never come. And if they ask a rare holiday, what a fuss is made about it! Now, what is the result of all this? Some poor solitary beings do actually sink into the spiritless drudges which such a life tends to make them: but the greater number feel that they cannot live with all work and no play: and as they cannot get play openly, they get it secretly: they go out at night when you, their mistress, are asleep; or they bring in their friends at those unreasonable hours: they get that amusement and recreation on the sly, and with the sense that they are doing wrong and deceiving, which they ought to be permitted to have openly and honestly; and thus you break down their moral principle, you train them to cheat you, you educate them into liars and thieves. Of course your servants thus regard you as their natural enemy: it is fair to take any advantage you can of a gaoler: you are their task-imposer, their driver, their gaoler,—anything but their friend; and if they can take advantage of you in any way, they will. And serve you right.

I have known injudicious clergymen who did all they could to discourage the games and sports of their parishioners. They could not prevent them; but one thing they did,—they made them disreputable. They made sure that the poor man who ran in a sack, or climbed a greased pole, felt that thereby he was forfeiting his character, perhaps imperiling his salvation: and so he thought that having gone so far, he might go the full length: and thus he got drunk, got into a fight, thrashed his wife, smashed his crockery, and went to the lock-up. How much better it would have been had the clergyman sought to regulate these amusements; and since they *would* go on, try to make sure that they should go creditably and decently. Thus, poor folk might have been cheerful without having their conscience stinging them all the time: and let it be remembered, that if you pervert a man's moral sense (which you may

quite readily do with the uneducated classes) into fancying that it is wicked to use the right hand or the right foot, while the man still goes on using the right hand and the right foot, you do him an irreparable mischief: you bring on a temper of moral recklessness: and help him a considerable step towards the gallows. Since people must have amusement, and will have amusement; for any sake do not get them to think that amusement is wicked. You cannot keep them from finding recreation of some sort: you may drive them to find it at a lower level, and to partake of it soured by remorse, and by the wretched resolution that they will have it right or wrong. Instead of anathematizing all play, sympathize with it genially and heartily; and say, with kind-hearted old Burton—

“Let the world have their may-games, wakes, whitsunals; their dancings and their concerts; their puppet-shows, hobby-horses, tabors, bag-pipes, balls, barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion.”

Let it be here remarked, that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Playtime must come after schooltime, otherwise it loses its savour. Play, after all, is a relative thing: it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it: put white upon black and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing: you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is “used up;” it

takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate: you might as well think to prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that *blasé* being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And *that*, certainly, has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old Frenchwoman was drinking when she said, "Oh, that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"

So it is worth while to work, if it were only that we might enjoy play. Thus doth Mr. Heliogabalus my next neighbor, who is a lazy man and an immense glutton, walk four miles every afternoon of his life. It is not that he hates exertion less, but that he loves dinner more; and the latter cannot be enjoyed unless the former is endured. And the man whose disposition is the idlest may be led to labor when he finds that labor is his only chance of finding any enjoyment in life. James Montgomery sums up much truth in a couple of lines in his *Pelican Island*, which run thus:—

"Labor, the symbol of man's punishment;
Labor, the secret of man's happiness."

Why on earth do people think it fine to be idle and useless? Fancy a drone superciliously desiring a working bee to stand aside, and saying, "Out of the way, you miserable drudge; I never made a drop of honey in all my life;" I have observed, too, that some silly people are ashamed that it should be known that they are so useful as they really are, and take pains to represent themselves as as more helpless, ignorant, and incapable than the fact. I have heard a weak old lady boast that her grown-up daughters were quite unable to fold up their own dresses; and that as for ordering dinner they had not a notion of such a thing. This and many similar particulars were stated with no small exultation, and that by a person far from rich and equally far from aristocratic. "What a silly old woman you are, was my silent reflection: "and if your daughters really are what you represent them, woe betide the poor man who shall marry one of the incapable young noodles." Give me the man, I say, who can turn his hand to all things, and who is not ashamed to confess that he can do so: who can preach a sermon, nail up a paling, prune a fruit tree, make a water-wheel or a kite for his little boy, write an article for *Fraser* or a leader for the *Times* or the *Spectator*. What a fine, genial, many-sided life did Sydney Smith lead at his York-

shire parish! I should have liked, I own, to have found in it more traces of the clergyman; but perhaps the biographer thought it better not to parade these. And in the regard of facing all difficulties with a cheerful heart, and nobly resolving to be useful and helpful in little matters as well as big, I think that life was as good a sermon as ever was preached from pulpit.

I have already said, in the course of this rambling discussion, that recreation must be such as shall turn the thoughts into a new channel, otherwise it is no recreation at all. And walking, which is the most usual physical exercise, here completely fails. Walking has grown by long habit a purely automatic act, demanding no attention: we think all the time we are walking; Southey even read while he took his daily walk. But Southey's story is a fearful warning. It will do a clergyman no good whatever to leave his desk and to go forth for his *constitutional*, if he is still thinking of his sermon, and trying to see his way through the treatment of his text. You see in Gray's famous poem how little use is the mere walk to the contemplative man, how thoroughly it falls short of the end of play. You see how the hectic lad who is supposed to have written the *Elegy* employed himself when he wandered abroad:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love."

That was the fashion in which the poor fellow took his daily recreation and exercise! His mother no doubt packed him out to take a bracing walk; she ought to have set him to saw wood for the fire, or to dig in the garden, or to clean the door-handles if he had muscle for nothing more. These things would have distracted his thoughts from their grand flights, and prevented his mooning about in that listless manner. Of course while walking he was bothering away about the poetical trash he had in his desk at home; and as he knocked up his ganglionic functions, he encouraged tubercles on his lungs, and came to furnish matter for the "hoary-headed swain's" narrative, the silly fellow!

Riding is better than walking, especially if you have rather a skittish steed, who compels you to attend to him on pain of being landed in the ditch, or sent, meteor-like, over the hedge. The elder Disraeli has preserved the memory of the diversions in which various hard thinkers found relaxation. Petavius, who wrote a deeply learned book, which I never saw, and which no one I ever saw ever heard of, twirled round his chair for five minutes every two hours that he was at work. Samuel Clark used to leap over the tables and chairs. It was a rule which Ignatius Loyola imposed on his followers, that after two hours of work, the mind should always be unbent by some recreation. Every one has heard of Paley's remarkable feats of rapid horsemanship. Hundreds of times did that great man fall off. The Sultan Mahomet, who conquered Greece, unbent his mind by carving wooden spoons. In all these things you see, kindly reader, that true recreation was aimed at: that is, entire change of thought and occupation. Izaak Walton, again, who sets forth so pleasantly the praise of angling as "the Contemplative Man's Recreation," wrongly thinks to recommend the gentle craft by telling us that the angler may think all the while he plies it. I do not care for angling; I never caught a minnow; but still I joy in good old Izaak's pleasant pages, like thousands who do not care a pin for fishing, but who feel it like a cool retreat into green fields and trees to turn to his genial feeling and hearty pictures of quiet English scenery. He, however, had a vast opinion of the joys of angling in a pleasant country: only let him go quietly a-fishing:—

"And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again."

And he repeats with much approval the sentiments of "Jo. Davors, Esq.," in whose lines we may see much more of scenery than of the actual fishing:—

"Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink,
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace:
And on the world and my Creator think:
While some men strive ill-gotten goods to
embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

"Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,

Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil;
Purple narcissus like the morning's rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.

"All these, and many more of His creation,
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth
see;

Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they
be!

Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free:
And while he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky."

Who shall say that the *terzarima* stanza was not written in English fluently and gracefully, before the days of Whistlecraft and *Don Juan*?

If thou desirest, reader, to find a catalogue of sports from which thou mayest select that which likes thee best, turn up Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; or Joseph Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*. There mayest thou read of *Rural Exercises practised by Persons of Rank*, of *Rural Exercises Generally Practised*: (note how ingeniously Strutt puts the case: he does not say practised by Snobs, or the Lower Orders, or the Mobocracy). Next are *Pastimes Exercised in Towns and Cities*; and finally, *Domestic Amusements, and Pastimes Appropriated to Particular Seasons*. Were it not that my paper is verging to its close, I could surprise thee with a vast display of curious erudition; but I must content myself with having laid down the conditions which all true play must fulfil; and let every man choose the kind of play which hits his peculiar taste. There never has been in England any lack of sports in nominal existence: I heartily wish they were all (except the cruel ones of baiting and torturing animals) still kept up. The following lines are from a little book published in the reign of James I.:—

"Man, I dare challenge thee to Throw the
Sledge,

To Jump or Leape over ditch or hedge:
To Wrestle, play at Stoolball, or to Runne,
To Pitch the Barre, or shoote off a Gunne:
To play at Loggets, Nine Holes, or Ten
Pinnes,

To try it out at Football by the shinaes:
At Ticktack, Irish Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe,
At Hot Cockles, Leapfrog, or Blindmanbuffe:
To drink half-pots, or deale at the whole
canne,

To play at Base, or Pen and Ynkhorne Sir
Jan:

To daunce the Morris, play at Barley-breake,
At all employtes a man can think or speak:

At Shove-Groate, Venterpoynt, or Crosse and
Pile,

At Beshrow him that's last at yonder Style :
At leaping o'er a Midsommer-bon-fier,
Or at the Drawing Dun out of the Myer."

In most agricultural districts it is wonderful how little play there is in the life of the laboring class. Well may the agricultural laborer be called a "working-man," for truly he does little else than work. His eating and sleeping are cut down to the *minimum* that shall suffice to keep him in trim for working. And the consequence is, that when he does get a holiday, he does not know what to make of himself; and in too many cases he spends it in getting drunk. I know places where the working men have no idea of any play, of any recreation, except getting drunk. And if their over-wrought wives, who must nurse five or six children, prepare the meals, tidy the house,—in fact, do the work which occupies three or four servants in the house of the poorest gentleman,—if the poor over-wrought creatures can contrive to find a blink of leisure through their waking hours, they know how to make no nobler use of it than to gossip, rather ill-naturedly, about their neighbors' affairs, and especially to discuss the domestic arrangements of the squire and the parson. Working men and women too frequently have forgotten how to play. It is so long since they did it, and they have so little heart for it. And God knows that the pressure of constant care, and the wolf kept barely at arm's length from the door, do leave little heart for it. O wealthy proprietors of land, you who have so much in your power, try to infuse something of joy and cheerfulness into the lot

of your humble neighbors! Read and ponder the essay and the conversation on *Recreation*, which you will find in the first volume of *Friends in Council*. And read again, I trust for the hundredth time, the poem from which I quote the lines which follow. Let me say here, that I verily believe some of my readers will not know the source whence I draw these lines. More is the shame: but longer experience of life is giving me a deep conviction of the astonishing ignorance of my fellow-creatures. I shall not tell them. They shall have the mortification of asking their friends the question. Only let it be added, that the poem where the passage stands, contains others more sweet and touching by far,—so sweet and touching that in all the range of English poetry they have never been surpassed.

"How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down,—
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,—

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,

These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please."

THE BIBLE IN ITALY.—A letter from Rome says:—"A certain Count Gaddi-Ercolani was some time back arrested in this city, as already stated, and imprisoned. Long comments were made on the subject; but it now appears that it is a religious affair, the Count having been guilty of lending to some persons the Protestant translation of the Scriptures, known in Italy by the name of the Diodati Bible. A certain Abbé Masi is said to have been arrested at San Stefano, a pretty village in the mountains of the Sabina, for having lent or sold some copies of this same Bible."

BABYHOOD.—We are profoundly convinced

that the first year of a child's life is the most tremendously important of any succeeding twelvemonth, though the creature shall number threescore and ten. Consider the blank sheet of paper with which the head of every baby, according to the philosopher, is lined. Think of it, and shudder when you see nurses and nursemaids writing their pothooks and hangers upon it, as though they wrote with rolling-pins, or, a. the best, wooden skewers! Poor human papyrus! How many after-scratchings and cuttlefish-rubbings it shall take to scratch and rub out the marks—that, after all, may never wholly be effaced, but remain dingy and dark under snow-white hairs!—Jerrold.

From Household Words.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THERE are two kinds of electricity; the one vitreous or positive, the other resinous or negative; and both kinds are produced in the atmosphere by various causes; chiefly by evaporation. We may form a slight idea of the extent of evaporation carried on over the whole globe—over all the rivers and lakes and seas, the stagnant pools and latent moisture, the hidden springs and boundless oceans—when we remember that three hundred millions of hogsheads of water rise daily into vapor over the Mediterranean alone. By condensation, or the change which that evaporated vapor undergoes when returning to a fluid state through decrease of temperature; by vegetation, by combustion, and by friction. This last arises when masses of air, moving in contrary directions, encounter each other. The friction of their surfaces develops electricity, which is especially active when these masses differ in degrees of moisture and temperature; the cold developing negative, and the warm positive, electricity. The friction of the wind as it passes over trees, houses, mountains, and other high objects, is also held to set free the electricity of the atmosphere; so that we can understand why thunderstorms should be almost always accompanied by strong winds, and should rarely or never occur in perfectly still weather.

Clouds charged with electricity of one kind meet and coalesce in good fellowship enough; but, when those which bear a different kind meet together, a violent shock is the consequence. Rains are formed by the meeting of different winds, as thunder-storms by the contact of opposing electricities. A warm soft air, charged with moisture, meets with a cold wind direct from the polar regions. The cold north wind condenses and globulates the vapor, which falls to earth in the form of Scotch mists or showers.

First, before a storm arises, is seen the cirrus; that, light, fibrous curl-like cloud which stretches in undulating waves or long lines over the sky, sometimes curling out like the lightest and most graceful feathers, or like the sweeping grain of knotted woods. This broadens out into the cirro-cumulus, or sonder cloud; those little round masses which lie near together but yet separate, and give the mottled or speckled skies which are so beautiful in summer afternoons when they

bode no mischief and contain no evil. Then the cirro-cumulus gathers itself into the cumulus proper, or strachen-cloud—large heaped-up masses that look like carved marble or sun-covered boulders in the deep blue sky—those dazzling white day clouds which children gaze at wonderingly as if they were solid masses built up in the heavens, and which even older brains can scarcely credit to be mere imponderable vapor. These are the forerunners of the storm-cloud; that dark, grey, rugged mass, with its sharp and jagged edges, from which stream down both health and destruction to the world below; that cloud, darker and more threatening than the nimbus or rain-cloud, with which people, who are not good observers, so often confound it.

Storms never come from the perfectly uniform and regular clouds which sometimes cover all the sky. Storm clouds have always torn and angry edges, as one would expect from them, fierce and riving as they are—instruments of death, and among Natures earliest embodiments of rage and devastation. Storms are many patterned. Franklin says that a thunder-storm never comes from one cloud only, and Saussure agrees with him; but other meteorologists (notably, Bergman and Duchamel de Monceau, good names enough) assert the contrary; and Marcovelle states, that on the twelfth of September, seventeen hundred and forty-seven, the sky at Toulouse was perfectly clear, except for one little cloud, from which suddenly burst a thunderbolt that killed a woman named Bordenave as she stood before the house. If that unhappy femme Bordenave bore but an indifferent character—if sorcery and the black art were included among her gifts—we may be sure how the occasion was improved by all the anti-witchcraft world; and how an inevitable natural law was translated into a signal act of Divine vengeance, calculated to strike terror into the hearts of all the sabbet-haunters, loup-garous, broomstick-riders, black cat keepers, and familiar nourishers in Toulouse.

As storms always commence with the accumulation of the cirrus-cloud, and as the cirrus-cloud floats very high, it follows that storms are generally very high above the earth.—Kaemtzt, one of the greatest meteorologists, doubts all the travellers' tales which set forth how they, the travellers, journeying over the Alps and the Brocken have seen storms forming below them. Yet Monsieur Abbadie

found in Ethiopia that an October storm was only about two hundred and thirty-three yards above the earth; but the highest which he noted was one in February, at about two thousand two hundred and forty yards, or about a mile and a quarter. As sound travels three hundred and seventy-five yards per second, the distance of time elapsing between the flash and the report may be taken as a basis for calculation by any one with nerve sufficient to time a thunder storm by the minute hand of his watch.

Pliny says it never thunders in Egypt. Plutarch that it never thunders in Abyssinia. We know now that both of these assertions are mistakes, though indeed Egypt is singularly exempt from frequency of storm; for storms are correspondent with rains, and as it seldom rains in Egypt, thunders and lightnings are equally rare. It never rains in Lower Peru, or so rarely as to be outside all meteorological consideration; consequently, say at Lima, storms of thunder and lightning are as little known as hurricanes of wind and rain. Storms are also rare at the North Pole, and never occur in mid-seas, at a certain distance from land. The rainy days at Cairo are only three or four in the year, the storm days are about the same number. At Calcutta the average of storm days is sixty, and everywhere a broad parallel is kept; so that where there is most rain there is also most thunder and lightning. Storms come at the same times and seasons, and with striking regularity. In the tropics they accompany the wet seasons and the change of the monsoons: at Calcutta, with its sixty days of storm, not one occurs in November, December, or January: at Martinique and Guadaloupe none are known in December, January, February, or March. In mean latitudes very few storms occur in winter and only a few in the hottest days of spring and autumn: more than one half come in summer and generally in the day—rarely at night either in the tropics or in the temperate zones. But the rule of summer storms does not hold absolutely for all places; for on the western coast of America and the eastern shores of the Adriatic more occur in winter than in summer; in Greece more in autumn and spring; in Rome there is no difference between summer and autumn; at Bergen and at the Azores where there are winter rains they are most frequent in the cold and rainy weather; at Kingston in Ja-

maica, it thunders every day for five consecutive months though the adjacent islands are tranquil; also at Popayan in Columbia, during a certain season, there is thunder every day.

Woods, mountains, and broken land, cause and attract storms; but their frequency is not always referable to the configuration of a district. At Paris, for instance, the average number of thunder-days is fourteen; and Paris is not on a dead level; while at Denainvilliers, between Orleans and Pithiviers, one of the flattest districts possible, the average is raised to twenty one. Other atmospheric causes, then, must be in operation which are not yet made fully manifest, and which remain to be investigated.

There are three kinds of lightning, says Monsieur Arago: forked, sheet, and spherical. Forked lightning comes in very slender flashes, generally white, but is sometimes blue or violet colored. Fine as these flashes are, they often divide into three or more branches: as, when in seventeen hundred and eighteen, twenty-four churches were struck in the environs of Saint Pol de Léon, but only three peals of thunder were heard. The flashes of forked lightning are most destructive. They are nowhere seen to more terrible perfection than when lighting up the dark ravines and black precipices of a mountainous district. Even in England, among the Cumberland mountains, the thunder-storms have a majesty and awful sublimity which no dweller on the plains can understand. Sheet lightning is comparatively harmless. Some of those thunderless summer lightnings are distant sheet lightnings, too distant to allow of the thunder, which yet exists, being heard. Dark red, blue, or violet are the principal colors of this form of electricity, which has neither the whiteness nor the swiftness of the forked. Spherical lightnings are what are called vulgarly, thunderbolts; luminous masses, or fiery globes, which descend slowly to the earth, and make lightning conductors useless. On the night of the fourteenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighteen, Deslandes saw three globes of fire fall on the church of Couesnon near Brest, and destroy it utterly; and, on the third of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-five, during the height of a thunder-tempest, an enormous globe of fire fell, and killed a shepherd and five sheep. This was not so terrible, though, as the Ethiopian

storm, reported by Abbaddie, which destroyed two thousand goats and the goatherd by one single flash. We quote these assertions modestly, if somewhat doubtfully; not presuming to place a limit to the wonderful forces of nature, of which the more we learn the less we seem to know, yet expressing ourselves humbly on the uncertainty of testimony, and the proneness to exaggeration common to humanity. The balance between scepticism and credulity is the most difficult of all balances to hold evenly.

Those summer lightnings, of which we have spoken have been taken by some to mean essentially harmless interchanges of electricity; the atmosphere seeking its own electrical equilibrium. But it will generally (not always) be found that, during their appearance, there has been a storm somewhere on earth, where, what was but lambent summer lightning to the far-off spectator, has proved to be deadly destructive fire to some hapless dweller underneath. In a July night of seventeen hundred and eighty-three, De Saussure, at the Hôpital de Grimsel, under a calm, clear sky, saw in the direction of Geneva, a thick band of clouds, which gave out thunderless lightnings. This was but summer lightning to him; but the Genevese were suffering all the horrors and ravages of a storm such as the oldest inhabitant had never witnessed. And in eighteen hundred and thirteen, Howard, at Tottenham, saw, on the south-east horizon, and under a clear starry sky, some pale summer lightnings, which proved afterwards to be a violent storm raging between Calais and Dunkerque. The question of distant storms, and how far the reflection of them could be possibly visible, and whether this sheet or summer lightning necessarily always argued a distant storm, was being once discussed at the philosophical society of Geneva. When the meeting broke up, the southern horizon was illuminated with the very form of lightning under dispute. Some days after, the newspapers spoke of a violent storm in the Pays de Vaud, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria; which seemed conclusive enough as to how far reflection could be carried, if not as to the universally uniform character of distant sheet lightning. For there are in truth, such things as thunderless summer lightnings; lightnings without storms and without dangers; and as frequent under the tropics as in our own temperate latitudes.

There is probably, and more than probably, thunder with these flashes, but at too great a height from us to be heard. Besides, the higher the atmosphere, the more rarified it becomes, and the more rarified the medium, the less intensity there is of sound; but we can scarcely imagine that lightnings can be interchanged without any accompanying report, or that a certain law of nature can be contravened, without the intervention of any higher agency, or the interruption of an opposing law.

There being lightnings without thunder, so there are thunders without lightning. Volney, among many other witnesses of similar phenomena, speaks of violent thunderings one morning at Pontchartrain, under a clear sky, and without lightning; but in a quarter of an hour the heavens clouded thickly over, and a heavy hailstorm fell, the stones as big as his fist. The longest thunder-roll (which seem so interminable to those who are nervous during storms) lasts only from thirty-five to fifty seconds; and the space of time between the roll and the flash varies according to distance, from five, four, three, and even half a second, to forty-two, forty-seven, forty-nine, and seventy-two seconds. But the half-second interval is very rare, and only found in storms of the closest and most violent character. We need scarcely add, that the nearer a storm, the more dangerous. Also, the higher the body, the more likely it is to be struck; as, for instance, all mountains, trees, high buildings, and, in the midst of a plain, men and animals. Trees, bushes, and buildings, are peculiarly lightning conductors, and specially liable to be struck. For this reason it is wise to avoid the neighborhood of trees during a storm; not even trusting to the old poetic legend of the exemption of all the laurel tribe, for love of one fair Daphne; nor to Hugh Maxwell's assertion that the beech, maple, and birch, are anticonductors, like that classic laurel; nor to Captain Dibden's belief in pines; nor in fact, to any private or personal favorite among forest-trees or shrubs; for they are all equally dangerous to human neighbors during a storm, and equally powerful conductors: their power varying only as they are taller or more humid than their fellows.

Thunderbolts have special attractions to certain places as well as to certain objects. No one in New Granada, says Monsieur Ar-

ago, willingly inhabits El Sitio de Tumba Barreto, near the gold mine of the Vega de Supia, because of the frequency of thunderbolts there. Even while Monsieur Boussingault was crossing El Sitio, the black who guided him was struck by lightning. La Loma de Pitago, near Popayan, is another locality of doubtful electric fame. A young botanist, Monsieur Plancheman, was determined to cross La Loma on a stormy day, in spite of all remonstrances, and was struck dead by a thunderbolt. On the twenty-ninth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-three, a thunderbolt struck the bell-tower of a certain church near Laval, and, entering the church, caused great damage; on the twentieth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-four, a thunderbolt struck the same bell-tower, entered the church, and melted the same gilding, blackened the same holy vessels, and in the very same spot as the preceding year, made anew two holes which had been filled up. There is no more striking instance on record of the uniform action of natural laws than this. We believe, too, that any inhabitant of a mountainous district could bear out our own assertion and observation, that where once a thunderbolt had been seen to fall, or forked lightning to strike, there surely would the same accidents occur during the worst storms of succeeding years. We may be certain that there is no such thing as chance in nature. Chance is simply our ignorance which cannot foresee necessary consequences, because it does not understand the foregoing laws; there is no such thing as blind unmeaning hazard, without necessity, or without law.

Chemical, mechanical, and physical effects, follow on electrical phenomena; which, any one may see repeated, on a minute scale, by an electrical machine. Lightning melts and vitrifies masses of rock, sometimes covering them with a yellowish-green enamel, studded with opaque or semi-transparent lumps. But it has never been known to melt any metallic substance of a certain thickness. Watch springs, small chains, points, and parts of swords and daggers, fine lines or threads of metal, or thin layers and washes, these have been known to have been thoroughly melted by a lightning stroke. Larger masses, heavy chains, and the like, have been softened, and bent, and twisted, but not melted.

Beyond the thunderbolts of ordinary talk—which mean simply lightning flashes that strike the earth—there are real and actual thunderbolts found in several parts of the globe; ponderable and tangible bodies; masses filled inside with a smooth and brilliant glass, something like vitreous opal, which cuts glass and strikes fire by a steel. These bodies have been subjected to an ignominious disclaimer, Monsieur Hagen, of Konigsberg, came forward as their demonstrator. During a storm at Rauschen, a thunderbolt fell on a birch-tree, leaving two narrow and deep cavities in the ground near the tree. Monsieur Hagen, digging very carefully round one of these cavities came upon a perfect thunderbolt: a pearly grey, vitreous mass covered with small black spots. The wonderful chemical changes and decompositions which electricity makes in all organic bodies are too technical and too numerous for description here.

The mechanical effects of electricity are tremendous. Trees torn up by their roots, large masses of rock hurled great distances, houses flung to the ground like packs of children's cards, roofs, and walls, and furniture strewn in a helpless medley together, are a few of the ordinary mechanical effects of lightning when it strikes any thing on earth. Under the physical effects are ranged the carbonisation or burning of combustible bodies; the wonderful manner in which trees are sometimes barked, and the wood rendered friable, and like dust; in animals, the loss of sight and hearing; paralysis, and apoplexy; though this last group ought rightly to be ranked under vital or pathological effects.

The most terrible storm on record is, perhaps one which occurred at the small village of Châteauneuf les Moustiers, in the department of the Basses-Alpes. During service, the village church was struck by three masses of fire, falling in succession. Nine people were killed, eighty-two were wounded; all had paralysed limbs, as well as other maladies. The curé of Moustiers, who had come over to assist at mass, was found, after the first confusion had subsided, lifeless, scarred with numerous surface wounds, and paralysed. His garments were torn, the gold lace of his stole melted, and the silver buckles of his shoes broken and thrown to the other end of the church. It was with great difficulty that he was recovered, but he suffered from his

wounds for two long months, during which time he never slept; and his arms were paralysed for ever. The church was filled with a thick black smoke through which the only light to be seen was from the flaming of the burning clothes of the poor creatures struck. A young child was torn from its mother's arms, and flung about six paces from her; a youth, at that moment chanting the epistle, felt as if seized by the throat, and then was flung outside the church door; the missal was torn from his hands and riven to pieces. All the dogs in the church were killed as they lay or stood; and the officiating priest alone clothed in silk, received no hurt. The dogs were all killed, as we said, for lightning strikes animals in preference to men; and numberless instances are to be met with of animals which have been struck and human beings left harmless, in a storm, though, perhaps, the horse has had a rider, the ox a driver, the cow a milker, and the dog a master in the act of caressing him, as the lightning fell. Nothing indeed is so inexplicable to us as the choice which the lightning seems to make. Among a crowd of persons perhaps one or two will be struck and the rest saved; between two, one will lie dead not five feet from the other left unharmed. In a stable where there were thirty-two horses in a line, those at the two extremities only were touched. The lightning passed innocuous over the intervening thirty. This was at Rambouillet, in seventeen hundred and eighty-five; and, in eighteen hundred and eight, at Cronan in Switzerland, five children were sitting in a row on a bench, when a thunderstorm broke out and a flash of lightning killed the first and the last, leaving the centre three unhurt, beyond a somewhat rough shaking. And of five horses in a line, the first and last two were killed, while the middle one, an old blind Dobbin, eat his hay without molestation. But this is a well known electric law, if not a well understood one; the first and last in a chain always feeling the shock the most powerfully, while in a metallic tube there is always most damage and most impression where the lightning or electric current has made its ingress and egress.

A thunderbolt falling in a powder magazine, sometimes simply scatters the powder about, without setting it on fire, as happened at Rouen, on November the fifth, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, and at Venice, on the

eleventh of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five. But this is as rare as it is incredible. Most frequently the powder is set alight, and the whole place is blown into the air. There was a fearful instance of this at Brescia, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, when lightning, falling on a powder magazine, containing above two millions of pounds of gunpowder, belonging to Venice, the magazine exploded, and the sixth part of Brescia was destroyed by the shock; the rest of the city being much shaken and damaged; and above three thousand people killed.

Photographers may recognise in the following anecdotes a greater graphic power in the violent action of lightning than in that of still light. In September, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the brigantine *Il Buon Servo*, anchored in the bay of Armiro, in the Adriatic, was struck by lightning. Ionian-like a horseshoe was nailed to the mizen-mast; and at the foot of this mast sat Antonio Teodoro, patching his shirt. The lightning fell, and the man was killed on the spot; killed without wounding or burning, only his needle found stuck into his thigh, and down his back a light black and blue mark, ending in the figure of the horseshoe nailed to the mast.

A brigantine belonging to a Doctor Micapolulo was struck in the Zantian roads. Five sailors were at the prow; two asleep, three awake. The clothes of two of the men were set on fire; a third lost every hair on his body, save on his head; and a fourth was killed as he lay sleeping. He was lying on his back, and when stripped, they found on his left side the number forty-four distinctly marked,—a mark not there previously; and which was of the size and likeness as the same number in metal marked on the rigging of the ship, and which the lightning had touched in its course.

In the archives of the Académie des Sciences for eighteen hundred and forty-seven, where the preceding anecdote is also preserved, it is related how a certain Dame Morosa de Laguna was seated at her window during a heavy storm. She felt a sudden shock, as a flash more vivid than the rest blinded her; but she soon recovered, and no ill effect followed. The image of a flower, which had been passed over by the electric current, was perfectly and distinctly printed on her leg; and she never lost the mark to the last day of her life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LAZARO'S LEGACY.

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

BY COLONEL E. B. HAMLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE note-book of my grandfather, Major Flinders, contains much matter relative to the famous siege of Gibraltar, and he seems to have kept an accurate and minute journal of such of its incidents as came under his own observation. Indeed, I suspect the historian Drinkwater must have had access to it, as I frequently find the same notabilia chronicled in pretty much the same terms by both these learned Thebans. But while Drinkwater confines himself mostly to professional matters—the state of the fortifications, nature of the enemy's fire, casualties to the soldiery, and the like—and seldom introduces an anecdote interesting to the generality of readers without apologising for such levity, my grandfather's sympathies seem to have been engrossed by the sufferings of the inhabitants deprived of shelter, as well as of sufficient food, and helplessly witnessing the destruction of their property. Consequently, his journal, though quite below the dignity of history, affords, now and then, a tolerably graphic glimpse of the beleaguered town.

From the discursive and desultory nature of the old gentleman's style, as before hinted, it would be vain to look for a continuous narrative in his journal, even if it contained materials for such. But here and there a literary Jack Horner might extract a plum or two from the vast quantity of dough—of reflections, quotations, and all manner of irrelevant observations, surrounding them. The following incidents, which occurred at the most interesting period of the long and tedious siege, appear to me to give a fair idea of some of the characteristics of the time, and of the personages who figured in it; and accordingly, after subjecting them to a process analogous to gold-washing, I present them to the reader.

After a strict blockade of six months, reducing the garrison to great extremity for want of provisions, Gibraltar was relieved by Sir George Rodney, who landed a large quantity of stores. But about a year after his departure, no further relief having reached them except casual supplies from trading vessels that came at a great risk to the Rock, their exigencies were even worse than before. The issue of provisions was limited in quan-

tity, and their price so high, that the families, even of officers, were frequently in dismal straits. This has given rise to a wooden joke of my grandfather's, who although he seldom ventures on any deliberate facetiousness, has entitled the volume of his journal relating to this period of the siege, *The Straits of Gibraltar*. He seems to have estimated the worth of his wit by its rarity, for the words appear at the top of every page.

The 11th of April 1781 being Carlota's birthday, the Major had invited Owen (now Lieutenant Owen) to dine with them in honor of the occasion. Owen was once more, for the time, a single man; for Juana, having gone to visit her friends in Tarifa just before the commencement of the siege, had been unable to rejoin her husband. In vain had Carlota requested that the celebration might be postponed till the arrival of supplies from England should afford them a banquet worthy of the anniversary—the Major, a great stickler for ancient customs, insisted on its taking place forthwith. Luckily, a merchant-man from Minorca had succeeded in landing a cargo of sheep, poultry, vegetables, and fruit the day before, so that the provision for the feast, though by no means sumptuous, was far better than any they had been accustomed to for many months past. The Major's note-book enables me to set the materials for the dinner, and also its cost, before the reader—viz., a sheep's head, price sixteen shillings (my grandfather was too late to secure any of the body, which was rent in pieces, and the fragments carried off as if by wolves, ere the breath was well out of it)—a couple of fowls, twenty shillings (scraggy creatures, says my ancestor in a parenthesis)—a ham, two guineas—raisins and flower for a pudding, five shillings—eggs (how many; the deponent sayeth not), sixpence each—vegetables, nine and sixpence—and fruit for dessert, seven and tenpence. Then, for wine, a Spanish merchant, a friend of Carlota's, had sent them two bottles of champagne and one of amontillado, a present as generous then as a hogshead would have been in ordinary times; and there was, moreover, some old rum, and two lemons for punch. Although, there was probably no dinner half so good that day in Gibraltar.

At the appointed hour, the Major was reading in his quarters (a tolerably commodious house near the South Barracks, and at

some distance outside the town) when Owen appeared.

"You're punctual, my boy; and punctuality's a cardinal virtue about dinner-time," said my grandfather, looking at his watch; "three o'clock exactly. And now we'll have dinner. I only hope the new cook is a tolerable proficient."

"What's become of Mrs. Grigson?" asked Owen. "You haven't parted with that disciple of Apicius, I should hope?"

"She's confined again," said my grandfather, sighing; "a most prolific woman that! It certainly can't be above half-a-year since her last child was born, and she's going to have another. 'Tis certainly not longer ago than last autumn," he added, musingly.

"A wonderful woman," said Owen; "she ought to be purchased by the Government, and sent out to some of our thinly populated colonies. And who fills her place?"

"Why, I'll tell you," responded the Major. "Joe Trigg, my old servant, is confined too—in the guardroom, I mean, for getting drunk—and I've taken a man of the regiment, one Private Bags, for a day or two, who recommended his wife as an excellent cook. She says the same of herself; but this is her first trial, and I'm a little nervous about it."

"Shocking rascal that Bags," said Owen.

"Indeed!" said my grandfather; "I'm sorry to hear that. I didn't inquire about his character. He offered his services, saying he came from the same part of England as myself, though I don't recollect him."

"Terrible work this blockade," said the Major after a pause. "Do you know, if I was a general in command of a besieging army, I don't think I could find it in my heart to starve out the garrison. Consider now, my dear boy (laying his forefinger on Owen's arm)—consider now, several thousand men with strong appetites, never having a full meal for months together. And just, too, as my digestion was getting all right—for I never get a nightmare now, though I frequently have the most delicious dreams of banquets that I try to eat, but wake before I get a mouthful. 'Tis enough to provoke a saint. And as if this was not enough, the supply of books is cut off. The *Weekly Entertainer* isn't even an annual entertainer to me. The last number I got was in '79, and I've been a regular subscriber these twelve

years. There's the *Gentleman's Magazine*, too. The last one reached me a year since, with a capital story in it, only half-finished, that I'm anxious to know the end of; and also a rebus that I've been longing to see the answer to. 'The answer in our next,' says the tantalising editor. It's a capital rebus—just listen now. 'Two-thirds of the name of an old novelist, one-sixth of what we all do in the morning, and a heathen deity, make together a morsel fit for a king.' I've been working at it for upwards of a year, and I can't guess it. Can you?"

"Roast pig with stuffing answers the general description," said Owen. "That, you'll admit, is a morsel fit for a king."

"Pooh!" said my grandfather. "But you must really try now. I've run through the mythology, all that I know of it, and tried all the old novelists' names, even Boccaccio and Cervantes. Never were such combinations as I have made—but can't compound anything edible out of them. Again, as to what we do in the morning: we all shave (that is, all who have beards)—and we yawn, too; at least I do, on waking; but it must be a word of six letters. Then, who can the heathen deity be?"

"Pan is the only heathen deity that has anything to do with cookery," said Owen. "Frying-pan, you know, and stew-pan."

My grandfather caught at the idea, but had not succeeded in making any thing of it, or in approximating to the solution of the riddle, when Carlota entered from an inner room.

"I wish, my dear, you would see about the dinner," said the Major; "'tis a quarter past three."

"*Si, my vida*" (yes, my life), said Carlota, who was in the habit of bestowing lavishly on my grandfather the most endearing epithets in the Spanish language, some of them, perhaps, not particularly applicable—*niño de mi alma* (child of my soul), *luz de mis ojos* (light of my eyes), and the like; none of which appeared to have any more effect on the object of them than if they had been addressed to somebody else.

Carlota rung the bell, which nobody answered. "Nurse is busy with *de niña*," she said, when nobody answered it; "I go myself to *de cocina*" (kitchen)—she spoke English as yet but imperfectly.

"There's one comfort in delay," said the

Major; " 'tis better to boil a ham too much than too little—and yet I shouldn't like it overdone either."

Here they were alarmed by an exclamation from Carlota. "*Ah Dios! Caramba! Ven, ven, mi niño!*" cried she from the kitchen.

The Major and Owen hastened to the kitchen, which was so close at hand that the smell of the dinner sometimes anticipated its appearance in the dining-room. Mrs. Bags, the new cook, was seated before the fire. On the table beside her was an empty champagne bottle, the fellow to which protruded its neck from a pail in one corner, where the Major had put it to cool; and another bottle of more robust build, about half-full, was also beside her. The countenance of Mrs. Bags wore a pleasant and satisfied, though not very intelligent smile, as she gazed steadfastly on the ham that was roasting on a spit before the fire—at least one side, of it was done quite black, while the other oozed with warm grease; for the machinery which should have turned it was not in motion.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed Carlota, with uplifted hands. "*Que picarilla!*"—(What a knave of a woman!)

"Gracious heavens!" said my grandfather, "she's roasting it! Who ever heard of a roast ham?"

"A many years," remarked Mrs. Bags, without turning her head, and still smiling pleasantly, "have I lived in gentlemen's families—" Here this fragment of autobiography was terminated by a hiccup.

"And the champagne bottle is empty," said Owen, handling it. "A nice sort of cook this of yours, Major. She seems to have constituted herself butler, too."

My grandfather advanced and lifted the other bottle to his nose. "'Tis the old rum," he ejaculated with a groan. "But if the woman has drunk all this 'twill be the death of her. Bags," he called, "come here."

The spouse of Mrs. Bags emerged from a sort of scullery behind the kitchen—a tall bony man, of an ugliness quite remarkable, and with a very red face. He was better known by his comrades as Tonge, in allusion probably to personal peculiarities; for the length of his legs, the width of his bony hips, and the smallness of his head, gave him some distant resemblance to that article of domestic iron-mongery; but as his wife called herself

Mrs. Bags, and he was entered in the regimental books by that name, it was probably his real appellation.

"Run directly to Dr. Fagan," said the Major, "and request him to come here. Your wife has poisoned herself with rum."

"Tisn't rum," said Bags, somewhat thickly—" 'tis fits."

"Fits!" said my grandfather.

"Fits," doggedly replied Mr. Bags, who seemed by no means disturbed at the alleged indisposition of his wife—"she often gets them."

"Don't alarm yourself, Major," said Owen, "I'll answer for it she hasn't drunk *all* the rum. The scoundrel is half-drunk himself, and smells like a spirit-vault. You'd better take your wife away," he said to Bags.

"She can leave if she ain't wanted," said Private Bags, with dignity; "we never comes where we ain't wanted." And he advanced to remove the lady. Mrs. Bags at first resisted this measure, proceeding to deliver an eulogium on her own excellent qualities, moral and culinary. She had, she said, the best of characters, in proof of which she made reference to several persons in various parts of the United Kingdom, and, as she spoke, she smiled more affably than ever.

"*La picarilla no tiene verguenza*" (the wretch is perfectly shameless), cried Carlota, who, having hastily removed the ham from the fire, was now looking after the rest of the dinner. The fowls, cut up in small pieces, were boiling along with the sheep's head, and, probably to save time, the estimable Mrs. Bags had put the rice and raisins destined for a pudding into the pot along with them—certainly, as Owen remarked, a bold innovation in cookery.

Still continuing to afford them glimpses of her personal history, Mrs. Bags was at length persuaded to retire along with her helpmate.

"What astonishing impudence," said the Major, shutting the door upon her, "to pretend to be a cook, and yet know no better than to roast a ham!"

Carlota, meanwhile, was busy in remedying the disaster as far as she could; cutting the ham into slices and frying it, making a fricassee of the fowls, and fishing the raisins out of the pot, exclaiming bitterly all the while, in English and Spanish, against the *tunanta* (equivalent to female scoundrel or scamp)

who had spoilt the only nice dinner her *po-brecito*, her *niño*, her *querido* (meaning my grandfather), had been likely to enjoy for a long time, stopping occasionally in her occupations to give him a consolatory kiss. However, my grandfather did not keep up the character of a martyr at all well: he took the matter really very patiently; and when the excellent Carlota had set the dinner on the table, and he tasted the fine flavor of the maltreated ham, he speedily regained his accustomed good-humor.

"It is very strange," he said presently, while searching with a fork in the dish before him, "that a pair of fowls should have only three wings, two legs, and one breast between them."

It certainly was not according to the order of nature; nevertheless the fact was so, all my grandfather's researches in the dish failing to bring to light the missing members. This, however, was subsequently explained by the discovery of the remains of these portions of the birds in the scullery, where they appeared to have been eaten after being grilled; and Mrs. Bags' reason for adopting this mode of cooking them was also rendered apparent—viz. that she might secure a share for herself without immediate detection.

However, all this did not prevent them from making the best of what was left, and the Major's face beamed as he drank Carlota's health in a glass of the remaining bottle of champagne, as brightly as if the dinner had been completely successful.

"It is partly my fault, Owen," said the Major, "that you haven't a joint of mutton instead of this sheep's head. I ought to have been sharper. The animal was actually sold in parts before he was killed. Old Clutterbuck had secured a haunch, and he a single man, you know—'tis thrown away upon him. I offered him something handsome for his bargain, but he wouldn't part with it."

"We're lucky to get any," returned Owen. "Never was such a scramble. Old Fiskin, the commissary, and Mrs. O'Regan, the Major's wife, both swore the left leg was knocked down to them; neither would give in, and it was put up again, when the staff doctor, Pursum, who had just arrived in a great hurry, carried it off by bidding eightpence more than either. Not one of the three has spoken to either of the others since; and people say," added Owen, "Mrs. O'Regan

avers openly that Fiskin didn't behave like a gentleman."

"God knows!" said my grandfather, "'tis a difficult thing in such a case to decide between politeness and a consciousness of being in the right. Fiskin likes a good dinner."

The dinner having been done justice to, Carlota removed the remains to a side-table, and the Major was in the act of compounding a bowl of punch, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," cried Carlota.

A light and timid step crossed the narrow passage separating the outer door from that of the room they sat in, and there was another hesitating tap at this latter. "Come in," again cried Carlota, and a young girl entered with a basket on her arm.

"'Tis Esther Lazaro," said Carlota in Spanish. "Come in, child; sit here and tell me what you want."

Esther Lazaro was the daughter of a Jew in the town, whose occupations were multifarious, and connected him closely with the garrison. He discounted officers' bills, furnished their rooms, sold them every thing they wanted—all at most exorbitant rates. Still, as is customary with military men, while perfectly aware that they could have procured what he supplied them with elsewhere at less expense, they continued to patronise and abuse him rather than take the trouble of looking out for a more liberal dealer. As the difficulties of the garrison increased, he had not failed to take advantage of them, and it was even said he was keeping back large stores of provisions and necessaries till the increasing scarcity should enable him to demand his own terms for them.

His daughter was about fifteen years old—a pretty girl, with hair of the unusual color of chestnut, plaited into thick masses on the crown of her head. Her skin was fairer than is customary with her race—her eyes brown and soft in expression, her face oval, and her figure, even at this early age, very graceful, being somewhat more precocious than an English girl's at those years. She was a favorite with the ladies of the garrison, who often employed her to procure feminine matters for them. Carlota, particularly, had always treated her with great kindness—and hence the present visit. She had come, she said timidly, to ask a favor—a great favor. She had a little dog that she loved. (Here a great commotion in the basket seemed to say

she had brought her *protégé* with her.) He had been given to her by a young school friend who was dead, and her father would no longer let her keep it, because, he said, these were no times to keep such creatures, when provisions, even those fit for a dog, were so dear. He was a very good little dog—would the Señora take him?

"Let us look at him, Esther," said Owen—"I see you have brought him with you."

"He is not pretty," said Esther, blushing as she produced him from the basket. He certainly was not, being a small cur, marked with black and white, like a magpie, with a tail curling over his back. He did not appear at all at his ease in society, for he tried to shrink back again into the basket.

"He was frightened," she said, "for he had been shut up for more than a month. She had tried to keep him in her bedroom, unknown to her father, feeding him with part of her own meals; but he had found it out, and had beaten her, and threatened to kill the dog if he ever saw it again."

"*Pobrecito!*" (poor little thing) said the good Carlota—"we shall take good care of it. *Toma*" (take this), offering him a bit of meat. But he crept under her chair, with his tail so depressed, in his extreme bashfulness, that the point of it came out between his forelegs.

Carlota would have made the young Jewess dine there forthwith, at the side-table still spread with the remains of the dinner, for social differences of position were lost in the general misery; but she refused to take any thing, only sipping once from a glass of wine that Carlota insisted on making her drink of. Then she rose, and, having tied the end of a string that was fastened to the dog's collar to the leg of the table to prevent his following her, took her leave, thanking Carlota very prettily.

"*A Dios, Sancho!*" she said to the little dog, who wagged his tail and gave her a piteous look as she turned to go away—"A *Dios, Sancho*," she repeated, taking him up and kissing him very affectionately. The poor child was ready to cry.

"Come and see him every day, my child," said Carlota, "and when better times come you shall have him again."

CHAPTER II.

LAZARO the Jew was seated towards dusk

that evening in a sort of office partitioned off by an open railing from a great store filled with a most motley collection of articles. Sofas, looking-glasses, washing-stands—bales of goods in corded canvass—rows of old boots purchased from officers' servants—window curtains lying on heaps of carpeting and matting—bedsteads of wood and iron—crockery and glass—were all piled indiscriminately. Similar articles had also overflowed along the passage down the wooden steps leading to the square stone court below, which was lumbered with barrels, packing-cases, and pieces of old iron. This court was entered from the street, and an arched door on one side of it, barred and padlocked, opened on a large warehouse, which nobody except the Jew had set foot in for many months.

The Jew himself was a spare, rather small man, with a thin eager face, small sharp features, and a scanty beard. Being by descent a Barbary Jew, he wore the costume peculiar to that branch of his race—a black skull-cap; a long-skirted, collarless, cloth coat, buttoned close, the waist fastened with a belt; loose light-colored trousers and yellow slippers—altogether he looked somewhat like an overgrown Blue-coat Boy. He was busied in turning over old parchment-covered ledgers, when an officer entered.

Von Dessel was a captain in Hardenberg's Hanoverian regiment. He was a square, strong-built man, about forty, with very light hair, as was apparent since the governor's order had forbidden the use of powder to the troops, in consequence of the scarcity of flour. His thick, white, overhanging eyebrows, close lips, and projecting under jaw, gave sternness to his countenance.

"Good afternoon, captain," said the Jew; "what I do for you to-day, sare?"

"Do for me! By Gott, you have done for me already, with your cursed Hebrew tricks," said the captain. The German and the Jew met on a neutral ground of broken English.

"I always treat every gentleman fair, sare," said the Jew. "I tell you, captain, I lose by that last bill of yours."

"*Der teufel!* who gains, then?" said Von Dessel, "for you cut me off thirty per cent."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't make it so, sare; the siege makes it so. When the port is open, you shall have more better exchange."

"Well, money must be had," said the German. "What will you give now for my bill for twenty pound?"

The Jew consulted a book of figures—then made some calculations on paper—then appeared to consider intently.

"Curse you, speak!" said the choleric captain. "You have made up your mind about how much roguery long ago."

"Captain, sare, I give you feesty dallars," said the Jew.

The captain burst forth with a volley of German execrations.

"Captain," said the Jew presently, "I like to please a gentleman if I can. I give you one box of cigars besides—real Cubas—one hundred and feesty in a box."

The captain at this broke forth again, but checked himself presently on the entrance of the Jew's daughter, who now returned from the Major's. She advanced quietly into the room, made a little bow to the captain, took off and laid aside her shawl, and, taking up some work, sat down and began to sew.

Von Dessel resumed his expostulation in a milder tone. The Jew, however, knew the money was necessary to him, and only yielded so far as to increase his box of cigars to two hundred; and the captain, finding he could get no better terms from him, was forced to agree. While the Jew was drawing out the bills, the German gazed attentively at Esther, with a good deal of admiration expressed in his countenance.

"I can't take the money now," said he, after signing the bills. "I am going on duty. Bring it to me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"I'm afraid I can't, sare," said Lazaro; "too moch business. Couldn't you send for it, captain?"

"Not possible," said the German; "but you must surely have somebody that might bring it—some trustworthy person you know." And his eye rested on Esther.

"There's my dater, sare," said the Jew—"I shall send her, if that will do."

"Good," said the captain, "do not forget," and quitted the room forthwith.

He was scarcely gone when a pair with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted, Mr. and Mrs. Bags, presented themselves. The effects of their morning conviviality had in a great measure disappeared.

"Your servant, sir," said Bags. The Jew nodded.

"We've got a few articles to dispose of," pursued Mr. Bags, looking round the room cautiously. "They was left us," he added in a low tone, "by a diseased friend."

"Ah!" said the Jew, "never mind where you got 'em. Be quick—show them."

Mrs. Bags produced from under her cloak, first a tin tea-kettle, then a brass saucepan; and Mr. Bags, unbuttoning his coat, laid on the table three knives and a silver fork. Esther, passing near the table at the time, glanced accidentally at the fork, and recognised the Flinders crest—a talbot, or old English bloodhound.

"Father," said she hastily, in Spanish, "don't have any thing to do with that—it must be stolen." But the Jew turned so sharply on her, telling her to mind her work, that she retreated.

The Jew took up the tea-kettle, and examined the bottom to see that it was sound—did the same with the saucepan—looked at the knives narrowly, and still closer at the fork—then ranged them before him on the table.

"For dis," said he, laying his hand on the tea-kettle, "we will say one pound of rice; for dis (the saucepan) two pounds of corned beef; for de knives, a bottle of rum; and for de fork, seex ounces of the best tea."

"Curse your tea!" said Mr. Bags.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bags, who had with difficulty restrained herself during the process of valuation, "we doesn't want no tea. And the things is worth a much more than what you say: the saucepan's as good as new, and the fork's silver—"

"Plated," said the Jew, weighing it across his finger.

"A many years," said Mrs. Bags, "have I lived in gentlemen's families, and well do I know plate from silver. I've lived with Mrs. Milson of Pidding Hill, where every thing was silver, and nothing plated, even to the handles of the doors; and a dear good lady she was to me; many's the gown she giv me. And I've lived with—"

Here the Jew unceremoniously interrupted the train of her recollections by pushing the things from before him. "Take what I offer, or else take the things away," said he, shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Bags grumbled considerably. The tea they positively refused at any price:

Mr. Bags didn't like it, and Mrs. Bags said it disagreed with her. So the Jew agreed to give them instead another bottle of rum, a pound of onions, and two pounds of beef; and with these terms they at length closed, and departed with the results of their barter.

During the altercation, a soldier of another regiment had entered, and stood silently awaiting his turn to be attended to. He was a gaunt man, with want written legibly in the hollows of his face and the dismal eagerness of his eye. He now came forward, and with trembling hands unfolded an old gown, and handed it to the Jew.

"'Tis no good to me," said the latter, giving it back, after holding it against the light; "nothing but holes."

"But my wife has no other," said the man: "'tis her last stitch of clothes, except her petticoat and a blanket. I've brought every thing else to you."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, in token that he could not help it.

"I swear 'tis her last!" reiterated the man, as if he really fancied this fact must give the garment as much value in the Jew's eyes as in his own.

"I tell you I won't have it!" said the Jew, testily.

"Give me only a loaf for it, or but one pound of potatoes," said the soldier: "'tis more than my wife and four children have had among them for two days. Half-rations for one, among six of us, is too hard to live."

"A pound of potatoes," said the Jew, "is worth four reals and a half—eighteenpence; your wife's gown is worth—nothing!"

"Then take this," said the man, beginning, frantically to pull off his uniform coat; "any thing is better than starving."

The Jew laughed. "What!" said he, "you think I don't know better than to buy a soldier's necessaries, eh? Ah, ah! no such a fool, I think, my friend. What your captain say?—eh?"

The man struck his hand violently on the table. "Then give me—or lend me," said he, "some food, much or little, and I'll work for you every hour I'm off duty till you're satisfied. I will, Mr. Lazaro, so help me God!"

"I got plenty of men to work for me,"

said Lazaro; "don't want any more. Come again, when you've got something to sell, my friend."

The man rolled up the gown without speaking, then lifted it over his head, and dashed it into the furthest corner of the store. He was hurrying from the place, when, as if unwilling to throw away his last chance, he turned back, gathered it up, and, thrusting it under his arm, quitted the store with lingering steps, as if he even yet hoped to be called back. No such summons reached him, however; but, immediately after he was gone, Esther rose and stole softly down the stairs. She overtook him at the street-door opening from the court before mentioned, and laid her hand on his arm. The man turned and glared on her. "What!—he'll buy it, will he?" said he.

"Hush!" said Esther—"keep it for your poor wife. Look; I have no money, but take these," and she placed in his hand two earrings hastily detached from her ears.

The man stood looking at her for a space, as if stupified, without closing his hand on the trinkets that lay on the palm; then, suddenly rousing himself, he swore, with tears in his eyes, that for this service he would do for her any thing on earth she should require from him; but she only begged him to go away at once, and say nothing, lest her father should overhear the transaction, who would certainly be angry with her for it.

Bags and his wife had stopt in a corner of the court to pack up their property in a commodious form for conveyance, and had witnessed this scene in silence. As soon as the soldier had, in compliance with Esther's entreaties, disappeared, Bags came forward.

"And your father would be angry, would he, my dear?" said he.

"Oh, very—oh, so angry! Please don't stop me," she said, trying to pass him.

"And what'll ye give me not to tell him, now?" asked Mr. Bags. "Ain't ye got nothing for me?"

"No—oh, no—indeed, nothing. Do let me pass."

"Yes, you have; you've got this; I think," said Bags, snatching at a silver-mounted comb glistening in her hair, which, thus loosened, all fell down on her shoulders as she darted past him. "And now," said Mr. Bags, in-

specting his prize, "I think me and that 'ere cheating Jew is quits for the silver fork. I'll allow it's plaited now."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY the next morning (the 12th of April) a rumor went through the town that an English fleet was signalled as in sight. The news roused the starving people like electricity. The pale spectres of men that, on the previous day, had stalked so gauntly through the dreary streets—the wretched, sinking women, and children careworn as grandfathers—poured forth, with something like a natural light in their hollow eyes, to witness the joyful spectacle. The sea-wall of the city was like the margin of a vast pool of Bethesda, thronged with hopeful wretches awaiting the coming of the angel.

The streets were instantly deserted. Those who could not leave their homes got on the housetops, but the great mass of the population spread itself along the line-wall, the Grand Parade and Alameda, and the heights skirting the chief slopes of the Rock. Moors and Jews, Spaniards and English, citizens and soldiers, men, women, and children, of all ages, grades, and nations, ranged themselves indiscriminately wherever they could obtain a view of the sea.

For sometime the wished-for sight was delayed by a thick fog that spread itself across the Straits and the entrance of the bay. A murmur rose from each successive rank of people that forced itself into a front place on the line-wall. Terrible doubts flew about, originating no one knew where, but gaining strength and confirmation as they passed from mouth to mouth. On the summit of the Rock behind them the signal for a fleet flew steadily from the mast at Middle Hill; but still in this, as in all crowds, were some of little faith, who were full of misgivings. Many rushed up to to the signal-station, unable to bear the pain of the delay. My grandfather noticed the Jew Lazaro among the throng, watching the event with an anxious eye, though his anxiety was from the opposite cause to that of most of the spectators. The arrival of supplies would at once bring down the price of provisions, and rob him, for the present, of his expected profits; and as each successive rumor obtained credence with the crowd, his countenance brightened as their hopes fell, and sank as they again emerged from despondency.

Not far from him was an old Genoese woman, wearing the quaint red cloak, trimmed with black velvet, that old Genoese women usually wear in Gibraltar. She hovered round the skirts of the crowd, occasionally peering beneath an uplifted arm, or thrusting it between two obstructing figures to catch a glimpse, though it was evident that her dim eyes would fail to discern the fleet when it should come in view. Her thin shrivelled features, relieved against her black hood, were positively wolfish from starvation. She frequently drew one hand from beneath her cloak, and gazed at something she held in it—then muttering, she would again conceal it. My grandfather's curiosity was roused. He drew near and watched for the reappearance of the object that so engrossed her. It was a blue mouldy crust of bread.

The wished-for spectacle was at length revealed. "As the sun became more powerful," says Drinkwater, rising into positive poetry with the occasion, "the fog gradually rose *like the curtain of a vast theatre*, discovering to the anxious garrison one of the most beautiful and pleasing scenes it is possible to conceive. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led by several men-of-war—their sails just filled enough for steerage, while the majority of the line-of-battle ships lay to under the Barbary shore, having orders not to enter the bay, lest the enemy should molest them with their fireships."

Then rose a great shout—at once the casting-off of long-pressing anxiety and the utterance of delight. Happy tears streamed down haggard faces overgrown with hair, and presently men turned to one another, smiling in the face of a stranger neighbor as in that of an old friend, while a joyful murmur, distilled from many languages, rose upward. Assuredly, if blessings are of any avail, the soul of Admiral Darby, who commanded the relieving fleet, is at this moment in Paradise.

Friends and relations now began to search for one another in the crowd, which broke quickly into knots, each contriving how to enjoy together the plenty that was to descend upon them. My grandfather's eye at this juncture was again attracted by the old Genoese woman. When the crowd shouted, she screened her eyes with her withered hand, and, with her nostril spread, her chin fallen, in her eagerness gazed toward the sea—but presently shook her head, discerning nothing.

Then she plucked by the arm a joyful Spaniard.

"*Es verdad? Por Dios, es verdad?*" she cried "*jura! jura!*"—(Is it true? Swear by Heaven it is true.)

"*Si si,*" said the Spaniard, pointing; "*es verdad*" ('tis true). "You may see them yourself."

Instantly the old woman, for the last time, drew forth her treasured crust, and began to devour it, muttering, as she tore away each mouthful, "*Mas mañana! mas mañana!*" (I shall have more to-morrow—more to-morrow!)

After the crowd had partially dispersed, Owen was returning to his quarters to breakfast, when, as he paused to open the door, he heard a voice he thought he knew crying out in affright in the rooms opposite, where Von Dessel resided. Presently the door of the quarters was opened, and the flushed and frightened face of Esther Lazaro appeared, as she struggled to escape from Von Dessel, who held her arm.

"Señor, Señor, speak to the gentleman!" she cried to Owen

"Leetle foolish girl," said Von Dessel, grinning a smile on seeing him; "she frightens at nothing. Come in, child"—trying to shut the door.

"Why don't you let her alone?" said Owen: "don't you see she doesn't like you?"

"Pouf!" said the captain. "We all have trouble with them sometimes—you must know that well."

"No, by Jupiter!" cried Frank Owen. "If I couldn't gain them willingly, they might go to the devil for me. But you hurt her—pray let her go—you must indeed."

"Do you mind your own affairs," said the captain, "and don't meddle;" and, exerting his strength, he drew Esther in, and partially succeeded in shutting the door—she calling the while again on Owen to help her. Frank stepped forward, and, putting his foot against the door, sent it into the room, causing Captain Von Dessel, who was behind it, to stagger back with some violence, and to quit his hold of Esther, who ran down stairs.

"Very good, sir," said the captain, stalking grimly out of his room, pale with rage. "You have thought right to interfere with me, and to insult me. By Gott! I will teach you better, young man. Shall we say in one hour, sir, in the Fives' Court?"

Owen nodded. "At your pleasure," said he, and, entering his own quarters, shut the door.

Meanwhile my grandfather walked about with the telescope he had brought with him to look after the fleet under his arm, enjoying the unusual sight of happy faces around him. And he has remarked it as a singular feature of humanity, that this prospect of relief from physical want inspired a far more deep and universal joy than he had witnessed in any public rejoicings arising from such causes as loyalty or patriotism evinced at a coronation or the news of a great victory, or the election of a popular candidate; and hence my grandfather takes occasion to express a fear that human nature is, except among the rarer class of souls, more powerfully and generally influenced by its animal propensities than by more refined causes.

He was so engrossed with philanthropic pursuit of enjoying the joy of the multitude, and the philosophic of one of extracting moral reflections therefrom, that he quite forgot he had not breakfasted. He was just beginning to be reminded of the circumstance by a feeling of hollowness in the region of the stomach, and to turn his steps homeward, when a light hand was laid on his arm. My grandfather turned, and beheld the face of the young Jewess looking wistfully in his.

She began at first to address him in Spanish—the language she spoke most naturally; but, quickly perceiving her mistake on hearing the extraordinary jargon in which he replied (for it is a singular fact that nobody but Carlota, who taught him, could understand my grandfather's Spanish), she exchanged it for his own tongue. She told him in a few hurried words of the quarrel Owen had incurred on her account with Von Dessel, and of the challenge she had overheard given by the latter, beseeching the Major to hasten to prevent the result.

"In the Fives' Court! in an hour!" said my grandfather. "When did this happen?"

Esther thought nearly an hour ago—she had been almost so long seeking my grandfather.

"I'll go, child—I'll go at once," said the Major. "With Von Dessel, too, as if he could find nobody else to quarrel with but the best swordsman in the garrison. 'Souls and bodies,'" quoted my grandfather, "'hath he divorced three.'"

With every stride he took, the Major's uneasiness was augmented. At any time his anxiety would have been extreme while peril threatened Frank; but now, when he was calculating on him as a companion at many a well-spread table, when they might forget their past miseries, it peculiarly affected him.

"To think," muttered my grandfather, "that these two madmen should choose a time when everybody is going to be made so happy, by getting plenty to eat, to show their gratitude to Providence by cutting one another's throats!"

The danger to Owen was really formidable; for, though a respectable swordsman, he was no unusual proficient in the graceful art, while his opponent was not only, as my grandfather had said, the best swordsman in the garrison, but perhaps the best at that time in the army. As a student in Germany he had distinguished himself in some sanguinary duels; and since his arrival in Gibraltar, a Spanish gentleman, a very able fencer, had fallen beneath his arm.

"God grant," said my grandfather to himself, as he neared the Fives' Court, "that we may settle this without the perdition of souls. Frank, my dear boy, we could better spare a better man!"

On attempting to enter the Fives' Court he was stopped by the marker, posted at the door. "It was engaged," he said, "for a private match."

"Ay, ay," said my grandfather, pushing past him; "a pretty match, indeed! Ay, ay—pray God we can stop it!"

Finding the inner door locked, the Major, who was well acquainted with the locality—for, when he had nothing else particular to do, he would sometimes mark for the players for a rubber or two—ascended the stairs to the gallery.

About the centre of the court stood the combatants. All preliminaries had been gone through—for they were stripped to their shirts—and the seconds (one a German, the adjutant of Hardenberg's regiment—the other, one Lieutenant Rushton, an old hand at these affairs, and himself a fire-eater) stood by, each with a spare sword in his hand. In a corner was the German regimental surgeon, his apparatus displayed on the floor, ready for an emergency. Rushton fully expected Owen to fall, and only hoped he might escape with-

out a mortal wound. Von Dessel himself seemed of the same opinion, standing square and firm as a tower, scarcely troubling himself to assume an attitude, but easy and masterly withal. Both contempt and malice were expressed for his antagonist in his half-shut eyes and the sardonic twist of the corners of his mouth.

"Owen, Owen, my boy!" shouted my grandfather, rushing to the front of the gallery, and leaning over, as the swords crossed—"stop, for God's sake. You mustn't fight that swash-buckler! They say he hath been fencer to the Sophy," roared the Major, in the words of Sir Toby Belch.

The combatants just turned their heads for a moment, to look at the interrupter, and again crossed swords.

Immediately on finding his remonstrance disregarded, the Major descended personally into the arena—not by the ordinary route of the stairs, but the shorter one of a perpendicular drop from the gallery, not effected with the lightness of a feathered Mercury. But the clatter of his descent was lost in the concussion of a discharge of artillery that shook the walls. Instantly the air was alive with shot and hissing shells; and before the echoes of the first discharge had ceased, the successive explosion of the shells in the air, and the crashing of chimneys, shattered doors, and falling masonry, increased the uproar. One shell burst in the court, filling it with smoke. My grandfather felt, for a minute, rather dizzy with the shock. When the smoke cleared, by which time he had partially recovered himself, the first object that caught his eyes was Von Dessel lying on the pavement, and the doctor stooping over him. The only other person hurt was Rushton, a great piece of the skin of whose forehead, detached by a splinter, was hanging over his right eye. Von Dessel had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, while the loss of two fingers from his right hand had spoiled his thrust in tierce for ever.

"What can be the matter?" said my grandfather, looking upward, as a second flight of missiles hurtled overhead.

"Matter enough," quoth Rushton, mopping the blood from his eye with his handkerchief; "those cursed devils of Spaniards are bombarding the town."

The Major went up to Owen, and squeezed

his hand. "We won't abuse the Spaniards for all that," said he—"they've saved your life, my boy."

CHAPTER IV.

ENRAGED at seeing their blockade evaded by the arrival of Darby's fleet, the Spaniards revenged themselves by directing such a fire upon Gibraltar, from their batteries in the Neutral Ground, as in a short time reduced the town to a mass of ruins. This misfortune was rendered the more intolerable to the besieged, as it came in the moment of exultation and general thanksgiving. While words of congratulation were passing from mouth to mouth, the blow descended, and "turned to groans their roundelay."

The contrast between the elation of the inhabitants when my grandfather entered the Fives' Court, and their universal consternation and despair when he quitted it, was terrible. The crowd that had a few minutes before so smilingly and hopefully entered their homes, now fled from them in terror. Again the streets were thronged by the unhappy people, who began to believe themselves the sport of some powerful and malevolent demon. Whole families, parents, children, and servants, rushed together into the streets, making their way to the south to escape the missiles that pursued them. Some bore pieces of furniture snatched up in haste, and apparently seized because they came first to hand; some took the chairs they had been sitting on; one man my grandfather noticed bearing away with difficulty the leaf of a mahogany table, leaving behind the legs which should have supported it; and a woman had a crying child in one hand, and in the other a gridiron, still reeking with the fat of some meat she had been cooking. Rubbish from the houses began to strew the streets; and here and there a ragged breach in a wall rent by the cannon afforded a strange incongruous glimpse of the room inside, with its mirrors, tables, and drapery, just as the inhabitants left them. Armed soldiers were hastening to their different points of assembly, summoned by bugles that resounded shrilly amid the din, and thrusting their way unceremoniously through the impeding masses of fugitives.

The house of the Jew Lazaro was one of the first that was seriously injured. The blank wall of the great warehouse before mentioned, that faced the street, had, either from age or bad masonry, long before exhib-

ited several cracks. A large segment, bounded by two of these cracks, had been knocked away by a shot, and the superincumbent mass falling in consequence, the great store, and all its hoarded treasures, appeared through the chasm.

The Jew's instincts had, at first, led him to save himself by flight. But, on returning timorously to look after his property, the sight of the ruined wall, and the unprotected hoards on which he had so securely reckoned as the source of wealth, obliterated in his mind, for the time, all sense of personal danger. Seeing a party of soldiers issuing from a wine-house near, he eagerly besought them to assist him in removing his property to a place of safety, promising to reward them largely for their risk and trouble.

One of the soldiers thus applied to was Mr. Bags.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr. Bags; "here's a chance—here's a pleasure, comrades. We can help Mr. Lazaro, who is always so good to us—this here Jewish gentleman, that gives such liberal prices for our things. Certainly—we'll remove 'em all, and not charge him nothing. Oh—oh—ah!" And, to give point to his irony, Mr. Bags distorted his face hideously, and winked upon his friends.

The idea of giving Lazaro any assistance was considered a capital joke, and caused a great deal of mirth as they walked towards the store, to which the Jew eagerly led the way.

"If there's any thing good to eat or drink in the store, we may remove some of it, though it won't be on our backs—eh, boys?" said Bags, as he stepped in advance, over a heap of rubbish, into the store.

"These first—these, my friends," cried the Jew, going up to a row of barrels, standing a little apart from the crowded masses of articles.

"Oh, these first, eh?" said Bags; "they're the best, be they? Thank you, Mr. Lazaro; we'll see what's in 'em;" and, taking up a gimlet that lay near, he proceeded to bore a hole in one of the barrels, desiring a friend, whom he addressed as Tim, to tap the next one.

"Thieves!" screamed the Jew, on witnessing this proceeding, seizing Bags' arm; "leave my store—go out—let my goods alone!" Bags lent him a shove that sent him into a corner, and perceiving liquor flow-

ing from the hole he had drilled, applied his mouth to the orifice.

"Brandy," said he, as he paused for breath; "real Cognac. Comrades, here's luck to that 'ere shot that showed us the way in;" and he took another diligent pull at the hole.

Meantime his comrades had not been idle; other barrels were opened, and their contents submitted to a critical inspection.

The Jew tried various modes to induce them to relinquish their booty; first threats—then offers of reward—then cajolery; and, at last, attempted to interpose and thrust them from their spoil. He would probably have experienced rough treatment in addition to the spoliation of his goods, but for other interruption too potent to be disregarded. A shot from the enemy entering the store, enfiladed a long line of barrels, scattering the staves and their contents. The place was instantly flooded with liquor—wine, molasses, spirits, and oil, ran in a mingled stream, soaking the *debris* of biscuit and salt provisions that strewed the floor. One soldier was struck dead, and Mr. Bags only escaped destruction by the lucky accident of having his head at that moment apart from the barrel which had engrossed his attention, and which was knocked to pieces.

The Jew, partly stunned by a wound in the forehead from the splinter of a barrel, and partly in despair at the destruction of his property, came to the entrance of the store, seating himself among the rubbish. Other plunderers speedily followed the example of the marauding soldiers, but he made no attempt to stop them as they walked past him. My grandfather, passing at the time on his way home, was horrified at the sight of him. Flour from a splintered barrel had been scattered over his face, and blood from the wound in his forehead, trickling down, had clotted it on his cheeks and scanty beard, giving him an aspect at once appalling and disgusting. His daughter had waited at the door of the Fives' Court till she saw Owen come forth in safety, and had then availed herself of the protection of the Major as far as her own home. Shrieking at the dismal sight, she sprang forward and threw herself before the Jew, casting her arms around him. This seemed to rouse him. He arose—looked back into the store; and then, as if goaded by the sight of the wreck into intolerable

anguish, he lifted his clenched hands above his head, uttering a sentence of such fearful blasphemy, that a devout Spaniard, who was emerging from the store with some plunder, struck him on the mouth. He never heeded the blow, but continued to rave, till, suddenly overcome by the loss of blood and impotent rage, he dropt senseless on the ground.

My grandfather, calling some soldiers of his regiment who were passing, desired them to convey him to the hospital at the South Barracks, and, again taking the terrified and weeping Esther under his protection, followed to see the unfortunate Jew cared for.

At the various parades that day Mr. Bags was reported absent, being in fact engaged in pursuits of a much more interesting nature than his military duties. A vast field of enterprise was open to him and other adventurous spirits, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, in the quantity of property of all kinds abandoned by the owners, in houses and shops where locks and bolts were no longer a protection; and although the firing, which ceased for an hour or two in the middle of the day, was renewed towards evening, and continued with great fury, the ardor of acquisition by no means abated.

About midnight a sentry on the heights of Rosia (the name given to a portion of the rugged cliffs towards the south and near the hospital) observed, in the gloom, a figure lurking about one of the batteries, and challenged it. Receiving no answer, he threatened to fire, when Bags came forward reluctantly, with a bundle in his hand.

"Hush, Bill," said Bags, on finding the sentry was a personal friend—"don't make a row: it's only me, Bags—Tongs, you know," he added, to insure his recognition.

"What the devil are you doing there, you fool?" asked his friend in a surly tone—"don't you know the picket's after you?"

"I've got some little things here that I want to lay by, where nobody won't see 'em, in case I'm caught," returned Bags. "Don't you take no notice of me, Bill, and I'll be off directly."

"What have ye got?" asked Bill, whose curiosity was awakened by the proceedings of his friend.

"Some little matters that I picked up in the town," returned Bags. "Pity you should be on guard to-day, Bill—there was some pretty pickings. I'll save something for you,

Bill," added Bags, in an unaccountable access of generosity.

The sentry, however, who was a person in every way worthy of the friendship of Mr. Bags, expressed no gratitude for the considerate offer, but began poking at the bundle with his bayonet.

"Hands off, Bill," said Bags; "they won't abear touching."

"Let's see 'em," said Bill.

"Not a bit on it," said Bags; "they ain't aworth looking at."

"Suppose I was to call the sergeant of the guard," said Bill.

"You wouldn't do such a action?" said Bags, in a tone strongly expressive of disgust at such baseness. "No, no, Bill, you ain't that sort of fellow, *I'm* sure."

"It's my dooty," said the sentry, placing the butt of his musket on the ground, and leaning his elbow on the muzzle. "You see that what you said, Tongs, was very true, about its being hard upon me to be carrying about this here damnable weppin'" (slapping the barrel of the musket) "all day for fourpence ha'penny, while you are making your fortin. It is, Tongs, d—d hard."

"Never mind; there'll be plenty left to-morrow," said Bags in a consolatory tone.

"What shall we say, now, if I lets ye hide it?" said Bill, pointing to the bundle. "Half-shares?"

"This ain't like a friend, Bill," returned Tongs, highly disgusted with this ungenerous proposal. "Nobody ever knowed me interfere with a comrade when I was on sentry. How long ago is it since I let ye stay in my box an hour, till ye was sober enough to walk into barracks, when I was sentry at the gate? Why, the whole bundle ain't worth eighteenpence—and I've worked hard for it."

"Half-shares?" reiterated Bill, not melted in the least by the memory of ancient benefits.

"No, by G—!" said Bags in great wrath.

"Serg—," began Bill in an elevated voice, porting his arms at the same time.

"Stop!" said Bags; "don't call the sergeant. Half is better nor nothing, if ye're going to behave like that. We'll say half, then."

"Ah," said Bill, returning to his former position—"I thought we should agree. And now let's see 'em, Tongs."

Muttering still his disapprobation of this

unworthy treatment, Bags put his bundle on the stone embrasure of the battery, and began to unfold it.

Eighteenpence was certainly a low valuation. Bags appeared to have visited a jeweller's shop. Watches, rings, bracelets, gold chains, and brooches glittered on the dingy surface of the handkerchief.

"My eye!" said Bill, unable to repress a low laugh of delight—"why, we'll turn bankers when we've sold 'em. Tongs and Co.—eh?" said Bill with considerable humor.

Bags, however, told him he was altogether mistaken in his estimate—most of the things were pinchbeck, he said, and the stones all glass; and, to save Bill any trouble, he offered to dispose of them himself to the best possible advantage, and bring his partner his share of the proceeds, which would certainly be at least ninepence, and might perhaps be half-a-dollar. This arrangement did not, however, meet the approbation of the astute William, who insisted on dividing the spoils by lot. But here, again there was a slight misunderstanding, for both fixed their affections on a gigantic watch, which never could have been got into any modern pocket, and whose face was ornamented with paintings from the heathen mythology. Both of them supposed, from the size and the brilliancy of the colors, that this must be of immense value. Finding they were not likely to come to a speedy arrangement on this point, they agreed to postpone the division of the spoils till morning.

"I'll tell ye where to put it, Bags," said Bill. "These here guns in this battery haven't been fired for years, nor ain't likely to be, though they loaded 'em the other day. Take out the wad of this one, and put in the bundle."

Bags approved of the idea, withdrew the wad from the muzzle of the gun, put in the bundle as far as his arm would reach, and then replaced the wad.

"Honor bright?" said Bags, preparing to depart.

"Honor bright," returned Bill; and Bags disappeared.

Nevertheless he did not feel sufficient confidence in the brightness of his confederate's integrity to justify his quitting the place and leaving him to his own devices. He thought Bill might perhaps avail himself of his absence to remove the treasure, or be guilty of

some other treachery. He therefore crept back again softly, till he got behind a crag from whence he had a full view of the battery.

For some time Bill walked sternly to and fro on his post. Bags observed, however, that he always included the gun where the deposit lay in his perambulations, which became shorter and shorter. At last he halted close to it, laid down his musket against the parapet, and, approaching the muzzle of the gun, took out the wad.

At this moment a neighboring sentry gave an alarm. The guard turned out, and Bill, hastily replacing the wad, resumed his arms and looked about for the cause of the alarm. About a mile out in the bay several red sparks were visible. As he looked there were a corresponding number of flashes, and then a whistling of shot high overhead told that the guns from which they had been discharged had been laid too high. The Spanish gun-boats were attacking the south.

The drums beat to arms, and in a few minutes the battery was manned with artillerymen. To the inconceivable horror of Bags and Bill, the whole of the guns in the battery were altered in position, and a gunner took post at the rear of each with a lighted portfire. Then a flushed face might be seen, by the blue light of the portfires, rising from behind a neighboring piece of rock, the eyes staring, the mouth open in agonised expectation.

"Number one—fire!" said the officer in command, to the gunner in rear of the gun in which Mr. Bags had invested his capital.

"No, no!" shouted Bags, rising wildly from behind the rock.

The portfire touched the vent—there was a discharge that seemed to rend Mr. Bags' heartstrings and blow off the roof of his skull—and the clever speculation on which he had counted for making his fortune ended, like many others, in smoke. He gazed for a moment out in the direction of the flash, as if he expected to see the watches and rings gleaming in the air; then he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

After a few ineffectual discharges, the Spaniards seemed to become aware of the badness of their aim, and to take measures to amend it. Several shot struck the hospital; and some shells falling through the roof, exploded in the very wards where the

sick lay. The unhappy Jew, Lazaro, lying in a feverish and semi-delirious state from his former hurt and agitation, was again struck by a splinter of a shell which burst in the ward where the Major's care had seen him deposited, blowing up the ceiling and part of the wall. In the midst of the confusion, the Jew, frantic with terror, rushed unrestrained from the building, followed only by his daughter, who was watching by his bed. He was not missed for some time, and the attempts to discover him, made after his disappearance became known, were of no avail. A neighboring sentry had seen a white figure, followed by another crying after it, dash across the road and disappear in the bushes; but the search made about the vicinity of the spot failed in detecting any traces of them, and those who troubled themselves to think of the matter at all, surmised that they had fallen into the sea.

CHAPTER V.

FOR some pages, my grandfather's notebook is filled with memoranda of singular casualties from the enemy's shot, wonderful escapes, and hasty moments of quietude and attempted comfort snatched "even in the cannon's mouth." The fire from the Spanish batteries shortly reduced the town to ruins, and the gunboats at night precluded all hope of peace and oblivion after the horrors of the day. Dreams, in which these horrors were reproduced, were interrupted by still more frightful nocturnal realities. One of the curious minor evils that my grandfather notices, as resulting from an incessant cannonade, to those not engaged in it actively enough to withdraw their attention from the noise, is the extreme irritation produced by its long continuance, amounting, in persons of nervous and excitable temperament, to positive exasperation.

Some of the numerous incidents he chronicles are also recorded by Drinkwater, especially that of a man who recovered after being almost knocked to pieces by the bursting of a shell. "His head was terribly fractured, his left arm broken in two places, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles torn off his right hand, the middle finger broken to pieces and his whole body most severely bruised and marked with gunpowder. He presented so horrid an object to the surgeons, that they had not the smallest hopes of saving his life, and were at a loss what part to attend to

first. He was that evening trepanned; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated, and other wounds and fractures dressed. Being possessed of a most excellent constitution, nature performed wonders in his favor, and in eleven weeks the cure was completely effected. His name," continues Mr. Drinkwater, with what might be deemed irony—if the worthy historian, ever indulged in that figure of rhetoric—"is Donald Ross, and he (*i. e.* the remaining fragment of the said Donald Ross) now enjoys his sovereign's bounty in a pension of ninepence a day for life. One might almost suppose that Mr. Hume had some hand in affixing the gratuity; but in those days there was a king who knew not Joseph.

My grandfather appears to have had also an adventure of his own. During a cessation of the cannonade, he was sitting one morning on a fragment of rock, in the garden behind his quarters, reading his favorite author. The firing suddenly recommenced, and a long-ranged shell, striking the ground at some distance, rolled towards him. He glanced half-absently at the hissing missile; and whether he actually did not for a moment recollect its character, or whether, as was often the case on such occasions, the imminence of the danger paralysed him, he sat immovably watching it as it fizzed within a couple of yards of him. Unquestionably in another three seconds my grandfather's earthly tabernacle would have been resolved into its original atoms, had not the intrepid Carlota (who was standing near gathering flowers to stick in her hair) darted on him, and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him behind a wall. They were scarce under shelter when the shell exploded—the shock laying them both prostrate, though unhurt but for a few bruises—while the stone on which the Major had been sitting was shivered to atoms. To the description of this incident in the Major's journal are appended a pious reflection and a short thanksgiving, which, being entirely of a personal nature, I omit.

The stores landed from the fleet were in a very precarious position. Owing to the destruction of the buildings, there were no means of placing them where they might be sheltered at once from the fire of the enemy and from rain. Some were piled under sails spread out as a sort of roof to protect them, and some, that were not likely to sustain immediate injury from the damp air of such a

depository, were ordered to be conveyed to St. Michael's Cave.

This cave is one of the most curious features of the Rock. Its mouth—an inconsiderable opening in the slope of the mountain—is situated many hundred feet above the sea. Within, it expands into a spacious hall, the roof, invisible in the gloom, supported by thick pillars formed by the petrified droppings of the rock. From this principal cavern numerous smaller ones branch off, leading, by dark, broken, and precipitous passages, to unknown depths. Along one of these, according to tradition, Governor O'Hara advanced farther than ever man had gone before, and left his sword in the inmost recess to be recovered by the next explorer who should be equally adventurous. But whether it is that the tradition is unfounded, or that the weapon has been carried off by some gnome, or that the governor's exploit is as yet unrivalled, the sword has never been brought to light.

For the duty of placing the stores here, the name of Lieutenant Owen appeared in the garrison orders. My grandfather having nothing particular to do, and being anxious to escape as much as possible for a short time from the din of the bombardment, offered to accompany Frank in the execution of this duty.

The day was dark and gloomy, and the steep path slippery from rain, so that the mules bearing the stores toiled with difficulty up the ascent. At first, my grandfather and Owen indulged in cheerful conversation; but shortness of breath soon reduced the Major to monosyllables, and the latter part of the journey was accomplished in silence. Frequently the Major paused and faced about, at once to look at the prospect and to take breath. Far below, on his right, was seen the southern end of the town, consisting partly of a heap of ruins, with here and there a rafter sticking out of the mass, partly of roofless walls, among which was occasionally heard the crashing of shot; but the guns that discharged them, as well as those that replied from the town, were invisible from this point. Directly beneath him the ground afforded a curious spectacle, being covered with tents, huts, and sheds, of all sorts and sizes, where the outcast population of the ruined town obtained a precarious and insufficient shelter. The only building visible which still retained

its former appearance was the convent—the governor's residence—which was protected by bomb-proofs, and where working-parties were constantly engaged in repairing the injuries. The bay, once thickly wooded with masts and dotted with sails, was now blank and cheerless; only the enemy's cruisers were visible, lying under the opposite shore of Spain.

Owen and my grandfather arrived at the mouth of the cave somewhat in advance of the convoy. To their surprise a smoke was issuing from it; and, as they approached nearer, their nostrils were greeted by an odor at once savory and spicy. Going softly up they looked in.

Mr. Bags and a couple of friends were seated round a fire, over which was roasting a small pig, scientifically butchered and deprived of his hair, and hung up by the heels. The fire, in the absence of other fuel (of which there was an extreme scarcity in Gibraltar), was supplied by bundles of cinnamon plundered from the store of some grocer, and, as the flame waxed low, Mr. Bags took a fresh bundle from a heap of that fragrant spice by his side, and laid it on the embers. Mrs. Bags was occupied in basting the pig with lard, which she administered from time to time with an iron ladle.

Presently Mr. Bags tapped on the pig's back with his knife. It sent forth a crisp crackling sound, that made my grandfather's mouth water, and caused Mr. Bags to become impatient.

"Polly," said he, "it's my opinion it's been done these three minutes. I can't wait much longer."

And he cast a glance at the other two soldiers (in whom, as well as in Bags, Owen recognised men of his company who had been reported absent for some days, and were supposed to have gone over to the enemy), to ascertain if their opinions tallied with his own on this point.

"It can't be no better," said one, taking hold of the pig's neck between his finger and thumb, which he afterwards applied to his mouth.

"I can't abear my meat overdone," said the third. "What I say is, let them that likes to wait, wait, and them that wants to begin, begin." So saying, he rose, and was about to attack the ribs of the porker with his knife.

"Do stop a minute—that's a dear," said Mrs. Bags; "another bundle of cinnamon will make it perfect. I'll give ye something to stay your stomach;" and stepping to a nook in the wall of the cavern, where stood a large barrel, she filled a pewter measure, and handed it to the impatient advocate for underdone pork, who took a considerable dram, and passed it to his companions.

"Cinnament's better with pork nor with most things," said Bags. "It spoils goose, because it don't agree with the inions, and it makes fowls wishy-washy; but it goes excellent with pig."

"What's left in the larder?" asked one of the party.

"There's a week's good eating yet," said Mrs. Bags, "and we *might* make it do ten days or a fortnight."

"Well!" said the other, "they may say what they like about sieges, but this is the jolliest time ever I had."

"It's very well by day," said Bags, "but the nights is cold, and the company of that ghost ain't agreeable—I see'd it again last night."

"Ah!" said his friend, "what was it like, Tongs?"

"Something white," returned Bags in an awful whisper, "with a ghost's eyes. You may allays know a ghost by the eyes. I was just rising up, and thinking about getting a drink, for my coppers was hot, when it comes gliding up from that end of the cave. I spoke to you, and then I couldn't see it no more, because it was varnished."

"Ghosts always varnishes if you speak," said Mrs. Bags. "But never mind the spirit now—let's look after the flesh," added the lady, who possessed a fund of native pleasantry: "the pig's done to a turn."

At this interesting juncture, and just as they were about to fall to, the footsteps of the approaching mules struck on their ears. Owen went to meet the party, and hastily selecting six men from it, advanced, and desired them to secure the astounded convivialists.

On recovering from their first astonishment, Bags begged Owen would overlook the offence; they were only, he pleaded, having a little spree—times had been hard lately. Mrs. Bags, as usual, displayed great eloquence, though not much to the purpose. She seemed to have some idea that an enume-

ration of the gentlemen's families she had lived in, and the high estimation in which she had been held in all, would really tell powerfully in favor of the delinquents, and persevered accordingly, till they were marched off in custody of the escort, when she made a final appeal to my grandfather, as the last gentleman whose family she had lived in—with what advantage to the household the reader knows. The Major, who could not forgive the roasting of his ham, called her, in reply, a "horrible woman," but, at the same time, whispered to Owen that he hoped the fellows would not be severely punished. "If we had caught them after dinner," said he, "I shouldn't have pitied them so much."

"Never mind them," said Owen; "let us proceed to business. We must select the driest spot we can find to put the stores in."

[Here, by way of taking leave of Mr. Bags, I may remark, that he narrowly escaped being hanged as a plunderer—failing which, he was sentenced by a court-martial to receive a number of lashes, which I refrain from specifying, because it would certainly make the hair of a modern humanitarian turn white with horror.]

"Come along," Major, said Owen; "perhaps we may find more of these scoundrels in the course of our researches."

The Major did not move; he was earnestly regarding the carcass of the pig, that steamed hissing above the embers.

"Queer idea that of the cinnamon fire," said he. "I wonder how the meat tastes."

Owen did not hear him, having walked forward.

"Have you got a knife about you, Frank?" said the Major. "Do you know I have a curious desire to ascertain the flavor. It may be a feature in cookery worth knowing."

Owen had not a knife, nor had any of the men, but one of them suggested that the Major's sword would answer the purpose.

"To be sure," said the Major. "A good idea! I don't see why swords shouldn't be turned into carving-knives as well as into pruning-hooks." So saying he drew it from the sheath, and, straddling across the fire, detached a crisp brown mouthful from the pig's ribs, and putting a little salt on it, he conveyed it to his mouth.

"Excellent!" cried the Major. "I give you my word of honor, Owen, 'tis excellent! The cinnamon gives it a sort of a——"

Here a second and larger mouthful interrupted the criticism.

"It must be very near lunch-time," said the Major, pausing, sword in hand, when he had swallowed it; then, pretending to look at his watch—"Bless me, it only wants half-an-hour of it. Do you think this business will take you long, Owen?"

"About a couple of hours," said Owen.

"Ah, why, there you see," returned the Major, "we shan't get home till long past lunch-time. I really don't see why we shouldn't take a snack now. Nothing can be better than that pig. I only wish the woman had dressed my dinner half as well. Corporal Hodson, would you oblige me with a piece of that biscuit near you?" And, detaching a large fragment of pork, he placed it on the biscuit, and sprinkling it with pepper and salt, which condiments had not been forgotten in the gastronomic arrangements of Mr. Bags, he proceeded to follow Owen into the interior of the cave, taking huge bites as he went.

The path slopes at first steeply downward from the mouth to the interior of the cavern, where it becomes more level. Light being admitted only at the entrance, the gloom of the interior is almost impenetrable to the eye. The men had brought torches to assist them in their work, and, a suitable spot having been selected, these were stuck on different points and abutments of the rocky wall, when the party proceeded to unload the mules at the entrance, conveying their burdens into the cave.

In the midst of the bustle and noise attending the operation, the little dog given by Esther to Carlota, which had that morning followed the Major, to whom it had speedily attached itself, began barking and howling dismally in a dark recess behind one of the great natural pillars before spoken of. As the noise continued, intermixed with piteous whinings, one of the men took a torch from the wall, and stepped forward into the darkness, to see what ailed the animal. Presently he cried out that "there was a man there."

My grandfather, who was next him, immediately followed, and five paces brought him to the spot. The soldier who held the torch was stooping, and holding it over a figure that lay on the ground on its back. In the unshaven, blood-stained countenance, my

grandfather, at first, had some difficulty in recognising Lazaro the Jew. Some fiery splashes of pitch from the torch dropping at the moment on his bare throat, produced no movement, though, had he been living, they must have scorched him to the quick.

On the body was nothing but the shirt he wore the night of his flight from the hospital, but his legs were wrapt in a woman's dress. Across his breast, on her face, lay Esther, in her white under-garments—for the gown that wrapt the Jew's legs was hers. The glare of the torch was bright and red on the two prostrate figures, and on the staring appalled countenance of the man who held it—the group forming a glowing spot in the vast, sombre, vaulted space, where dim gleams of light were caught and repeated on projecting masses of rock, more and more faintly, till all was bounded by darkness.

Years afterwards my grandfather would sometimes complain of having been revisited, in dreams of the night, by that ghastly piece of Rembrandt painting.

The rest quickly flocked to the spot, and Esther was lifted and found to breathe, though the Jew was stiff and cold. Some diluted spirit, from the cellar of Bags, being poured down her throat, she revived a little, when my grandfather caused two of the men to bear her carefully to his house; and the body of the Jew, being wrapt in a piece of canvas, was placed on a mule and conveyed to the hospital for interment.

Medical aid restored Esther to consciousness, and she told how they came to be found in the cave.

Her father, on leaving the hospital, had fled by chance, as she thought, to this cave, for he did not reach it by the usual path, but climbed, in his delirious fear, up the face of the rock, and she had followed him as well as she could, keeping his white figure in sight. They had both lain exhausted in the cave till morning, when, finding that her father slept, she was on the point of leaving him to seek assistance. But, unhappily, before she could quit the place, Bags and his associates entered from their plundering expedition into the town, and, frightened at their drunken language, and recognising in Bags the man who had robbed her of her comb, she had crept back to her concealment. The party of marauders never quitted the cavern from the mo-

ment of establishing themselves in it. They spent the day in eating, drinking, singing songs, and sometimes quarrelling. Twice, at night, she ventured forth; but she always found one of them asleep across the entrance, so that she could not pass without waking him, and once one of them started up, and seemed about to pursue her—doubtless Bags, on the occasion when he thought he saw a ghost. Nevertheless, she had mustered courage twice to take some fragments of food that were lying near the fire, leaving each time a piece of money in payment; and she had also taken a lighted candle, the better to ascertain her father's situation. He had never spoken to her since the first night of their coming, and, during all these dark and weary hours (for they were three nights and two days in the cavern), she had remained by him listening to his incoherent mutterings and moans. The candle had showed her that he had lost much blood, from the wound in his forehead breaking out afresh, as well as from the other received in the hospital, though the latter was but a flesh wound. These she had bandaged with shreds of her dress, and had tried to give him some of the nourishment she had procured, but could force nothing on him except some water. Some hours, however—how long she did not know, but it was during the night—before Owen's party found her, the Jew had become sensible. He told her he was dying; and, unconscious of where he was, desired her to fetch a light. This she had procured in the same way as before, lighting the candle at the embers of the fire round which Bags and his friends reposed. Then the Jew, who seemed to imagine himself still in the hospital, bid her say whom, among those she knew in Gibraltar, she would wish to have charge of her when he was no more; and, on her mentioning Carlota, had desired her to take pen and paper and write his will as he should dictate it. Pen she had none, but she had a pencil and a scrap of paper in her pocket, and with these she wrote, leaning over to catch the whispered syllables that he with difficulty articulated.

From this paper it would appear that the Jew had some fatherly feelings for Esther concealed beneath his harsh deportment towards her. I can describe the will, for I have often seen it. It is written on a piece of

crumpled writing-paper, about the size of a bank-note, very stained and dirty. It is written in Spanish; and in it the Jew entreats "the Señora, the wife of Sr. Don Flinder, English officer, to take charge of his orphan child, in requital whereof he leaves her the half of whatsoever property he dies possessed of, the other half to be disposed of for the benefit of his daughter." Then follows a second paragraph, inserted at Esther's own desire, to the effect that, should she not survive, the whole was to be inherited by the aforesaid Señora. It is dated "Abril 1781," and signed in a faint, straggling hand, quite different from the clear writing of the rest—"JOSE LAZARO."

Esther would now have gone, at all hazards, to obtain assistance, but the Jew clutched her arm, and would not permit her to quit him. He breathed his last shortly after, and Esther remembered nothing more till she came to herself in the Major's house. The paper was found in her bosom.

Some days after this event, my grandfather went with Owen into the town, during a temporary lull in the enemy's firing, to visit the house of Lazaro, in order to ascertain whether any thing valuable was left that might be converted to Esther's benefit. They had some difficulty in finding the exact locality, owing to the utter destruction of all the landmarks. The place was a mass of ruins. Some provisions and goods had been left by the plunderers, but so mixed with rubbish, and overflowed with the contents of the casks of liquor and molasses, as to be of no value even in these times of dearth.

Owen, poking about among the wreck, observed an open space in the middle of one of the shattered walls, as if something had been built into it. With the assistance of my grandfather's cane, he succeeded in dislodging the surrounding masonry, already loosened by shot, and they discovered it to be a recess made in the thickness of the wall, and closed by a small iron door. At the bottom was lying a small box, also of iron, which they raised, not without difficulty, for its weight was extraordinary in proportion to its

dimensions. This being conveyed to my grandfather's, and opened, was found to contain more than six hundred doubloons (a sum in value about two thousand pounds), and many bills of exchange and promissory notes, mostly those of officers. The latest was that of Von Dessel. These the Major, by Esther's desire, returned to the persons whose signatures they bore.

Esther never completely recovered from the effects of her sojourn in the cave, but remained always pale and of weak health. My grandfather took good care of her inheritance for her, and on leaving Gibraltar, at the conclusion of the siege, invested the whole of it safely for her benefit, placing her, at the same time, in the family of some respectable persons of her own religion. She afterwards married a wealthy Hebrew; and, in whatever part of the world the Major chanced to be serving, so long as she lived, valuable presents would constantly arrive from Gibraltar—mantillas and ornaments of jewelry for Carlota, and butts of delicious sherry for my grandfather. These, however, ceased with her death, about twenty years afterwards.

This is, I believe, the most connected and interesting episode to be found in the Major's note-book; and it is, I think, the last specimen I shall offer of these new "Tales of my Grandfather."

As a child I used to listen, with interest ever new, to the tale of the young Jewess, which the narrator had often heard from the lips of Carlota and her husband. St Michael's cave took rank in my mind with those other subterranean abodes where Cassim, the brother of Ali Baba, who forgot the words "*Open Sesame*," was murdered by the Forty Thieves; where Aladdin was shut by the magician in the enchanted garden; and where Robinson Crusoe discovered the dying he-gont. And when, at the conclusion of the tale, the scrap of paper containing the Jew's will was produced from a certain desk, and carefully unfolded, I seemed to be connected by some awful and mysterious link with these departed actors in the scenes I had so breathlessly listened to.

From The Independent.
RAPHAEL'S HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THESE exquisite little designs are the fresco ornaments of a pavilion near Rome, and now are nearly obliterated. They are evidently conceived in the spirit of the graceful flying figures in the Pompeian frescoes, but breathe the chaster influence of Christian art. They are exquisitely poetical and fanciful.

Hours of the night!—upon my chamber walls
Hung dreamy figures hovering in mid air,
Begot by Raphael when the antique art
He wedded with the bridal ring of Christ.
Sweet Raphael—fairest of the sons of men,
Whose thoughts were visible music, whose accord

Died not when died its master, but lives on,
Charming the eye and thought of lands unknown.

Hours of the night! how dreamily they move!
One from her vase pours down the cloudy dew—
One hovering with veiled brow and wavering robe

Seems bearer of calm dreams like floating clouds—

Flying, yet still—and as I gaze, my brain
Grows tremulous and seems to float and dream,
And as I dream thus flows the tide of song:

Hours of the night, forever there unfolding
Your purple shady robes, heavy and still.
Pass, pass ye on, while we your course, behold-
ing,

Wait for the morning which pursues you still.

Hours of the night! to him forever passed?
For he hath gone into God's perfect day!
Where the ideal is mystery no more;
Where doubt and error flee with night away!

Hours of the night! ye have your pleasant
dreams,

Your falling dews, with silvery doubtful
gleam;

But pass ye on, and rise the perfect day
When all shall stand revealed in morning's
beam!

For all that painters, all that poets dream,
Are but the dew-drops of life's fleeting night
That shine on tree and flower, but cannot guide,
While grope we on, in the imperfect light.

He is the Morning Star, that Son of God,
Whom Raphael saw transfigured in the sky—
That glorious dream was given to his night hours
To be for ours perpetual legacy;—

He saw and died—the morning star had risen—
The fleeting night brought in th' immortal
day,

And as a dew-drop spreads its rainbow wing,
The artist's soul exhaled in light away.*

* The Transfiguration, the last work of Raphael, of which the sublime head of Christ is, perhaps, the nearest to the inapproachable idea of Christian art of all attempts which have been made.

Ah, these night hours, O Saviour, grant us
power

To pass them bravely, waiting, till we see
Thee rising in the east, before whose face
All night, all sorrow, shall forever flee.
Andover, Aug. 30.

A MORNING PRAYER.

THOSE streaks upon the wall

Denote another day.

Oh, that to me might fall

No sin this day.

I cannot hope, oh Lord,

That thing to say

When conscience shall recall,

But still may humbly pray

Thy pity, Lord,

And not thy sword,

Attend my erring way.

Not for this sinful self alone,

Oh Lord, my prayer.

In thy dear loving kindness hold

She whom Thou gavest me, to be

The dear consoler of my life,

My tender and beloved wife,

And all the precious fold

Whom Thou hast trusted to our care:

Those "Little Ones,"

Of whom Thou spak'st, oh Lord,

Of whom Thou spak'st the gracious Word

To bring them unto Thee.

Father! for these and all Thy sons,

For all Thy children of the earth—

Poor, weak, forlorn—

Thy bounteous grace and pity give

Whilst still below we live;

And, in the resurrection morn,

Glad triumph in immortal birth.

Granada, (Nicaragua), October 28, 1857.

FRAGMENTS OF SONG.

LISTEN, Brother, listen!

Hearst thou not the sound

Of his footsteps on the ground,

Coming up the fir-tree walk?

Oh listen, listen!

Say not 'tis the ivy-stalk,

Beating against the window-pane;

Or the dead leaves whirling round,

Eddying in a broken chain—

Listen, listen!

Again! oh listen, Brother dear!

A voice of one in grief and pain

Seemeth to call on me in vain—

Calling on me, to hear—

Brother dear!

Is it the bitter wind

Complaining to its kind,

As it howls across the waste?

That is all—no need of haste

To ope the door—

No one is there!

Woe is me!

No one is there,

No one there!

—Mrs. Rathbone.

From The Spectator,
THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA CONTINUED.

THE Crimean war has evidently forced upon Russia a change of tactics. We have long suspected that it had not compelled her to abandon the objects at which she was aiming, whether through Nesselrode, or Menschikoff, or Gortschakoff, and the result of recent events inclines us to anticipate that she may probably attain her objects, war, defeat, and conferences notwithstanding. Amongst the Governments of Europe, Russia is that one which at the present day most systematically and consistently aims at carrying out particular objects by a persevering policy. Austria has inherited a policy which she has been compelled to accommodate to altered circumstances; Metternich belongs to the past, Schwarzenberg has disappeared, while the Buols, Bachs, and Leo Thuns appear to vacillate in their expediences, as if the chain of intellectual connexion with Metternichism had been cut off by the brief and calamitous, but significant intervention of Stadion. We have not yet any reason to suppose that official "Prussia" has abandoned the neutral position that she assumed. Official "France" is a recent combination, and we have not yet been able to arrive at a thorough comprehension of the principles by which she is guided. And our own Government, which may have a permanent policy amongst the secrets of its Foreign Office, is compelled to trim at present between diplomatic freemasonries and a deference for popular and constitutional opinion at home. It is Russia alone who is in complete accord with herself,—is able notwithstanding the change of external circumstances to stick to the text of her testamentary policy, to be consistent in her aim, notwithstanding her change of position, or the shifting of winds in the political atmosphere. The nation which perseveres in its own purposes through fair weather and foul is likely to obtain the greatest share of success in the end; and thus, with all our boasted power and resources,—half of our national strength being frustrated by the systematic double-dealings of the day,—we are beaten in council when we have to confront the "semi-barbarous" power.

It is perhaps premature to accept all the reports that have been circulated of the proceedings at the Paris Conferences; we must take what we are told *cum grano*; but it is more than probable that the *Constitutionnel* has enjoyed a very intelligible kind of patronage in the acquirement of its information, and circumstances, as well as other accounts, tend to corroborate its assertions. One report is indeed most remarkable, and is only explained by the general observations which we have just made. It is said that Lord Cowley

sought to obtain, from the assembled representatives of the European powers, a personal pledge that the proceedings of the Conferences should be kept secret even after the exchange of the ratifications; and while Sardinia "as a Constitutional State" protested against such a proposal, the strongest resistance came from Russia, who challenged publicity! It is said that Lord Cowley evinced a peculiar anxiety to avoid a publication of *the reasons* as well as the conclusions of the plenipotentiaries; as though the representative of Lord Palmerston and Lord Malmesbury dreaded comparisons with our own parliamentary debates, or a summons before the public opinion of his country. If there is any truth whatever in these reports, Russia has not only gained the largest proportion of the winnings at the card-table of the Conferences, but has kept up appearances much better than the representative of virtuous England.

In order to estimate the amount of the Russian victory in substantial, let us remember how the question came before the Conference; and let us look at the constitution which is said to have been drafted for the Danubian principalities. It was known some time since that Russia desired the union of these two provinces, while Turkey desired their severance; the very intelligible reason being, that if Russia favored the Rouman desire for local consolidation, she would be able to work upon the quasi-independent provinces, and win them over to annexation with her own empire. France was supposed to have been won over to the Russian view while England resisted it; Prussia being indifferent, Austria disliking Russian aggrandisement, and Sardinia rather sympathising with the Czar, who had shown greater magnanimity towards the kingdom of Northern Italy than her somewhat ungrateful allies in the Crimea. This was the position of affairs when the Emperor Napoleon visited Osborne for the purpose of being brought over by our Queen; and it is said, he *was* brought over.

In the Conference accordingly, France has stood by England in claiming a certain degree of severance for the principalities, which are not united; and yet, in the compromise which has taken place, it is not to be denied that Russia has gained nine tenths of her wish. Moldavia is to stand separate from the sister province, having its own hospodar, its elected house of representatives, and its body of electors. The boyards or country gentlemen, who are supposed to be the depository of the Russian sympathies, and who enjoyed a monopoly of the franchise, are thus superseded in their political importance. If the Hospodar, Deputies, and electors, are all to be persons whose social station shall be marked by some kind of property qualification

perhaps they will not be the less independent on that account. Wallachia will have a constitution the exact counterpart of the Moldavian; but these separate and independent provinces are to possess in common a Senate, and some kind of high judicial tribunal; so that a portion of the legislature and of the judicature, of the law-making and the law-executing, will be common to both provinces. Both will lie under the suzerainty of Turkey in questions of peace or war, and the Porte is suspected of aims at restoring some portion of her supremacy by replacing her creatures in the executive. A minimum therefore of influence, and that none of the best, is left to Turkey. The concession made to the Western Powers is the separate administration of the principalities in local affairs; while Russia obtains such a degree of consolidation as may easily be rendered the means of bringing about a much more substantial and thorough consolidation.

It is probable indeed, that this degree of Russian success will not be followed up by so much encroachment in the spirit of wilful trespass as we have seen that power carrying on heretofore. Many recent events have thrown much light on the impolicy of past Russian policy; and other events have rendered it probable that the reigning Emperor has at last been impressed by the leading lesson which should be derived from what we might call the education of his dynasty through successive generations. The Russian Government struck out a plan of completing its administrative control over the whole empire, with a better military presence in the south, by a grand system of railways, connecting all the ports on the Baltic, the Neva, the White Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Black Sea, with the two capitals of Russia, with the imperial residences, the off-lying provinces of Poland, and the principal lines of Germany through Prussia. Here was all that was wanting to make the Imperial Chancery omnipresent; but there was a slight obstacle: the sum required was forty-four millions sterling, and on the very first movement it was seen that such a sum could only be raised by the usual commercial means. The company formed for the purpose, indeed, has not been able to secure the cash except by instalments in rather a tedious way; it is now seeking a loan of six million and a half on debentures, to make up the first amount of twelve millions which ought to have been raised on shares. And in order to render the raising of such sums even probable, the directors of the Grand Russian Railway Company are obliged to modify the Imperial plan by diverting the lines, where they can be carried round through populous districts; by beginning, and for a time proceeding, only

in patches where the commencements of the lines can obtain a self-supporting local traffic; and at the best leaving the grand imperial, military scheme only a dream of the future. The circumstances of the age, indeed, are making Russia identify herself and her action with those interests and counsels which are not warlike, aggressive, or dangerous, at least in the old political sense; and she has shown a certain willingness in thus adapting herself. It is through the imperial influence that the emancipation, long since begun with the serfs of the crown, has been enforced upon the serfs of the private nobles; and while Russia must view with much jealousy the advance of the Western Powers into China, where geography appeared to have given her almost a monopoly of encroachment, she makes a merit of necessity and becomes the medium of announcing the success of the Western Plenipotentiaries through her own special channels at St. Petersburg. Our Foreign Office is charmed at the courtesy, as the Yankees are overjoyed at the magnanimity of the self-emancipation. Does it follow that Russia is abandoning her objects because she is improving her policy? The very fact that she has outstripped our fastest ships and our telegraphs in announcing an important piece of intelligence shows the forwardness of her organization in the extreme East. The fact that her railways *are* proceeding, ten years being but a ten minutes in the chronology of Russian perseverance, is a promise that the imperial scheme will sooner or later be realised; while her failures in the Menshikoff demands and in the Crimean war, turned to account in her improved tactics, and followed by the success of her appeals to European opinions and the attainment of so much Danubian consolidation through the Paris Conference itself, prove that if she has failed through too mechanical an obedience to Peter the Great's advice, she knows how to carry out the spirit of his injunctions, and to move towards her unabandoned objects by safer, wiser, and even more magnificent routes.

From The Spectator.

AN IMPERIAL PITCHFORK.

THE Emperor of the French is endeavoring to create that kind of organization which would constitute perfect national unity. Napoleon is the motive brain, the French nation the body, the public offices the limbs. In this sense every person administering to any function of the entire body is a public administrator: the tradesman is a purveyor, as he sometimes politely calls himself here; the theatre is a department; and music is the subject of a special commission. For it is no doubt in this comprehensive view of his duties that the Emperor Napoleon has just issued a

commission to ascertain the possibility of fixing upon a "uniform diapason" or pitch. The commission which is admirably formed, includes amongst its members Rossini. The object is one which has often been desiderated, but has not yet been attained, if even any progress has been made towards it. For want of such a fixed standard, there is not only a constant confusion between the instruments of the same country, but there has been a progressive change in the pitch of instruments and of vocal composition, within the last century especially. Many of the vocal works of Handel and his contemporaries are now difficult to sing from, being "too high." The causes of this perpetual elevation of the pitch are tolerably well known, though they are not absolutely clear.

One may reside in the tendency of the musical scale itself, as it is formed from the base, to extend the intervals upwards; inasmuch that the higher notes become "too sharp," and in the process of temperament are reduced to bring them into their general relations with each other. This confusion of the scale as it is formed amongst European nations—and Heaven defend us from adopting the Syriac or Chinese scale—is one amongst the millions of examples of that eccentricity in the mechanism of nature which forbids human systematizing. We cannot reduce nature to our narrow idea of "perfection."

It is however probable, that the progression of the pitch is principally due to a moral cause. The composer desires to make his work "brilliant;" he throws it rather high in the scale. The performer desires to produce a "brilliant" execution, and he tunes his instrument rather sharp. The audacious singer dares the instrumentalist to go as far as he can in that direction; and thus in the ambition of brilliancy, the singer, the instrumental performer, and the composer are constantly working upwards. "Concert pitch" is a phrase colloquially employed to mean a pitch higher than that which is considered generally desirable for instruments in our day.

To correct this tendency to aberration natural standards have been suggested. Instrumental tuners will produce their own "pitchforks" as a sufficient standard; the pitchfork itself however, having progressively advanced, though somewhat in the rear of executed music; and the older pitchforks are flatter in tone than the modern.

The song of birds has sometimes been pointed out as a natural standard, but amongst the difficulties of employing it is that of reducing the note sounded by a bird to any part of our scale. Gardiner, no doubt, employs musical notes to imitate the natural tune of birds; but how different would those

notes sound on the pianoforte, or even on the most beautiful violin, from that sharp delicate chirp of the bird which eludes systematized reductions to our larger and more precisely divided gamut. We must seek the standard among ourselves.

Amongst all the nations of the earth, although they are not the most musical, the French perhaps are the very best to assist us in this particular search, especially with the aid of the great master of music, Rossini. The object would be attained, if we could fix upon a piece of metal, with a given standard of purity—not silver, which proves to be one of the least sonorous of metals—and with an ascertained weight and dimensions. But, as Sir Robert Peel said, "What is a 'pound'?" The standard of weight and measure itself has varied, and still varies amongst us English. "A pound" is equivalent to a pint of water, or nearly so; but what is a "pint" of water? What is a "foot" measure? The length of a man's foot,—which varies, without any monstrosity, from nine to thirteen inches; as a "barley corn" varies with every grain in a field of barley. It was the French who first systematically based measurements upon a natural standard, in deputing Humboldt and the companion whom that philosopher has just lost, Bonpland, to measure a degree at the equator by a scientific process. Here probably is the nearest approach to a natural standard, corrected by large data, that human science can attain. Upon that datum the French have based their systematic measurement; they are a systematic people, and we see them more hopefully than any other, engage in the present enterprise.

The consequences are likely to be important, even for the higher branches of music itself; nay, even to composition. The same mania for "brilliancy" which has beset the performer has attended the composer, and it has been uncorrected by the knowledge of any thing like an accurate standard. It is possible that in a country like France a gracious Emperor, strengthened by a sufficient reverence for music, might place restraints upon aberrant composers, and keep the wilder sort within something like bounds of decency. The great master who is in the present commission, although he has been copious in music which unpractised singers account difficult, is conspicuous for producing the largest amount of effect through each peculiar kind of voice for which the music is destined. In this sense, he is a composer whose works are easy to sing, though powerful and brilliant in their result; and it is because there have been few musicians who have evinced so keen a sense of the natural scale. A permanent imperial commission such as we have imagined to control the excesses of musicians, especially

of composers, would prevent a Verdi from giving to the world those shouting orations which are very impressive, for the hour, but do more than any thing to break down voices. He has revived the manner of that French singer and teacher Adrien, whose destructive method of exaggerated effort is deprecated by the accomplished Fétis.

"The emission of the sound never being made in a natural manner and the strength of the lungs being constantly exerted, the most robust voices were unable to resist the fatigue of a labor for which the Herculean strength of Adrien had been insufficient. Thus, for several years, voices which were free and of good quality, and which had not been procured without much difficulty, were destroyed before they were able to leave the Royal School of Music."

Singers for Verdi's operas should have been taught in this manner, and they would last, as he permits singers to do, for two or three years.

But a permanent commission of music might exercise other useful checks upon abuse. In civilized countries commerce is the handmaid of music, as it is of most services in general demand; and even in music commerce cannot refrain from its adulterations or suppressions. We suspect an instance of this kind under which the public of our own country suffers, although unconscious of its privation. No instrument has hitherto been found so available for general use as the pianoforte; which has assisted in carrying the finest music into every home of the country. It has its imperfections, and the principal is the incapacity of the machinery to give forth a continuous sound. To amend this defect has been one of the problems of practical music. Various efforts have been made, and a good many years since, the plan invented by a working pianoforte-maker appeared to promise success. The man had the same name with an eminent Roman composer, Isouard; but we doubt whether there was any relationship, or even whether they were of the same country. The plan consisted in throwing a stream of air upon a string after it had been once vibrated by the percussion of the hammer. Another method of obtaining continuity in keyed instruments is exemplified by the "hurdy-gurdy," in which the string is vibrated by a circular bow, though not with the happiest effects. A very simple and ingenious application of the same principle, however, was exhibited in this country a very few years back. We heard the instrument, though we had not an opportunity of seeing the mechanism. It consisted, we believe, of a silken cylinder, moving not transversely to the string, but longitudinally—parallel to the extension of the string itself. The effect was

exceedingly sweet, adding to the brilliancy of the pianoforte the plaintive drawn-out sound of the violin, with a power of continuity *ad libitum*, and of *crescendo*; though it still wanted of course that crowning beauty of the bow instrument, the power of giving accurate intonation to the leading notes. This perfection of a pianoforte, we believe, was publicly exhibited only once, at St. Martin's Hall, before a very small audience; once again, privately, before the Queen; and then, with its inventor and exhibitor, a M. Kaufman, it disappeared into space, and was never heard of again. Had envious pianoforte-makers assassinated M. Kaufman, that unpretending white-haired elderly gentleman, who was so proud of his invention? The police have never reported such a crime, but we have before us the obvious fact, that if the invention had been successful, it would at once have thrown out of use all existing pianofortes, unless they had been adapted, and would immediately have lowered in value, by 50 per cent or more, all existing stock, representing no doubt, some hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. A permanent commission, such as that of the Emperor Napoleon, would have fixed Kaufman with us for the time, and would have exhausted experiments to ascertain the value of his invention; but could not M. Rossini and his colleagues rediscover for us the lost Kaufman?

From The Saturday Review.

THE PEACE WITH CHINA.

THE allusion, in the announcement of the treaty between China and Russia, to a previous conclusion of peace with England and France, is perhaps more trustworthily than if it had been a positive statement. After the entrance of the allied squadron into the Peiho, there was little doubt that European firmness would soon prevail over the ingenious versatility of Chinese diplomacy. It is true that joint negotiations are not in general satisfactorily carried out, nor had our French auxiliaries displayed any extraordinary zeal during the recent operations. The plenipotentiaries of the belligerent Powers were also embarrassed by the company of neutral colleagues—of a Russian who might be suspected of a desire to promote separate interests, and of an American whose instructions may probably not have enjoined a scrupulous regard for the wishes of England. It is, however, only fair to admit that Count Putiatin, himself a distinguished naval officer, has exhibited a friendly feeling to the leaders of the expedition, and all the assembled diplomatists must have felt that they would be held responsible for failure in the obvious purpose of their mission. Lord Elgin has shown a commendable desire to obtain his object without any unnecessary

effusion of blood, but the destruction of the Peiho forts, and the subsequent advance to Tientsin, were probably indispensable conditions of the concessions which were required at Pekin. Chinese politics, though they are still imperfectly understood, present some intelligible and uniform characteristics, and European diplomatists may envy the patient pertinacity, the timely submission to necessity, and the convenient exemption from conventional susceptibilities which belong to Celestial dignitaries. It would probably be more correct to say that the point of honor is peculiarly placed in the Chinese system of public morals, than that it is altogether wanting. The Imperial Court accepts defeat or menace as ascertained facts, which may lead by a natural consequence to the adoption of unpalatable measures; but there is no disposition to anticipate the success of an adversary when it is certain that his enmity may at the worst be brought off at a known and definite price. Lord Elgin and his colleagues were not dealers in Sibylline books, to be acquired by a progressive increase of sacrifices. Even if the war had lasted for ten years, China was safe from European conquest, and at the conclusion of hostilities the barbarians would be eager to exchange broadcloth and opium for silk and tea. The contest would probably have been allowed to linger indefinitely if it could have been prolonged in the distant provinces of the Empire; and even when the squadron appeared at the mouth of the Peiho, it was by no means certain that the invaders would venture to advance on the capital. If any Chinese engineer had sounded the water on the bar, and gauged the draught of the English steamers, he might reasonably have recommended his superiors to delay their submission until the vessels had passed an obstacle which might well have been thought insurmountable. The French officers were anxious to reserve themselves for duties which demanded their attention elsewhere, and for a time it was not known whether the English Admiral had made up his mind to advance. It was not until it became certain that the Plenipotentiaries might wait indefinitely for the Commissioners from Pekin, that Sir M. Seymour finally determined to accelerate their progress by meeting them half-way.

There have been many more desperate enterprises recorded in the naval history of England than the advance up the Peiho, but the ready and available resources of genuine sailors have seldom been more conspicuously displayed. The *Nimrod* and *Cormorant* ran at the bar like horses at a difficult fence, and at the first attempt both vessels stuck fast in the mud, as their captains had fully anticipated. It is highly probable that Captain

Dew and Captain Saumarez had never read the history of a Norse sea-king who escape^d from a beleaguered harbor in the East by tilting his galley alternately at the stem and stern, so as actually to leap over the boom which the enemy had placed to intercept his progress; but the feat which was performed a thousand years ago with an open boat of pine wood, was repeated at the mouth of the Peiho in large English vessels with all their armament on board. While the engines worked, and backed, and went on, weights and guns were shifted alternately fore and aft, and two hundred men running up and down the decks made their ship, instead of walking the waters, travel slowly across a mile of sand. At the last moment at which the tide would serve, the *Nimrod* slipped off into deep water, and the larger ships, with the English and French gunboats around them, were ready for action with the forts. The result of the contest could not be doubtful, though the Chinese garrison stood manfully to their guns, and it is probable that the entrance of the squadron into the river practically decided the policy of the Imperial Government. A Tartar leader, who rejoiced in the title of "the demon," had occupied Tientsin with a force of 30,000 men described as "tigers of war;" but when the squadron with the Ambassadors on board ascended the river after some delay, they found residences prepared for them, and the population on the banks crowded to welcome them, striking their heads on the ground in token of respect and submission. The merchants sent deputations to inquire what cargoes had been brought in the ships, forwarding at the same time lists of the goods which they were prepared to offer in return. At the date of the last detailed accounts, Lord Elgin had sent for a reinforcement from Hong Kong; but it seems that the conclusion of the treaty must have been effected before his arrival at Pekin.

During the whole course of the recent transactions, additional proof has been afforded that the habits and institutions of China, and the inclinations of the people, offer no obstacle to the most unrestricted intercourse with foreigners. If the terms of peace are correctly reported, the Government is about to remove or suspend some of the obstacles which have thus far interfered with commercial freedom. It is doubtful whether the ports which are said to be open are only those which were secured for the purposes of trade under the previous treaty; but a considerable advance seems to have been made in the provision for the appointment of consuls, and in the recognition of the right to send diplomatic agents direct to the capital. According to the precedent of the former treaty, the defeated enemy will defray the

whole or a considerable part of the expenses of the war. If submission had been delayed, some more convenient settlement would probably have been demanded for this country, in place of the little island of Hong Kong; but it might have been difficult to obtain the co-operation of the allies in any attempt to procure an exclusive benefit for England. On the whole, there is reason to hope that some commercial advantages may be derived from a fresh admission on the part of China that foreign trade is legitimate or beneficial. The greater portion of the profit which may result will fall to the share of England and the United States, for it is difficult to suppose that the maritime commerce between Russia and China can attain any considerable dimensions. It is certainly not impossible that the treaty may hereafter serve as an excuse for Russian encroachments on the north-western frontier of the Chinese Empire; but the jealousy even of amateur diplomats must be content to remain without satisfaction when there is a question of the independence of Tartary, or of the inviolability of the Great Wall.

From The Examiner 28 Aug.

COUNT PERSIGNY ON THE EMPIRE AND ALLIANCE.

WE offered some remarks not long since on the great importance to the people of France, especially as they are governed at present, of those departmental institutions called Councils-General. Privileges of speech, like other things, rise in value in the ratio of their rarity. The few last shreds of freedom are of the same priceless worth to a nation that the last plank is to the shipwrecked mariner. Few and faint indeed are the vestiges left in France of the "true liberty" which only exists, according to Euripides,

"When freeborn men

Having to advise the public, may speak free."

The Council-General is one of these precious relics. In these bodies there is still a throb of life remaining, still an opportunity of speech left, and in proportion to the restraints under which they speak and move, is our interest in their transactions, is the significance to be attached to the voices issuing from them.

The speech made by Count Persigny at Saint Etienne, on the occasion of opening, as President, the Council-General of the Loire, contains much that is worthy of note, and much to be read with satisfaction, though mixed, as is only natural, with much to which no Englishman could assent. But even where we are forced to disagree with the speaker's opinions and principles, and where he discusses the imperial system, and justifies its rigors on the grounds of political necessity, we are glad to see those opinions publicly

stated; it is something to have questions like these argued on a high stage by a man of Count Persigny's political and social eminence. Discussion, to be sure, with only one party to it, is a very different thing from controversy. French discussion resembles the moon of which we are only acquainted with one side. This, however, is the inevitable consequence, as it is the express object, of the laws and institutions for which the Count took upon himself the hard task of apologizing. We have therefore only to be thankful for the apology itself. It is something, nay, it is much, to see it thus publicly acknowledged that the despotism that presses so heavily upon France is a system which requires justification. France, it is thus happily proved, is far enough, even in her present bondage, from being sunk to what the poet describes as the lowest point of moral degeneracy, when men have lost the faculty to

"perceive their foul disfigurement,

But think themselves more comely than before."

Count Persigny perceives the disfigurement of his country; he is not charmed by her political deformities; he does not mistake them for comeliness. He confesses them to be evils, and only justifies them as evils of necessity, and conditions of better days to come. The tyranny that thus places itself at the bar of public opinion, and defends itself aloud, even though none dare rise to answer its arguments, is removed by a wide interval from the most malignant forms of misgovernment. The encouragement to be drawn from the oration at Saint Etienne is the more encouraging, when we recollect the speaker's intimate connection with the Emperor, and that it is in fact Louis Napoleon himself who speaks and apologizes through the lips of his friend. "It is true," he says, among other things to the same effect, and in the same tone of homage to principle, "that the liberty of the press, which either vivifies or kills all other liberties, is *very materially modified* by the system of warnings." And again, "No one can regret more than I do myself that, owing to the present system, the influence of the press upon public opinion is insufficient to enlighten the Government, or to prevent private interests, under the masks of public interests, from taking the Emperor's name in vain."

Sounds not this very like an acknowledgment that the press of France wears heavier chains than is consistent with the public welfare, according to the most imperial view of it, and even assumed to be identical with the interests of the reigning dynasty? Count Persigny describes the government of his country as floundering in obscurity, without a single free organ of opinion to illuminate and

guide it. The true "lantern to the feet" of statesmen is wanting in France by the admission of one of the foremost men in her councils. Can it be for the interests of the Bonaparte dynasty itself that this Cimmerian darkness should continue? The press of France in the days of its liberty may have shown itself at times the adversary of rational freedom, but let her present sovereign consider whether its utter extinction may not be equally dangerous to himself and his system. The navigation being betwixt Charybdis and Scylla, the Emperor seems to be steering right for the rock, because the few governments before him perished, he fancies, in the whirlpool.

But on the subject of the relations of France with this country, we have not only no fault to find with any thing that fell from Count Persigny, but it is our agreeable duty to record his observations as satisfactory in the highest degree, and well calculated to render still stronger the ties that are happily so strong already.

"Nevertheless, a cloud which might have proved dangerous, lately obscured our relations with a country whose alliance with ourselves had been so happily cemented and so fruitful, and it has required nothing less than the wisdom and reciprocal friendship of the two sovereigns to prevent a coolness between the two powers. Happily, as the Emperor said at Cherbourg, if it was wished to revive the rancors and passions of another epoch, the attempt would be defeated by the good sense of the public. In fact, messieurs, the interests of the two peoples are now so closely interwoven that it would be difficult for even the most furious passions to bring to pass an entire rupture. Such is this solidarity of interests, that if to-morrow London or Paris were burnt, we should each suffer immense commercial losses, and while a catastrophe falling upon Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg, would excite only our sentiments of pity, were it London we should be wounded in our interests almost as seriously as at Paris itself. Now, when two peoples have arrived at this point, they are evidently destined to draw together more closely every day their present union."

We might indeed wish that so much stress had not been placed upon the influence of the courts, however intimate, in maintaining the harmony of two such nations; but letting this pass, the truth of these words is not more undeniable than the good spirit with which the occasion was seized for proclaiming it. And it is further to be noted that no passage of the Count's speech was better received, cries of "*très-bien, très-bien*," expressing the cordial concurrence of the audience. The

Count went on to demonstrate the inestimable advantages resulting respectively to France and England from their friendship. He showed that neither has the slightest interest in war, while both have enormous stakes in the continuance of peace. The following words, recognizing the naval greatness of England as a positive benefit to France, and quietly censuring the backwardness of his countrymen to follow us in the career of free trade, are particularly worthy of attention and record.

"With England we are masters of the seas, and consequently have nothing to fear upon our frontiers. No coalition against us is possible; general peace is assured. Our country can give itself up to all the developments of its activity without any pre-occupation, and complete the work of establishing its institutions without incurring any risk. Elsewhere, we have no material rivalry with England, since she has opened to our commerce as to her own the access to her immense colonies; it is not her fault if continuing our system of production at high prices, we do not know how to profit by it."

It was natural for Count Persigny after such statements to put the question, "how, such being the reciprocal interests and dispositions of the two nations, are the unpleasant occurrences that followed the *attentat* to be accounted for?" The Count's answer to the self-proposed inquiry not only does justice to the feelings of this country, but shows Count Persigny to be a man who understands and appreciates the working of our free institutions.

"By the commonest of all explanations—by a series of misunderstandings which arose on both sides of the Channel. Already since the peace, public opinion in England had taken umbrage at some diplomatic incidents, but at the news of the attempt of the 14th, England was unanimous in stigmatising the odious crime. At that period the true English public—that public which, in reality, directs and governs the state—which is accustomed to see order proceed from the greatest agitations, to disdain all the excesses of the press, to take no heed of any of the exaggerations of liberty—the English public, I say, knew nothing either of the previous attempts organised in England against the Emperor, nor of the doctrines professed by a portion of the refugees; it was, in all sincerity, as ignorant of those infamies as it was innocent of them. It was then with the most painful astonishment that it believed (very mistakenly to be sure) it could see in the addresses which were spoken at Paris a disposition on the part of France to render England responsible for the attempt of the 14th, and to

hold her in suspicion. From that moment, public opinion in England, unanimous in stigmatising assassination, suddenly checked the demonstrations which were being made in every part of the country."

We repeat that it is a subject of congratulation for both countries, that the meetings of these provincial bodies in France afford opportunities of speaking "the words of truth and soberness," and that there are men who know how to use them so well as Count Persigny.

From The Press, 28 Aug.

M. DE PERSIGNY'S SPEECH.

THE speech—very remarkable in many respects—which has just been delivered by M. de Persigny, coupled with that which the French Emperor himself delivered in the presence of our Queen, ought, we think, to destroy in men's minds the idea which has unhappily taken hold of them—viz., that all that the Emperor and his supporters say and do to strengthen and improve the alliance with England is said and done with the secret intent of more effectually concealing the hostile designs which they cherish against us, and which they hope one day actively to develop, by some sudden invasion of this country. If Napoleon and his supporters really entertain any notions of this kind, the declarations which they make of a real desire to consolidate the friendship of the two nations appear to us a very awkward mode of preparing the way for the realization of their intentions. The Emperor must know, as well as we know, that if he be really making preparations for a sudden descent on the English coast (as many sensible (?) Englishmen are fully persuaded that he is making), those preparations could not be concealed from the vigilant eye of the British Government, by any hypocritical professions of a desire on the part of France and her Government to preserve the most friendly relations. Acts would be judged by their own character, and not by the words of the actors. We believe that M. de Persigny tells the truth, when he says that the amount of intercourse between France and England has grown to such an enormous degree that a war between the two countries would partake of the character of a civil war; and that ruin would be brought down, on some of the most important classes in both countries, by any warlike collision. That there are some excitable and restless spirits in both nations who might rejoice at such a conflict, we do not deny; but that the great mass of the French nation would look forward to it with eagerness (as some people affirm), is what we cannot bring ourselves to believe.

Those who charge the Emperor with hypo-

crisy cannot have it both ways. If the haters of England (who are said to constitute an overwhelming majority of Frenchmen) understand these professions as put forth to conceal a deep-laid scheme for an attack on England, and are *therefore* satisfied with them, then it can hardly be maintained that what all France sees so clearly is entirely hidden from English vision. Rather what France sees plainly, England will see plainly too. If, then, the Emperor's peaceful words are correctly interpreted, when this sense is put upon them, they do not answer their imputed purpose; they are simply barefaced falsehoods, which deceive nobody.

But, on the other hand, if the French nation take his professions in their literal sense, and if deadly hostility to England be *really* the ruling passion in their breasts, *then* it is quite clear that their belief in the sincerity of their ruler on this matter must create the most dangerous feelings against his person and dynasty. If, then, the veil be so transparent that all see through it, it does not answer its end; if it be so thick that it cannot be seen through, then it is fraught with alarming consequences to its wearer. We say, therefore, take these speeches which way you will, if the Emperor cherish a secret design to attack this country, it appears to us that he could not set about carrying out that design in a more awkward and ineffectual way, than by being lavish in professions of his desire to preserve friendly relations between the two nations, and by hypocritical civilities to the Queen of England.

At the same time, confident as we feel that the French Ruler and the French people do not entertain these hostile designs, we by no means should counsel our rulers to neglect ordinary precautions. We by no means advocate the reduction of our means of defence to any thing like so low an ebb as to leave our shores in that defenceless state in which the Whig-Radical Administrations left them at the period when the late Duke of Wellington placed on record his protest against the absence of preparation to repel an enemy. But, fortunately for us, *aggression* requires a tenfold greater amount of preparation than *defensive* warfare. The armament which must sail from Cherbourg to effect a landing on our coasts might be thrown into hopeless confusion by one which did not amount to one-tenth of its strength. What constitutes the power and efficiency of an invading armament on land—viz., the soldiers, the horses, the artillery, the commissariat, &c.—constitutes its weakness at sea. We think that England ought always to be prepared at the shortest notice to equip such a force as would throw confusion into a hostile expedition, and would either prevent its attempt to land, or

would insure its annihilation in the attempt. Had the Russians thrown their Sebastopol fleet into the midst of the Anglo-French Crimean expedition, and had they opposed vigorously the landing, after their attack by sea, we do not believe that there is a military man of any authority but will acknowledge that that allied army never would have reached the Alma.

Now, there is one thing very certain, and that is, that England has no design of invading France. All that it is therefore necessary for England to do is to maintain always in readiness a sufficient force to assail and deal with a hostile armament, come it from what quarter it may. Fortunately, in the nature of things, as we have shown, that force need not be of any thing like the strength of the force which it would have to oppose, for no doubt there is a limit to the power, if not to the amount of an invading force: addition beyond a certain quantity does not add to, but detracts from, its efficiency; and its extent may be increased so as to become utterly unwieldy and unmanageable. Therefore the forces which England need maintain can give no umbrage to France, and can neither excite in her any alarm nor justify her in increasing her military and naval preparations. Thus that ruinous course of rivalry between the two countries—the augmentation of the armaments of one being made the pretext for the augmentation of the armaments of the other—ought to be wholly avoided; and the French Emperor, if he be as wise as we believe him to be, will spend the vast resources at his command in improving the condition of his people, and in great works of peace, rather than wasting them in unproductive works, and in constructing navies which he can never want for defence, and which assuredly will not serve him for aggression.

From The Press (D'Israeli's Organ).

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

WHEN we have reconquered India, there will remain a greater task behind in the question, How shall we govern it? What line of policy shall we henceforth pursue? What principles shall we determine to apply? This will be the rock on which India will be wrecked and lost, or the anchor by which she will be held fast and saved.

We have passed a "Bill for the Better Government of India." But the passing of a Bill, and the applying of principles, are two very different things. The Bill referred to rather provides the agencies than lays down the principles by which India is to be governed. Again we ask, then, What is the policy intended henceforth to be adopted in the government of our Indian empire? Is it to be the timid, no-principle, "traditionary pol-

icy," which has resulted in the late insurrection or mutiny? Or shall we henceforth adopt a bold, honest, decisive, Christian policy? These are important questions, pregnant with great issues either for good or for evil,—and if mooted at all, ought to be well weighed and soberly discussed. It is in no spirit of rashness or presumption we take them up, but with a sincere desire to contribute the small fractions of our own reasons towards their solution.

It will be only candid in us to confess at once that we strongly incline to the bolder policy as the wiser. We believe that timidity has been our trap, and that, now at least, the time for timidity has gone by. Hitherto we have ruled India by sufferance,—henceforth, we must rule it as conquerors, or we shall not long be permitted to rule it at all. Such is our decided opinion.

But we shall be expected to give our reasons for coming to these conclusions. The first ground that we take is, that any other than a bold, unhesitating, authoritative system of government now will be liable to make us misunderstood by the natives—it will be interpreted into fear on our part. This will encourage to fresh conspiracies, to fresh combinations for our overthrow. But daunt them by our decision, awe them by the signs of our power, and they will crouch submission. There is nothing so impresses a Hindoo as *authority*. It is the ideal before which he has always bowed. He reverences nothing that does not wear the outward form and aspect of Despotism. It is the form of Despotism—not, of course, its spirit—we advocate for India. By a stern, prompt, decisive course of action in the Government at this crisis, the Mussulman will be overawed, the Hindoo will quietly acquiesce, and all the Native Princes will feel that they are under the rule of one who *must be obeyed*, and so will submit. A fearless course, then it is that will be far more likely than any other to have the effect of permanently *quieting* India.

Our second reason is, that it is in the nature of all Asiatics to despise moral weakness; to suspect treachery in others; to double upon duplicity. Any want of open, honest dealing on our part they will impute to some sinister design. They know us well enough now in our institutions, in our principles, in our religion, in our own country, to know what to expect of us. By attempting to impose upon them, we shall only impose upon ourselves. Our policy with them ought to be as open as the day. Any thing like mystery, or ambiguous expressions, or half-avowals of our intentions, are specially to be avoided in our public action with such a people. Suspicion, distrust, cunning, weak artifice, are indigenous qualities in Asiatic minds. Such

minds always despise those most who exhibit the same infirmities as themselves. All weak, nations, indeed, as women, are best controlled by, because they most respect, the strong and manly qualities of frankness and decision. We must teach our Indian subjects to trust us; and to teach them to trust us, we must have the manliness to be perfectly *truthful*.

There is a third ground—and obviously by itself a sufficient one—on which we advocate a bold course, and that is, because a different policy has failed, and always, we believe, will fail in India; whereas a bold course has in repeated instances succeeded. In proof of this we have only to call to mind what Clive, and Duncan, and Bentinck, and Napier, and other worthies of past days, achieved by daring yet prudent action; or what Lawrence, and Edwards, and Montgomery, have accomplished in the way of government lately, without any suppression of their Christianity. Would Bengal be now a British province if Clive had faltered? Would infanticide have been put a stop to if Duncan had listened to pleas for respect to age-long prejudices? Would Sutteeism have been put down if Bentinck had been deterred by the threat of insurrection? What brought Scinde so soon into subjection but Napier's sternness? Would the Punjab be still our quiet possession if Sir John Lawrence had exhibited indecision? But what is most worthy of remark is, that almost all of these governors innovated upon the *religion* of the natives; they more or less abandoned a dishonest "neutrality," and made the religious principles of England to be the governing religious principles of India. The fear, then, that a bold avowal of our Christianity would risk the loss of India appears to be only the bugbear raised up by our own unbelief. A Christian system of government—that is, a system of government based upon Christian principles—is what we ought to resolve now to establish in India.

But we shall be expected to explain more fully what we mean by a Christian system of government. This we will endeavor to do.

First, the *Queen of England* is, we presume, to be proclaimed as the *Queen or Empress of Hindostan*. Let this be in her *Christian*, and not merely in her *Sovereign* capacity; that is, let the proclamation run, "Her *Christian Majesty*, the *Queen of Great Britain*, hereby makes it known to her Indian subjects, &c."

Second, as to the principles of government that shall be avowed, let it be declared that the moral law of England shall henceforth be the moral law of India—that is, in all questions of crime, or of social right, or of justice between man and man, or of civil order, or of religious toleration, let the same principles be

applied to India as are applied to England. By thus establishing the law of England, the question (one of extreme difficulty if timidly dealt with) of the public recognition, within the provinces under our sway, of Hindooism or of Mahometanism, as the State religions, would be indirectly yet decisively resolved. All open demonstrations of idolatrous worship, as of Popery in our own country, in the forms of public processions, licentious festivals, and indecent exhibitions, would become unlawful, and would in due time cease. It is not the *compulsory* adoption of Christianity, be it observed, or the adoption of Christianity at all, except upon conviction, that we advocate, but only the State patronage of Christianity, so far as regards Government approval. To attempt to make converts of the natives by force or by fraud would indeed be as futile as it would be foolish. Let it be distinctly proclaimed that it is no part of Christianity to propagate itself by the arm of power; that it has respect to the rights and feelings of all men, and will constrain none: that it will impartially protect all, while it can patronize no religion but its own. Such a policy as this the natives would understand, and, we believe, appreciate, because it would be *honest*. They will never believe us if we profess absolute neutrality, or adopt a reverse line of policy, in what may be termed *political coquetry*. We cannot help thinking, too, that it would add greatly to our influence if, instead of a Governor-General, a *Viceroy* were appointed, to be aided by a local Council, presided over by a Lord Chancellor as the highest legal adviser. The pomp, and splendor, and ceremonious circumstance of a *Viceregal* Court—representing to Eastern eyes the majesty of the absent Sovereign—would have a prodigious effect upon the Asiatic imagination, and tend powerfully to secure contented submission.

The bold policy which we advocate will however, involve something more than negatives. Schools and colleges, for the inculcation of sound knowledge and correct morals, should everywhere be established, gradually and quietly, to do their silent work of sapping and undermining the superstitions of the natives. The attendance at these should, of course, be quite voluntary;—neither bribery nor force should be resorted to. The State should here act the Parent rather than the Ruler. This would, in the end, be the most truly merciful course. It could not be charged with injustice, even if instruction in the Christian religion were added, since, by universal law, the conqueror has the right to impose his own terms upon the conquered. It amazes us at their stupidity, to hear statesmen, who advocate "neutrality," contending, at one and the same time, for the introduc-

tion of European science, and for the exclusion of European religion. Our science, by their own showing, is just as much inimical to Hindooism as our religion: if then we introduce the one, in the name of Reason why not, under the same conditions, introduce the other? It will be answered, perhaps, that Hindoos and the Mahomedans are opposed to our religion, and not to our science. To the Christian religion, as the *Christian religion*, they may be opposed, but would they be opposed to it if we taught it simply as a science, by making the Bible a regular school-book? That the people of India generally would, there never yet has been produced any proof. The testimony of all those who have had to do with schools in India is the other way.

To the work of establishing and aiding schools, then, the Government might very safely direct its efforts. We do not plead now for a Church Establishment—the time for that has not yet come—beyond the gradually adding to that which is already in the country, as it grows in extent, either from the addition of converts, or of resident English people. Let the Church of England carry on the work independently, under the protection, but without the active assistance of the State. This is all we ask at present.

There is one argument in favor of this course, taken as a whole, which, to our minds, has great weight. Christianity has been confided to England's imperial mission. True religion, it may be assumed, is the final purpose of society; and if this be so, it may equally be assumed that no State can stand that has not the essential elements of true religion for its basis. Practically, indeed, this is found to be the security of States. Man is a religious animal; he cannot exist socially without some faith; and if you undermine even his false faith by an infidel system of instruction (which is what has been done hitherto in India), and give him no other religion in its place, you convert him into a fiend instead of a man. To quote the words of the witty South, "He who will fight the devil with his own weapons must not wonder if he finds himself overmatched." We have been overmatched in this way in India. And we shall prove ourselves most thorough fools, if the same kind of policy is to be followed, and we learn nothing from our own folly. God in his providence has swept away, in the north-west provinces of India at least, with the native dynasties, the gigantic fabric of the native superstitions, so far as our obligation to uphold them was concerned. By the revolt of their native sovereigns He has freed us from our treaties with them. Is it to be supposed that He has swept these away only that we may re-erect the very same system?

There is intense moral absurdity involved in the supposition. His own Providence plainly points out our future duty. If now we show that we have confidence in our own religion, the natives will have confidence in it too; but we shall never induce their belief in it by exhibiting our own want of faith. To govern India henceforth as Christian men, and with Christian objects, ought to be our unhesitating purpose; nor ought we to rest content till Christianity has established itself as the religion of our whole Indian empire.

How far there may be obstacles in existing treaties to the breaking off at once of Government support to native temples in some provinces, or to their taking direct steps to diffuse sound instruction among the people, we pretend not to know. But we would suggest that there can be no such obstacles now in some of the north-west provinces of India; and if the Government are afraid to attempt a better system on a large scale, let them experiment it on a smaller, in some one of those north-west provinces—say Delhi—and keep such a strong military force there as will effectually awe down any *éméute*. One trial like this may solve the whole question, and prove that our fears have no foundation.

It is not for us, however, to advise what measures shall be taken. We can only express our regret that such doubtful sentiments as those that fell from Lord Stanley, the first Secretary of State for India, should have been uttered to a Deputation who waited upon him lately to learn what were his views and intentions in respect to Christianity, in connection with the future government of India. He laid it down that "no steps should be taken, directly or indirectly, to give to the opinions of Europe an apparent preference over those which were found existing in the country." Upon this principle, we make bold to say, he must give up the government of India altogether, unless he can transmute himself at once into an Indian, with all his feelings and notions. Quite inconsistently, however, he argued in favor of giving an actual preference to European science in the instruction of the natives, than which nothing could give a more direct practical preference to European opinions. By the mere teaching you give a preference. And this practical difficulty will meet us at every turn. We must either teach our Indian fellow-subjects nothing, or we must teach them, as far as they will receive it, all that we know and believe to be for their good, or we must abandon, as a palpable lie, our professions of "neutrality." Lord Stanley admits that we are to carry out our own principles against and in spite of the natives, where their "ideas come into collision with the universal and everlasting rules of justice." But whence do

we derive our different "rules of justice" but from our religion? Lord Stanley's language savored more of the French philosophy of the last century than of the true philosophy of Christianity. That a young statesman of such undoubted ability and rising eminence should have so expressed himself is, we repeat again, matter for sincere regret, especially as he is now the Chief Minister for India.

Our trust for India, however, lies chiefly, under God, in the Council for India that is to advise and act with the Minister. If such men as Sir John Lawrence, as is reported, and if others who are named, are to form the Council, we shall have confidence that their policy will be wise—bold, yet not rash—prudent, yet courageous—temperate, yet decided. We would almost pledge ourselves, indeed, to Sir J. Lawrence's policy alone, and to renounce all that we have here advanced, if he thought it unwise, such confidence have we in his sagacity and administrative ability. And there is another gentleman named for the Council, upon whom, though he has had no Indian experience, we can place the utmost reliance. We allude to Mr. G. A. Hamilton the senior Member for the University of Dublin—a man not only of high Christian feeling and moral courage, but of the soundest practical judgment. The actual policy for India must necessarily be practically determined by the new Council. As they advise, so the Minister, whoever he may be, must mainly act. And with such men in the Council as those we have named we feel that we may have hope of a bright era yet for India.

From The Press.

THE LUNACY QUESTION.

THERE is something so horrible and dreadful in the notion of a sane human being actually being shut up in a lunatic asylum, that it is no wonder, when there seems good ground to fear that such events do take place, that an alarm should be created, and that the most stringent measures should be called for to prevent the recurrence, or continuance of similar cruelties. It is well that thus it should be, and we are glad, therefore, to see that the public mind is aroused to the necessity of a more vigilant inspection being established over private asylums.

The cases of alleged lunacy which have recently appeared in the newspapers, coupled with certain admissions from the Commissioners of Lunacy, which *prima facie*, until explained, appear to imply considerable dereliction of duty on their part, evidently call for some change in the existing system; but at the same time great care should be taken not to rush into an opposite extreme, which may be productive of great public mischief.

The difficulty of placing restraint upon persons who are really insane is, we believe, at present greater than it ought to be, and in conformation of this opinion we appeal to the constant reports contained in the newspapers of deeds of horror which are perpetrated by madmen who have been left in possession of their liberty, and the numberless suicides which the coroners inquests return as done by persons who are insane. These events prove, at any rate, that if some persons who ought to be free are confined, yet that numbers of persons, who are allowed to go free ought to have been subjected to restraint.

Now, we loathe and condemn, as strongly as any one, the conduct of those, who, taking advantage of their position as relatives, for their own ends, consign an unhappy individual, who is really sane, to the walls of a lunatic asylum. It is, perhaps, more than anything else calculated to drive a man mad; and if our contemporaries were only directing their energies to cause measures to be taken to prevent so monstrous and fearful an outrage being ever again committed, or prolonged, we should have not one word of caution to say against the tone and object of their articles.

But it appears to us that, by the cry which some of them are raising against private asylums, and by the obstacles which they would raise to the imposing restraint upon any person, they are running the risk of creating a far greater evil than the one which they are desirous of remedying; for, if the amount of human suffering now arising from the improper confinement of sane persons were to be weighed with the amount of suffering occasioned by the liberty possessed by insane persons, it would probably be found that the suffering arising from the latter cause is twenty-fold greater than that arising from the former: for, even under the present law, and its admitted defective administration, the difficulty of placing restraint—arising from the unwillingness of friends and relations to have recourse to so extreme a measure, and their ignorance how to set about it—is so great that hundreds, more probably *thousands*, of persons who ought to be restrained are at full liberty, to the great danger of their own lives, and those of their families, and neighbors.

When a neighborhood has been horrified by some frightful catastrophe, there is no lack of persons to cry shame on the relatives of the unhappy being, whose frenzy occasioned it. They are condemned for having shrunk from the discharge of a disagreeable duty, and for having preferred the chance of an awful crime being committed to incurring the responsibility of preventing it. How many families are there at this present moment, where the wretched wife and children lie in daily

dread of some murderous assault on themselves, or of the realization of suicidal propensities? If the relatives of the criminal lunatics now in Bedlam had done their duty, many a valuable life would have been spared.

We therefore deliberately affirm that we believe so far from its being advisable to increase the difficulties of placing restraint on half, or wholly insane individuals, increased facilities, if possible, should be given in order to enable it to be done. None but those who have passed through the ordeal can tell the fearful amount of terror, and anxiety, which a family has to go through, from the first indications of the complaint, till its complete establishment admits of no doubt. There are few individuals, not in their right mind, who are not capable of talking on various subjects with the most perfect sanity and calmness. The intellectual powers of insane persons are not unfrequently greater than they were before their calamity came upon them: and persons whom their own family know perfectly well to be insane will conduct themselves towards acquaintances as sanely and agreeably as ever.

Now one of the demands which is being made is to give more publicity to cases of insanity. The effect of so doing will be most disastrous, both to the sufferer and to his family. Every professional man, who has to

deal with the malady, will tell you that the chances of recovery mainly depend upon early treatment of the case. If the friends of a person know that they can only cause him to be subject to medical treatment, at the expense of his being, for ever after, publicly branded, as having been insane, how much more will they shrink from the early measures necessary for his restoration than they do at present? How long will it be before an affectionate wife, or parent, or child will bring themselves to take the fatal step which shall fix forever a *public brand* upon the husband, the child, or the parent? and yet by the delay the evil day may be only postponed, at the same time destroying the best chance of recovery.

These are considerations of the most important nature, which, in dealing with so distressing and delicate a subject, should never be lost sight of; and in amending the present system, which the recent cases render imperative, care ought to be taken, in providing against its abuse, not to create other evils of as bad a character as those which it is sought to remedy. A more strict and efficient supervision of private asylums is what ought to be secured, but against the cruelty, both to the sufferer and to his family, of unnecessary publicity, we here emphatically protest.

BRIDE-WAINS AND BIRTH-CAKES.—From a very interesting paper called *Ancient Customs and Superstitions in Cumberland*, read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, by Mr. Craig Gibson, we learn how it was possible to marry upon less than "three hundred a year" in the Lake country: "The sports at these bride-wains were racing—by horses, donkeys, and men—wrestling, fencing, leaping, and other athletic games, of which the Cumbrians have always been passionately fond, and in which they still excel. After the ceremony, these, with eating, drinking, and, of course, dancing, filled up the day and night; but the characteristic feature of these meetings was the manner of carrying out the object for which they were drawn together. The bride, seating herself in some conspicuous situation where she would be passed and seen by all the multitude of guests—say, on their way to or from the refreshment-tables—with a large wooden platter or pewter dish in her lap, invited contributions from all and sundry. All contributed according to their means, and many very liberally; so that when the expenses were paid, a sum would remain sufficient to enable the parties interested

to make a respectable start in housekeeping." Nor were these couples so poor, it seems, but that they entertained their neighbors upon occasions of importance. "After marriages, we legitimately come to the customs connected with births. Of these, the only one I have remarked as being confined to Cumberland, is the fashion of making, for the regalement of gossips and callers, a compound called *room*, or *rum*, *butter*; I am not certain which name is correct. It is a concoction of butter, sugar, spirits, and spices; and when eaten in the orthodox manner, with crisp *oaten cake*, is not so disagreeable as might be supposed. The quantity consumed in some country-houses, after the arrival of each little stranger, is something quite wonderful, especially in the more thinly peopled localities, where, as would scarcely be surmised, the number of congratulatory visitors is always the greatest. The humble dwelling in one of the fell dales of a worthy clergyman who has reared twenty-one children on an annual income of less than £70, has witnessed the preparation and consumption of forty-two stones of this Cumbrian dainty, or twenty-eight pounds at the birth of each child."

From The Examiner.

Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.

By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. Vol. III. From the Establishment of the Mantchoo-Tartar Dynasty to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century. Longman and Co.

THE opening of China to our merchants and our missionaries gives new interest to all the works of M. Huc, and perhaps interest of an especial kind to the last published volume of his *Christianity in China*. The substance of that volume is the story of the famous Emperor Khang-Hi in his relation to the missionaries from the West; it is the history of a great opportunity for the extension of Christianity in China destroyed by the contentions among Christians. The point in dispute was the observance of certain Rites—ceremonies in honor of ancestors and of Confucius—by Christian converts. The Chinese literati declared these rites to be a civil institution, passing as acts of worship only with the ignorant. If the abolition of such customs of the country was to be co-extensive with the spread of conversion, then the progress of the missionary would be difficult and slow. If converts were allowed to perform the rites upon condition of their distinct knowledge that they did so as Chinese citizens, and not as worshippers, then they were a nation very open to receive the doctrine of the stranger. The hold upon the mind of the Emperor, won by the science of Father Verbiest, opened an easy way for the religious teaching of the Jesuits, who gladly accepting the assurance of the men who should know best, that they meant no worship by the rites before the tablets of the dead, quietly steered round the rock ahead.

Then came the less pliant Dominicans, declaring that it was due to conscience to sail through the rock. The Jesuits established at the Court of Pekin sent to Rome the Emperor's decision that the rites were civil and ceremonious; the Dominicans caused to be sent from Rome to Pekin the Pope's decision that they were idolatrous: Emperor and Pope were thus brought into a collision, and by the shock of it the missionaries were cast out of China. Infallible decisions from the see of Rome came to Pekin, first suffering the rites, then interdicting them, then suffering and interdicting in one breath, leaving them to be observed in one sense by those who observed

them, and rejected in another sense by those who rejected them. Then they were forbidden in a Papal bull, and allowed provisionally in eight permissions by the bearer of the bull. Then they were bluntly denounced, and it was forbidden to the Chinese converts, in speech or inscription, to call the Supreme Being, in accordance with the spirit of their language, "Heaven." Now the Emperor had contributed largely towards the building of a beautiful Christian church in the immediate neighborhood of its palace, and had himself provided three pious inscriptions for its walls, one of them containing the obnoxious word which a nice bigotry could interpret into worship of the sky. The tablet given and inscribed by the Emperor was therefore to be taken down. Again, though the Jesuits had begun their zealous labor of conversion, wisely tolerant of small things that they could not alter till the greater things they had in view were done, it is certain that they had no tolerance for brother missionaries, who, as it seemed, were meddling with their harvest and imperilling the fruit of all their labor. By open attack, by secret antagonism that rendered fruitless the exertion of all hostile legates, and by an obstinate resistance to the will of the Pope,—until it was at last, after the ruin of the Chinese mission, expressed with the utmost emphasis, and supported by penalty of the greater excommunication,—the Jesuits begot in China a dissension that grew bitter throughout Catholic Europe.

The Jansenists in France triumphed over their enemies the Jesuits as rejectors of the Bull *ex illa die*; and the Emperor of China was so well instructed that he twitted a Pope's legate with allusion to the Jansenists of France who were rejecting the bull *Unigenitus*.

The Chinese Emperor Khang-Hi, whose energy riveted the power of the Tartar dynasty, is well known in Europe through the writings of the Jesuits established at his Court. He was often likened to his contemporary Louis XIV., and the Abbé Huc observes that as Louis has been called by Mirabeau the most oriental King of the West, so may it be said of Khang-Hi that he was the most Western King of the East. There was no man of his nation equal to him in ability, he was free from religious prejudices, being like all his countrymen, Tartar or Chinese, indifferent to matters that relate to any other

world than this. The science of the Christians he appreciated, and it was by their practical knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics that they won his favor. The materialist way of thinking common among the Chinese M. Huc thus incidentally illustrates:

"The Chinese have, in general, so much precocity of judgment and intelligence, that they are capable of attending to serious business at an age when European children think only of play; and though somewhat inclined to moroseness and melancholy, the juvenile inhabitants of the Celestial Empire are early accustomed to the realities of life. The children of the great towns soon learn to understand commercial affairs, industrial speculations, and, moreover, all the knaveries of stock-jobbing; and the children of the country know perfectly well how much a field of rice will produce, and calculate as well as any grown men the profits derivable from the culture of the mulberry or the tea plant. These little materialists appear to have somewhat withered hearts, and are by no means remarkable for candor and simplicity; they have seldom any aspirations towards generous ideas or noble sentiments, and one may see in the very look of their narrow oblique little eyes the indications of roguery, cupidity, and cunning."

Khang-Hi being convinced by a few simple and striking experiments that Father Verbiest knew more about astronomy than the Chinese Head Astronomer, after careful and repeated trial of his skill, placed him at the head of the astronomical department. Then although the barbarian discovered that a whole month solemnly announced already in the next year's calendar, which had been sent to kings and tributary princes, must be cancelled, the Emperor, wiser than all his advisers, would not maintain the false honor of the state at the expense of scientific truth, and by an edict struck the month out of the year. He received Father Verbiest as his tutor, setting aside all the tremendous ceremony of his throne, he sat at one table with him nearly all day long for months together, working at astronomy and Euclid. Father Verbiest made new astronomical instruments for the observatory; he turned cannon founder, and enabled his patron to subdue with bombs bearing the names of Catholic saints a revolt perilous to the Tartar dynasty. Emperor and priest were both men of intense energy. The Jesuit gave a life's toil to that temporal service of the Emperor by which he was to

win ready access for the missionary to his empire; he toiled also at the work of the missions. He wrote books of science in Chinese.

"Father Verbiest was assuredly one of the most illustrious of those ancient missionaries of Peking, whose zeal, virtue, and knowledge shed so much glory on the religion and order of the Jesuits. He possessed a wonderful facility of acquirement, and so much industry, that the amount of scientific labors that he got through, in addition to all the duties of his ministry, is all but incredible. Not to speak of his voluminous correspondence he has left more than thirty works, some of which are of the most extensive and elaborate kind, and he was, nevertheless, almost continually occupied at the court, either in giving lessons to the Emperor, or in executing various works useful in themselves or calculated to excite the curiosity of the mandarins. He seems to have been familiar with all that was most rare and ingenious in the arts and sciences of the time, and even in some instances to have gone far beyond his age, and it is highly probable that he anticipated the great discovery of modern times, the motive power of steam.

"In his learned work, entitled *Astronomia Europæa*, there is a curious account of some experiments that he made at Peking, with what we may call steam-engines. He placed an *æolipile* upon a car, and directed the steam generated within it upon a wheel to which four wings were attached; the motion thus produced was communicated by gearing to the wheel of the car. The machine continued to move with great velocity as long as the steam lasted, and by means of a kind of helm it could be turned in various directions."

"An experiment was made with the same instrument applied to a small ship and with no less success; and Father Verbiest, after giving an account of these experiments, adds these very remarkable words:—*Dato hoc principio motus multa alia excogitari facile est.*

"Who knows whether the first locomotive and the first steam-boat may not have performed their functions in the gardens of the Imperial palace at Peking."

The original works of Father Verbiest's pupil, the Emperor Khang-Hi, are in the royal library at Paris, where they form a collection of a hundred volumes. He also caused many important literary works, such as a Chinese Mantchoo dictionary, and a great Atlas, the work of the missionaries, to be executed in his reign. M. Huc speaks of the Atlas, we may observe, without guarding his readers against the impression that the Chinese then learnt their own geography from Europeans.

Father Amiot has shown that the most ancient piece of geography in the world, out of the Pentateuch, is a Chinese account of China in the time of Yao and Chun; that eleven centuries before the Christian era local mandarins had to supply detailed maps of their districts, verified and corrected annually; that founders of new dynasties in China have always laid stress on the securing of a good set of maps of their dominions; that the first thing done with newly-conquered ground has always been to map it. An excellent Chinese geography of the time of the Ming dynasty, with maps of all the provinces, is in the Paris Royal Library, of which the "Atlas senensis" of Martini, published before the missionary map was made, had been only a translation and reduction. The missionaries mapped the country by the aid of European science, but the purpose of their mapping was not to teach a new art to China, but to give the Emperor special information as to the condition in which the lands of his dominions had been left by the great dynastic struggle.

Our author quotes from one of the missionaries this description of the person of Khang-Hi:

"The Emperor appears to be above the middle height, more fleshy than what are considered fine men in Europe, but rather less so than a Chinese desires to be. His face is full, but marked with the small pox; his forehead broad; his eyes and nose small like those of most of the Chinese; the mouth handsome; and the lower part of the face very agreeable. His manners are gracious; but there is nevertheless a certain air about him that indicates a habit of command, and shows the master. We left his apartment to enter another, paved with marble and tolerably clean, where an officer of the palace, after having had tea served to us, presented us, on the part of the Emperor, with about a hundred ounces of silver."

After Verbiest's death there were five French missionaries and mathematicians who had landed on his coast honorably conveyed to Peking, whence three were allowed to depart into the provinces, while two were retained to enlarge the knowledge of the Son of Heaven. If the Emperor retired out of the city he would not retire from study, and his teachers rose at four in the morning that they might present themselves in good time to assist over the lessons. Sixty years rule of such a sovereign, had Christians been

united, might have established Christianity in China; but the missionary cause was ruined when he died. The son who succeeded him was a just and wise prince, of whom missionaries honestly report the solicitude to do that which was right, nevertheless he razed the churches and expelled the preachers of the word that seemed to be the word of strife.

M. Huc tells his tale with much impartiality, of course in the spirit of a good Roman Catholic, who binds himself by the decision of a Pope. His new volume contains a single episode in history, and is in itself complete. Nowhere else is this important narrative of church dissension told at the same time so fully and so fairly. Of course the book is enlivened throughout by the author's natural vivacity of manner, and by suggestions of his own experience in China. We may quote as an agreeable example his illustration of part of an account of the voyage of the five French missionaries from Siam to Ning-po on board a Chinese junk. Father le Comte is the first speaker.

"There is not a nation in the world more superstitious than the Chinese; they pay divine honor even to the compass of their vessel, burning little sticks of perfume continually before it, and offering it meats as a sacrifice. Twice a day they regularly throw some pieces of their gilt paper money into the sea, as if to engage it in their service, and hinder it by that means from rising against them. Sometimes they would throw in also little gondolas made of the same material, in order that, being busy in overthrowing and swallowing up these little vessels, it might be induced to spare ours.

"But when, notwithstanding all these precautions, the spirit of the sea would grow angry, and become violently agitated, a different plan was adopted; a large quantity of feathers were heaped on the fire, that their smoke and bad smell poisoning the air might drive away the spirit, as it certainly would have done if he could have smelt it.

"The various customs mentioned by Father le Comte, are still in vogue on board the Chinese junks, whenever bad weather is apprehended, and it is really curious to observe how the cunning and trickery so common in China are manifested also in their religious practices. The devotion of the Chinese appears often to consist in deceiving their gods by some artifice, doing them ill turns, and catching them in a trap from which they cannot extricate themselves.

"If a storm is very violent, they say the spirit of the sea wants to swallow the ship for a prey, and then the captain, instead of

animating the courage of his sailors and manœuvring the ship in the best way he can, cunningly gives orders to make a miniature ship to deceive the wrathful spirit, and the crew sets to work with an incredible mixture of simplicity and knavery. Nothing is omitted to render the deception complete; the little junk has its masts, its cordage, its sails, its flags, compass, rudder, boat, arms, even its cooking utensils, provisions and merchandise, down to the very account books, with as many paper figures as there are of

real men on board. When this absurd and disgraceful lie is complete, the Chinese physiognomies expand into cunning smiles at the success of the artifice. Then the tam-tams and tamborines sound, fireworks are let off, and the little mock ship is thrown overboard with a thousand imprecations, and in the midst of the most deafening clamor; all eyes follow it with anxiety, and as soon as it is swallowed by the waves, the crew burst into shouts of laughter, and rejoice to think how nicely they have tricked the spirit of the sea.

BISHOP SANDERSON'S INMOST THOUGHTS.—But since I have thus adventured to unbowl myself, and to lay open the very inmost thoughts of my heart in this sad business before God and the world; I shall hope to find so much charity from all my Christian brethren as to show me my error, if in any thing I have now said I be mistaken, that I may retract it; and to pardon those excesses in *modo loquendi*, if they can observe any such, which might possibly, whilst I was passionately intent upon the matter, unawares drop from my pen; civilities which we mutually owe one to another, *damus hanc veniam, petimusque vicissim*, considering how hard a thing it is, amid so many passions and infirmities as our corrupt nature is subject to, to do or say all that is needful in a weighty business, and not in something or other to over-say and over-do; yet this I can say in sincerity of my heart and with comfort, that my desire was (the nature of the business considered) both to speak as plain, and to offend as little as might be.—*Preface to Sermons.*

WANT OF THE BIBLE IN PARIS.—During the peace of Amiens, a committee of English gentlemen went over to Paris for the purpose of taking steps to supply the French with the Bible in their own language. Of this committee Mr. H. (Hardcastle) was one, and he assured me that the fact which was published was literally true—that they searched Paris for several days before a single Bible could be found.—*Silliman's Travels.*

RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT.—In a dialogue or familiar talk by Michael Wood, 1554, it is said, "Who could twenty years ago say the Lord's prayer in English? Who could tell any one article of his faith? Who had once heard of any of the Ten Commandments? Who wist

what Catechism meant? Who understood any point of the holy baptism? If we were sick of the pestilence we ran to St. Rooke, if of the ague to St. Pernel, or Master John Shrone. If men were in prison they prayed to St. Leonard. If the Welshman would have a purse he prayed to Darvel Gathorne. If a wife were weary of her husband, she offered oats at Poules, at London to St Uncumber."—*Wordsworth's Ecc. Biog.*

WOMAN'S TEARS.—What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is; but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor defenceless creatures they would be! Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.—*Jerrold.*

At a distribution of prizes at the Sorbonne, in Paris, among the colleges belonging to the University, one of the three principal, that of Latin composition, was awarded to a mulatto youth, a native of Hayti; and the first of Greek composition to another Haytian, quite black. A Catholic missionary lately sailed from Marseilles for Tripoli and Bengazi, to commence establishments for training blacks as missionaries in the Soudan.

CLERICAL BOREDOM.—The Abbé Domenech, in his record of priestly experiences in Texas, describes how he drove his errant congregation from his garden into his church by letting a wild boar loose in the garden. Our incumbents too often prefer the opposite course, and drive their congregations from the Church into the garden, by letting loose a tame bore in the church.—*Punch.*

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HYMN.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod ;
For thee, not without hope I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
Oh ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and bid me sin no more ;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

The stone to flesh again convert ;
The veil of sin again remove ;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it with Thy dying love ;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft and make it new.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears ;
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck.

Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant and root it deep within ;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend Thee more.

— *Methodist Hymns, Edition 1829.*

FOLLOW THOU ME.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

RESTORE to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again,
What time has blunted ! Oh ! my early truth,
Shall I not you regain ?
Ah, mine has been a wasted life at best,
All unreality, and long unrest ;
Yes, I have lived in vain !

But now no more in vain—my soul, awake !
Shake off the snare, untwist the fastening
chain :

Arise, go forth ; the selfish slumber break,
Thy idle dreams restrain !
Still half thy life before thee lies untrod ;
Live for the endless living, live for God !
I must not live in vain !

My God, the way is rough, and sad the night,
And my soul faints and breathes this weeping
strain .

And the world hates me with its bitterest spite—
For I have left its train,
With thee and with thy saints to cast my lot :
Ah, my dear Lord, let me not be forgot,
Let me not live in vain !

Can we not part in silence, once, for ever—
This world and I ? From scorn and taunt
refrain ?

Must it still hate and wound ? still stir the fever
Of this poor throbbing brain ?
Ah, yes, it must be so ; my God, my God,
'Tis the true discipline, the needed rod,
Else I should live in vain ?

The foe is strong—his venom'd rage I dread,
Yet, O my God, do thou his wrath restrain ;
Shield me in battle, soothe my aching head
In the sharp hour of pain ;
But more than this, oh, give me toiling faith,
Large-hearted love, and zeal unto the death !
Let me not live in vain !

Restore to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again ;
Ah, let my spring return ! Bright hope and
truth,
Shall I not you regain ?
No wasted life, my God, shall mine now be ;
Hours, days, and years, filled up with toil for
thee,
I shall not live in vain !

A NEW hymn for the evening, in the last
collection of the Christian Knowledge Society, by
the authoress of "Moral Songs."

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh ! for the golden floor,
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins,
Oh ! for a soul wash'd white,
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh ! by thy love, and anguish, Lord !
Oh ! by thy life laid down !
Oh ! that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

From The Edinburgh Review.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Antony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I.—IV. London: 1858.

IN undertaking to write the history of the period over which these volumes extend, Mr. Froude has enjoyed great advantages over previous historians. He has had the complete collection of State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII., edited, in eleven volumes, by Mr. Robert Lemon, under the authority of the Commission for publishing State Papers, the first five volumes of which only had been brought out when Dr. Lingard published his last edition. He has also had a large manuscript collection of copies of letters, minutes of council, theological tracts, parliamentary petitions, depositions upon trials, and miscellaneous communications upon the state of the country furnished by agents of the Government, all relating to the early years of the English Reformation, which was generously placed in his hands for the purposes of this work, by Sir Francis Palgrave, who had discovered these documents in the course of his employment upon the public records. We are glad to be informed that, the part of Mr. Froude's work comprising the reign of Henry VIII. having been now completed, this collection will be given to the world. Mr. Froude also appears to have had illustrative documents placed at his command from other quarters, and to have appreciated the value of other authentic sources of information, which had been comparatively neglected by his predecessors. He writes under the auspices of a new school of historical composition, which requires effect to be produced not by brilliant rhetoric and imposing generalization, but by minute accuracy of detail. This change in the mode of describing past characters and events, is analogous to the change from idealism to realism in painting. Pre-raphaëlitism, both of the pen and the brush, is a useful correction of a previous morbid tendency, though it is itself liable, like all other movements, to exaggeration, and will probably be followed in time by a reaction; a reaction which, in the case of history, will be fostered by the necessary prolixity of minute historians, and the difficulty of reading a history of England (to say nothing of the history of other countries) in two or three

hundred octavo volumes, amidst the conflicting claims of other departments of knowledge, and the pressing avocations of a busy world.

Mr. Froude has evidently a genuine love of historical research, which has led him to make the most of the increased copiousness of his materials; and the chapters of his book on the Protestants, on Ireland, on Scotland, on the Pilgrimage of Grace, and on the French War, as well as many minor portions of the work, are so much fuller than the accounts of the same subjects given by his predecessors, that they may be said to be additions to the history of England. The account of the Pilgrimage of Grace given by Lingard occupies five pages. The account of the same occurrences given by Mr. Froude occupies eighty-eight pages, and this space is almost entirely filled with graphic and, for the most part, interesting details. The details are selected with judgment and taste, and thrown into a vivid and striking form by the powers of a fine imagination.

The narrative moves slow; nor has Mr. Froude the rare gift of preserving the perfect unity of a great historical drama, amidst great complexity of events and frequent shiftings of the scenes. His history, to adopt a metaphor which he himself applies to a part of it, passes before us like a series of slides in a magic lantern, bright and glowing but not sufficiently connected. It is much, however, that the slides are bright and glowing; that highest form of narrative power in which he is deficient, has been vouchsafed to few masters of the historic art. The book is greatly overloaded with long quotations from State Papers; but this arises less from a fault of literary judgment, than from an exaggerated estimate of the historical and moral value of every thing that proceeded from the government of Henry VIII.

Of Mr. Froude's style of writing different opinions will be formed, according as the critic is satisfied with the highly composite and somewhat flaccid English of the present day, or desires more of the strength and sweetness of the Saxon element of our language; a question of taste which it is quite beyond our present purpose and limits to decide. But the praise of grace and perspicuity cannot be denied. As little can a doubt be raised of the beauty of certain sentimental and poetical passages which are scattered, not

too lavishly or inappropriately, through the work. We may mention, as instances, the passage on the connexion between the movements of the Reformation and the great astronomical and maritime discoveries of the day in vol. i. p. 31.; and that on the two armies of martyrs, Romanist and Protestant, drawn out for the heroic conflict of mutual endurance in vol. ii. p. 342. The first of these passages, indeed, is doubtful in fact, since the countrymen of Galileo and Columbus remained Roman Catholic; and the second is doubtful in sentiment, since the butchering by a persecutor of an unresisting victim, is occasioned by none of the necessities, and mitigated by none of the chivalry, of war: but the commendation which has been bestowed on both as pieces of fine writing, is well deserved. Nor must we omit to do a just homage to the descriptive power evinced in such scenes as the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the landing of the English army at Edinburgh, the sea-fight off St. Helens, some of the martyrdoms, and the assassination of Cardinal Beton. It is but a slight drawback from the merit of such pictures, that the imagination which produces them sometimes overstrains itself, and talks of an execution having taken place "on that dreary November day," and of a proclamation being posted "on that hot Midsummer day," when the first may, for all we know, have been a glorious autumn afternoon, and the second, a morning of unusual severity even in an English summer. Mr. Froude has a great command of beautiful imagery, which, as might be expected, occasionally runs a little wild. The tone of his writing is sometimes rather mawkish: we come to read history, not to sigh over it. But this, again, is the exaggeration of a genuine sensibility which lies at the root of a good deal of the excellency of his work. In style, as in sentiment, he often palpably imitates Mr. Carlyle; there are also decided traces of the literary influence of Dr. Newman, especially in the more poetical and in the more sophistical passages.

The extended religious experience and converse which Mr. Froude has gone through in the course of his devious theological career, has given him a great advantage in depicting the various shades of religious sentiment and the various phases of religious party. He can enter into the feelings of Romanists, Anglo-Catholics, Protestants, and Anabaptists,

with equal sympathy, and portray them with equal grace. Religious conservatism, moderation, and fanaticism,—he knows them and can forcibly depict them all. He understands the love which manifests itself towards an erring brother in the charities of persecution. He can enter fully into the attractions of religious submission, and he can enter as fully into the attractions of religious insurrection. He has studied every fold of the clerical character, and knows the odium theologum in all its manifestations. We doubt whether, in this great qualification for portraying the phases of a complicated, various, and wavering religious movement, he has ever had a superior among historians. But Mr. Froude does not possess the same advantages in dealing with questions of politics, jurisprudence, or political economy, as in dealing with questions of religious sentiment.

Of his political reasoning the following is a fair specimen. He is justifying the use of the Test of Supremacy, with a view to the judicial murder of Fisher and More:—

"In the present happy condition of this country even liberty of insurrection might be entertained as a private opinion, and might be maintained publicly as an abstract principle, without danger. But within a very few years we have seen a law passed, which made the assertion of such a liberty an act of felony; and the circumstances of the year 1848 will enable us, if we reflect, not upon what these circumstances actually were, but on what they easily might have been, to understand the position of Henry VIII.'s government at the moment of the separation from Rome. If the danger in that year had ceased to be imaginary—if Ireland had broken into a real insurrection—if half the population of England had been socialist, and had been in secret league with the leaders of the revolution in Paris for a combined attack upon the State by insurrection and invasion—the mere passing of a law, making the use of seditious language an act of treason, would not have been adequate to the danger. Suspected persons would have been justly submitted to questions on their allegiance, and insufficient answers would have been interpreted as justifying suspicion. Not the expression only of opinions subversive of society, but the holding such opinions however discovered, would have been regarded and treated as a crime with the full consent of what is called the common sense and educated judgment of the nation."

It is a singular fact that, in a country where so much political discussion goes on as in

England, a highly educated man should be living under the impression that the imposition of tests of political opinion, to be taken under penalty of death, is a measure to which our statesmen would feel themselves at liberty to resort, and in resorting to which they would be supported by the common sense and educated judgment of the nation. We need hardly say that all the circumstances of Mr. Froude's hypothesis actually existed or were fully believed by the Tory Government to exist at the commencement of the revolutionary war; but the Tories, though ready to adopt the most extreme measures that panic could suggest, or that bigotry would sanction, did not consider it competent for them to put a Tory test to the Whigs, and send to the scaffold those who declined to take it. We profess ourselves at a loss to divine what the measure is, which has taken in Mr. Froude's imagination the shape of an Act making it felony to assert the liberty of insurrection as an abstract principle.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Froude has ever seen the face of English justice. If he had, it would scarcely be possible for him to give such an account as he has given of the trials of Fisher and More. He says of Cromwell that, "in fairness he should have been tried; but it would have added nothing to his chances of escape; he could not disprove the accusations." It appears never to have occurred to him that a fair trial is the only mode of ascertaining whether the accused person can disprove the accusations or not, and, consequently, the only judicial evidence that history can accept of their truth or falsehood. A conviction on the unsupported evidence of the council for the Crown seems to him a perfectly conclusive, though harsh mode of condemnation. Indeed, to assume that guilt is sometimes so great as to require no evidence, is a pervading habit of his mind, which we need hardly say a month's observation of the conduct of judicial investigations in a court of law would have totally dispelled. When he has enumerated a list of trumped-up absurdities which "must have been symptoms of an animus to the Crown persecutors," he regards "the case for the prosecution" as "complete." *"Whether the extremity of suspicion was justified is of little importance."* Enough had been proved to bring Surrey under the letter of the treason law, and to make him far more than guilty under

the spirit of it," is a very fair specimen of his judicial language. Of the same body of evidence he prettily observes, that "truth and falsehood, suspicion and certainty, gathered up into one black ominous storm." The most tainted witness is good enough to convict a "traitor" to Henry's infallibility, "if the pressure of the times" makes a conviction useful. Indeed, the most romantic girl is not less exacting in her demands of proof against the enemies of her lover than he is against any of the objects of Henry VIII.'s anger or suspicion. In reference to questions of general jurisprudence, he is as free from the restraints of ordinary principles as he is in reference to questions of judicial investigation. "A chasm lay between the two estimates of the same subject, which would not readily be filled," is his way of justifying a breach of faith on the part of the government towards amnestied rebels. In another case, the question being whether the Government is bound by the terms of a surrender made to the Viceroy of Ireland, he seems to think this question not ill solved by keeping the person who had surrendered for some time in prison previous to putting him to death. No doubt in all this he is led astray by his prepossessions as much as by his want of familiarity with legal principles; but it is impossible not to draw the inference that some knowledge of law and law courts is a useful accomplishment for an historian who is to form judgments upon questions of criminal justice.

With regard to Mr. Froude's notions of political economy, it is perhaps sufficient to say, that he evidently believes it possible to make food, and other articles of commerce, cheap by legislative regulations; that he assumes the era of protective and sumptuary legislation to be separated from us by so vast a chasm of time and thought, that we can no longer understand the views and motives upon which the authors of such legislation proceeded; and that he represents the debasement of the currency in 1546 as "a temporary loan from the Mint, and a proceeding not distinguishable, except in form, from the suspension of specie payments in 1797." The last-mentioned opinion reveals a want of knowledge of history beyond the period with which the writer is immediately concerned, which betrays itself elsewhere, and especially in his account of the feudal system. An acquaintance with the repeated struggles

between mediæval sovereigns and their subjects about the debasement of the currency must surely have enlightened even the most romantic and prejudiced mind as to the true nature of the proceeding of Henry VIII.

But, unfortunately, the great merits of Mr. Froude's work are defaced by a still graver defect than any mere want of special knowledge, and one which, unless he has the courage to eradicate it, will probably convert into a mere quarry for future historians that which might have been an enduring edifice of his own fame. This defect is a pervading paradox of the most extravagant kind.

When the learned but insane Hardouin was taken to task for his paradoxical theory respecting the authorship of the Classics, he answered, that he did not get up at four o'clock every morning merely to say what others had said before him. In the same way Mr. Froude seems to have thought that it would be an unsatisfactory result of all his laborious researches, if they ended in furnishing him merely with a mass of new and interesting details, illustrating the received view of the occurrences of the time, or even with some important modifications of that view in regard to questions of a secondary kind. Some great discovery must be made to reward adequately so much labor, and to satisfy the expectation raised by the opening of mines of documentary evidence hitherto unexplored. This discovery is, that the reign of Henry VIII. is a "palimpsest," the original writing of which being restored by Mr. Froude, who has detected it beneath the legends written over it by calumny and prejudice, Henry VIII., though his administration was beset with difficulties and clouded by domestic infelicity, comes forth as a perfect king, while his supposed victims are converted into criminals, whom the best of sovereigns was compelled, by their misdeeds, and by the urgent pressure of circumstances, to sacrifice to his sense of public duty.

The present tendencies of Mr. Froude's philosophy probably conspired with the fascinations of literary paradox in inducing him to adopt the imperious Tudor as the almost faultless hero of his history. Henry VIII., whatever may have been the detractions from this moral perfection of his character, was not deficient in force; and force is evidently the present object of Mr. Froude's sentimental admiration. By a most natural reaction the

author of "The Nemesis of Faith" and "The Shadows of the Clouds" has now embraced "muscular Christianity," combined with the "Hero Worship" of Mr. Carlyle, whose influence, as we have before mentioned, is visible in his reflections and in his style. Approaching the history of the English Reformation in this temper of mind, he could scarcely fail to be captivated by the strong will, the forcible language, and the vigorous administration of the second Tudor. He states, and we have no doubt with perfect accuracy, that "when he commenced the examination of the records, he brought with him the inherited impression, from which he had neither any thought nor any expectation that he should be disabused." He found, however, that this impression "melted between his hands." It has melted so completely, that there is scarcely one of Henry's actions,—persecutions, confiscations, multiplied acts of attainder, divorces, assumptions by the Crown of dominion over conscience, violent and sanguinary revolutions of policy, bloody vagrancy laws, breaches of amnesty, inroads upon the constitution, benevolences, repudiations of loans, debasings of the currency, diplomatic assassinations,—which does not come out laudable to masculine and comprehensive minds. The restoration of a palimpsest is a very feeble image whereby to depict a discovery unequalled in the annals of historical research. To render the illustration adequate, we must suppose the writing over the palimpsest to be an account of the same matter exactly contradicting that which was given by the palimpsest itself.

The palimpsest commences with a view, reversing all our former views, of the state of society under the feudal system; for the feudal system it is, though the familiar features are almost lost under the roseate haze of sentiment, and the familiar name is scarcely breathed. The materials for this portion of the restoration, however, are not Mr. Robert Lemon's newly published State Papers, nor Sir Francis Palgrave's "neglected manuscripts fast perishing of decay." They are the Statutes of the Realm, a source of information not very "imperfectly known," as regards the Constitution and the law, to Mr. Reeves and Mr. Hallam, nor, as regards social and economical legislation, to Mr. Eden and Adam Smith—to say nothing of Barrington on the Statutes and Cobbett's Parliamentary History. "There are times," says Mr. Froude, pen-

sively, "in which I think that more which is really valuable in English history lies in these unobtrusive statutes, than in all our noisy wars, reformatations, and revolutions." He will find that Adam Smith has some remarks on that very attempt to do battle against the "manifestations of the devil's power," by means of sumptuary laws, which he is here lauding above Agincourt, the Constitution, and the Liturgy; remarks which seem almost pointed at the sumptuary hero of all the pageants and jousts recounted by Hall, and of that crowning act of Henry VIII.'s sumptuary conflict with the devil—the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But if the statutes and the other records of feudalism have not been imperfectly known, they have certainly been "misinterpreted through natural prejudice," in an extraordinary degree. For it seems the social system established by William the Conqueror and his Normans, of which the Tudor era saw the lamentable but inevitable decay, was the system of a time "when the nation was in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice; when the government was enabled by happy circumstances to pursue into detail a single and serious aim at the well-being—well-being in its widest sense—of all the members of the commonwealth. Villenage was a coherence of society on principles of fidelity," when "men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations," and the fealty of the villain "was treated rather as a free promise to be given than as a thing to be compelled, and the dignity of the man was preserved even while acknowledging the obligations of his service." The Norman Forest Laws served only to enhance the excitement of field sports by danger to the Saxon sportsman; indeed, it is the merry rogues who were hanged and mutilated under those laws, if anybody, that stand in need of a playful apology to pedants for the immoral fun which they enjoyed. The statesmen of the day had attentively considered the subject of population, and found it better that it should remain stationary; a result which was secured by the beneficent agency of the Wars of the Roses and the Black Death. The feudal legislators who fixed the price of herrings, without regard to the season and the wages of labor without reference to the price of bread, and who prohibited money from being carried out of the country in trade, while they exported

it by millions for filibustering wars, were not ignorant of political economy; but they set its base and selfish laws aside in their aspirations after a high moral idea. So high was that ideal that it is absolutely beyond our conception in this degenerate age, which has nothing to connect it with the corn laws passed out of anxiety for the British "farmers and laborers" by the landlord legislators of Edward IV.; except the faint links of sympathy preserved by the sepulchral monuments and the sound of the church bells. The attempts of the feudal Parliament to force traders and victuallers to sell their goods under price to the households of persons of quality, were a noble rebuke to the "greedy and covetous" minds of persons in trade. The laws of apparel were not passed to prevent roturiers from dressing like their feudal betters, but to hold every man at his post in the happy social army, pending the great struggle of the Reformation. The life of the country gentleman was a laborious course of public duty with scanty remuneration; and the nobility set an honorable example of economy and self-denial, by keeping enormous trains of riotous retainers, instead of operaboxes and yachts. The Acts against enclosures (which Mr. Froude seems not to be aware were the subjects of contemporary discussion) were intended not merely to keep up the military services and aids, but to put down selfishness in the exercise of the rights of property, and prevent people from taking a "commercial" view of the ownership of land. The trade monopolies of the guilds were not granted for the interests of the members of those guilds, or even for the encouragement of trade in the ordinary sense, but in order that the legislature, "might not let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity." Everybody, in those days, was almost as great a dramatic genius as Shakspeare, except, unluckily, those who attempted to rival him in writing dramas. A multitude of Acts, often reiterated, against fraud in various departments of commerce, prove that then indeed there was honest dealing between man and man. The universal hatred of idleness is in like manner demonstrated by the bloody vagrancy laws. Two of those laws providing for the flogging of men and women till their backs are bloody—the flogging of "impotent"

persons,—branding, mutilating, and hanging for the third offence—and for the delivering to strange masters, and, in case of resistance, publicly flogging children *above five*,—are of peculiar interest, because “the merit of them, or the guilt, if guilt there be,” belongs to Henry’s own royal hand. We apprehend that to the true hero-worshipper the “guilt” of an act of oppression is, if not its “merit,” at least its fascination. What enhances the virtue of the rulers of the State and the laity in this heroic age is, that all the time the Rulers of the Church and the clergy, who should be the salt of society, had not only lost their savor but become absolute poison.

The most important discoveries of this part of the “palimpsest” are two respecting the Statutes of Laborers. The ordinary opinion is that the laboring population having been thinned by the great plague in the reign of Edward III., and the wages of labor having risen accordingly, a statute was passed by the feudal landowners in the interest of the employer, to prohibit the laborer, under penalties, from taking advantage of the state of the market, and to compel him to serve, upon demand, at the old rate of wages; and that this statute was followed by a line of similar statutes, as well as by other statutes passed in the same interest to restrain the children of agricultural laborers from being apprenticed to trades, and thereby withdrawing their labor from the land. This view of the matter was countenanced by the express words of the legislators, who, to do them justice, were no sentimentalists, and who avowed their paternal and generous object in the plainest terms which the English language could supply. It was also countenanced by the oaths and the heavy and increasing penalties by which it was attempted to bind the reluctant laborer to regulations which, if they had been made in his interest, not in the interest of the employer, he would have observed, or rather have enforced on the employer, of his own accord. And it was further countenanced by the clauses which provide, that where the customary rate of wages is already below the maximum fixed by the statute, the customary rate, and no higher, shall continue to be taken, the statute notwithstanding. The germs of the bloody Vagrancy Laws, in which Mr. Froude takes such austere delight, are found in the same statutes, and lead to the suspicion that the Vagrancy Laws, the Statutes of Laborers,

and the Acts restraining Apprenticeship, were all parts of a great legislative effort of the feudal landlords to prevent the laborer from carrying his labor to a free market in the rising towns and bind him down again to the feudal soil. In Mr. Froude’s “palimpsest,” however, this is all entirely reversed; and the Statutes of Laborers, instead of being selfish attempts of the feudal Parliaments to lower the laborers’ wages in their own interest, turn out to have been, in fact, most disinterested ordinances passed by those philanthropic rulers for the purpose of raising the laborers’ wages against themselves. The penalties imposed on the laborer for nonobservance of the statutes, and his evident efforts to escape from them, must, we presume, be explained by reference to the Quixotic public spirit of both parties; the patriot laborer endeavoring to renounce the boon which the patriot landowner was determined to bestow. The insurrection of Wat Tyler and his fellows, of the German peasants, and of the French Jacques, against the whole of a social system which was formed and maintained for their especial benefit, will admit of a similar explanation. The statutes restraining the agricultural poor from putting their sons to trade, may be said to show the anxiety of the legislative sage, lest the enterprising *Rasselas* of the feudal manor should, in an evil hour for himself, quit the Happy Valley of Villenage, stray to the selfish commercial town, and plunging into the “unequal struggle with capital,” the natural enemy of labor, fail for want of feudal protection in that hopeless conflict, and sink into a *Whittington*. The statutes or clauses of statutes, lengthening the hours of work and cutting off holidays, must have been wrung by the conscientious laborer from the reluctant bosom of his too-indulgent lord.

The second discovery relates to the rate of wages fixed by the Statutes of Laborers, and has been so fully discussed by a contemporary,* that we need only glance at it here. The statutes give the laborer his choice between two scales of wages, one daily, the other by the year. The daily scale for a farm servant, by 6 Henry VIII. c. 3., is 4*d.* for half the year, and 3*d.* for the other half. The yearly scale is 16*s.* 8*d.*, with 4*s.* for clothes, and a personal allowance for food, which, from documents quoted by Mr. Eden, (vol. i

* See the British Quarterly Review for last April.

p. 46.) appears to have been of a very coarse kind, and which the contemporary to whom we have alluded values at 10s., but which, to be safe, we will value at 15s. a year. It seems obvious that the yearly and daily scale being offered, as alternatives, check each other, and that in the then low state of agriculture the laborer could only get as many days' work in the year as would make up his yearly earnings to about 35s. According to Mr. Froude's "palimpsest," however, the laborer could command an engagement for the year at the daily rate, which is made up to 4d. a day on the average all the year round by a conjectural addition for harvest work; though, we may remark, artificers were specially compelled by Statute (12 Richard II.) to work on the farms in harvest in order to keep down the price of labor at that season. And thus his wages are raised from 36s. to £5 a year, considerably more than the rent of a farm on which six laborers were kept, and a quarter of the income of a justice of the peace, as stated respectively in Mr. Froude's own pages. From these wages the happy peasant who could command them was perpetually trying to escape, and was imprisoned, stocked, and branded for so doing.

The decline of the commercial part of this admirable system must, it seems, be connected with the deep melancholy which settled down on Queen Elizabeth in her later years. Why so admirable a system went to decay under so admirable a sovereign, just at the moment when the nation exchanged a false for a true religion, it is a little difficult to discern from the "palimpsest." The discovery of America and of the correct theory of the solar system does not seem to us an adequate, or even a rational, account of the matter. The complication and fluctuation of employment and population, also seems as insufficient to explain such a relapse, on the part of an heroic nation, from a high ideal to the consecration of absolute "baseness," as the rule of social life. There is something, perhaps, nearer the mark, in the hint that a deficiency was ultimately found of men honest enough to regulate other people's interests without looking to their own; though it is curious that this should have occurred at the very moment when Mr. Froude celebrates the opening of a new and glorious era. Why should people have grown less trustworthy and lower in their views of social obligation, in the same

proportion as they grew more sincerely and rationally religious? Perhaps, after all, the safest explanation is that it was "inevitable." We may set all cross-questioning at defiance so long as we hold the spigot of destiny and can turn upon the importunate querist the overwhelming tide of fate.

Here perhaps would have been the place to tell us something definite about the political constitution of England under the Tudors. What was the composition and character of the two Houses of Parliament, and how far were they independent of the Crown? We should also have been glad to know what the Judges and Juries were like, and how justice was done between the Crown and the subject. About judges and juries we do not remember that we get a single syllable of information through the whole course of these pages. About the Constitution we get scattered hints, and those of a rather contradictory kind. In one case we are told that the "despotism of Henry was splendidly veiled when he could applaud so resolved an assertion of the liberties of the House of Commons (it is only the assertion of their personal privilege of freedom from arrest, in the Ferrars' case), and could acknowledge that any portion of his own power was dependent on their presence and their aid" (vol. iv. p. 151). But in Lambert's case (iii. 340.) the Crown seems so completely bound by the law that it cannot, even in the most touching circumstances, exercise the prerogative of mercy. When a butcherly vagrancy law has been twice "formally passed" by Parliament, it becomes "the expressed conviction of the English nation" (i. 78). But in iii. 375. (where some very instructive details are given respecting the general election of 1539), we are told that "the returns for the boroughs were determined by the chief owners of property within the limits of the franchise; those for the counties depended on the great landholders," which, in a case of vagrancy laws especially, would make the voice of Parliament something considerably short of the "expressed conviction of the English nation." We want to know who really originates persecuting acts, confiscations, repudiations, acts of attainder, and recommendations to a beloved sovereign to marry again the day after cutting off his wife's head; and whether the verdict of the jury in a case of treason is good for any thing as evidence of the guilt of the

prisoner? There is a great disposition on the part of the writer of the "palimpsest" to fix questionable transactions on the Parliament and the nation; but his language is far from explicit. The seat of responsibility appears to be placed behind a mysterious cloud, where the force of circumstances gathers, breaking forth from time to time in an inevitable demand for somebody's money or head.

It is rather fortunate that the "palimpsest" begins with the fall of Wolsey, and not at the commencement of Henry's reign. The author is thus spared the necessity of contrasting the Defender of the Papal Supremacy and the assailant of Luther, with the framer of the test of the Royal Supremacy, and the bloody persecutor of Haughton, Fisher, and More. The review of the early years of the king is done with a very delicate hand. It appears, however, that Henry was throwing himself into the Roman Catholic system, indulgences and all, like a Newmanite throwing himself into the system of the Church of England as a spiritual experiment; but that about the time when he wished to get rid of his wife, and the Pope refused to help him, he found that the fatal hour had struck and that the Church of Hildebrand could not be restored. The eye of the author of the "palimpsest," however, saw the Pope's enemy in the "Defender of the Faith," from the beginning. "It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions." But the historian himself does not remember Henry's past career, or allow him the benefit of it when he is cutting off the heads of More and Fisher for continuing to believe the doctrines which he had himself vehemently defended.

In the case of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon (where Mr. Froude at once shows his superiority to his predecessors in documentary illustration and fulness of discussion) the writer of the "palimpsest" takes the king's side as vehemently as if he had stood in the shoes of Anne Boleyn; but, by a bold and unexpected stroke, entirely alters the king's plea. The king applied to the Pope to

have his marriage with Catherine declared null, on the theological and canonical ground of the invalidity of the dispensation under which that marriage had been contracted. This was the question laid before the Universities, and if it had not been also the question before the Pope, the opinions of those bodies would have been quite irrelevant. The alleged danger to the succession from the want of an heir male to the Crown was urged only as a ground for claiming speedy judgment. Mr. Froude, however, proposes to discard the theological plea and transfer the case to the broad and intelligible ground of political necessity. He wishes "the theological labyrinth had never been entered," and even that the monarch whose admirable theological productions he is afterwards to celebrate, had never received a theological education. No doubt the theological plea was most unsound and hypocritical. Whether the original dispensation to marry Arthur's widow was good or bad, twenty years of cohabitation with Catherine, and the birth of several children, one of whom was still living and had been brought up as a legitimate child, had made the marriage a good marriage in the sight of God; and to do what Mr. Froude admits was a cruel though "necessary" (*i.e.* convenient) injustice to Catherine and bastardize her daughter on the theological ground, was to suppose that God abhors a technical flaw more than a substantial wrong. But still, to shift the ground of one of the greatest controversies (as well as the very filthiest) that ever agitated Christendom, at this distance of time, is a ticklish operation, even for the most skilful advocate. It is like Dr. Newman's attempt to transfer the time-worn edifice of Romanism from the old foundation of Tradition to the new foundation of Development. Mr. Froude is under the impression that the Pope was the depository of a general dispensing power which would have enabled him to divorce Henry from Catherine, and permit the King to marry again, and that a *causa urgentissima* had arisen for the exercise of this power, that *causa urgentissima* being the paramount interest of the English nation in having an heir to the throne. But this impression is a complete mistake. The Pope may declare a marriage null on canonical grounds, and this power was very grossly abused about the time of Henry VIII., in favor of parties who

wished to be released from marriages, and who alleged technical pre-contracts or factitious consanguinity. But the Pope, though he may declare a marriage null on frivolous canonical grounds, has no power to divorce parties canonically married, even for the most urgent reasons of expediency. Marriage, in the Roman Catholic Church, is a sacrament, which is in its nature indelible; and a man can no more be unmarried than he can be unbaptized. Mr. Froude, therefore, in abandoning the theological and canonical ground, has abandoned the only ground the king had to stand on. At the same time he inadvertently justifies the Pope, who, if the only plea before him was a sham plea, might be pardoned for dealing with it as sham; and who, if political expediency was the point on which the question really turned, was no more bound to consult the political interests of England than those of his own States and Italy in general, then lying at the mercy of Catherine's nephew, Charles. We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Froude had been writing in those days, and had broached his present opinions in "the king's great matter," deploring "that the theological labyrinth had been entered," and that his Highness had received a theological education, he would have been considered to have "lost his way in the world," and to be "unable or unwilling to recover it," and that he would consequently have "been dismissed out of it" by a process of heroic succinctness.

The king's plea was conscience, and the hazard to his eternal salvation. But his conscience was so constructed that it could be comforted only by a decision of the question on that which it might have been supposed was the least comfortable side. Those agonies of a tortured mind, which revealed themselves about this period in perpetual joustings, feastings, and masqueradings, could be assuaged by nothing but a decision that his wife was a harlot, and his daughter a bastard, and that his own life had been one long incest. To procure this soothing unction he, as Mr. Froude admits, bribed, cozened, and intimidated without limit. The plea of counter-intimidation and counter-corruption on the part of the imperialists may hold in regard to the Italian universities, but it will not hold with regard to the German universities, or with regard to Paris, where the government influence was all on Henry's side. Much less

will it hold with regard to Oxford and Cambridge. The plea of the universal prostitution of ecclesiastics, which Mr. Froude urges with so much zest, is rebutted by the fact that his Highness had to undertake the graceful task of interfering personally at Oxford to bully the university into declaring his marriage an incest. Cambridge was more "open" and "manly," and voting black white, "escaped direct humiliation." We presume, therefore, that Dr. Buckmaster, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, was speaking only of *indirect* humiliation when he said, as recorded in Mr. Froude's pages, "All the world almost crieth out of Cambridge for this act, and specially of me." At Oxford the old heads and doctors "found no difficulty in submitting their consciences to State dictation." The young masters made a vigorous stand, not perceiving, through their want of experience and statesmanship, how much a decision notoriously unconscientious and corrupt would tend to convince Europe, and settle the interests of the kingdom.

"These admonitory clauses (of the king's letter to the university) were sufficiently clear, they were scarcely needed, however, by the older members of the university. An enlarged experience of the world, which years at Oxford as well as elsewhere do not fail to bring with them, a just appreciation of the condition of the kingdom, and a sense of the obligations of subjects in times of political difficulty, sufficed to reconcile the heads of the college to obedience; and threats were not required where it is unlikely that a thought of hesitation was entertained. But there was a class of residents which appears to be perennial in that university, composed out of the younger masters; a class which, defective alike in age, in wisdom or in knowledge, was distinguished by a species of theoretic high church fanaticism; and which, until it received its natural correction from advancing years, required from time to time to be protected against its own extravagance by some form of external pressure. These were the persons whom the king was addressing in his more severe language, and it is not without reason that he had recourse to it."

It so happens that the tendency of the young Oxford masters at this period was not to High Churchmanship but to Lutheranism, as may partly be gathered from Mr. Froude's own pages; and they were united, to the honor of Protestantism, with the Lutherans of Germany in opposition to the divorce.

But this does not diminish our enjoyment of this skilful attempt by a historian, who was not many years ago figuring as an extreme Tractarian writer, to influence the reader in an historical question by an appeal to the popular dislike of the Tractarian party. This is "rising on stepping-stones of your dead self to higher things" with a vengeance. But the former self of Mr. Froude is not quite so dead as he may imagine: we none of us quite get rid of the traces of what we have once been. He owes to his old teachers a good deal of his method of reasoning—his command of ambiguous language—his dexterity in deodorising, as it were, transactions of which the moral scent is not very sweet, and his faculty of lubricating "painful" circumstances so as to make them slide easily down the throat of the reader. If he no longer "sublimates absurdities with mysteries," he has not lost the kindred act of sublimating fraud and wrong into a grander kind of honesty and justice. And the strong taste for self-prostration before some infallible idol, which belongs to his original party, blends with and heightens the hero-worship of Mr. Carlyle in the historical adorer of Henry VIII. In the passage from which we just quoted and elsewhere the late writer of sentimental and heterodox romances is a little hard upon the more sentimental and enthusiastic part of the world.

At the period of Campeggio's arrival in England the people of London (not anticipating the "palimpsest" theory of the universal sympathy of the nation with the king) were crying foul play. To allay the popular feeling, the king summoned an assembly which was attended by the nobility and other persons of note, at the Palace of Bridewell; and he there solemnly protested that he was led to part with Catherine only by fear for his eternal salvation; that he parted with her with regret; that he was perfectly happy with her, and that if he were to marry again he would choose her before any other woman. This is stated by Hall, the best authority, who gives the king's oration at some length. But both this scene and the famous scene before the legates, in which, according to Holinshed, as well as according to Shakespeare, Henry repeated the same assertions, entirely disappear from Mr. Froude's narrative, which tells nothing of what occurred upon Campeggio's arrival in England.

We do not know whether Mr. Froude has any reason to question the genuineness of the collection of letters from Henry to Anne Boleyn, given in the Appendix to Hearne's Avesbury, but he makes no allusion to any thing contained in it.* In one of these letters the king expresses his pious hope, that Campeggio, *then on his way to England*, "will help him to that which he has so long longed for, to God's pleasure, and to both their comforts." This, contrasted with the subsequent declaration before the assembly at Bridewell and before the two legates which we have just mentioned, proves pretty well what the king's word and honor were worth, besides appearing to throw back the date of the amour with Anne to a period rather inconvenient for the palimpsest theory. In another of the letters Henry throws some light on the sincerity of his theological scruples, by telling Anne that he has been at work for hours at the treatise in which these scruples were expounded, and then proceeding to relieve his agonised conscience, and cultivate that delicacy which Mr. Froude finds so much wanting in the mind of his intended wife, by expressing his love for her in terms which a pot-boy might utter, but would scarcely write to the object of his amours.

Mr. Froude is "persuaded" that Henry's "discomforts" with Catherine (that is, we presume, his desire to get rid of her,) did not arise from a latent inclination for any other woman. The earliest mooted of the subject of the divorce which he can find is in June, 1527. In Cavendish's contemporary biography of Wolsey, there is a long and circumstantial account of the interference of Wolsey, and afterwards of Lord Northumberland, by the desire and in the name of the king, to break off Lord Percy's engagement with Anne Boleyn. This is mentioned by Cavendish as the first manifestation of the king's love for Anne. The occurrence is not dated, but it must have happened not later than 1523, for before the end of that year Lord Percy was engaged to be married to a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, and Cavendish tells us that this engagement was contrived expressly to break off Lord Percy's engage-

* The originals appear to be in the somewhat suspicious keeping of the Vatican. But we are not aware that they were ever read, nor is the bulk of them capable of being read, on the Papal side of the controversy; and the letters bear the strongest internal marks of genuineness.

ment with Anne.* Another circumstance in the story fixes its date before June, 1525; for at that period Sir Thomas Boleyn was made Viscount Rochford, and in the story Anne is disparaged by Wolsey as being the only daughter of a knight. Mr. Froude dubs the story "romantic," though he allows it is too circumstantial to have been invented, and says it "is not without its difficulties." But those difficulties are greatly softened (1), by not alluding to the story when the origin of the king's desire to be divorced from Catherine is in question, and (2), by omitting all mention of the King and Wolsey, and merely saying that, if Cavendish's account be true, the affair was "ultimately interrupted by Lord Northumberland himself."

Henry's ambassadors were instructed to state to the Pope that he had never been unfaithful to Catherine. Mr. Froude says, he had been unfaithful to her but in one instance, which he thinks a great thing for a king; the one instance being that of Elizabeth Blunt, the mother of the Duke of Richmond, the "young Marcellus," as he is gaily styled by Mr. Froude. One instance would be enough to dispel the hypothesis of extraordinary physical coldness to which Mr. Froude resorts in attempting to prove that the somewhat rapid succession of the king's marriage was occasioned not by licentiousness, but by an overwhelming sense of public duty subduing a strong natural disinclination to the married state. The supposed evidence of the disgusting fact of Henry's connexion with Anne Boleyn's sister, Mary, Mr. Froude has discussed in an essay appended to his fourth volume, and considers himself to have reduced it to mere clerical and treasonable scandal. In particular, his laborious researches at the Rolls have been rewarded, among other things, by the discovery that the charge was not laid before the king by Cardinal Pole, in his expostulatory letter, and suffered to pass unrefuted on Henry's side. Mr. Froude has found Pole's manuscript at the Rolls, and the charge is not contained in it. It was inserted in the treatise "On the Unity of the Church," published at Rome in the winter of 1538-9; so that all inferences from the king's tacit admission are at an end. Nor does the point

appear ever to have been made against the king in the controversy respecting the divorce, when it would have told so heavily against him. The words "*ex quocunque licito vel illicito coitu*" in the draft proposed dispensation by the Pope for the marriage of the king with Anne Boleyn occur in an exhaustive catalogue of impediments to be dispensed with; and may well, as Mr. Froude argues, be taken as common form; though why a dispensation for the second marriage should be required if the first was null, and there was no canonical impediment to the second, is a very different question. It is singular that not only Mr. Froude, but all previous writers, should have overlooked the apparently decisive proof of this disputed fact which presents itself in the principal documents connected with the question, and in the most obvious form. The statute 25 Henry VIII. c. 22., declaring the king's marriage with Catherine void and the separation good, and settling the succession to the Crown, contains a provision (sec. 3—5.) rendering unlawful (notwithstanding any dispensation) all marriages within the degrees of affinity prohibited by the laws of God, included that of a brother's wife, and empowering the ordinary to terminate by separation any such marriages if already contracted. There can be no doubt that this provision, though ostensibly general, is inserted in the special Act with a view to the case of the king's marriage under a papal dispensation with Catherine, and the sentence of separation about to be pronounced by Cranmer. The Statute 28 Henry VIII. c. 7., declaring the marriage with Anne Boleyn void, and resettling the succession, extends the prohibition of the former Act to cases of affinity by carnal knowledge, and among others to the case of a man marrying his mistress's sister; and not only renders valid all future separations by the ordinary, of persons so named, but all past separations also, of which there could have been but one—that of the king from Anne Boleyn, which had just been pronounced by Cranmer. It seems undeniable that this enactment also, though ostensibly general like the other, is pointed at the particular marriage the dissolution of which the Act confirms: and that the mysterious allusion in the preamble to a ground of invalidity which is not specified, but which is stated to have been disclosed by Anne Boleyn to Cranmer, really refers to a disclosure by her of the

* It is not improbable, as Burnet observes, that Anne Boleyn's father, who was ambassador to France, brought her over with him from that country in 1522, when war was declared by Henry against Francis.

king's previous connection with her sister Mary. If what she disclosed was only a precontract with Lord Percy or any other person, why should there have been any more delicacy about specifying it in the Act than there afterwards was about specifying the pretended precontract with the Marquis of Lorraine, in the case of Anne of Cleves? In the eleventh of the loveletters of Henry to Anne Boleyn before their marriage, to which we have above referred, there occur the words, "As touching your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welsh to write to my lord my mind therein: whereby I trust that Eve shall not have power to deceive Adam; for surely whatsoever is said, cannot so stand with his honor, but that he must needs take his natural daughter now in her extreme necessity." This, if the letters are genuine, tends to prove that Anne was cognisant of the connexion. From other persons it may very well have been kept a secret till it became necessary to disclose it in order to enable Cranmer to pronounce the sentence of separation; and this affords a perfect explanation of the silence of the king's opponents on the subject during the controversy respecting the divorce, and of the non-appearance of the charge in the manuscript remonstrance addressed to the king by Reginald Pole. In his pardonable exultation at the discovery of the omission of the charge in Pole's manuscript at the Rolls, and at his supposed success in tracing the other evidence up to scandalous sources, Mr. Froude commits himself to the admission, that "If Pole's fact is true, his conclusion from it is unanswerably just." "If," he proceeds, "Henry had really debauched Anne Boleyn's sister, his demand to the Pope for his divorce, and his arguments in urging it, were of amazing effrontery. His own and his minister's language in Parliament and in Convocation—the peremptory haughtiness in which he insisted to all foreign courts on the justice of his cause, exhibit a hardy insolence without parallel in history. So monstrous appears his conduct, that it would be in vain to attempt to understand the character of the person who could be guilty of it, or of the Parliament and the clergy who consented to be his instruments. Persons so little scrupulous as, on this hypothesis, were both prince and people, could have discovered some less tortuous means of escaping from the difficulty of a wife." We will not be so ungenerous as to

hold Mr. Froude literally to a hypothetical admission, made in a moment of natural elation. But we are entitled to suggest that he should moderate, or at least prevent from overflowing into his marginal analysis and table of contents, the violence of his emotions against so eminent and, on the whole good a man as Cardinal Pole. If Pole took part against Henry, it was clearly for conscience, sake and against his personal interests; so that his opinion cannot be dismissed with contempt as that of a "refugee." If he forgot, in religious partisanship, the ties of civil allegiance, so did all strong religious partisans of the day. And if he used hard language, hard language was the fashion with controversialists of those times, and not least with those who called the Pope "the cankered and venomous serpent Paul, Bishop of Rome." We beg to observe by the way that the "people," however convenient it may be to introduce them, had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

One scheme was to get Catherine into a cloister; and to this, though a mode of disposing of persons who have the misfortune to be "obstacles" which is one of the most characteristic iniquities of the Romish system, Mr. Froude holds that Catherine, "if she had thought first or chiefly of justice," would have consented. He does not perceive that the dissolution of monasteries, which he regards as so necessary and right, would have placed the "obstacle" in the way again. Catherine, however, would not come into the scheme; her perception of the paramount claims of the national interest upon her consideration being, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the presence under the same roof, and in rival state, of the charming girl who the public service required should step into her shoes when she was gone. She refused to take the vow of chastity unless the king would take it too—a "most unfortunate answer," in Mr. Froude's opinion, to what others might call a most unfortunate request. Thereupon the "chivalrous" king directed his agents at Rome to propose, as a way of solving the difficulty, that he should take the vow in order to induce Catherine to do the same, and that when she had done so, the Pope should "clearly discharge" him, leaving her bound. Certainly this was the prince "chosen by Providence to conduct the Reformation," and abolish the iniquities of the Papal system. This frankness contrasts nobly with the du-

plicity of the Pope; and that conscience must have been tender indeed, and deeply wounded by the suspicion of a canonical flaw, which could lay to itself such balm. One marriage was to be dissolved on the ground that the Pope had no power to dispense with the law of God, which forbade a man to marry his brother's widow, and another was to be contracted in its place, on the faith of the Pope's power to dispense prospectively with the obligation of a solemn oath for purposes avowedly fraudulent, and to the cruel injury of another person, that person the perjurer's wife. Mr. Froude very candidly allows that this incident "sadly indicates the devices of policy" into "which in this unhappy business honorable men allowed themselves to be driven." When people on the side opposed to Henry's wishes allow themselves to be "driven into devices of policy" they cease to be honorable men. We presume it was the same over-mastering necessity that compelled Henry to lay a plot for entrapping into a French prison, under the false pledge of his kingly word, a dependent of Catherine whom he supposed to be moving as her agent in the matter of the divorce—a fact of which there seems sufficient evidence in Ellis's "Original Letters" (vol. i. p. 281. 1st series), but which is not found in the palimpsest restored by Mr. Froude. Between obscenity, fraud, and lying, we should have come to the conclusion that this "dread lord" was "a man like the rest of us," even without being permitted, as we afterwards are, to see him in the more tender relations of life.

In the passage just alluded to a lingering Shadow of the Clouds falls on Henry's offences, veiling them from our irreverent sight. It falls still more deeply when we are told that "it would have been well for Henry VIII. if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with, so ill in all his relations with them he succeeded. With men he could speak the right word—he could do the right thing; with women he seemed under a fatal necessity of mistake." It would have been well for Sir John Paul and his partners if they could have lived in a world where trust securities could have been dispensed with, so ill in all their relations with that description of property did they succeed. It would have been well for the late Mr. Palmer if he could have lived in a

world without a Mr. Cooke, so unsuccessful was he in all his relations with that unfortunate gentleman. It would be well for pick-pockets if they lived in a world where there were no pockets to pick. It would be well for us all if we lived in a world where the "mistakes" to which we happen to be peculiarly liable could not possibly be committed. We will not pause to speculate on the social delights of a world of which King Henry VIII. should be the ruling spirit, and from which women should be excluded, lest they should interfere with that monarch's moral development. But to borrow an epithet which Mr. Froude elsewhere applies to the king in his relations with women, it would certainly be a very "business-like" world.

Elsewhere we are told—

"The position which, in his wife's presence, he (Henry) assigned to another woman, however he may have persuaded himself that Catherine had no claim to be considered his wife, admits neither of excuse nor of palliation; and he ought never to have shared his throne with a person who consented to occupy that position. He was blind to the want of delicacy in Anne Boleyn, because, in spite of his chivalry, his graces, his accomplishments, in his relations with women he was without delicacy himself."

It seems a considerable detraction from his "chivalry" that he should "be without delicacy in his relations with women;" and we cannot help thinking that the historian has for the moment caught something of the king's defect, when he endeavors, as he does in this and other passages, to shift the blame as much as possible from a young and intoxicated girl to her mature and royal seducer from the path of delicacy and right. However, he proceeds:—

"He (Henry) directed, or attempted to direct, his conduct by the broad rules of what he thought to be just. In the wide margin of uncertain ground where rules of action cannot be prescribed, and where men must guide themselves by consideration for the feelings of others, he, so far as women were concerned, was unfortunately a stranger. Such consideration is a virtue which can be learned only in the society of equals, where necessity obliges men to practise it. Henry had been a king from his boyhood; he had been surrounded by courtiers who had anticipated all his desires; and exposed as he was to an ordeal from which no human being could have escaped uninjured, we have more cause, after all, to admire him for those ex-

cellences which he conquered for himself, than to blame the defects which remained to him."

The latter part of this paragraph, we submit, confirms the ordinary view that Henry was a tyrant, and gives, so far as it goes, a true explanation of the way in which his tyrannical character was formed. The first part enlarges the domain of casuistry. So far as we can see, a man who had beaten his wife (certainly not a greater outrage than was offered by Henry's "chivalry" to Catherine) might plead, according to this moral code, that he was attempting to direct his conduct by the broad rules of what he thought to be just. Mr. Froude, as we have seen, finds great difficulty in understanding the character of a consummate hypocrite, and we own we find as much difficulty in understanding the character of a man who was something more than brutal in his conduct to every person of the sex of Catherine and Anne Boleyn, and something more than admirable in his conduct to every person of the sex of Wolsey, Cromwell, Fisher, and More.

The depths of self-conceit are always unfathomable; much less can history attempt, with any hope of success or profit, to fathom them across three hundred intervening years. Very likely Henry gave a fair picture of what he at least believed to be his own motives for wishing to put away a faithful wife and marry a woman he liked better, when he directed his envoy at Rome "to say plainly to His Holiness that the king's desire and intent *convolare ad secundas nuptias non patitur negativum*; and whatsoever should be found of bull, brief, or otherwise, His Highness found his conscience so disquieted, his succession in such danger, and his most royal person in such perplexity for such things unknown and not to be spoken, that other remedy there was not but His Grace to come by one way or other, and specially at his hands if might be, to the desired end, and that all concertation to the contrary should be vain and frustrate." Mr. Froude, who plays microphant to Henry's mind, as Mr. Carlyle does to that of Cromwell, says of the despatch of which this is a fair sample, that "it is long and perplexed; the style that of a man who saw his end most clearly, and was vexed with the intricate and dishonest trifling with which his way was impeded, and which, nevertheless, he was struggling to tolerate."

The king has at least the frankness to put the desire of flying to a second marriage first in the list of motives. This was the motive which was strong enough to break through the decency which conscience would have observed towards the world and Catherine, and to override the dictates of policy which loudly required the second marriage to be postponed until the first had been annulled. This, therefore, not conscience or policy, was the ruling motive; and the ruling motive decides the character of the action. But if there was no justification for Henry, there was considerable excuse of a kind which his worshippers, if they take this high line, must be compelled to ignore. It was a profligate and Machiavellian age, when marriages were dissolved, and bigamy, under the name of remarriage, permitted by the Church with unprincipled facility on the ground of sham pre-contracts or factitious consanguinity; and when "devices of policy," which in these days would shock a Russian diplomatist or a Neapolitan Minister of Police, were resorted to, without scruple, by all ordinary politicians. It was the age when Cæsar Borgia and Louis XI. found eulogists as warm as the eulogist of Henry VIII. whom Mr. Froude quotes at the end of his last volume, and when the perjured and heartless Francis I. was considered the model of a king and a gentleman. Henry in asking the Pope to divorce him from his wife and authorise him to marry again, asked a corrupt tribunal for a corrupt favor, which would have been granted without the slightest hesitation, had not another, and at the moment, a more formidable interest, been arrayed on the other side. "And so first the great party of sedition began to shape itself, which for sixty years, except in the shortlived interlude of its triumph under Catherine's daughter, held the nation on the edge of civil war,"—these words of Mr. Froude, describing the immediate effect of the divorce, seem a sufficient answer to all pleas of national interest and the peace of the kingdom, and a sufficient comment on the wisdom of those who are wise above justice, truth, and honor.

The fall of Wolsey has hitherto been supposed to have been connected with the failure of that minister to effect the king's object in the matter of the divorce; and this view seemed to be supported by the parallel of the fall of Cromwell, after the king's disappointment in

the personal attractions of the new queen whom that minister had selected. But no such connexion appears in Mr. Froude's palimpsest. According to that document Wolsey was swept from the helm by an inevitable revolution in the policy of the country, in an anti-ecclesiastical sense, which produced "what in modern language we should describe as a change of ministry, the Government being transferred to an Opposition, who had been irritated by long depression under the hands of men whom they despised, and who were borne into power by an irresistible force in a moment of excitement and danger." The vile treatment of Wolsey after his fall "is a stain which we have to lament in the conduct of the new administration:" not an instance of the ingratitude of the king, whom Wolsey had "served better than he had served his God." What is the authority for asserting that there were any changes in the new "ministry" beyond the transfer of the chancellorship from Wolsey to More,—whom Mr. Froude himself describes as "the person least disaffected to the clergy who could have been found among the leading laymen, and whom he labors to prove a far closer ally of the intolerant bishops, and a far worse persecutor, than Wolsey himself,—and the promotion to the presidency and vice-presidency of the Council of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, both supple courtiers and enemies to the Reformation? We are expected to consider as perfectly *bond fide* the prosecution of Wolsey under an impudent misconstruction of the Statute of Provisors, for having exercised the office of Papal Legate within the realm, with the king's full knowledge and approbation, and not "in pursuit of his own ends" only, but mainly in pursuit of the ends of the king. We may venture to doubt whether, if the two legates had given sentence in the king's favor, and Henry's "eyes had been opened" afterwards to the quibble about the Statute of Provisors, he would have "resented the betrayal of his confidence" by Wolsey; or whether he would not rather have applied his familiar epithets of "varlet" and "knave knave, and beastly fool" to the officious lawyer who had opened his eyes upon the subject. The Statute of Provisors, we venture to submit, had not fallen into desuetude," though the interpretation of which made the office of Papal Legate an "office or dignity in the Anglican Church," probably had. On

the whole, it would be better to rest the case against Wolsey and in favor of royal honor and gratitude on that clause of the articles of impeachment which charged the king's favorite minister with breathing an infectious disease into the king's ear.

Mr. Froude's whole account of the memorable Parliament of 1529 is based on the assumption that it was a perfectly independent Parliament, freely elected by the people of England, and expressing the popular will in its measures and manifestoes.

"The election had taken place in the midst of great and general excitement; and the members chosen, if we may judge from their acts and their petitions, were men of that broad resolved temper, who only in times of popular effervescence are called forward into prominence. It would have been probably useless for the Crown to attempt dictation or repression at such a time, if it had desired to do so. Under the actual circumstances, its interest was to encourage the fullest expression of public feeling."

And the king is represented as "constitutionally conservative"—that is, the prince evidently "chosen by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation" is represented as constitutionally opposed to it, but as having the tact to perceive that he could not stem the current of popular feeling, which it seems by a fortunate coincidence, swelled suddenly and irresistibly against the papal power, just at the moment when that power obstructed Henry's wishes. The king was fortunate in coincidences. His desire to get rid of Catherine and marry her rival was "one of those rare cases where inclination coincides with right;" and here again interest coincides with the irresistible force of circumstances in letting loose Parliament to bully the Pope.

Now Hall (whose authority is decisive), tells us expressly, that in this Parliament "*the most parte of the Commons were the kynges servantes*;" and he tells us this in connexion with the passing of an Act admirably illustrative of the "broad and resolved temper" of the popular legislators by whom it was passed—the Act 21 Hen. VIII. c. 24. for releasing to the king all the sums of money which he had borrowed of subjects. Mr. Froude's palimpsest says nothing of this Act, though it gives a pretty full account of the legislation of the session, and by this omission his whole account of the character of the Parliament of 1529 is saved from de-

cisive confutation. A similar Act, however (35 Hen. VIII. c. 12.), was passed in 1544; and there Mr. Froude mentions it, and gives the following account of the matter:—

“When the war broke out the exchequer was empty. The first payment of the subsidy which had been granted in the year preceding had not as yet fallen due, and the king, in anticipation of the approaching return, had applied for a loan which had been raised in graduated proportions from the ordinary taxpayers. He had in fact required and received a portion of the parliamentary grant a few months before its time. The people who were aware that a war involved a war taxation, submitted without complaining to a proceeding which was manifestly necessary.”

It is a pity that the framers of the two statutes should not have been aware of this version of their proceedings, and that they should have excluded it in advance, by specifying “sums advanced by way of prest and loan, *either particularly*, or by any taxation made of the same,” as well as by the clause which compels those individuals whom the king had repaid to refund the repayment to the king. In a note, Mr. Froude adds:—

“I confess myself unable to see the impropriety of this proceeding, or to understand the censures which historians have so freely lavished upon it: unless indeed they have believed that all wars in any generation but their own are necessarily unjust, and all taxation tyranny; or have believed that the Parliament was generous to the king at the expense of a limited number of credulous and injured capitalists. As a question of taxation, the proof of contemporary complaint is the only justification of historical disapprobation.”

Credulous the capitalists certainly were, for we learn from the statute that some of them had disposed of their claims on the exchequer as they would of any ordinary debt: injured, according to Mr. Froude's version, they were not. Nothing is more probable than that Mr. Hallam and other writers on this period of history should have believed that all wars in any generation but their own are necessarily unjust, and all taxation tyranny, till their purblind prejudices were dissipated by Mr. Froude. As to the requisite evidence of contemporary complaint, Hall says, in regard to the Repudiation Act of 1529, that “when this release of the loane was knowne to the Commons of the realme, Lord! so they grudged and spake ill of the hole Parliament, for almost every manne counted it his dette, and

reconed suerly of the payment of the same, and therefore some made there willes of the same, and some other did set it over to other for debt, and so many men had losse by it, which caused them sore to murmur, but there was no remedy.” These complaints appear to have been as nearly contemporary as the time required for the publication of the Act of Parliament would permit.

The clerical abuses which were attacked in 1529 undoubtedly cried loudly for reform. But we must demur to the pervading assumption that the Crown and the lay lords were clear of those abuses. The ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown had been grossly and systematically abused. No instances of pluralism had been more flagrant than those of Crown favorites, like Wickham and Wolsey. And as to ecclesiastical morality, the statute 27 Henry VI. c. 6. pardons, in consideration of a subsidy, all rapes which had been committed by priests.

The cautious reader will be on his guard throughout against Mr. Froude's tendency to identify himself with laymen and lay statesmen and to bear hard on the clerical cloth, for the “zeal” of whose wearers he prescribes “the gallows and the lash” with great unction. The infamous extortion of an enormous sum from the clergy at this period, on pretence that they were involved in the premunire for having acknowledged Wolsey's legatine functions, while the laity were freely pardoned, affords the historian a glorious subject for banter and exultation and for the full enjoyment of the feeling that he is on the stronger side. He demonstrates the iniquity of the proceeding with some gusto, and winds up by saying,—“But their punishment, if tyrannical in form, was equitable in substance, and we can reconcile ourselves without difficulty to an act of judicial confiscation.” He is charitable enough to speak for us all, but we fear he will find many of us wanting in the love of oppression, even though the victims be ecclesiastics.

In the midst of these ecclesiastical reforms, this Parliament passed the singular Act 22 Hen. VIII. c. 9. for the boiling of John Rouse, who was alleged to have poisoned some domestics and alms-people of the Bishop of Rochester, in the attempt, as was supposed, to poison the anti-Protestant bishop himself. A shadow of party feeling rests on the whole affair. From Mr. Froude's solemn observa-

tions on this Boiling Alive Act, as well as from many other passages in this book, Mr. Carlyle may derive the lesson which is sometimes best taught by a caricature. John Rouse is by no means allowed the benefit of the plea that with people in general "he could do the right thing, say the right thing," but that with the Bishop of Rochester's servants and alms-people he "was under a fatal necessity of mistake." On the contrary, in his case "we purchase compassion for utter wickedness only by doubting in our hearts whether wickedness is more than misfortune." Those who may have been shocked by the necessarianism of the "Shadows of the Clouds," must certainly allow that in approving with awful satisfaction the punishment of boiling alive, Mr. Froude makes as liberal a concession to the doctrine of Free Will as any temperate advocate of that doctrine can desire. After a slight excess in sentimentalism, a man's "moral sinew" may require a little "stringent bracing" in the shape of bloody vagrancy laws, women flogging, and boiling alive, but he must not suppose that all the world will relish such tonics. The edifying detestation expressed by "His Highness" of this "Italian" crime, as Mr. Froude calls it, may be compared with the subsequent intimation of Cromwell that "His Highness" knew the ways that might be found in *Italy* to rid a traitorous subject like Cardinal Pole. The "awful and solemn horror of evil things" which filled the "stern" but "tender" spectators of the boiling alive of a human being "in that old cattle market," may also be illustrated by reference to the "old statute" 5 Henry IV. c. 5. against the daily practice of cutting out people's tongues and putting out their eyes. Perhaps the horror shown of evil things in general would have been as great, and the horror of one evil thing in particular greater, if John Rouse, instead of being committed to the cauldron by Act of Parliament without a trial, had been tried before he was boiled. That "the temper which this act exhibits is the key to all which has seemed most dark and cruel in the rough years which followed," is a candid but indiscreet admission.

The boiling of John Rouse seems to revive in Mr. Froude the love of roasting. "For the poisoners of the soul there was the stake, for the poisoners of the body the boiling cauldron; the two most fearful punishments for the two most fearful of crimes." "Most

shocking," he adds in a note, "when the *wrong persons* were made the victims; and because clerical officials were altogether incapable of detecting the *right persons*, the memory of the practice has become abhorrent to all just men. I suppose, however, that if the *right persons* could have been detected, even the stake itself would not have been too tremendous a penalty for the destroying of human souls." This opens rather an alarming prospect of the possible re-appearance of clerical officials competent to detect the *right persons*, and therefore qualified to roast them. Stokesley and Torquemada may have sent the wrong persons to the stake, as Jeffreys sent the wrong persons to the gallows; but the incompetence of Jeffreys has not condemned the use of the gallows, and we do not see why the incompetence of Stokesley and Torquemada should condemn the use of the stake. "Poisoning souls" is as great a crime as ever. The author of the "Nemesis of Faith" would be tried, not by a set of purblind Papists, but by some of the most eminent and enlightened divines of our pure and reformed Church, who would very properly overrule all exceptions to their competency as a tribunal, and whose judgment, delivered by the highest authority, would be received with general satisfaction. At the same stake, perhaps, would be burned some miserable convert to the Papist heresies of the "Lives of the English Saints." As to that "humanity which is deeper than logic," it would be all on the side of taking "tender" but "stern" measures to prevent the poisoning of souls. How beautifully would the chief inquisitor, in pronouncing sentence, prove to the culprits that "in this great matter of religion, in which to be right is the first condition of being right in any thing, not variety of opinion, but unity; not the equal licence of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief; but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind." How would the religious public in the galleries applaud these sentiments, which are so skilfully addressed to their taste! We are willing, however, to admit that "if a school of Thugs were to rise among us, making *murder* a religious service; if they gained proselytes, and the proselytes *put their teaching in execution*, we

should speedily begin to persecute *opinion*."

"A feeling of painful uncertainty continues to cling to us" whether the "Act of Appeals," while it pretended to be a general act, was not really a *privilegium*, intended to deprive Catherine of her appeal.

"How far the Parliament were justified by the extremity of the case is a further question, which it is equally difficult to answer. The alternative, as I have repeatedly said, was an all but inevitable civil war on the death of the king; and, practically, when statesmen are entrusted with the fortunes of an empire, the responsibility is too heavy to allow them to consider other interests. *Salus populi suprema lex*, ever has been and ever will be the substantial canon of policy with public men. I do not say that it ought to be. There are some acts of injustice which no national interest can excuse, however great in itself that interest may be, or however certain to be attained by the means proposed. Yet government in its simplest form is to an extent unjust; it trenches in its easiest tax on natural right and natural freedom; it trenches further and further in proportion to the emergency with which it has to deal."

Mr. Froude's statesmen, who are in the habit of imposing political tests and putting people to death for refusing them, may also be in the habit of distinguishing the interest of society from justice, and making justice give way. But the instance he cites is hardly one in point, unless people have a natural right to enjoy the benefits of government without contributing to its expense. The reasoning of the passage is an example of the kind which we may call shading off, a kind of which Dr. Newman is a great master. Black, through interposition of a shade or two of grey, fades insensibly into white. But put the two ends together of the passage, and you see that the color of a *privilegium* is rather different from that of a fair tax. We may remark by the way, that the preamble of this Act, asserting that the Church of England had been always independent of the Papal jurisdiction, affords a caution to those who may be inclined to take every thing said in an "old Statute," or a Tudor state paper, as Gospel truth.

It is due to Mr. Froude's moral sense to say that he knows very well what he has to deal with in the case of Fisher and More, and lays his ground with care accordingly. When Archbishop Allen is murdered by the Irish rebels (a murder more political than

religious), we are told that "such were the men whose cause the Mores and the Fishers, the saintly monks of the Charterhouse, and the holy martyrs of the Catholic faith, believed to be the cause of the Almighty Father of the world." By this little artifice the reader may be led to connect the names of More and Fisher with a crime which Mr. Froude would hardly venture to say they would not, both of them, have utterly detested and abhorred. Again, laborious efforts are made to prove that More was one of the most cruel of persecutors, and that under his chancellorship "the stake resumed its hateful activity." Wolsey was a model of toleration compared with him, though elsewhere we are told that it was "under Wolsey's influence" that Henry "persecuted the English Protestants." As it requires something to make us believe that More was very inhuman, it is suggested that "Sir Thomas More may be said to have lived to illustrate the necessary tendencies of Romanism in an honest mind convinced of its truth; to show that the test of sincerity in a man who professes to regard orthodoxy as an essential of salvation, is not the readiness to endure persecution, but the courage which will venture to inflict it." All very fine, but let us see how Mr. Froude proves More to have exemplified this "test of sincerity"—how he substantiates what he elsewhere (a little forgetting his cue) calls, with a bitter sneer, "the philosophic mercies of Sir Thomas More."

He sets out against More, with every artifice of rhetorical and typographical aggravation, four cases: (1), that of Philips; (2), that of Field; (3), that of Bilney; (4), that of Bainham.

In the case of Philips Mr. Froude, after going through the circumstances, has to own that "the weight of guilt, in this instance, presses essentially on Stokesley." More was bound, as Chancellor, to arrest the alleged heretic and deliver him to the diocesan. His taking part in the private examination of Philips, and his attempts to induce him to end the matter by confession, whether regular or not, is at least as likely to have been from motives of humanity as the reverse. And if "he could not have been ignorant" of the imprisonment of Stokesley's victim, it does not follow that he was in any way to blame for it. Stokesley excommunicated Philips before he imprisoned him; and while

the prisoner was lying under this sentence, neither the Chancellor nor any other legal authority had power to deliver him, as Mr. Froude seems partly aware. Moreover, a part at least of the three years' imprisonment must have occurred after More had ceased to be Chancellor, and when he, therefore, could no longer be one of the "pedants," to whose deaf ears the prisoner clamored in vain for justice.

Our only knowledge of Field's case is derived from a petition presented by Field himself to the Lord Chancellor Audeley and the Council, *after the disgrace of More*. Mr. Froude himself says, "We can form but an imperfect judgment on the merits of the case, for we have only the sufferer's *ex parte* complaint, and More might probably have been able to make some counter-statement. But the illegal imprisonment cannot be explained away, and cannot be palliated; and when a judge permits himself to commit an act of arbitrary tyranny, we argue from the known to the unknown, and refuse reasonably to give him credit for equity when he was so little careful of law." He seems to forget that the "illegal imprisonment" from which he ventures to "reason to the unknown," rests exactly on the same *ex parte* evidence as the other portions of the story. The whole account is tainted by the utterly incredible statement that, "as your bedeman heard say," Sir Thomas More, after retiring from the Chancellorship, made interest with the Duke of Norfolk through the Bishops of London and Winchester, to have the petitioner committed to prison again.

Bilney's case is prefaced by an insinuating statement, that, "no sooner had the seals changed hands (from Wolsey to More), than the Smithfield fires recommenced; and, *encouraged by the Chancellor*, the bishops resolved to obliterate in these edifying spectacles the recollection of their general infirmities." Yet with this case Mr. Froude absolutely fails to connect More in any way whatever. Bilney was first cited before Wolsey; then before the Bishop of London, who induced him to recant; and, finally, before the Bishop of Norwich, who sent him to the stake. More, in his preface to his work against Tyndal, maintained that Bilney had recanted and died a Catholic, for which Foxe attacks him very scurrilously, and at great length; and we suppose this must have caught Mr.

Froude's eye, and led him, without looking further into the matter, to set down Bilney's martyrdom to the account of Sir Thomas More. This, at least, is the only obvious explanation of the insertion of the case among those with which More was in any way concerned. Mr. Froude may have proof that the Chancellor "encouraged" these proceedings of the bishops, but if he has he must produce it. Perhaps he will at the same time notice the statement of Erasmus (Ep. 426.) that "he has it on good authority that the King (Henry VIII.) is somewhat more severe to heresy than the bishops and the priests (*aliquanto minus æquum esse novis dogmatibus quam episcopos aut sacerdotes*)."

The last case is that of Bainham, in regard to which Mr. Froude takes, without hesitation, all the statements of Foxe, though where Foxe and Wyatt are against him, as in the case of Anne Boleyn, he can perceive that these writers "were surrounded with the heat and flame of a controversy, in which public and private questions were wrapped inseparably together; and the more closely we scrutinise their narratives, the graver occasion there appears for doing so." We must own, however, that he does not follow Foxe blindly. For while Mr. Froude says that Bainham "made a farewell address to the people, laying his death expressly to More, whom he called his accuser and his judge," Foxe only makes Bainham say, "The Lord forgive Sir Thomas More, and pray for me all good people." Bainham was in fact condemned to the stake, as appears from Foxe himself, not by More, but by Trafford, the Bishop of London's Vicar-General. But this is not all. Foxe says that Bainham was chained to a tree (Mr. Froude says to a post) in More's garden at Chelsea, and whipped. Now More explicitly denied that he had whipped any of the heretics in his custody. He said he had only whipped a boy belonging to his own household, who taught another boy to speak against the sacrament, and a lunatic, who used to insult women in church. "And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, so help me God! saving, as I said, the mere keeping of them (and yet not so sure neither, but that George Constantine could steal away), else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a filip on the forehead." And how does Mr. Froude deal with this denial? At the beginning of the series of cases which he

produces against More, he says, "I do not intend in this place to relate the stories of his cruelties in his house at Chelsea, which he himself partially denied, and which at least we may hope were exaggerated. Being obliged to confine myself to specific instances, I choose rather those *on which the evidence is not open to question*; and which prove against More, not the zealous execution of a cruel law, for which we may not fairly hold him responsible, but a disregard, in the highest degree censurable, of his obligations as a law officer of the Crown." "In *this place*" (*i. e.* in this page) it is true he does not relate any thing that More denied, but a few pages on, he relates, as one of the series of cases which rest on "evidence not open to question," the whipping of Bainham at Chelsea, one of the cases to which More's denial would clearly apply.

Nothing is found in the palimpsest about More's personal and literary intimacy with the king, or of his having assisted Henry in his work on the Supremacy, or of that deep remark, when the king had been strolling for an hour in the garden at Chelsea with his arm round More's neck, and More's son-in-law, Roper, congratulated him on being so "familiarily entertained;"—"I thank our Lord, I find His Grace my very good lord indeed! and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win a castle in France it should not fail to go!" Nor are we informed that More had committed the crime of refusing to be present at Anne Boleyn's coronation; though he prayed for "his highness's prosperous estate," he "being in possession of his marriage;" or that the ex-chancellor was accused, by a magnanimous government, of corruption in his office, and that he triumphantly repelled the accusation; or that he was charged, with still greater magnanimity, of having induced the king to commit himself too far in his book in defence of the Papal Supremacy, and that his reply was, that he had tried to moderate the king's language, and that the king had repelled his attempts with "Whatever impediments be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority (the authority of the Popedom) to the uttermost; for we receive from that see our crown imperial."

Very faint, too, is the notion given by Mr.

Froude, of the incidents of More's trial—of the character of Mr. Rich, the solicitor-general, the sole witness for the Crown, and the wretch who afterwards racked Anne Askew nearly to death with his own hands,—of the infamous means which he employed to extract a denial of the king's supremacy over the Church from More, who steadily declined to give an opinion on the subject,—or of the utter shame to which he was put at the trial by the breakdown of the two witnesses who were called to support his perjuries on behalf of the Crown. Mr. Froude invites us to believe that the Government had letters from More to Fisher in their hands sufficient to sustain the prosecution, but that they preferred, as the more satisfactory course, to put the solicitor-general, in the witness-box and have him pilloried there. More's crushing defence is entirely omitted, with a judgment which we cannot but applaud. But we are told that he "could not say that the facts were not true." More prayed that if Rich, the only witness against him, were not perjured, he might never see the face of God. There is a similar "economy" of unpleasant facts in regard to Fisher, the history of whose case, indeed, is almost entirely suppressed, on the artistic plea of "concerning ourselves only with the nobler figure." Not a word is said of the mission of the same Mr. Rich to the bishop in the Tower to draw from him also a denial of the supremacy, and in this instance, under the assurance that the king desired his opinion on the subject. An impression which is the reverse of the truth on this point, however is conveyed when it is said, in the matter of the Nun of Kent, that Fisher "found mercy thrust upon him, till *by fresh provocation* the miserable old man *forced himself on his fate*." The "official statements" of the indulgence with which the aged prelate was treated in his prison, may be "too positive and too minute to admit of a doubt; but there is no deficiency of minuteness or positiveness in Fisher's letters to Cromwell, in which he complains that he is left without clothes to keep him warm or proper food to nourish him; and if this "must have been an accident," it was rather an awkward accident to occur under the government of a chivalrous king, who found it necessary to send to the scaffold such a man as Fisher, and for such an offence as refusing the test of supremacy. Less reverent critics will perhaps think that

the broad assertion of Cromwell in his letter to Cassalis, that Fisher and More when in prison "received all such indulgences in food and dress as their families desired," throws some light on the veracity of Tudor manifestoes.

Of the Charterhouse monks, Houghton and five others were put to death by the cruel and disgusting method then usual in cases of treason, which to masculine minds appears "austere" and "stern work." If any one wishes to know how a Rousseauist becomes a Terrorist, he may mark the way in which the sentimental historian is drawn, by the fascination of this reign of terror, to put himself always on the side of the Terrorist government and sympathize in the work of blood.

Mr. Froude does not pretend that Fisher, More, and Houghton were, in the ordinary sense, guilty men for refusing to deny their faith at the command of the king, though he is always slipping in "offenders," "treason," "traitor." On the contrary, he explicitly admits that "there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean." There are two duties—your duty to God, and your duty to Henry; and if the two do not happen to be compatible, you must die. "There may be no intention of treason on your part. The motive of your opposition may be purely religious,"—that will not save you. "No honesty of meaning can render possible any longer a double loyalty to the Crown and to the Papacy,"—Henry must have your whole heart. You "choose to be a confessor." You are an eminent person, and if you are allowed with impunity to be true to your own conscience, others may be encouraged to think like you. It is not the obedience of the outward act only that the king requires, but the obedience of the soul. To hang, draw, and quarter you is a "necessity;" it is "most piteous but most inevitable." You are on the wrong side. You are "guilty of not being able to read the signs of the times," and see that since the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn, he is Head of the Church. Your "exotic graces" cannot be preserved at the expense of more valuable things. You are an obstacle to "the free thought which was bursting from the soil." There is a danger of insurrection and invasion, with which you perhaps have no connection, but which your

existence may tend to encourage. You "die miserably of prison fever and filth;" but as Mr. Froude says, in connection with that very incident, "we cannot blame the Government. Those who know what the condition of the country really was, must feel their inability to suggest, with any tolerable reasonableness, what else could have been done." It was fatality, it was state necessity, it was historical retribution. Above all, it was Henry's will, a will which is above our scrutiny. "History will rather dwell upon the incidents of the execution than attempt a sentence upon those who willed that it should be." History cannot presume to pass a judgment upon an act of Henry VIII.,—she can only say, his will be done!

Henry, in Mr. Froude's account, stands in the place of Providence to require at the hands of those who had helped him to write his book in defence of the Roman Church all the righteous blood which the Roman Church had shed from the blood of Raymond of Toulouse to the blood of the last victim who had blackened into ashes at Smithfield. The last victims who had blackened into ashes at Smithfield before the execution of More and Fisher happened to be fourteen Anabaptists who had been sent to the stake by Henry himself "to show," as Mr. Froude says, "that his justice was evenhanded."

It is poetically insinuated that the cause for which Henry put Fisher, More, and the monks of the Charterhouse to death was that of the Reformation of which he was the champion. "The Catholics had chosen the alternative, either to crush the free thought which was bursting from the soil, or else to be crushed by it; and the future of the world could not be sacrificed to preserve the exotic graces of mediæval saints." "The value of the (king's) defence turns upon the point of the actual danger to the State, and the extent to which the conduct of the sufferers imperilled the progress of the Reformation." The "free thought" which was bursting "from the soil" was certainly very dear to Henry, who was doing his best to water the tender plant by dealing "evenhanded" justice to conscientious Catholics on the one hand and to conscientious Protestants on the other, and to foster it with the sunny influence of persecuting codes. "His mind was moving," says his admirer, when he burns fourteen Anabaptists, "but heresy, though the definition of it was chang-

ing, remained a crime; and although the limits of permitted belief were imperceptibly enlarging, to transgress the recognized boundaries was an offence enormous as ever." Such was the "free thought" which required the congenial protection of supremacy tests and the shedding of innocent blood. We have yet to learn in what single point the "definition of heresy had changed" at the time of the murder of Fisher and More, except in the substitution of the royal for the papal infallibility, which does not seem a great step towards "the future of the world." "The king," we are told elsewhere, "was divided against himself. Nine days in ten he was the clear-headed, energetic, powerful statesman; on the tenth he was looking wistfully to the superstition which he had left, and the clear sunshine was darkened with theological clouds which broke in lightning and persecution." One of these clouds passed over the royal sun of the Reformation rather late in its day of glory. It was the Six Bloody Articles Bill, imposing on the nation, under pain of death, all the cardinal doctrines of the Church of Rome. The great Parliament of 1529, the composition of which we have before indicated, in their list of grievances against the Church, demanded sharper penalties against heretics, a demand which the "persecuting" bishops pronounced to be more charitable than necessary; and they impeached Wolsey, among other things, for checking the persecution of Lutherans at Cambridge. Long after this the king was in a fair way to be reconciled to the Roman See. He never lent a helping hand to the Protestants abroad, but as Mr. Froude allows, always shrunk from them, and only coquetted with them when driven by diplomatic necessity; the Tudors having been unable "cordially to unite themselves with a form of thought which permitted resistance to authority, and which they regarded as eccentric and revolutionary." Henry also remained the intimate friend of Francis I., and never remonstrated against the proceedings of that perjured and lecherous, but orthodox monarch, when he atoned for the pleasures of the seraglio by the pleasures of the estrapade. Surely, it requires some confidence in the imbecility of the reader to pretend that this man murdered Fisher and More for the sake of "the free thought that was bursting from the soil," and in order that they might not impede "the progress of the Reformation."

Again, the plea that "the nation was standing with its sword half drawn in the face of an armed Europe, and it was no time to permit dissension in the camp," with much more to the same effect, and enveloping a principle equally wise and moral, might be urged in miserable extenuation of the crimes of the French Terrorists, but could not be urged in extenuation of the crimes of Henry and his Audeleys and Riches. The "armed Europe" was simply the Emperor, who had been outraged by Henry's treatment of his aunt, but whose enmity was so far from being inexpiable, that some years afterwards we find him engaged with Henry in an alliance, highly approved of by Mr. Froude, as a matter of rejoicing to "those who wished well to rational freedom in Christendom—who would have Popish and Protestant fanatics alike crushed into moderation." Henry's friend of the seraglio and the estrapade was quite disposed to take his side; and the German Lutherans would, of course, have been glad of his alliance. Perhaps a cordial union with the Lutherans would have strengthened the nation as much as shedding innocent and honored blood. Mr. Froude, when he insinuates that the Catholics must have joined an invader, who came to execute the Pope's sentence, forgets how the Catholics actually behaved at the time of the Armada; not to mention that the Bull of Deposition was not published till three years after the martyrdom of More and Fisher. As to "the whole Irish insurrection blazing up behind the screenwork of these innocents," we do not argue against metaphors; but Mr. Froude must know that neither More, Fisher, nor the monks of the Charterhouse had any thing whatever to do with the insurrection in Ireland, with which he so assiduously connects their names. Whether discontent in England was removed by these "piteous inevitabilities," let the insurrection in Lincolnshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace decide.

It has not occurred to Mr. Froude that in writing the apology of Henry for crushing the Catholics in England, he is writing the apology of Charles V. and Philip II. for crushing the Protestants in the Low Countries and Spain; or that he will hereafter have to defend Queen Elizabeth for abetting in France precisely the "treason" which he thinks a justification for any number of judicial murders in this country.

Mr. Froude very truly says that "the anger and surprise at the murder of Fisher and More was not confined to Rome. Through England, through France, through Flanders, even among the Protestants of Germany, there arose a simultaneous outcry of astonishment. Rumor flew to and fro with a thousand falsehoods; and the unfortunate leaven of the Anne Boleyn marriage told fatally to destroy that appearance of probity of motive so indispensable to the defence of the government." The reader will not fail to note the substitution of "astonishment" for "indignation," and the "thousand falsehoods of rumor" which so conveniently suggest that Europe did not know what had actually occurred. To the clear contemporary evidence, however, which even Mr. Froude's account of the effect produced by the death of Fisher and More in Protestant Europe affords both as to the morality and expediency of that act, there seems little to reply, except, "Let us close our lips and pass by, and not speak of it. When a nation is in the throes of revolution wild spirits are abroad in the storm." With "wild spirits" (wholly independent, of course, of the Government) and "necessity" a good deal of difficulty may be surmounted. It is a pity that Cromwell did not perceive the controversial utility of these airy agencies when he was elaborately apologizing to Europe for the proceedings of his government in a case which, according to Mr. Froude, "seemed to him so clear as to require no apology." He might then have been spared the necessity of stating "many important facts," of which, as Mr. Froude very accurately says, "we have no other knowledge."

Of the ultimate effect of the murders of the Catholic Martyrs on the cause of the Reformation, it seems enough to say, with Mr. Froude, that "their sufferings nobly borne sufficed to recover the sympathy of after ages for the faith which they professed."

Of course, we must not presume to scrutinize the mental sensations of "him who willed" that Fisher and More should be beheaded and Haughton and his monks drawn and quartered for refusing to profess the contrary of what he had himself maintained with the utmost violence a few years before, or to inquire whether Henry reflected at all on his own position. As to the atrocious cruelties practised on the Charterhouse monks, that was all the "wild spirits" and the "English,"

who were "a hard, fierce people." It is gratifying to know, however, that "the king was not without feeling. It was no matter of indifference to him that he found himself driven to such stern courses with his subjects; and as the golden splendor of his manhood was thus sullenly clouding, he commanded all about his court to poll their heads" in public token of mourning; "and to give them example, he caused his own head to be polled, and from henceforth his beard to be knotted, and to be no more shorn." This seems almost too great a concession on the part of Henry VIII. to the ordinary feelings of humanity.

In his obvious anxiety to prejudice the reader against Anne Boleyn, who is the next victim, Mr. Froude throws it out that if More's opinions had been insufficient for his destruction, there was an influence at court which left no hope to him; the influence of one whose ways and doings were better known than that they have been to her modern admirers." This is a little improvident. If Anne Boleyn's antipathy was allowed to influence the king in such a matter as this, what is to be thought of the character of the king?

Mr. Froude does not feel unkindly towards the Catholic martyrs. They are guilty of what he calls "treason;" that is, of not submitting their consciences to the dictation of a tyrant: and the "will" of those who put them to death is what he cannot suffer to be questioned. But he quite acknowledges the innocence of their intentions, and the fact that it was their "virtues" that "drove them into treason," and he decorates their end with some very sweet rhetoric. We have already alluded to the eloquent passage in which Mr. Froude paints the Catholics and the Protestants as "two armies of martyrs waging war, not upon the open field in open action, but on the stake and on the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance." The reader, in perusing that passage, will bear in mind that the sufferings of the two armies are not mutually inflicted, but inflicted upon both of them alternately by Henry, who stands safe above the glorious fray. Probably, however, the moral agony which the king went through, and which led him to alter the mode of dressing his beard and hair, was equivalent to any sufferings of the objects of his "evenhanded justice." Blessed new era

of the religion of liberty and love, which opened with tyranny over conscience and sanguinary persecutions! Happy nation, whose king was so tender-hearted that he changed the cut of his beard when justice required him to shed innocent blood on the scaffold or at the stake!

We are compelled, by want of space, to refrain from fully examining Mr. Froude's treatment of the case of Anne Boleyn, who is the next victim. Every attentive reader will perceive that, under cover of profuse expressions of sentimental pity, he labors hard for a conviction. He tries to prejudice us beforehand against Anne Boleyn, as he does against More, by telling us that in her portraits "the lips and mouth wear a look of sensuality which is not to be mistaken," by dwelling on her "epicurism," by candidly admitting that the affair with Lord Percy was not "openly" to her discredit, and by throwing as much as possible on her the blame of acts of indelicacy towards Catherine, which a perverse world, disloyally condemning the strong tempter more than the weak and tempted, has laid mainly to the account of the "chivalrous" king. When he comes to the trial itself, he resorts to the little artifice of solemnly citing before the bar of posterity the names of a long list of jurymen, about whom (with a single exception) we know absolutely nothing. He never inquires whether, in the whole course of the reign, a judge and jury once acquitted the victim of a Crown prosecution. He forbids us to accuse the form of the trial, on the ground that "it was the form which was always observed;" and expects us to believe that the king, who could pass acts of attainder, confiscate great masses of property, and override the law by proclamations, could not venture, when his honor was most concerned, to give his own wife a fair trial. He tries to take off the effect of that letter of Anne to the king which so powerfully breathes her innocence, and the guilt of those who were doing her to death, by "being obliged to add" that its "tone" is "unbecoming," and by bidding us "remember" that the writer had betrayed the king's confidence from the beginning by concealing from him the canonical impediment to this marriage; the draft dispensation to get rid of the impediment having, we presume, been prepared entirely without the knowledge of the king. We are to believe, for the purposes of this inquiry,

that such a man as the Duke of Norfolk, who figures in Mr. Froude's own pages as the author of a most dastardly attempt to assassinate Aske, and who, if Mr. Froude is right, was at last justly condemned to die for high treason, was a Wellington in integrity because he was a Wellington in military skill. The filthy and ignominious proceedings against Anne of Cleves, in which all the "Wellingtons and Nelsons" were concerned, are kept entirely out of sight, though most histories would have thought they threw a good deal of light on the conduct of the same men in the case of Anne Boleyn. The possibility is not hinted at, though one would think it must have occurred to any mind; that when the Earl of Wiltshire took part in condemning his own children, he did so under the influence of terror. Mr. Froude has read Constantyne's Memorial, but his eye has not fallen on the statement that the confession of Mark Smeton, who alone of the persons accused persevered in his confession, was reported to have been extorted by "grievous racking." The contemporary evidence of the Lord of Milherve, preserved in Meteren and cited by Foxe, to the effect that the magistrates of London, and others who were present at the trial, said they saw no evidence against the queen, but only a determination to be rid of her, is judiciously alluded to only in a note, with a slighting intimation that "it may be read elsewhere." Constantyne says there was "much muttering" at the time among the people, but the historian, though he feels that "the English nation deserves justice at our hands," does not see fit to mention this point in their favor. Yet Mr. Froude does not venture, in presence of the facts even as represented by himself, to state plainly that he believes this woman, of whom Cranmer said that he "never had better opinion in woman than he had in her," to have been guilty of the unutterable crimes laid to her charge. He waits till his fourth volume, and then, when speaking of the case of Catherine Howard, he slips in the expression "no reasonable doubt could be entertained that the King had a second time suffered the worst injury which a wife could inflict upon him, that a second adultery, a second act of high treason, must be enforced and punished." Anne, in her "unbecoming" letter to the king, pointed to Henry's love for her rival, Jane Seymour, as the cause of her destruction. Henry con-

firmed her assertion by marrying Jane Seymour the day after he had sent to the scaffold, without a fair trial, his wife and the mother of his child. Mr. Froude is of opinion that this proceeding "is a proof that Henry looked at matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment;" and he adds, "if this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I have merely to say that I find it in the Statute Book." Where does he expect to find such infamies but in the Statute Book of a Tudor king, colored a little (it must, in justice to the sycophants of that day, be observed) by his own hero-worshipping imagination? But the best is yet to come. When Jane Seymour's marriage with the king is being related, the "unbecoming" letter of Anne Boleyn is fresh in the reader's mind. But when we arrive at Jane Seymour's death, the recollection of the letter may have grown fainter; and then it is thought safe to observe that Jane "married the king under circumstances peculiarly agitating, without preparation, *without attachment either on her part or on his*, but under the pressure of a sudden and tragical necessity." It would be painting the lily indeed to comment upon these words. Otherwise we might remark that the "tragical necessity" of providing an heir no longer existed after the birth of Prince Edward; yet on the very first day of the king's bereavement, the inflexible Privy Council again called on him to immolate himself to his country on the hyemial altar, by taking another wife, and he once more saw that it must be so, and resigned himself," though he by no means resigned himself to such an ugly woman as Anne of Cleves. The historian repeatedly fails, when interpreting a particular action of Henry, to "give him the benefit" of other incidents of a similar kind in his career.

It is the same thing throughout. It was right to execute amnestied rebels, because they "showed symptoms of an animus which the Crown persecutors would regard as treasonable," and because "a chasm lay between the two estimates of the subject." The torturing of Forest is laid to "ecclesiastics," whom, we are to suppose, the king could not control. The king was under the painful necessity of putting Cromwell to death because "the law in a free country cannot keep pace with genius;" his Highness' disappointment in the person of Anne of Cleves having

nothing to do with the matter. "In fairness, Cromwell should have been tried; but it would have added nothing to his chances of escape." He could not disprove the accusations. He could but have said that he had done right, not wrong; a plea which would *have been but a fresh crime.*" The mitred "abbots," whose "quartered trunks" the approving eye of the stern historian sees by anticipation "rotting by the high-way," "had given cause for suspicion in the late disturbances; *that is to say*, they had grown to advanced age as faithful subjects of the Papacy; they were too old to begin life again with a new allegiance,"—therefore it was quite right and necessary to put them out of the way. The execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury for a crime which is admitted to be formal, may seem needless cruelty "to the modern student." As to Montague and Exeter, "however justly we may now accuse the equity which placed men on their trial for treason, for impatient expressions, *there can be no uncertainty* that, in the event of an invasion, or of a rebellion, with any promise of success in it, both Montague and Exeter would have thrown their weight into the rebel scale." Where there can be no uncertainty, what need can there be of proof? The case of Sir Nicholas Carew was "the hardest," but Henry's will be done! As to the execution of Lady Salisbury, untried, by Act of Attainder, "a settled age can imperfectly comprehend an age of revolution, or realize the indifference with which men risk their own blood (when did Henry risk his own blood?) and the blood of others, when battling for a great cause." In the case of Norfolk and Surrey, "there is little to regret if the king saw no reason to look leniently on the insolent ambition *which would have ruined a great cause, and filled England with the blood of innocents.*" So much for "the veteran who had won his spurs at Flodden." The execution of the Earl of Suffolk, in the early part of Henry's reign, does not occur to the historian as throwing any light on this Turk-like clearing off of possible pretenders at the end. When the "entries in the register of death" come rather thick, they call forth the pious and philosophic observation that, "on the whole, Providence gives little good in this world for which suffering, in large measure or small, is not exacted as payment, and the king and the country (?) alike,

on the whole, had reason to be well satisfied." The eagerness of the Crown to depress and decimate the old aristocracy, bore no analogy to the political tendencies of Louis XI. and Henry VII., but was the result of a high principle of social morality which "made responsibility the especial privilege of rank."

At the fifth wife, it is felt that the philosophic curiosity of the reader will be naturally excited, and require some account of these successive catastrophes; and the account is, that there was "a business-like habit of proceeding" about the king which led to conjugal infelicity. "We rise from the laborious perusal (of the "many thousand documents" relating to the reign) "with the conviction, rather, that the king's disposition was naturally cold;" and that if he kept at least one mistress and had six wives, it was from a self-denying submission to the dictates of public duty. In slandering the honor of Anne of Cleves, and getting rid of her, to marry some one else, he was also, we presume, influenced by "natural coldness." The alternating divorces and uxoricides of Catholic and Protestant wives appear to have been arranged by a tasteful Destiny preserving the "symmetry of misfortune." The king's apparent vacillations in religion, and the alternating persecutions by which they were accompanied, were really, it seems, a steady policy of moderation. The king wished to ensure the triumph of the Reformation by keeping it within bounds, and cutting off the heads of "men of genius," like Cromwell, who attempted to go too fast. It was in pursuance of this moderating policy that he first required his subjects, on pain of death, to believe in three Sacraments, and afterwards in seven, and that he first abolished all the monasteries, and then enforced the observance of monastic vows. The triumph of moderate Protestantism was complete when the Six Bloody Articles reimposed on England all the leading doctrines of the Roman Catholic Faith. Liberty of conscience seems rather an essential part of Protestantism, but, after all, a little violation of it is a good thing in its way. "Not variety of opinion, but unity—not the equal license of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief—but an ordered harmony, where wisdom (the wisdom of Henry VIII.) prescribes a law to ignorance (the ignorance of More and Latimer), is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind."

Besides, "if Henry erred" in so slight a matter as imposing false doctrines and persecuting the true, "his errors might find excuse in the multitude of business which was crowded upon him." The various inroads upon the constitution made in the course of the reign were really so many instances of revolutionary enthusiasm exalting a popular chief. The Act empowering the "king *for the time being*," to make laws by royal proclamation without the consent of Parliament, was analogous to the Roman practice of appointing a temporary Dictator to carry the state through a crisis. The Acts enabling the king to repudiate his loans were graduated retrospective property taxes. Benevolences were a spontaneous act of "the gentlemen" who "preferred the honor of England to their personal convenience." Alderman Reed and Alderman Roch, who were so insolent as to think benevolences unconstitutional, were the one justly imprisoned, the other pressed for the northern wars, "amidst general amusement and approbation," which the chroniclers to whom Mr. Froude refers have omitted to record. The debasing of the coin, as we have mentioned before, was "a loan from the mint," similar in principle to the suspension of cash payments. The monastery lands, which might have obviated the necessity of benevolences, had been "melted down into cannon," some pieces of which, of large calibre, now form the inheritance of the houses of Seymour, Fitzwilliam, and Russell. The miscarriages in Ireland were not caused by sending out incompetent men and starving the service. The fact is, "the country has exerted a magical power of transformation upon every one connected with it. The hardest English understanding has given way before a few years of residence there; the most solid good sense has melted under the influence of its atmosphere"—as was the case, for example, with Lord Chesterfield and Lord Wellesley. The wrongs done to the Irish people, who were forbidden to intermarry with the conquering race, or to hold office in their own land, disappear, and nothing remains but their faults, calling for exemplary coercion. Henry's foreign policy was all straightforward and sound, and that of his opponents was all the reverse. The plot for kidnapping the King of Scotland, and carrying him off to London in time of peace, was a plan for "employing some gentle con-

straint," since "a free visit could not be arranged." The plot for assassinating Cardinal Beton, was "looking at things as they were, and not through conventional forms." The diplomatic lying which Paget reports to his master, was "honest service." The alliance with the Emperor against the German Protestants, which led to the sack of Cleves, was all in favor of moderate Protestantism. In short, such a "palimpsest" never was found before.

We began by paying a just tribute to the merits of those portions of Mr. Froude's work which his paradox does not affect. The greater portion of our limited space has necessarily been taken up in examining the grounds of the extraordinary revolution which he has undertaken to effect in this period of English history. Our opinion upon his reasonings and their result is not doubtful: and we would once more urge him to reconsider his

Henry VIII. if he wishes his history to live. But we must end with the renewed expression of the pleasure we have derived from many parts of the work, especially those which delineate the religious parties of the time. The interest of the new matter is extreme, and it is given for the most part in the most interesting manner. Even on the character of Henry VIII. himself as a theologian and statesman, some new light has probably been thrown. Mr. Carlyle has a good deal to answer for in having been the means, by his splendid but dangerous example, of spoiling what might have been so good a book, and compelling its honest critics to say, that it may stand very high in the estimation of those who look in a history only for interest and excitement, but that it cannot stand high in the estimation of those who look in a history above all things for the truth.

OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliament Oak, in Clipston Park, is said to be fifteen hundred years old. This park existed before the conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property. It was called the duke's walking stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Work-sop is called so from forming part of the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelsenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room, 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.—*Sir W. Symonds.*

CHANCELS NO POPERY.—The use of the Chancel for the Communion service is so far from being Popery that the Papists and Popish Improprators in England permit the Chancels where they are concerned to lie the most disorderly and ruinous of any other, as I myself have seen in several places, they are not careful to repair or clean them; nor can they be brought

to contribute to the Reformation of Churches but by mere compulsion, and they would be well enough satisfied to see all the Chancels and Churches in England lie in ruin, for this would be the most certain way to overthrow the Reformation and bring in Popery, which being planted again by Authority would soon oblige that party to rebuild the Churches.—*Bishop of Lincoln's Charge, 1697, p. 22.*

DRUM'S IDEA OF A MATERIAL CHURCH.—Drum, one of the six preachers, and who afterwards "fell away into Papistry," was presented to Archbishop Cranmer for preaching, among other erroneous and dangerous notions, "that the material church is a thing made and ordained to content the affections of men, and is not the thing that pleaseth God, nor that God requires; but is a thing that God doth tolerate for the weakness of men. For as the father contenteth his child with an apple or a hobby-horse, not because these things do delight the father, but because the child, ruled by affections, is more desirous of these things than the father is rejoiced in the deed; so Almighty God condescending to the infirmities of man and his weakness, doth tolerate material churches, gorgeously built and richly decked, not because he requires or is pleased with such things."—*Strype's Cranmer, p. 108.*

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

MANY and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called "Eumaimore" or the prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal emporium of trade between Europe and the East, till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient ocean-route for the merchandise of India and China. The tide of traffic thus diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks got possession of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Vasco de Gama had rounded the "Cape of Storms," and they seem to have done a good deal to fortify and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Moca had successfully rivalled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of traffic in gums, with about six hundred squalid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbor.

However, the tide has now turned in its favor, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a busy population of 25,000, gathered out of almost every nation under Heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depot for steamers and a principal coaling-station. Here weary voyagers gladly disembark before or after the somewhat anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the Red Sea, to "take their ease at their inn," and explore—as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we rejoice to be told that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the sea-breeze—reflecting intolerably the fierce glare of the tropical sun. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, new wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having discovered a magnificent series of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain water, it can do nothing so well as to persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Araby the blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B. C.—the time when Jacob in his love for Rachel was tending her father's flocks. "while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night." M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1843, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills which, when joined by the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space, thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry that yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Probably this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Saracens introduced into Spain during their period of triumphant sway. None of these, however, in any way equals the magnificent series of reservoirs lately discovered at Aden, which appear capable, if duly restored, of containing not less than 30,000,000 imperial gallons of water.

But who built these colossal tanks? we ask, and ask in vain. Even the natives shake their heads, and have no certain tradition to offer. Ancient, very ancient, no doubt, their walls have long survived the names of those who reared them; but the impression of Mr. Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 600. Possibly, many owe their origin to individual piety and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered.

and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to the local tradition, it was about the year 1500 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract written in 1530, of another expedient: "The water was daily brought in on camels, whose number sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000." If this gaunt and clumsy procession arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited in a large cistern near the water-house. This large cistern was seen by Mr. Salt in 1809. We proceed to give his description: "Among the ruins some fine remains of ancient splendor are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionably deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a strong resemblance to marble. A broad aqueduct may still be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another still entire, which at the time we visited it, (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. Some Arab children who followed us, were highly pleased when we arrived at the spot, and plunging headlong into the water, much amused us by their sportive tricks."

About thirty years later, Captain Haines, visiting Aden, found several of these reservoirs still in tolerable preservation. Besides the hanging tanks, as those built high up on the rugged mountain-sides are called, there were other large ones still to be traced around the town. We are sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of

reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the debris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tuns of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing had been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable preservation; the superintendence of the work being intrusted to Mr. Playfair, who at first, was obliged to content himself with convict labor, and such assistance from free labor as the small surplus of the town funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time, he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the undertaking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made, and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr. Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

"The range of hills which form the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but their descent is broken about half-way down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Tawela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely room for one man to pass through them! The valley then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the

right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden."

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent any considerable amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, animals, nay, human beings, have been swept along into the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, nine men were missing, and only three of their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The watersprites have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as excavated out of the solid rock; but Mr. Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another, and thus a complete chain once existed into the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and the correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and beautifully coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large

tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done: "Thirteen reservoirs having an aggregate capacity of 3,500,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; thirty-six more discovered, but not as yet excavated. Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realised, up to the following February, 2200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons." A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own wild will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skilfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavorable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 60,000 rupees (£6,000) produced while the restoration of all the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depot and mercantile station being proportionably increased, it would no longer look back to the past for its palmy days, when conquering Rome bestowed on it the title of *Romanum Emporium*, but forward to the future, with commerce and civilization ever increasing, and under British sway.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

"BIOGRAPHY," says Dr. Johnson, "is very rarely well executed." Yet, it may be added, that well or ill executed, it is very rarely uninteresting. It has often been remarked, that to write the life of the least loveable of mankind is, in nine cases out of ten, to fall in love with him—something in the same way as the naturalist comes to entertain a strange affection for the weird-shapen centipede, whose manners and customs he has watched with such scrutinizing curiosity. And the glow with which the biographer executes his task seldom fails to awaken a congenial warmth in the susceptibilities of his readers.

One would think that the lives of godly men might be likely to form an exception to this rule. The martyr, indeed, or the missionary, presents points of view which all the world is ready to understand. The sublimity of passive endurance is only less fascinating than the sublimity of military heroism. The palms of India—the sapphire blue and dazzling surf of the sea which girdles the Melanesian Islands, supply a romantic framework to encase the picture of the messenger of peace. The feat that are commonplace enough along our streets and parishes grow strangely beautiful upon the distant and purple mountain tops. The isolated cases, too, in which the saint is a scholar, like Arnold; or a philosopher, like Pascal; or an orator, like Chalmers; or a poet, like Heber; or a politician, like Wilberforce—have angles which reflect the light upon the outward world—painted panes, which give to the whiteness of the heavenly radiance those richer hues and that more variegated effulgence, which will always be admired, while the native light, divinely golden pale, is unnoticed. But, the average mass of religious men—possessed of qualities which tell in the long run, and cannot be concentrated into the elixir of a romantic situation—governed by principles which in proportion to their intensity they are unable to analyze and incompetent to defend, and which often wear the appearance of narrowness or of bigotry—quiet, and living in a world of thought, whose air cannot be breathed by the uninitiated—in no degree intellectually superior to the educated men and women whom we meet every day of our existence—how is it that the records of such lives are not only written, but received with avidity? It is a

fact, that religious biography is not only eminently popular with every section and every sub-section of the Christian Church—beyond any other species of spiritual book, it is something more than tolerated by men who would admit of themselves that they are not religious. How is this? Is it that as we perform our deeds of heroism by proxy, in reading of Nelson or Napoleon, so by some subtle self-deception we would be religious through Vicars, Hammond, or Suckling—project ourselves into the subject of the pious memoir—experience, at a cheap rate, a vicarious conversion, without the anguish and self-surrender of personal repentance; and identify ourselves with feelings which do not work from the depth of our own inner-being, and are but faint and glimmering sympathetic reflections of motives that are not our own, and of influences that we have never really experienced? However this may be, the fact remains certain, that worldly—even irreligious, minds—seem to feel that there is something soothing, as well as solemn, in books of this class. They can gaze upon the spectacle of a good man's life and death as they would upon the spectacle of a splendid sunset, and learn nothing more practical from these memorials of exalted holiness than from the luminous trail which the expiring daylight leaves in the western sky.

Our table is covered with specimens of religious biography. We shall never be able to wind our way through the maze without something of a plan. Let us consider the chief eras of religious biography in the Christian Church, with especial reference to our own; we shall then, perhaps, be in a better position to estimate the merits and defects of the peculiar style of religious biography which meets with so much acceptance in the present day.

I. Scripture is the great treasure-house of religious biography. Its oldest book is rather a silver-linked chain of lives than the complicated network of a regular history. The call of Abraham is the germ of every chapter headed, "The Conversion," or "The Great Change," in subsequent biographies. The records of domestic sorrows of which they are full, take their key-note from the voice of grief over the dying wife in Ephrath. The memorials of death-beds have their type and precedent in him who cried out, "I have waited for thy salvation, O God;" before he

gathered up his feet into the bed. When we pass to the New Testament, it is significant of its free and personal character, that its dogmatic theology is not frozen into essays, but poured out in letters; while "the wool" out of which the whole web of the Gospel is woven is a fourfold divine biography.

Upon leaving the sacred volume, the character of biography immediately begins to alter. There are occasional traits, and exceptional passages—like the martyrdom of Polycarp, and many anecdotes in Eusebius—more like what we should now expect in religious biography, tender and distinctive. But the sketches grow harder, and more generalized. The sound of the axe begins to be heard in the Temple. We are told more of the strong hand of the controversialist, than of the true heart of the saint. The very word *saint* comes to mean orthodox divine, rather than man of God. St. Jerome's book of illustrious men, will afford examples of our meaning. Thus of Lucian and Phileas he writes:—

"Lucian suffered at Nicomedia for confessing Christ, in the persecution of Maximin, and was buried at Hellenopolis, in Bythinia. . . . Phileas, an Egyptian of noble family and large possessions, having become a bishop, wrote a very elegant book in praise of the martyrs; and after holding the disputation recorded in his acts against the judge who tried to compel him to sacrifice, was decapitated for Christ's sake."

St. Victorinus is dismissed thus shortly and sweetly:—

"Victorinus, Bishop of Petau, was not as well acquainted with Latin as with Greek. Hence his works are grand enough in conception, but somewhat poor in finish of execution. His works are as follows: Commentaries on Genesis, &c., Against all heresies, and several other books. Finally he was crowned with martyrdom."

Ambrose, the Deacon of Alexandria, is handled with a curt honesty, which later writers on eminent Christian lives have hardly imitated.

"Ambrose, originally a Marcionite, then converted by Origen, was a deacon of the church, and conspicuous for gloriously confessing the Lord. Aided by his industry, at his expense, and by his solicitation, Origen dictated innumerable volumes. He also, as being a man of noble birth, had far from inelegant endowments, as his epistles to Origen remain to testify. He died before the decease

of Origen; and is blamed by many, because, rich as he was, he made no disposition in favor of his poor and aged friend."

Results are here summed up: books written, disputations held, confession manfully made, the crown of martyrdom gloriously won and worn, are mentioned in a matter of fact style. The story is left to speak for itself. The inner process is taken for granted, or passed over as a matter not to be recorded in words.

These hard outlines melt into the quaintly-colored mist of Hagiologies and *Acta Sanctorum*. But between these and the primitive lives there intervenes a tract of religious biography which may be said to be covered by Tillemont, of whom Gibbon has observed, in an almost forgotten pamphlet, that "his compilations might alone be considered as an immense repository of truth and fable—of almost all that the fathers have preserved, or invented, or believed." These memoirs have something of the rugged primitive simplicity, with a considerable addition of the supernatural element. But, like the prodigies so punctually recorded in Livy, these miracles are for the most part rather ornaments pinned on the story than an integral portion of it. It reads itself off *minus* these extraordinary circumstances, thus presenting the strongest contrast to the sacred narrative, of which the miracles are part and parcel, and without which it would in most cases be inconsequent or inconceivable.

The Hagiologies have been succeeded in the modern Church of Rome by those Lives of the Saints which have attained some circulation in these islands, under the clever editing of Father Faber of the Oratory. These lives were originally called into existence, in all probability, by two circumstances. In the first place, the new machinery of Congregations, (with the processes so subtly treated by Benedict in his Treatise of Canonizations) for the investigation of titles to saintship—a sort of committee of spiritual lords on the dormant or disputed peerages of heaven—had amassed a vast heap of miraculous stories and pious anecdotes which it seemed advisable to utilize in this way. Then, the Reformation had turned from theology proper to spiritual psychology, from the objective truths of the ancient creeds to their subjective realization in the believer's heart and life, with eminent success. Here, in these spiritual combats—

in these ascents from the arid deserts, where the soul is deprived of all sensible consolation, to the topmost round of the silver ladder of the contemplative life—was the very element required to meet the Reformation. And here again the sons of Philip Neri were called into requisition. When the learning of the Magdeburgh Centuriators had shaken the foundation of the Papacy, Baronius had endeavored to underprop the pillars with the great bulk of his annals. Others of the same society were to meet the enemy with assemblies for social worship, with warm hymns in the vernacular—above all, with religious biography, which was to be compiled, selected, read in the refectory of the brethren, and studied by all priests of the community, until they should be able to give unction and vivacity to their sermons by the easy introduction of appropriate anecdotes from this inexhaustible treasury. There was another circumstance which, perhaps, stimulated the authorities of the Roman Church to give prominence to these biographies. It was currently objected that the laity had lost their place and privilege in the Latin Communion, and that the priesthood were the church. Now, it will be found stated with much emphasis in the prefaces to these Lives of the Saints, that the halo and aureole do not encompass the brows of the priesthood exclusively; that the highest honors of sanctity have, in point of fact, been gained by members of the laity, by holy women and men who had never received the tonsure. Here was an incitement to the tender devotion of virgins, and the pious aspiration of earnest laymen. Highest upon the earth stood the consecrated priest; in the confessional, dropping down the dew of pardon and peace from his uplifted hands; at the altar, clothed in maniple and stole, the type and image of that great High Priest who wore a gorgeous robe of mockery before Herod. But, before the golden altar, higher yet, and nearer to the presence, where fumes of richer incense go up than ever curled round pyx or Remonstrance, might one day stand the spirit of some of the multitude who were kneeling on the floor, while the priest was chanting on the altar steps. The publication of the Lives of the Saints was intended as an indication to the laity that the priesthood were pretty well content with a monopoly of the Saviour's kingdom upon earth, and that they were willing

to give the laity even the largest share, and the highest place, in the glory hereafter.

Had we sufficient space, and adequate learning in this kind, it might be most interesting to attempt to attain, by a large induction of particulars, the general laws underlying these lives. For, general features the biographies of Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross, Rose of Lima, Juliana Falconieri, Philip Neri, Francis of Assisium, unquestionably have. There is in all the same ascetic severity. Rose is memorable for some wonderful piece of abstinence in the animal frame, of which the biographer will only say, that it is "almost incredible to nature." Alphonsus Liguori is fascinated by the smell of roasted sucking pig at a fair—that odor of which Charles Lambe has so quaintly written, that "it is intenerated and dulcified pig, animal violets," or something to that effect. A friend, who observes the saint's delight with the odor, procures a savoury morsel and presents it to him. The roast pork disappears. After an interval of some weeks a piece of something is laid before Alphonsus at the refectory, putrid, blue and green, horrid to sight and smell. "Eat, vile flesh," cried Liguori! It was the portion of sucking pig to which he had turned with more complaisance than his conscience could approve. Another anecdote of the same saint (we believe) is of a type so near approaching to self-murder that we are surprised at its appearance. One passed by the saint's cell in the night. He listened. He heard the whistling and knotted scourge falling with a dull and sickening sound. He could restrain himself no longer, lest the self-tormentor should die by his own hand. He rushed in, and found his spiritual father deadly pale, and covered with bloody weals. Strange and childish wonders appear in profusion. Hosts are always flying in the air. The stick of Peter of Alcantara more than rivals the rod of the Egyptain magicians. Morsels of thread from a garment work wonderful cures. Sometimes there is a kind of fantastic prettiness about these wonders. Francis of Assisium finds a wreath of white and purple roses upon the snow. Catherine of Sienna is carried over the sea by a flight of angels. Worshippers are elevated from the ground towards the sacrament, and a golden lambent glory plays round their hair and forehead. Sometimes spiritual truths are represented in course

and external apparitions, and the Saviour himself is fearlessly introduced as an actual agent. St. Paul's expression, "bearing in his body the marks of the Lord;" and his description of the Christian course, "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord," are travestied in the stigmata of Francis. The deep truth of the espousal of the soul, the spiritual mystery of the Canticles and the Epistle to the Ephesians, is miserably and sickeningly literalized in the flowers, and kisses, and ring, and bleeding heart, of some of these narratives. The burning of the soul, and the enlargement of the spirit in the believer, are fixed into actual physical discomfort. Witness the pain, like fire, in Philip's heart and the swelling which distended his chest, and broke one of his ribs. Occasionally there are stories of much shrewdness, or of considerable beauty. A popular preacher came to the founder of the oratory for advice—his comfort in prayer was gone. His thoughts wandered. "I will cure you," said Philip. "You preached well last feast-day. Preach that sermon alone, and no other, until I give you permission." The unfortunate monk had no alternative: he must obey. In the course of a few months, the children used to point their fingers in the streets at the monk who had but one sermon. The humiliation seems to have had the desired effect. At another time, the pope was persecuted by theologians about the graces and miracles of a certain nun. Neri undertook to examine the question. Mounted on a shambling mule, and caparisoned in ancient boots with enormous flaps, he rode for the length of a summer day to the convent in question. Covered with sweat, and grimed with dust, he strode into the presence of the mother superior, produced his credentials, and desired the sister in question to be called. When she appeared, he told her from whence he came, and stretching out his feet, commanded her to pull off his boots. "What!" said the sister, "I, the honor of this convent, whom priests and doctors come to hear—I like your impudence!" "Bring my mule," cried Filippo. "I have seen enough. There is no humility here; and where there is no humility, there are no miracles." There is something childlike and beautiful in the story of one of these men, Francis of Sales—we believe—so often referred to by Leighton. On smelling the fragrance of a rose, he exclaimed, "Oh, the goodness of my God, to

have thought of me from all eternity." It is right, because it is true, to add, that among the sayings in these singular books, there are here and there flashes of insight into the mind of the spirit—light thrown freshly and beautifully upon many texts, and expressions of love, which show how far in its deepest superstition the mind of the Christian ascetic is from the mere repulsive vagaries of the Dervish of the Fakir,

Our own Church has been rich in biographies, whose truth and simplicity afford a striking contrast to these factitious wonders and exaggerated standards of sanctity. The earliest and most beautiful of these are of the genuine Anglican complexion. Hooker, issuing from the gateway of Corpus, in the simplicity of his heart, to be mated with a shrew; Sanderson, the staunch royalist, taking off his nightcap reverently on his deathbed, that Mr. Pullen's hand might be laid on his head, to bless his dying bishop; George Herbert, that great lover of church music, but greater lover of the prayers of his mother, the church, and of the Holy Scriptures, "one leaf whereof is worth all other books;" Nicholas Farrer, in his oratory at little Gidding, a recluse without superstition; Henry Hammond, equally at home whether he were preaching before Charles at St. James," or giving his little flock at Penshurst those simple lessons which were afterwards drawn together into the "Practical Catechism;" Dr. Donne, that sweet and gentle preacher, who almost expired in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral—have afforded subjects for the best lives of this kind. The Anglican type of religious biography is soft and soothing. It is not the sort of panegyric which a popular preacher would declaim from a pulpit. It is set in the key to which we attune our voices when we walk under the church-yard limes, in a summer evening, and talk lovingly and solemnly of the holy dead. It fails, perhaps, in giving us any very vivid insight into the alternations of the spiritual combat. It is somewhat too reserved in its manifestations of the inner life. The pages are blistered by no scalding tears, by no sweat-drops of spiritual agony; we rather feel than are told from whence the odor of their holiness proceeds; as in walking up a country lane, in the dusk, we perceive the presence of the honeysuckle by the fragrance of its hidden wreaths. The biographer does not exhibit to us Pilgrim, mocked

at by his wife and children, and faring forth with fiery terror in his heart. Rather do we see him lying in his chamber, Peace, and hear him singing a gentle hymn, with his eyes on the window that opens towards the sunrise, looking at the outlines of the heavenly city, which he is soon to enter. The subjects of these lives are generally men of cultivated intellects, profound theologians as well as sincere Christians. Hence the calm, unhesitating conviction of truth, the sober handling of Scripture, not by crumbling it into little texts, but by taking its general scope, and the ready appeal to primitive antiquity, which sound, perhaps, somewhat coldly in the ears of an age that is eminently impulsive and unscientific in theology. In justice to such men, who may seem to us too studious and contemplative, we should remember that they were cast in an age when it was not impossible for a Christian to adjust his time between contending claims. The clergyman's daily, or festival services, his monthly communions, (then thought "a distant return to primitive frequency"), his Sunday morning sermon, his afternoon catechizing, his "circuits" of his little parish, his study, made up his entire work, which was quietly engrossing rather than excitingly intense. Herbert seems to take it for granted that on Sunday itself the parson is not so busy but that some of his farmers and humbler parishioners can taste of his cheer at a comfortable dinner, and hear his voice discoursing sweetly of his master. The clergyman then was not hustled from meeting to meeting, driven from the lecture-room to the platform, and hurried from one class to another. The age was different from ours. Therefore, the details of the men's lives were different. They cannot be literally imitated; but the spirit which animated them is living yet. It is something as different from Romanism as the scent of a violet from patchouli; as an oratorian ditty from Ken's evening hymn; as a modern Romish meeting-house, with dressed dolls and artificial flowers, from an old Saxon church. The nearest external reproduction of it is in the study of some English parsonage. One may hear the sound of its voice in the deep, calm, massive sentences of some of the better English clergymen of the old school.

These biographies are succeeded by a class of which "Nelson's Life of Bishop Bull" may stand as a specimen. In early youth he was

sent away from Exeter College, apparently for moral irregularities. He appears, after an interval, as a minister of the then persecuted church. It is a singular proof of the reserve and objective character of this school, that Nelson makes no attempt to bridge over the chasm between the "fast" undergraduate and the devoted clergyman, by any particular record of the great change which must have occurred in Bull's inward history. Unlike Hooker, and many others of the quiet unheretical Churchmen of his stamp, Bull was gifted by nature with a noble voice, and graceful manner, which he had cultivated until he possessed a majestic flow of extemporaneous eloquence. Some modern young gentlemen, who profess to admire Bull, sneer at "preaching the prayers." But Bull, on one occasion, when the use of the liturgy was penal, charmed a Cromwellian Independent into admiration of the baptismal service, with a special reservation against the sign of the cross—by the simple and devout earnestness with which he pronounced it off book. His readiness silenced the errant fanatic Quakers better than the punishments of the magistrates. In the see of St. Asaph, he lived with the simple piety of a primitive bishop. His charges express an awful sense of the weightiness of the pastoral duty. He made most earnest attempts to revive the disused practice of family prayer in his diocese. The penetrating eye of Bishop O'Brien has found some flaws in his theory of justification; but the work of a theologian of twenty-five years of age ought to receive some grains of allowance. The record of his life, and its affecting close, would not lead us to suppose that his views had practically led to any serious error in his own case. A yet higher niche may be given to the life of Bishop Ken. This good man is another instance of the stern objective character of the religion of these elder worthies. There is no psychologizing, no record left of inward experience or feelings. If we may judge by a passage in one of his practical books, we should suppose that his inner life was traced from time to time—that its aberrations, in particular, were marked with unsparring plainness—and that the paper was then destroyed. His humble spirit seemed to shelter itself under a *formula*. Every letter moves between two mottoes, "All glory be to God," and "God keep us in His holy fear (or love), and mindful of eternity." The

readers of some modern books may rise disappointed from the perusal of the life of Ken. His spirit is not chronicled in journal or diary that fades as soon as the ink is dry in which it is written : it was stamped on the thousand hearts that had been awed, or melted, under his unearthly eloquence ; it lives in the hymns which go up to heaven, week by week, from millions of worshippers, wherever our tongue is spoken ; it breathes from one of the noblest pages of English history ; it speaks from that Testament at Longleat, marked by his incessant perusal, and opening after a hundred and fifty years at his favorite chapter.

Religious biography was long in a decadent condition, after the appearance of Burnett's memorable volume. Alas ! the reigns of Anne and of the two Georges did not supply many subjects for it. Waterland was a good divine, but dry and technical, and more of the theologian than of the saint. Butler was a man of eminent holiness : the very expression of his face, while praying in his cathedral, is said to have been that of saintly intensity. We know that he was fond of the works of the ascetics and mystics. His published books may not contain as much as many might desire of that which is distinctly evangelical ; but there was a purpose, sternly kept in view, which restrained his pen. He kept silence, when it was pain and grief to him, that he might witness with more power. The few scraps of his papers which have seen the light breathe of a high and awful devotion. But Dr. Foster, his biographer, was not very well calculated to represent this side of his character. The evangelical revival soon gave the church some precious lives. Cecil, Henry Martyn, Simeon, are names familiar to all. They also represent a school of biography hitherto unknown in England. They have not the tender and graceful pensiveness of the old Anglican memoirs ; they have not the awful gloom of the old puritans, Bunyan and Goodwin, or even of John Newton ; but it is to be remarked of these earlier evangelical memoirs, that, like those of Leighton and Hall, they are not the heritage of this or of that party, but of the church.

After a few years, the stream of biography flows into two main channels, with some inferior rills trickling from them.

One of these main currents we call (for convenience, not by way of disrespect) the

modern Evangelical. This includes ladies (for instance, Adelaide Newton), clergymen, of course, like Mr. Forsyth, and others ; but it is very remarkable and highly honorable to it, that it has *exclusive possession* of the military field, always so rich in saints. Colonel Gardiner has had spiritual sons in the Crimea and India. The life of Hedley Vicars is the most conspicuous specimen of this modern military evangelical division. We confess that we much prefer, as far as the execution of the work is concerned, the recently published life of Captain Maximilian Hammond. It is the story of a servant of God, who, from the day of his conversion, walked with his Master in simple faith, and who died at the Redan, as he had lived, a Christian soldier and a true-hearted gentleman. It is quite free from the dashes of effective writing ; from the little aristocratic allusions strangely woven into such a book ; and from the tender egotism, of which we cannot honestly acquit the "Memoirs of Vicars." In that work we have always seen a beautiful subject, cleverly and effectively treated for momentary popularity ; but cast in a style which might technically be termed *specky*, and disfigured by some affectations which honest criticism must deplore. But the hero is the jewel, and we must not quarrel with the setting.

The other main biographical current, we shall call (again for convenience) the modern High Church. This section of the church has not been so rich or varied in biographies as the last. It is, indeed, upon principle, opposed to much exhibition or ostentation of the inward life ; but it has produced three, at all events, of extraordinary merit, the memoirs of Bishop Armstrong, Mr. Suckling, and Mr. Anderson, of Brighton. The second of these, but for a little of the *mistiness*, characteristic of the writer and his school, would be nearly perfect.

There yet remain a number of unclassified lives. Some by those who are not members of our own communion. Of these the best beyond comparison is the life of Chalmers. Its Catholic spirit of love, its sympathy with all that is true and good, its rugged honesty and manly tenderness, are pleasant and bracing after the morbid and hysterical maunderings which find their way into print. The worst also beyond comparison is the life of the great and good Havelock, by Mr. Brock. It manages to swallow up every quality of the

Christian hero in the one fact that he belonged to the Baptist denomination. Its last chapter is a poor, a very poor sermon, on the text, "Havelock speaks, and he says," each division being printed in large capitals. Perhaps we should bracket this life of Havelock, with a little blood-red volume of sickening vulgarity, entitled, "The Martyr of Allahabad. Memorial of Ensign Arthur Marcus Hill Cheek." Beyond the often repeated statement that this brave boy was godson of the Lord Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill, K.T.S., we know not what fresh information the book gives to its reader. By a refinement of stupidity, the writer just manages to convey some doubt whether the glorious lad was indeed one of "the flowers of martyrdom." Mr. Meeks' prose is of the same indescribable stamp as Mr. Baptist Noel's poems, appended to this biography, and which we have not quite malice enough to quote.

The Broad Church school has also produced one biography of great and transcendent merit, Mr. Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold.

II. This imperfect sketch of a species of writing which has acquired such extraordinary popularity must be followed by an honest attempt to sum up the leading defects and merits of the religious biography of the present day.

One great defect of these books is their *generality*, their want of individualizing traits. In this the modern evangelical biographers are rather wanting. Over the past of these lives there brood a *chiaro scuro* and shadowy horror; over the remainder, down to the grave, there falls a rose tint. A definite fault is rarely pointed out in the converted man. How different is inspired biography! The weakness of Noah and Lot; the timid subtlety of Jacob; the moral and spiritual deterioration of Solomon, are chronicled with a noble candor which is truly divine. Nor can it be said that this is true only of the saints of the elder dispensation. The dissension of Paul and Barnabas is not concealed. After the restitution of Peter, and the Pentecostal effusion, the Epistle to the Galatians exhibits him as an erring man. Now we miss this feature almost entirely in our lives of the present day. The young lady, or soldier, or clergyman, from a certain point in his or her career, is immaculate. Such as people are in certain sentences of their private *memoranda*, such we are led to believe they were in the

whole context of their lives. It is, indeed, confessed, faintly and generally, that the writer does not intend to deify the departed. Passages are quoted with strong acknowledgments of natural depravity; but this, however theologically true, is often a cover under which pride gets off. It is nothing very humiliating to confess that we labor under a guilt which we have in common with the purest of human spirits. Many people are ready enough to humiliate themselves in the abstract, who would receive the "precious balm" of an honest and practical rebuke with a very indifferent grace. There is a certain passage in the biography of a noble lady, in which she says of herself that "she did not look up from earth to heaven, but down from heaven to earth—and that the world was no more to her than a mass of carrion, with flies buzzing round it." A few pages show us that if the world in its larger and more seductive shape had ceased to allure her, yet she *had* a world of her own, and its opinion *was* matter of keen and intense feeling to her. We speak in sincerity and love. Is it thus with the servants of God? Are they never thought not only bores outside their own circle, but eminently disagreeable inside it? Are dear A's or B's faults never discussed with some little asperity? Is there not wonderful truth in this precious fragment of Bishop Butler, preserved in the British museum:

"Good men are not treated in this world as they deserve; yet it is seldom, very seldom, their goodness which makes them disliked; but it is some behavior or other which, however excusable, perhaps infinitely overbalanced by their virtues, yet is offensive, possibly wrong; however such, it may be, as would pass off very well in a man of the world."

Johnson, indeed, might think it an open question whether the drunkenness of Addison or of Parnell should be recorded; but the candid exposition of mere faults or failings is different. A bolder truth in this matter would give us more exactly the work of the Spirit, *as it is*; and would remove that impression of unreality, which many Christian minds experience, anxious to admire the genuine fruits of holiness, yet unable to resign criticism and acquaintance with the undeniable facts of even renewed human nature.

From this generality, and commendable desire to exhibit the servants of God in their

most attractive garb, precious comfort and instruction is lost. For, if we could see things as they are, the church is not crowded exclusively with sinners, who have grown at once into saints. There are many—more than we think—who, having been entangled in special forms of sin, have heard the voice that awakens the sleeper. But old associations have come upon them, and the old sin has seduced them by its perilous sweetness. There are bitter tears shed in secret, burning shame, sore remorse, springing from this source; and worse than these, the hopelessness of pardon; the bell tolling in the heart the funeral of departed grace; the suspicion that what has been considered repentance is a specious delusion. Augustine has a word to say to such as these; but our modern religious memoirs glide by, without a light hung out to those sad watchers on the ocean rock of life.

The religious biographies of one school, at least, exhibit too much *sameness* in their delineations of the motives which lead to a change of life and character, and of the mode in which it is effected. Such a change is not always wrought with the instantaneous rapidity which seems to be now expected in such narratives. Cases, indeed, we reverently believe there are, where old sins, and habits, and thoughts fall away, like the loose snow from a bank sloping to the April sun. It is not that grace stereotypes unknown truths on the mind, else how is it that no heathen is converted without a preacher or a book? It is that the truth, known, but known coldly, burns into the will with a quickening pang, and shines over the intellect with a broader illumination. It is that the doctrine, written on the mind as it were with invisible ink, is held to a fire in which the characters come out. But the special modes in which the change is effected are as diversified as the dispositions of men. Not always is it the rebel, smitten down by the blast and the voice from heaven, and blinded for awhile by the excess of light. Sometimes when men are letting down their nets for a draught in the deep waters of life, and catch nothing, they look towards the shore, and through the morning mist they see One standing there, and know not at first who it is, and hear His voice with vague emotion. Sometimes it is the weak but affectionate disciple, walking in fear and much trembling, and slowly drinking into his

Master's mind. Sometimes it is a low, sweet whisper, heard and cherished in the most unlikely scenes—by the young man in the hunting field; by the high-born girl in the ball-room, where obedience, and not the pomps of the world and the lust of the eye have brought her. At first there may be no sudden leap into another element, but the whisper is never drowned—the pleading accent of eternal love is never silenced: and in due season there comes forth a vessel for the sanctuary more richly wrought and exquisitely chased than many which have been moulded in the very precincts of the church. We are pleading for no relaxation of the awful strictness of the cross; we are but writing plain and undeniable facts.

We must confess, also, that we sometimes find interwoven into these books ethical principles, which are exaggerated, and have a tendency at least to lead to the misery and harm of a scrupulous conscience. The question of the lawfulness of dancing is one which we never see introduced without regret, so sure is it to produce rash and extreme utterances. Dancing, in the abstract, and apart from the abuses to which it unquestionably leads, we cannot consider ungodly or unreasonable. Its use in the grave and solemn ritual of the Hebrews, and the fact that it is employed by our Lord to symbolize the joy of the father over the returning prodigal, are, indeed, no precedents for such applications of it as we find in "the unholy mirth of a London ball-room;" but they are ample proofs that that can hardly be illegitimate which is employed in a connection so sacred. If we make the experiment of substituting for a moment something plainly and undeniably sinful for dancing in such passages, we shall feel the force of this assertion.

"Dancing," says an eloquent and austere moral French writer, "is a part of the language of action, which expresses the movements of the mind by the movements of the body. This is its artistic side, and it becomes grave and solemn, or quick and light. There is dancing among all people, even among savages, as a manifestation of joy or of grief. But as it ought to measure and harmonize all movements, it ought not to transgress the music, which is its rule. Man, in this case, is submitted to the discipline of two arts, which are associated to order and embellish the activity of his limbs. There would, then, be some barbarism in proscribing an art which

contributes in its own way to soften and civilize humanity, by fashioning it even in its material part to grace and good manners. I cannot go so far as the dancing master of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who found in it a rule of good conduct, and a preservative against *les faux pas*; but I think it forms some part of a good education, which ought to discipline the entire man, and teach him to govern body as well as mind. I confess I know no precept of the word of God which forbids a man to move his body in cadence, any more than to take care of it, and clean it."

Or, if the testimony of an Abbé be suspected, "I attack," says Monod, "the dissipation, not of the legs, but of the heart." Let it not be supposed that we are eulogizing those scenes of vanity where precious hours are wasted, and which are inconsistent with the awful earnestness of the Christian life. We are but illustrating the well-intentioned confusion which would class the action of dancing in a quiet home with an ultra-dissipated ball, and eliminate recreation from the vocabulary of youth. It will never do. What is to be said of the cases, again, in which balls are the recognized form of ordinary society, as among the higher circles in London? How is a young lady to act, who is required by her parents to attend such assemblies? It must be left to the conscience and prayers of the individual Christian. Rash assertions on either side may do harm: one way, by emboldening souls to plunge too rashly into the world; another way, by saddening those whom God has not made sad. But, asks an excellent man, "Where are we to stop? The further we keep from the edge of the precipice, the safer we must be." Now, we utterly deny this. We are taught, for instance, that, on the whole, single life is apt to be less worldly than married. Are all men therefore safer as celibates? The utter abstinence from all recreation is the furthest step "from the edge of the precipice" of dissipation, that can be taken. We can fancy none more mistaken, and few more perilous.

We are glad, after this, to quote a letter from Captain Hammond, which appears to be as reasonable as it is pious:—

"I hardly know how to answer your question about *shooting*. With regard to those things that are not particularly mentioned in the Bible, we must be guided by the general rules and commands laid down in Scripture; and in determining what is, and is not lawful,

each one must be guided by the measure of light which God has given him. The general rule is plain. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;' 'be not conformed to this world,' and 'do all things to the glory of God.' By this standard we must judge all things, and be judged by it in all our occupations, and pursuits.

"I agree with you, as a general rule, in thinking that what is not right for a clergyman cannot be any more so for a layman; but I think there are many exceptions to this rule. For instance, I cannot conceive there being any thing actually wrong in an individual fishing or shooting. At the same time, I think such entirely worldly pursuits are unbecoming the character and duties of one who is set over souls. The same may be said of many things. Our great object in life is to glorify our Father who is in heaven, and to seek to please Him in all things, and to devote all we possess to His service. Whatever hinders us in doing these things ought certainly to be given up. I feel ill able to advise, but would say to you, if you are in doubt about any thing, ask of God to guide your judgment, and incline your will to that course which He approves. Whatever appears right (God's word being the test), do not hesitate to engage in it. If, on the contrary, there is any doubt, give it up at once. God will guide you aright, if you lean upon Him. See the promise, Phil. iv., 6, 7."

We cannot help thinking that the usefulness and attraction of these works are often lessened by their being written in too controversial a spirit, and with too much of an appeal *ad verecundiam* on topics which are fiercely disputed. Here, our biographers argue, was a holy man who held a particular view of a certain question; therefore, that view is true. We must humbly protest against these clumsy and broken syllogisms, quite irrespective of the material truth or falsity of their conclusions. Truth can never be really helped by such weak attempts. She can only get a fall by leaning upon rotten crutches. Most objectionable of all is the practice of aiming a shaft at a living divine, through the publication of private letters and diaries. It is a cowardly and irreverent mode of smiting a living man on the face with the weight of a dead hand. Thus the Life of Adelaide Newton is made the vehicle of a most cruel attack upon Mr. Melville. The result of these attempts to cram individual opinions down our throats, on such questions as ecclesiastical polity or prophetic interpretation, can only be inextricable con-

fusion. For instance, Suckling and Simeon held one opinion on certain controverted matters; Hammond and Vicars held another. It is impossible for us to ascertain which of these men was the holiest. We hold no scales fine enough to ascertain on which side the balance leans. The appeal must lie to the infallible word, not to fallible individual opinion. Sober reason must, therefore, disapprove of the constant claims to direct heavenly inspiration on the *intellectual* side of disputed questions in dogmatic theology. In the least pleasing chapter of a most pleasing book we are told that the clearness of Captain Hammond's views of controversy arose "from his learning his first lessons directly from the Scriptures, *unbiassed by any ecclesiastical system.*" But we have only to turn a few pages back to find that Captain Hammond's views were, in truth, most strongly tinged by the colors of another mind. Thus writes the wife of an officer, who was the instrument of Hammond's conversion:—

"In the course of conversation the text was quoted, 'He that saveth a soul from death shall hide a multitude of sins.' The two young gentlemen seemed quite astonished, when A. alluded to the idea of 'hiding sins,' meaning our own sins being passed over, as not correct; also, that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins,' did not mean, that our own sins should be forgiven if we were charitable. Mr. Hammond looked up, with his open, noble countenance, all wonder and inquiry: 'Well, doesn't it mean that?' A explained what is evidently the correct meaning."

It is pretty evident that A. was the "ecclesiastical system" here.

There are many good men whose opinion on points of experimental religion is most valuable, but whose utterances on theoretical divinity are worth nothing, simply because they are utterly deficient in the conditions necessary for forming an intellectual judgment on such matters. As to all that is practically right, they walk forward with an instinct which puts to shame the disputers of this world; but when they leave the simplicity of their faith, and seek to decompose and analyze intellectually that which they have received spiritually, they lose their vantage ground. They reason, *a priori*, on the attributes of God, when it is evident that they are ignorant of the first elements of the science of the human mind. They discuss

moral principles without the most elementary knowledge of the fundamental terms of morality. They rush into delicate critical investigations, utterly despising the language in which the New Testament is written; and, with Cruden's concordance, and Scott and Henry, think themselves more than a match for Blunt or Mill. They read Dr. Cumming on the Apocalypse, and suppose that they have mastered vast and intricate systems of error. They attack opinions which no one holds, and refute heresies which no one maintains. They leave the holy circle of prayer and spiritual meditation, and expatiate in the more secular region of the grammarian, the critic, the scholar, the scientific theologian, to the amusement of those who possess knowledge without love, and to the pain of those who respect holiness, but cannot be quite blind to absurdity. Why will not the editors of religious biographies understand this? Why will they inflict upon us maanderings upon types which are not really typical, and commentaries upon texts of which the pious writers have no real comprehension? In the case, indeed, of men who really know, of whatever shade of opinion, it is quite different. No one will complain that we have too many of Chalmers' *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, or of Robert Hall's *Sermons*; that we have too much of Scholefield's *Criticisms*, or of Simeon's *Remarks upon Doctrine*. These were men powerful as well as holy, and who had at least thought long and maturely. But when we are told a young ensign's opinions upon the doctrinal portion of the seventeenth article, or a young lady's view of the vision of Ezekiel, we are provoked at the absurdity. We utterly disclaim the imputation of irreverence. Show us that young soldier upon his knees—that girl, seeking in her Bible for strength in her daily life—and with hushed lips, in awe-struck silence, we adore the grace of God; but remove them from their proper sphere, set them masquerading in bishops' apron and preachers' gown, and we can scarcely refrain from a smile.

The religious biographer, then, should consider the character and capacity of his hero or heroine, and only give us lengthened extracts on *doctrinal* points, where he has reason to suppose that they are worth reading. Some admirable controversial fragments we owe to memoirs. We do not think that the whole essence of Romanism and Romanizing

has ever been more originally or powerfully traced out to its origin than in some letters of Mr. Suckling.

"To my mind his views are the key to Romanism—the rock upon which so many have suffered shipwreck. If the cross is to be the *one* point which should attract us, of what use is the ascension and session at the right hand of God? Is not the burden of apostolic preaching 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' I do not remember that they dwell at all upon, or point their hearers to, the cross (solely), but tell them that he is exalted as a Prince and Saviour to give repentance.* I am, indeed, to look to the cross, and to derive from it the deepest comfort, and fullest assurance that He there bore the punishment due to me; and the feeling I derive from thence is that of mournful satisfaction. But I am bid to look beyond, to behold Him carrying His own blood into the holiest of all, appearing in heaven for me. There I have an advocate, not on the cross, but in heaven. There I behold Him with the eye of faith, and, beholding Him, am filled with wonder, love, joy, and peace, which passeth understanding. All this Romanism keeps back from us by stopping us short at the cross. The mind, indeed, that is weighed down by the burden of sin looks only to the cross; but when the assurance reaches our hearts that all is pardoned, and we accepted in the beloved, then we behold Him leaving that cross and becoming an advocate with the Father, and receive of Him that gift of the spirit whereby we may joy in Him, and do works acceptable in His sight.

"We are, by the providence of God, thrown in dangerous and painful times; therefore, perhaps, I may have spoken too cautiously. But I cannot conceal from myself that there is a great and increasing tendency to Romanism; and I fear any advances, however small, as being the more dangerous and subtle. I think there are wide and important differences between us; and that mainly and principally arising from their and our view of justification. This view must necessarily run through their devotional books, and may, therefore, be secretly imbibed by us; and if once embraced, I do not see that such a person is safe. His affections are, in a manner,

* This striking thought wants some qualification. "Christ and that crucified," was the Apostle's great theme to the Corinthians. Compare Galat. iii. But the *Christianity* of Rome (apart from its *superstition*) does seem to dwell upon the dead rather than upon the living Christ. Hence the peculiar tone of so many Roman Catholic devotions. Hence also a piety, in its best specimens, rather gloomy and austere than gentle and happy. We had never seen Mr. Suckling's thought elsewhere, until we recently found that M. Adolphe Monod had also given expression to it.

centered on that church, and he is ready, on any occasion which he considers of sufficient importance to justify such a step, to join the Church of Rome. On this ground alone I can account for the secessions that have already taken place, and that probably will take place. Get clear views of the doctrine of justification, as taught by our church, and then, perhaps, you may use the devotional books without danger. Study St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans with prayer.

"Regarding the *times*, must we not hang up our harps and weep for the sad things which are happening? How are they to be remedied? Easily asked, but not so easily answered. Lopping off branches will not do, nor attacks upon the fruit they bear; these but annoy and harden—never convince. At the root the evil lies. Make that good and the fruit will no longer be corrupt. But of the error of doctrine, what is the root? There lies the matter. In my humble opinion, it is the doctrine of justification. Get Mr. ——— rightly to apprehend that, to receive it, and he will be an ornament to the church, not a troubler of our peace; and so with all others.

"With our united kind remembrances to your family, believe me yours, in our Blessed Lord,
R. A. SUCKLING."

We are of opinion that the great mass of colorless quotations from diaries and journals introduced into religious biographies might be abridged or eliminated with advantage. Indeed, we question whether it is *quite* right to publish to the world those breathings of love which are supposed to speak at once of misery and aspirations to Him that heareth in secret. And we cannot but approve of the stern determination which has withheld any extracts from the journals of Mr. Suckling, the loveliest soul surely which earth has held since Leighton's left its tabernacle! We doubt whether all this psychologizing is of good. The masculine good sense of our pious forefathers seems to have restricted writing on one's inner life to certain solemn seasons, and then chiefly to the statement of definite *faults*. Such documents, too, were generally committed to the flames after a time. We much fear that a new and subtle form of spiritual pride is creeping into the church. Few people of any religious profession are safe from the risk of being immortalized in a life. Is there no such thing as sitting down, with the pen pointed half to Heaven and half to the public—as interrupting a sigh to round it into a period? There is something sad in such a thought. It

may be over refined. We can only say, that we seem to ourselves to have detected it in some quarters; to have read passages that were evidently penned for effect, and meant for publication. At all events, biographers need not create this new form of spiritual disease if it does not exist.

We extract a few sentences from the autobiography of Edmund Bohun, as a specimen of the religious diary of older English Christians. It will be seen that it takes two lines, either plain confession of certain sins, or objective meditation on fundamental points of belief. We are more anxious to quote from this very beautiful book, as it is not accessible to the public; and we hope to return to it at another season.

"Now that I am preparing myself for this most holy mystery, I ought to examine myself on these four points. And first, I do indeed think with grief of my past life, especially when I call to mind how ill I have behaved in the things pertaining to my God; nor have I acted well towards my neighbors, much less towards myself. But when I contemplate my purpose with respect to my future life, I tremble still more; for how can I, who have so often vowed and not performed, promise better fruit to God or myself. Strengthen my frailty and weakness, O Jesus. Thou art the Conqueror. Thou art my strength, and the rock of my salvation. But even my faith is very weak, it is driven hither and thither by temptations. It lives ready to die, and will perish unless Thou who art its author, sustain it. To thee, then, O Jesus, I give the most hearty thanks, that with so great love thou hast redeemed miserable me by thy blood. Without that blood I know and believe that I should have perished—redeemed by it I hope to possess eternal life, and to be sanctified in this life. With mankind, indeed, I desire to lead a peaceable life, but am not able to maintain it. Some oppress, others provoke, others injure, others harass me; and I, impatient, inclined to anger, blunt, oppose too stiffly, and unwillingly give way. So the hater of man cherishes the seeds of discord, provokes the restless, that by them he may overcome the peaceable. Spare those, O Lord, who ignorantly yield themselves to him. Spare miserable me, and make me patiently to bear injury, and not to inflict it. Especially, I most humbly beseech thee, to regard my oldest friend. I lost him, indeed, when I least looked for it. Pardon both him and me. Whatever he does amiss, who is properly called thy servant, gives a stumbling block to the weak, and causes dishonor to thy church,

O Jesus. Spare those who hate me from envy, or, at the instigation of others, who persecute me for justice and truth's sake. *Ἐντὶ ὑπομονῇ ὑμῶν κτήσασθε τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν.* So our Saviour admonished, so comforts his disciples, and guarded them against those dreadful calamities which He had foretold. He who has lost his soul has nothing, he who possesses this has lost nothing. But I, by my inability to bear injuries, have destroyed my peace of mind, and exposed my soul to the greatest possible danger; and yet I have not been tempted beyond the common lot of men. Pardon, O Lord, the infirmity of thy servant, and strengthen me by thy Spirit, that for the future I may not be irritated by trials, but bear manfully with Christian patience and faith what thou hast permitted to befall me."

"Easter Eve Meditation—There is nothing of greater truth, nor harder to be believed, than that I and every man had a hand in the death of my Saviour. Why, I was not born. I abhor the malice and obstinacy, the clamor and rudeness of his accusers, the base compliance of Pilate, who so feared the people and his cruel master as with one breath to pronounce him innocent and condemn him to the worst of deaths. Well, but what is all this to me? I hate all this as heartily as may be, and had I been there I should never have consented to those deeds of theirs. Now, O my soul, dost thou expect any benefit from this sacrifice? Were thy sins atoned for then? Did Christ die for thee? Was his blood shed for thee? Then wert thou an agent there, for thy sins are not of the least size, neither few nor small. God then laid upon him the sins of all mankind, not only their sins who fled and who denied him, nor theirs who accused him, who judged him, nor theirs only who spat upon him, crowned him with thorns, clothed him in double scarlet, first that of his blood, then that of the robe; who drove him to Calvary, and there nailed him to the cross, hand and foot, and then went to lots; nor theirs only who called him an imposter in his grave;—it was not their sins alone, but the sins of all mankind, from the forbidden fruit to the last trump, that God then and there laid upon him; and amongst them all, mine. O, woe to me if my sins be atoned for, then is the reckoning made and discharged; and then have I had my share in his pangs. If it be not, wo, wo to me! But I believe I shall, by God's mercy, have my share in the benefit, and, therefore, I will not deny but I had it too in the afflicting of him. And now, O my God, I would fain put a stop to those that are past, by repentance; to those that may follow, by new resolutions. And I would fain offer some sacrifice, too, by way of gratitude. But when I betake myself to the

one, what a poor return, what hardness, what blindness, how dead and heartless. Here I am, all lump and leaven, too. And as for any sacrifice, poor and polluted I am, I have nothing to give; and if I had, I have no reason to think it would be accepted from me, me who—O God, behold my confusion and pity me. Accept that sacrifice for me, and by the virtue of it, grant that I may heartily bewail what is past, and beware for the time to come, that I make no additions to His passion, or my own too great impieties. O Lord, bless my private prayers, and discover to me what it is that has made them so ineffectual to me. Above all things, give me not over to myself. Show me mercy, and not only to me, but especially to my poor wife, whose cares and provocations are many, and to my poor children, whose mercies my sins may have interrupted or diverted. O Lord, I beg the liberty of one petition more. Deliver me from those fearful base thoughts that do often afflict, affright, and disquiet me. I humble myself before thee, preserve me from consenting to them or any other temptation. Hear, hear me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Amen. Amen.

"April the ninth, being Easter day, I received the sacrament at the hand of Mr. Dawson. God enable me to live accordingly.

"When I lived in the country I was much subject to melancholy, but then I spent much time in prayer. In the city, company diverts my melancholy, but makes me much less careful of my devotions. ²Our worldly cares were more numerous, and yet, perhaps, not greater. ³Living in London, without any employment, I have lived without envy from men, so that I have had none of the temptations to anger and revenge which I was subject to. ⁴Spending much of my time in company, I have been more subject to vain glory, over much freedom in discourse, and sometimes to adding circumstances to stories, to make them more acceptable to others, which is a breach of that exact veracity that becomes a Christian. ⁵Observing more nearly the great advantages of wealth and power, I have been more subject to envy the prosperity of others, and especially of ill men, and consequently to murmur against the divine providence, in that I am too low and poor. ¹²I have suffered, also, some inconveniences from company in excess, &c., but not often. ¹³When I lived in the country I had better conveniences for retirement and devotion than in London. I have lived in small houses, so that I had not inconveniences for my private devotions, though I might have performed them much better than I have done. ¹⁴As the air and streets of London do foul the body and dusty the clothes, above all others, so there is the greatest corruption of the soul, too, if the

greatest cure be not taken; and that not only from the contagion of ill men, &c., but also from the great number of diversions which take men off from God; outward things, news, prate, &c., amusing the mind, and stealing away the thoughts. ¹⁵In every change of life there is a danger and great hazard. I was sensible of this, as to my temporal concerns, but as to my soul and morals I had no fear upon me; but the temptations I met with were new, and prevailed more upon me for want of experience, and so gained strength by my inadvertence, diversion, and other thoughts; and now, O Lord, holy and just how shall I appear before Thee? Thou hadst placed me in a low and safe station. I affected magistracy and obtained it; but, alas it proved hurtful to myself and my poor family. Thou hadst placed me in the safe and innocent retirement of a country life. Flattering hopes of preferment, ease, and peace drove me from it. I have here also met the same disappointments. My cares and sorrows are rather changed than extinguished, and my sins only are increased. For I have lived with less care to please and serve Thee, with more liberty, and less innocence. And now, O Lord, what shall I say? Have mercy on me. My own choices are foolish, my hopes vain. Make me contented in my station. Pardon my sins, which are many, for Jesus Christ, his sake.

"April 4th, I received the holy communion in the parish church of Westall, where I had the blessed satisfaction of seeing threescore of that parish receive at one time."—Autobiography of Edmund Bohun, pp. 54, 58, 72.

Mere commonplace letters of condolence or affection are heavy and tiresome. Those only should be retained which contain neither *nova* or *nove dicta*, or are connected with associations which give them peculiar interest. How precious, how beautiful, how tender, and manly, and Christian, is the last letter of Maximilian Hammond! It sounds like the note of an angel's golden harp, over the bugles sounding for the Redan:—

"I am not going to write a long letter, because I have already posted one for you, and I am rather tired this evening, through the excitement of the scenes around me; the sights and sounds which have taken the place of what we used only to read of. Long before this reaches you, you will, probably, have heard of another attack on the Redan, Malakoff, or both. Who shall say whether it will be attended with success or failure? But the Lord reigneth, and to Him only can the soul turn, in looking to the unknown future. A very heavy bombardment has been going on for the last three days, without intermission;

a heavier fire than has hitherto taken place. There is no manner of doubt that something great is to take place immediately. In fact, we were told so on parade, this evening, by General C. Two days' rations have been issued to the Second and Light Divisions, and it is expected that we shall all move down to the trenches to-morrow morning. At all events it is to be hoped that this time they will not repeat the blunders of the 18th, and that we shall not attack till the French have stormed the Malakoff. I have not yet been down to the trenches, so that my inauguration will, probably, be a serious one. But I can calmly leave the event in the hands of a Saviour God. Come life, or come death, my only hope is in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. My heart sometimes sinks, when I think of those at home. But He is faithful who has said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," and He *will* be with thee, even to the end of the world. One does not realize the curse of war till one comes in contact with it. The order for the attack has just come out. Thankful I am you cannot know it, dearest, beforehand. F—, with 100 men, form the covering party to the whole. The remainder of our battalion form part of the reserve, and follow up the attack. The Lord Jesus be with you.

"P. S.—Sept. 8th, 6.30 a.m.—I have had a peaceful time for prayer, and have committed the keeping of my soul and body to my Lord and God, and have commended to His grace and care my wife and child, my parents, brothers, and sisters, and all dear to me. Come what will, all is well. This day will be a memorable one. Farewell once more. Psalms xci., 15, is my text for to-day, especially the words, 'I will be with him in trouble.'"—Memoir of Captain Hammond, p. 335.

How inexpressibly lovely, again, is this letter of Mr. Suckling, to a lady whose mother had just recovered from a dangerous illness:—

"Bussage, April 16, 1850.

"MY DEAR —, —Your sorrow is turned into joy, by the wonderfully improved state of your dear mother's health, and in this I joy with you. It is a mark of God's especial favor and love, when He brings any so near to death, and raises them up again; the more so, if they are aged. Their sun is well-nigh set; and while we look for it peacefully to glide down behind the everlasting mountains, shedding a peaceful light on all around, lo! it stands still!—the light of another day is given. But why? that we may be avenged on our spiritual enemies. 'There was no day

like that before it,' and this last day, this renewed life is given back—a day much to be remembered to the Lord, to be more entirely consecrated to His service. She has been brought to the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, and you into the vale of tears. You both are brought back again to the wilderness, to be tried again; and who can tell which of you shall now step into the waters first? O —, as she stood on the borders of eternity, may she have seen somewhat of that goodly land beyond the Jordan! may she have felt, that by no power of her own could she cross its foaming flood, but only by the power of Jesus, whose voice can make a calm for the ransomed to pass over. O blessed thought, that He will never leave, nor forsake those who cling to Him, feeling their need of His righteous to stand clothed in, before the eternal Father! In such hours the love of the Son of God comes on us with almost overwhelming fulness. Lord, what is man? Truly a thing of nought, a despised broken vessel. But Thou didst take the Lamb from Thine own bosom, which Thou hadst nourished there from all eternity, and slay Him for the wayfaring man, whom Thou foundest wounded and bleeding by the roadside. May such thoughts be sweeter now to your mother than ever! Did her eyes pierce somewhat through that dark valley, and see aught of the King in His beauty? Has she brought back somewhat of the fragrance of that country, as she stood so near to Eschol? If so, beware lest aught you do or say bring her back again to things below. And you all, my sisters in the Lord, what did you find in this vale of tears? Was it only to you the place of Bochim, or were the pools filled with water from above? You have desired to know more of the love of Christ. He has no other way of teaching it than that by which He learned Himself—*suffering*. Love is the gift of God. 'O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will.' See Romans, v. 3, 5. Yours in our common Lord, R. A. S."—Williams' Memoir of Suckling, p. 107.

In concluding this portion of our subject, we would venture to observe, that mistaken views of the standard which it is possible or desirable to aim at in the daily intercourse of life, appear to be taught in many biographies. For one Havelock, there might, probably, be a dozen very particular young Baptist officers, who would teach a narrow sectarianism, without the genuine spirit of Christianity which underlay his form of profession. Few indeed can be the exact imitators of Vicars or Hammond. Not many have the courage or the

perseverance. Many would consider so ostensible a profession rather unbecoming. There are others to whom it might actually be dangerous; for the strings of the passive emotions cannot be touched too often without being jarred, or ceasing to respond; and a constant manifestation of religious feeling would end in coldness or revulsion. It is easy to mistake eccentricity for holiness, and obstinacy for decision. There are enough of trials incident to a Christian course, without others of our own seeking. Nor let it be said that we are speaking coldly of those bright witnesses. It was *natural* to their renewed spirits to act as they did. "His word was in their heart as a burning fire; they were weary with forbearing, and could not stay." Let others be careful, lest in imitating the pattern, they break the mould.

Though the space which remains to us is but limited, the spirit in which we have written might be liable to painful misapprehension, if we did not allude to the benefits and excellencies of this kind of literature. These instances are like the fingers of a man underlining the Scriptures for us. They show in the most lively colors, as in a picture, the necessity of a change of life, and heart, and motives, and character. We have not hesitated to exhibit what appear to us to be defects, especially prevalent in memoirs of the evangelical school; yet they have one glory in a preëminent degree. The High Church, and also, strange to say, the Broad Church

biographies, are nearly confined to clergymen, so far as we know: the Evangelical are varied; they ramify into every profession, and prove the possibility of serving Christ in every station of life.

But the contemplation of such a subject lifts the mind from the narrowness of a sect to the width of the universal church. It teaches us the richness and variety of grace, the diversity of colors into which the light is refracted from different minds. The characters of the apostles were unlike. The foundations of the wall of the city have all manner of precious stones. The jasper is not there alone, with its monotonous effulgence, nor the sapphire, with an unbroken blue; but the tints are intermingled, and their unity is not uniformity. In these biographies we see the exuberance of grace. It is beautiful in men of different schools, pursuits, and temperaments—in Chalmers, the philosopher and preacher—in Kitto, the laborious student—in Armstrong, called from his parish and penitentiary to a colonial episcopate—in Parry, the brave old admiral, carrying his honest hatred of a scene to his deathbed—in Suckling, lavishing his labor of love upon the outcast Magdalene;—but most affectingly do we own its beauty where the biographer carries us to the camp before Sebastapol. Our hearts echo the words, *I am quite ready*. We feel that the cross over the grave of Maximilian Hammond is no unmeaning emblem.

NECESSITY OF SPEAKING IN A TONGUE UNDERSTOOD BY THE PEOPLE.—St. Augustine says, "there is a *diligens negligentia*, an useful negligence, proper in this case to Ecclesiastical teachers, who must sometimes condescend to improprieties of speech, when they cannot speak otherwise to the apprehensions of the vulgar. As he notes that they were used to say *ossum* instead of *os*, to distinguish a mouth from a bone in Africa, to comply with the understanding of their hearers. And for this reason, I doubt not, there are so many Africanisms, or idioms of the African tongue, in St. Austin, because he thought it more commendable some-

times to deviate a little from the strict grammatical purity and propriety of the Latin tongue, than not to be understood by his hearers."—*Bingham*.

DR. MARTIN AND DR. LUTHER.—I have read of two that, meeting at a tavern, fell a tossing their religion about as merrily as their cups, and much drunken discourse was of their profession. One protested himself of Dr. Martin's religion, and the other swore he was of Dr. Luther's religion, whereas Martin and Luther was one man.—*Adams' Divine Herbal*.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.*

"ALL night Madame de Créquy raved in delirium. If I could I would have sent for Clément back again. I did send off one man, but I suppose my directions were confused, or they were wrong, for he came back after my lord's return, on the following afternoon. By this time Madame de Créquy was quieter; she was, indeed, asleep from exhaustion when Lord Ludlow and Monkshaven came in. They were in high spirits, and their hopefulness brought me round to a less dispirited state. All had gone well; they had accompanied Clément on foot along the shore, until they had met with a lugger, which my lord had hailed in good nautical language. The captain had responded to these freemason terms by sending a boat to pick up his passenger, and by an invitation to breakfast sent through a speaking-trumpet. Monkshaven did not approve of either the meal or the company, and had returned to the inn, but my lord had gone with Clément, and breakfasted on board, on grog, biscuit, fresh-caught fish—"the best breakfast he ever ate," he said, but that was probably owing to the appetite his night's ride had given him. However, his good fellowship had evidently won the captain's heart, and Clément had set sail under the best auspices. It was agreed that I should tell all this to Madame de Créquy, if she enquired; otherwise it would be wiser not to renew her agitation by alluding to her son's journey.

"I sat with her constantly for many days; but she never spoke of Clément. She forced herself to talk of the little occurrences of Parisian society in former days; she tried to be conversational and agreeable, and to betray no anxiety or even interest in the object of Clément's journey; and, as far as unremitting efforts could go, she succeeded. But the tones of her voice were sharp and yet piteous, as if she were in constant pain; and the glance of her eye hurried and fearful, as if she dared not let it rest on any object.

"In a week we heard of Clément's safe arrival on the French coast. He sent a letter to this effect by the captain of the smuggler, when the latter returned. We hoped to hear again; but week after week elapsed, and there was no news of Clément. I had told Lord Ludlow, in Madame de Créquy's pres-

ence, as he and I had arranged, of the note I had received from her son informing us of his landing in France. She heard, but she took no notice. Yet now, evidently, she began to wonder that we did not mention any further intelligence of him in the same manner before her; and daily I began to fear that her pride would give way, and that she would supplicate for news before I had any to give her.

"One morning, on my awakening, my maid told me that Madame de Créquy had passed a wretched night, and had bidden Medicott (whom as understanding French and speaking it pretty well, though with that horrid German accent, I had put about her) request that I would go to madame's room as soon as I was dressed.

"I knew what was coming and I trembled all the time they were doing my hair, and otherwise arranging me. I was not encouraged by my lord's speeches. He had heard the message, and kept declaring that he would rather be shot than have to tell her that there was no news of her son; and yet he said every now and then, when I was at the lowest pitch of uneasiness, that he never expected to hear again: that some day soon we should see him walking in, and introducing Mademoiselle de Créquy to us.

"However at last I was ready, and go I must.

"Her eyes were fixed on the door by which I entered. I went up to the bedside. She was not rouged,—she had left it off now several days,—she no longer attempted to keep up the vain show of not feeling, and loving, and fearing.

"For a moment or two she did not speak, and I was glad of the respite.

"'Clément?' she said at length, covering her mouth with her handkerchief the minute she had spoken, that I might not see it quiver.

"'There has been no news since the first letter, saying how well the voyage was performed, and how safely he had landed,—near Dieppe, you know,' I replied as cheerfully as possible. 'My lord does not expect that we shall have another letter; he thinks that we shall see him soon.'

"There was no answer. As I looked, uncertain whether to do or say more, she slowly turned herself in bed, and lay with her face

* This chapter was omitted in course on account of the loss of the original copy.

to the wall; and as if that did not shut out the light of day, and the busy, happy world enough, she put out her trembling hands and covered her face with her handkerchief. There was no violence: hardly any sound.

"I told her what my lord had said about Clément's coming in some day, and taking us all by surprise. I did not believe it myself,—but it was just possible,—and I had nothing else to say. Pity, to one who was striving so hard to conceal her feelings, would have been impertinent. She let me talk; but she did not reply. She knew, that my words were vain and idle, and had no root in my belief, as well as I did myself.

"I was very thankful when Medlicott came in with Madame's breakfast, and gave me an excuse for leaving.

"But I think that conversation made me feel more anxious and impatient than ever. I felt almost pledged to Madame de Créquy for the fulfillment of the vision I had held out. She had entirely taken to her bed by this time, not from illness, but because she had no hope within her to stir her up to the effort of dressing. In the same way she hardly cared for food. She had no appetite,—why eat to prolong a life of despair? But she let Medlicott feed her, sooner than take the trouble of resisting.

"And so it went on,—for weeks, months,—I could hardly count the time, it seemed so long. Medlicott told me she noticed a preternatural sensitiveness of ear in Madame de Créquy, induced by the habit of listening silently for the slightest unusual sound in the house. Medlicott was always a minute watcher of any one who she cared about; and, one day, she made me notice by a sign Madame's acuteness of hearing, although the quick expectation was but evinced for a moment in the turn of the eye, the hushed breath; and then, when the unusual footstep turned into my lord's apartments, the soft quivering sigh, and the closed eyelids.

"At length the intendant of the De Créquy estates,—the old man, you will remember, whose information respecting Virginie de Créquy first gave Clément the desire to return to Paris,—came to St. James's Square, and begged to speak to me. I made haste to go down to him in the housekeeper's room, sooner than that he should be ushered into mine, for fear of madame hearing any sound.

"The old man stood—I see him now—with his hat held before him in both his hands, he slowly bowed till his face touched it when I came in. Such long excess of courtesy augured ill. He waited for me to speak.

"'Have you any intelligence?' I enquired. He had been often to the house before, to ask if we had received any news; and once or twice I had seen him, but this was the first time he had begged to see me.

"'Yes, madame,' he replied, still standing with his head bent down like a child in disgrace.

"'And it is bad!' I exclaimed.

"'It is bad.' For a moment I was angry at the cold tone in which my words were echoed; but directly afterwards I saw the large, slow, heavy tears of old age falling down the old man's cheeks, and on to the sleeves of his poor, thread-bare coat.

"I asked him how he had heard it; it seemed as though I could not all at once bear to hear what it was. He told me that the night before, in crossing Long Acre, he had stumbled upon an old acquaintance of his; one who, like himself, had been a dependent upon the De Créquy family, but had managed their Paris affairs, while Fléchier had taken charge of their estates in the country. Both were now emigrants, and living on the proceeds of such small available talents as they possessed. Fléchier, as I knew, earned a very fair livelihood by going about to dress salads for dinner parties. His compatriot, Le Fébvre, had begun to give a few lessons as a dancing master. One of them took the other home to his lodgings; and there, when their most immediate personal adventures had been hastily talked over, came the enquiry from Fléchier as to Monsieur de Créquy.

"Clément was dead, guillotined. Virginie was dead, guillotined.

"When Fléchier had told me thus much, he could not speak for sobbing; and I, myself, could hardly tell how to restrain my tears sufficiently, until I could go to my own room and be at liberty to give way. He asked my leave to bring in his friend, Le Fébvre, who was walking in the square, awaiting a possible summons to tell his story: I heard afterwards a good many details which filled up the account, and made me feel—which brings me back to the point I started from—how unfit the lower orders are for being trusted indis-

criminally with the dangerous powers of education. I have made a long preamble, but now I am coming to the moral of my story."

My lady was trying to shake off the emotion which she evidently felt in recurring to this sad history of Monsieur de Créquy's death. She came behind me and arranged my pillows, and then, seeing I had been crying—for indeed I was weak-spirited at the time, and a little served to unloose my tears—she stooped down, and kissed my forehead, and said "Poor child!" almost as if she thanked me for feeling that old grief of hers.

"Being once in France, it was no difficult thing for Clément to get into Paris. The difficulty in those days was to leave, not to enter Paris. He came in dressed as a Norman peasant, in charge of a load of fruit and vegetables, with which one of the Siene barges was freighted. He worked hard with his companions in landing and arranging their produce on the quays; and then, when they dispersed to get their breakfasts at some of the estaminets near the old Marché aux Fleurs, he sauntered up a street which conducted him by many an odd turn through the Quartier Latin to a horrid back alley leading out of the Rue l'Ecole de Médecine; some atrocious place, as I have heard, not far from the shadow of that terrible Abbaye, where so many of the best blood of France, awaited their deaths. But here, some old man lived on whose fidelity Clément thought that he might rely. I am not sure if he had not been gardener in those very gardens behind the Hôtel Créquy where Clément and Urian used to play together years before. But, whatever the old man's dwelling might be, Clément was only too glad to reach it you may be sure. He had been kept in Normandy in all sorts of disguises for many days after landing in Dieppe, by the difficulty of entering Paris unsuspected by the many ruffians who were always on the look-out for aristocrats.

"The old gardener was, I believe, both faithful and tried, and sheltered Clément in his garret as well as might be. Before he could stir out it was necessary to procure a fresh disguise, and one more in character with an inhabitant of Paris than that of a Norman carter was procured; and, after waiting in-doors for one or two days, to see if any suspicion was excited, Clément set off to discover Virginie.

"He found her at the old concierge's dwelling. Madame Babette was the name of this woman, who must have been a less faithful—or rather, perhaps, I should say a more interested—friend to her guest than the old gardener Jacques was to Clément.

"I have seen a miniature of Virginie which a French lady of quality happened to have in her possession at the time of her flight from Paris, and which she brought with her to England unwittingly; for it belonged to the Count de Créquy, with whom she was slightly acquainted. I should fancy from it, that Virginie was taller and of a more powerful figure for a woman than her cousin Clément was for a man. Her dark brown hair was arranged in short curls—the way of dressing the hair announced the politics of the individual, in those days, just as patches did in my grandmother's time; and Virginie's hair was not to my taste, or according to my principles; it was too classical. Her large, black eyes looked out at you steadily. One cannot judge of the shape of a nose from a full-face miniature, but the nostrils were clearly cut and largely opened. I do not fancy her nose could have been pretty; but her mouth had a character all its own, and which would, I think, have redeemed a plainer face. It was wide and deep set into the cheeks at the corners; the upper lip was very much arched, and hardly closed over the teeth; so that the whole face looked (from the serious, intent, look in the eyes, and the sweet intelligence of the mouth) as if she were listening eagerly to something to which her answer was quite ready, and would come out of those red, opening lips as soon as ever you had done speaking, and you longed to know what she would say.

"Well; this Virginie de Créquy was living with Madame Babette in the conciergerie of an old French inn somewhere to the north of Paris; so, far enough from Clément's refuge. The inn had been frequented by farmers from Brittany and such kind of people in the days when that sort of intercourse went on between Paris and the provinces which had nearly stopped now. Few Bretons came near it now, and the inn had fallen into the hands of Madame Babette's brother, as payment for a bad wine debt of the last proprietor. He put his sister and her child in to keep it open as it were, and sent all the people he could to occupy the half-furnished rooms of the house.

They paid Babette for their night's lodging every morning as they went out to breakfast, and returned or not as they chose, at night. Every three days the wine merchant or his son came to Madame Babette, and she accounted to them for the money she had received. She and her child occupied the porter's office (in which the lad slept at nights) and a little, miserable bedroom which opened out of it, and received all the light and air that was admitted through the door of communication, which was half glass. Madame Babette must have had a kind of attachment for the De Créquys—her De Créquys, you understand: Virginie's father, the Count—for, at some risk to herself, she had warned both him and his daughter of the danger impending over them. But he, infatuated, would not believe that his dear Human Race could ever do him harm; and, as long as he did not fear, Virginie was not afraid. It was by some ruse, the nature of which I never heard, that Madame Babette induced Virginie to come to her abode in the very hour in which the Count had been recognised in the streets, and hurried off to the Lanterne. It was after Babette had got her there, safe shut up in the little back den, that she told her what had befallen her father. From that day, Virginie had never stirred out of the gates, or crossed the threshold of the porter's lodge. I do not say that Madame Babette was tired of her continual presence, or regretted the impulse which had made her rush to the De Créquy's well-known house—after being compelled to form one of the mad crowds that saw the Count de Créquy seized and hung—and hurry his daughter out, through alleys and backways, until at length she had the orphan safe in her own dark sleeping-room, and could tell her tale of horror; but Madame Babette was poorly paid for her porter's work by her avaricious brother; and it was hard enough to find food for herself and her growing boy; and, though the poor girl ate little enough, I dare say, yet there seemed no end to the burthen that Madame Babette had imposed upon herself: the De Créquys were plundered, ruined, had become an extinct race, all but a lonely, friendless girl, in broken health and spirits; and, though she lent no positive encouragement to his suit, yet, at the time when Clément reappeared in Paris, Madame Babette was beginning to think that Virginie might do worse than encourage the attentions of Monsieur

Morin fils, her nephew, and the wine-merchant's son. Of course he and his father had the entrée into the conciergerie of the hotel that belonged to them, in right of being both proprietors and relations. The son, Morin, had seen Virginie in this manner. He was fully aware that she was far above him in rank, and guessed from her whole aspect that she had lost her natural protectors by the terrible guillotine; but he did not know her exact name or station, nor could he persuade his aunt to tell him. However, he fell head over ears in love with her, whether she were princess or peasant; and, though at first there was something about her which made his passionate love conceal itself with shy, awkward reserve; and then, made it only appear in the guise of deep, respectful devotion; yet, by and bye, I suppose—by the same process of reasoning that his aunt had gone through even before him—Jean Morin began to let Hope oust Despair from his heart. Sometimes he thought—perhaps years hence—that solitary, friendless lady, pent up in squalor, might turn to him as a friend and comforter—and then—and then—. Meanwhile Jean Morin was most attentive to his aunt; whom he had rather slighted before. He would linger over the accounts; would bring her little presents; and, above all, he made a pet and favorite of Pierre, the little cousin who could tell him about all the ways of going on of Mam'selle Cannes, as Virginie was called. Pierre was thoroughly aware of the drift and cause of his cousin's inquiries; and was his ardent partisan, as I have heard, even before Jean Morin had exactly acknowledged his wishes to himself.

"It must have required some patience and much diplomacy before Clément de Créquy found out the exact place where his cousin was hidden. The old gardener took the cause very much to heart; as, judging from my recollections, I imagine he would have forwarded any fancy, however wild, of Monsieur Clément's. (I will tell you afterwards how I came to know all these particulars so well.)

"After Clément's return on two succeeding days from his dangerous search, without meeting with any good result, Jacques entreated Monsieur de Créquy to let him take it in hand. He represented that he, as gardener for the space of twenty years and more at the Hôtel de Créquy, had a right to be

acquainted with all the successive concierges at the Count's house; that he should not go among them as a stranger, but as an old friend, anxious to renew pleasant intercourse; and that if the Intendant's story, which he had told Monsieur de Créquy in England, was true, that Mademoiselle was in hiding at the house of a former concierge, why, something relating to her would surely drop out in the course of conversation. So he persuaded Clément to remain in-doors, while he set off on his round, with no apparent object but to gossip.

"At night he came home,—having seen Mademoiselle. He told Clément much of the story relating to Madame Babette that I have told to you. Of course he had heard nothing of the ambitious hopes of Morin fils,—hardly of his existence, I should think. Madame Babette had received him kindly; although, for some time, she had kept him standing in the carriage doorway outside her door. But, on his complaining of the draught and his rheumatism, she had asked him in: first looking round with some anxiety, to see who was in the room behind her. No one was there when he entered and sat down. But, in a minute or two, a tall, thin young lady with great, sad eyes, and pale cheeks, came from the inner-room, and, seeing him, retired. 'It is Mademoiselle Cannes,' said Madame Babette, rather unnecessarily; for, if he had not been on the watch for some sign of Mademoiselle de Créquy, he would hardly have noticed the entrance and withdrawal.

"Clément and the good old gardener were always rather perplexed by Madame Babette's evident avoidance of all mention of the De Créquy family. If she were so much interested in one member as to be willing to undergo the pains and penalties of a domiciliary visit, it was strange that she never inquired after the existence of her charge's friends and relations from one who might very probably have heard something of them. They settled that Madame Babette must believe that the Marquise and Clément were dead; and admired her for her reticence in never speaking of Virginie. The truth was, I suspect, that she was so desirous of her nephew's success by this time, that she did not like letting any one into the secret of Virginie's whereabouts who might interfere with their plan. However, it was arranged between Clément

his humble friend that the former, dressed in the peasant's clothes in which he had entered Paris, but smartened up in one or two particulars, as if, although a countryman, he had money to spare, should go and engage a sleeping-room in the old Bréton Inn; where as I told you, accommodation for the night was to be had. This was accordingly done without exciting Madame Babette's suspicions, for she was unacquainted with the Normandy accent, and consequently did not perceive the exaggeration of it which Monsieur de Créquy adopted in order to disguise his pure Parisian. But after he had for two nights slept in a queer, dark closet at the end of one of the numerous short galleries in the Hôtel Duguesclin, and paid his money for such accommodation each morning at the little bureau under the window of the conciergerie, he found himself no nearer to his object. He stood outside in the gateway; Madame Babatte opened a pane in her window, counted out the change, gave polite thanks, and shut to the pane with a clack, before he could ever find out what to say that might be the means of opening a conversation. Once in the streets he was in danger from the blood-thirsty mob, who were ready in those days to hunt to death every one who looked like a gentleman as an aristocrat: and Clément, depend upon it, looked a gentleman, whatever dress he wore. Yet it was unwise to traverse Paris to his old friend the gardener's grénier, so he had to loiter about, where I hardly know. Only he did leave the Hôtel Duguesclin, and he did not go to old Jacques, and there was not another house in Paris open to him. At the end of two days he had made out Pierre's existence; and he began to try to make friends with the lad. Pierre was too sharp and shrewd not to suspect something from the confused attempts at friendliness. It was not for nothing that the Norman farmer lounged in the court and door-way, and brought home presents of galette, Pierre accepted the galette, reciprocated the civil speeches, but kept his eyes open. Once returning home pretty late at night, he surprised the Norman studying the shadows on the blind, which was drawn down when Madame Babette's lamp was lighted. On going in he found Mademoiselle Cannes with his mother sitting by the table, and helping in the family mending.

"Pierre was afraid that the Norman had some view upon the money which his mother as *conciërge* collected for her brother. But the money was all safe next evening when his cousin, Monsieur Morin fils, came to collect it. Madame Babette asked her nephew to sit down, and skilfully barred the passage to the inner door, so that Virginie, had she been ever so much disposed, could not have retreated. She sate silently sewing. All at once the little party were startled by a very sweet tenor voice, just close to the street window, singing one of the airs out of Beaumarchais' operas, which, a few years before, had been popular all over Paris. But after a few moments of silence, and one or two remarks, the talking went on again. But Pierre noticed an increased air of abstraction in Virginie, who, I suppose, was recurring to the last time that she had heard the song, and did not consider, as her cousin had hoped she would have done, what were the words set to the air, which he was in hopes she would remember, and which would have told her so much. For only a few years before Adam's opera of *Richard le Roi* had made the story of the Minstrel Blondel and our English *Cœur de Lion* familiar to all the opera-going part of the Parisian public, and Clément had bethought him of establishing a communication with Virginie by some such means.

"The next night about the same hour the same voice was singing outside the window again. Pierre, who had been irritated by the proceeding the evening before, as it had diverted Virginie's attention from his cousin, who had been doing his utmost to make himself agreeable, rushed out to the door just as the Norman was ringing the bell to be admitted for the night. Pierre looked up and down the street; no one else was to be seen. The next day the Norman mollified him somewhat by knocking at the door of the *concièrgerie*, and begging Monsieur Pierre's acceptance of some knee-buckles which had taken the country farmer's fancy the day before, as he had been gazing into the shops; but which, being too small for his purpose, he took the liberty of offering to Monsieur Pierre. Pierre, a French boy, inclined to foppery, was charmed, ravished by the beauty of the present and with monsieur's goodness, and he began to adjust them to his breeches immediately, as well he could, at least, in

his mother's absence. The Norman, whom Pierre kept carefully on the outside of the threshold, stood by, as if amused at the boy's eagerness.

"'Take care,' said he, clearly and distinctly; 'take care, my little friend, lest you become a fop; and, in that case, some day years hence, when your heart is devoted to some young lady, she may be inclined to say to you'—here he raised his voice—'No, thank you; when I marry, I marry a man, not a *petit-maitre*; I marry a man, who, whatever his position may be, will add dignity to the human race by his virtues.' Farther than that in his quotation Clément dared not go. His sentiments (so much above the apparent occasion,) met with applause from Pierre, who liked to contemplate himself in the light of a lover, even though it should be a rejected one, and who hailed the mention of the words 'virtues' and 'dignity of the human race' as belonging to the cant of a good citizen.

"But Clément was more anxious to know how the invisible lady took his speech. There was no sign at the time. But when he returned at night, he heard a voice, low-singing, behind Madame Babette, as she handed him his candle, the very air he had sung without effect for two nights past. As if he had caught it up from her murmuring voice, he sang it loudly and clearly as he crossed the court.

"'Here is our opera-singer!' exclaimed Madame Babette. 'Why, the Norman grazier sings like Boupré,' naming a favorite singer at the neighboring theatre.

"Pierre was struck by the remark, and quietly resolved to look after the Norman; but again I believe it was more because of his mother's deposit of money than with any thought of Virginie.

"However, the next morning, to the wonder of both mother and son, Mademoiselle Cannes proposed, with much hesitation, to go out and make some little purchase for herself. A month or two ago, this was what Madame Babette had been never weary of urging. But now she was as much surprised as if she had expected Virginie to remain a prisoner in her rooms all the rest of her life. I suppose she had hoped that her first time of quitting it would be when she left it for Monsieur Morin's house as his wife.

"A quick look from Madame Babette to-

wards Pierre was all that was needed to encourage the boy to follow her. He went out cautiously. She was at the end of the street. She looked up and down, as if waiting for some one. No one was there. Back she came, so swiftly that she nearly caught Pierre before he could retreat through the portecochère. There he looked out again. The neighborhood was low and wild, and strange; and some one spoke to Virginie,—nay, laid his hand upon her arm—whose dress and aspect (he had emerged out of a side-street)

Pierre did not know; but after a start, and (Pierre could fancy) a little scream, Virginie recognized the stranger, and the two turned up the side street whence the man had come. Pierre stole swiftly to the corner of this street; no one was there: they had disappeared up some of the alleys. Pierre returned home to excite his mother's infinite surprise. But they had hardly done talking, when Virginie returned, with a color and a radiance in her face which they had never seen there since her father's death."

UNIFORMITY IN RELIGION PRESERVED BY FORCE.—Do they keep away schism? if to bring a numb and chill stupidity of soul, an unactive blindness of mind upon the people by their leaden doctrine, or no doctrine at all; if to persecute all knowing and zealous Christians by the violence of their Courts, be to keep away schism, they keep away schism indeed: and by this kind of discipline all Italy and Spain is as purely and politically kept from schism as England hath been by them. With as good a plea might the dead palsy boast to a man, 'Tis I that free you from stitches and pains, and the troublesome feeling of cold and heat, of wounds and strokes; if I were gone, all these would molest you. The winter might as well vaunt itself against the spring, I destroy all noisome and rank weeds, I keep down all pestilent vapors: yea! and all wholesome herbs, and all fresh dews by your violent and hide-bound frost: but when the gentle west winds shall open the fruitful bosom of the earth, thus overguarded by your imprisonment, then the flowers put forth and spring, and then the sun shall scatter the mists, and the manuring hand of the tiler shall root up all that burdens the soil without thank to your bondage."—Milton.—*Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.*

for the welfare of the world, that a population of not less than 60,000 are hitherto unblesed with those tidings which have partially gladdened the hearts of the Hindoo, the Hottentot, and the inhabitants of the lovely islands of the Southern Ocean.—*Evangelical Mag., Feb., 1832. p. 69.*

ORIGINAL SIN.—It was well said of St. Austin in this thing, though he said many others in it less certain, *Nihil est peccato originali ad prædicandum notius, nihil ad intelligendum secretius.* The article, we all confess; but the manner of explicating it, is not an apple of knowledge, but of contention.—*Jeremy Taylor, vol. 9, p. 73.*

It was long ago observed, that there are sixteen several famous opinions in this one question of original sin. *Ibid., p. 330.*

FAINED GEAR. WHAT?—Be strong, saith St. Paul, having your loins girt about—some get them girdles with great knots, as though they would be surely girt, and as though they would break the devil's head with their knotted girdles. Nay, he will not be so overcome; it is no knot of a hempen girdle that he feareth; that is no piece of harness of the armor of God which may resist the assault in the evil day; it is but fained gear.—*Latimer. Sermon on the Epistle for 21st Sunday after Trinity.*

LAWFULNESS OF RECREATION.—I have heard the Protestant ministers in France, by men that were wise and of their own profession, much blamed in that they forbade dancing, a recreation to which the genius of that air is so inclining, that they lost many who would not lose that. Nor do they less than blame the former determination of rashness, who now gently connive at that which they had so roughly forbidden.—*Harrington's Oceana, p. 207.*

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY VILLAGES IN SUSSEX WHOLLY DESTITUTE OF EVANGELICAL INSTRUCTION.—Had it not been stated on the unquestionable authority of the Secretaries of the Sussex Congregational Society, that such a host of villages, and some towns, were at this advanced period of the Christian era, quite out of the pale of the Church of Christ, the statement would have appeared incredible. Tell it not to the heathen world, that in a county so close to the metropolis of highly favored Britain, and where directors of missionary societies hold their meetings, concentrate their energies, and arrange

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

CONTENTED, grateful, and resign'd,

As o'er the past my memory ran,
Upon my pillow I reclin'd,

At peace, I hop'd, with God and man,
When with the morning's earliest beam
Came o'er me a celestial dream.

Methought the icy hand of Death

Unbarr'd my earthly prison door,
And far from sin's defiling breath,

My free and happy soul did soar
To realise her promis'd rest
Among the spirits of the blest;

That tuneful harps of many strings,

And voices jubilant aloud,
Gave Glory to the King of Kings,
And saints and white-robd' seraphs bow'd
In adoration at the feet
Of Him who fill'd the Mercy-seat;

That those whom earth had never priz'd,

The contrite hearted, the cast down,
The poor, the humble, the despis'd,
And they who wore the Martyrs' crown.
The royal courts of Zion trod,
And stood at the right hand of God;

That in the highest Heaven of Heaven

Salvation's symbol shone unveil'd;

What myriads then of souls forgiven

Its brightness with hosannas hail'd!

And, at the brazen trumpet's blast,
Their golden crowns before it cast!

That so entrancing, so intense

The glories of this vision grew,
I seem'd to lose both sight and sense—

'Twas then it faded from my view—

The voice of melody was still,
And darkness fell on Zion's hill,

And silent were the harp and lute,

When, in the mist, methought I heard
Sweeter than the sweetest flute,

An unseen, solitary bird

Piping a note that seem'd to say,

"Ah! let me to the woods away.

"The robin red-breast, and the thrush,

The blackbird, linnet, and the lark,

From every bloomy brake and bush

Invite me home again, and hark!

I hear a sweeter voice than all,

My lonely mate's endearing call."

And now, alas! dissolv'd the dream

That had to heaven my spirit borne,

And I beheld Aurora's beam

Refulgent, lighting up the morn;

And saw in all its plummy pride

My serenader by my side!

What brought thee, tuneful stranger, here?

Art thou the harbinger of bliss?

The herald from some happier sphere

To tell me (joyful tidings!) *this?*

"The day's at hand when heaven to thee,
Shall not a transient vision be!"

Poor little captive! ill at ease!

It fluttering to the window flew,

Which when I open'd to the breeze,

It clapp'd its wings, and chirp'd adieu!

And vanish'd in the azure bright,

Singing, and soaring with delight.

I thought upon my morning dream;

And how I panted to return

Again to that celestial beam

Where angels sing, and seraphs burn;

And, like the throstle to its nest,

Soar to my everlasting rest.

—*Literary Gazette.* GEORGE DANIEL.

CHILDREN.

[From Longfellow's forthcoming Book of Poems.]

COME to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,

That look toward the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swallows

And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,

In your thoughts the brooklets flow,

But in mine is the wind of Autumn

And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,

With light and air for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices

Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;

Through these it feels the glow

Of a brighter and sunnier climate

Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing

In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,

And the wisdom of our books,

When compared with your caresses,

And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE MOUNTEBANK.

I. SETTING OUT.

THE bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh-colored tights, much darned; round his head he wore a fillet, that had once been glowing lace; but all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ochred canvas shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow thread, showed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listening with interest to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-feathered, elderly woman, of whom the whole family seemed to stand in awe. These formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

"The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' often, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge *you* half-a-crown, an' *that* you won't pay."

"*Won't* pay, Mrs. Niggs?" replied the poor father.

"Well, leastways, you *don't* pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gown'd yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a old merina."

"It was her wedding-gown," mildly expostulated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first "the old merina" adorned its then gay owner—"it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agres wouldn't like to lose it."

"*That* may be; but 'tain't no use to *me*; it 'ud only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her."

"But, Mrs. Niggs, you've got my watch too."

"A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!" said Mrs. Niggs.

"It was dear grandfather's," sighed the poor man.

"Tain't worth half-a-*surving*, I know," returned the benevolent Niggs; "an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now don't jaw no more! *talk's* no use; it won't fill my pockets: it's *money* I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day."

"Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am," said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: "it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort—either rain or snow, and"—looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children—"it's bitter, bitter cold!"

"Cold!" retorted Niggs; "*cold*, do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold." (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) "Indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine bracing weather, I call it—make the boys hardy to be out in it."

"But," said their father, "they haven't broke their fast yet; and"—

"It's only twelve o'clock," interrupted the humane landlady, "an' many's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanks an' the like unedicated scum, which I looks on as hathings! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore their breakfasts or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch."

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring earnestly at Mrs. Niggs, as if wondering what her notions of "indulgence" might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty-hours; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

"There," added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—"there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr. Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go! Take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as *you* call it—*beg* a trifle, as *I* call it:

either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year—— Drat that gal! she's left the street-door ajar, an' the draught comes up them stairs enough to cut a body in two—u-u-gh."

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs. Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the "gal," and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetizing smell whereof ascending to the mountebank's garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not daring to meet their looks. So he paced the room, as people do when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: "There's sure to be a down-"

"the pavement's quite damp, and that's sign." Then he went to the almost empty bed, put on the last remaining morris, fanned it with his breath into a breeze, and went back again to the window, then to the cheerless fireplace, fidgeting about, and busying himself with such little matters as sweeping the hearth, dusting the shaky mantle-piece with a remnant of an old clown's cap; and, finally, setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: "Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then!"

"And then, will there be bretfas, daddy?" asked the youngest boy.

"Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will."

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfie towards him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

"Now, Midgkins, it's your turn," said the father, after Alfie had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favorite, *The Busy Bee*; but when he came to, "with the sweet food," &c., his voice failed him, the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden in his

father's breast. At this moment, a weary step was heard slowly ascending the cracking stairs.

"Mother, mother!" shouted Alfie, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled with water; it was evident, indeed, from the appearance of both the children, and of mother too, that the morning was intensely cold. Alfie met his sister, took off her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, flapped uneasily over her forehead. He next divested her of an old, coarse, brown overcoat, made originally by mother for Midgkins to wear over his fleshings, but which Lucy had on because her own green stuff pelisse had last week been converted into a dinner. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down: Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfie took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's elbark and hood—put on certainly more for appearance' sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

"No use your long walk, I know, Agnes," said father.

"Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if they were sorry to say it to me, for they looked pitifully at the poor babes—they told me that the turn-out and the lock-out together had made matters so bad that in justice to their own townfolk, they bughtn't to have given me even that, and that I mustn't trouble them again."

On mention of a shilling, Alfie quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and

cap, and then nodded to mother, who of course understood him to mean: "I'm ready to go to the shop." She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand. During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about; how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! Father meantime recounted the particulars of Mrs. Niggs's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfy returned, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, "after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;" mother fancies that "the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;" and the boys button on their coats.

"Well, well, we must even try our luck," says the mountebank; "we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe: there's a fair held there to-morrow. It's no use trying the town again; what with the strike and the dearness of food, poor folks can't give, and rich ones never stop to look at us. Keep up your spirits, Agnes; perhaps we may make a pitch at some village on the road; and if we do, I'll send you half of whatever we get; so look out for a letter."

So saying, he strapped a drum round his waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, and pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Alfy, kissed her boys, said good-bye to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Alfy's pocket, and whispered to him: "Be kind to little Midgkins?" Mother watched her treasures in their progress down the street; and when they were quite out of sight, she turned away with a heavy heart to her infant charge in the garret. Poor mother! why was her heart so heavy? Often and often had she been separated from her husband and the boys for three or four days at a

time, while they pursued their calling. Why, then, was her heart so heavy?

II. THE MOOR.

ON they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dejected-looking courts and narrow alleys where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence. In front streets and bustling thoroughfares, he was aware that none would be tempted to stop and admire their performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, collected in any such locality, the police would certainly have interfered with the customary gruff "Move on there!" After threading innumerable intricate passages, and tortuous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party emerged into a large open square—in former times, used as a hay-market—which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, is a place where, perhaps, an audience is to be found; so father began to beat with all his might. Alfy started in the neighbourhood with a drum and spread his carpet, by way of giving "note of attention" to passers-by. The drum and cymbal overture continued for full ten minutes before any one condescended to notice the efforts of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings, where they stood a while, leisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the noise, formed into a group to witness the proceedings of the professionals; and a young woman with an infant in her arms leaned out of the upstairs window of one of the adjacent cottages. Father cast his practised eyes around, counted heads, and shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away for another five minutes, and then took a second survey of his audience, but without any satisfactory result, if one might judge from the rueful expression of his countenance; however, he muttered to himself: "We must make the best of it, I suppose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at this end of the town."

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, divested themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders

with the splendor of their wardrobe, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after was heard the tinkling of a school-bell, whereupon, "with unwilling steps and slow," as if sorry to be thus deprived of the expected sight, the admiring scholars moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pittance, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the window called out: "Bide a bit; I've summat for the little lads. Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying, "You mun eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't act in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop a bit," she exclaimed, as Alfie gave her the empty jug—"Stop a bit!" She ran upstairs, and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude—so much kindness was something rather unusual. "I'se sure you're heartily welcome," said the friendly giver; "I wish I could do more for you; but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we've nowt but the c'lection brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little 'uns may come to in this hard world." Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom; and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artistes, she disappeared. Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation *all their lives*; and in such cases the craving for food is incessant.

"It's useless to go home without money," thought the poor mountebank. "I could no more face Mrs. Niggs than I could face a tiger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the weather doesn't turn out *very* bad we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of us, and pay

us well too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! Cheerily, ho!" Thus monologuing, and leading Midgkins by the hand, he turned his back on the town, with little Alfie bringing up the rear. At the outset of the journey, the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about "what they'd do when they were older; what pains they'd take with their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd get a situation in some grand circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs; and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more." The mountebank smiled on them compassionately as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, *he*, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! *his* parents had died in the parish workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to assist them—not that he lacked affection towards them—but few and far between had been his opportunities of assisting them; for he had not been fortunate in a profession, which is, at best, but a precarious one. True, he had seen others, with a very limited amount of talent and industry, get forward in the race of life—rise in the world, and attain a high position in their calling; but his career had been an unsuccessful one; and though it would have been the pride of his affectionate heart to have cherished the declining years of his aged parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, they died in the workhouse.

"Cherrily, ho, Alfie! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along." So father led both boys; and when they had walked nearly five miles, and begun to look tired, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell; after these came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise. Formerly, when the children were too young to be amused in this manner, the mountebank, in providing for a business excursion, would purchase some comfits or peppermint lozengers, and, after walking so long, that

symptoms of weariness began to exhibit themselves in the slackened pace of the little pedestrians, he would scatter the sweetmeats here and there on the road at short intervals, and the children, forgetting their fatigue, would follow quickly to secure the tempting prize; and when the stock of confectionary was exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Derby. Latterly, tales and songs had taken the place of the comfits and the ball.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in the most interesting portion of *The Thriftless Heir*, which he was relating, and felt irresolute whether to return even then, or to go forward. After a brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, for, as he argued mentally, to return without having any part of the rent to proffer to Mrs. Niggs, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning all the family out into the streets; whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to shelter them—and *that* was something in such inclement weather. Setting this out of the question, his little party was half-way to its place of destination. To be sure, the remaining half lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. What of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfie could walk faster than they had done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loath, in his arms, although encumbered as he was by the large drum, it was a troublesome matter to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Alfie as quickly onward as he could, while thicker and faster fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, nestled in his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

"Come, my boy, step out and let us get

under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglinthorpe is the Travellers' Rest; and a kind-hearted body is Mrs. Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!"

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow prevented his discerning any thing likely to prove a guide; a thick darkness was spread itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

"Indeed, father," feebly replied the child, "I *do* walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm *so tired*, and *so cold*, and *so very* drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep."

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavored to urge him forward. In what direction they were going, he knew not, yet hoped for the best. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alfie, to "sit and rest just a little while." He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned incessantly, and trembled from head to foot. Alfie was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait, what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his careworn countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

"Now, Alfie," said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, "I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travellers' Rest."

"But, father, you mustn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down."

"Don't heed *me*, love," replied father;

"but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother."

"Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble."

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he struggled manfully with his feelings; he embraced lovingly, again and again, Alf and the unconscious Midgkins. He could hardly persuade himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring certain destruction on them, for the snow still fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone and unencumbered, he might reach Eglinthorpe very soon—nay, perhaps, at that moment he might be close upon the village, although the darkness obscured it from his view. These cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to brace his nerves for the approaching trial. A trial it was, and a heavy one, to leave his young ones in utter darkness on that dreary moor; but it *must* be. The father yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore himself from the spot, and walked away with rapid strides. It was all guess-work as to which way he was going—all haphazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, "you couldn't have seen your hand before you."

III. THE TRAVELLERS' REST.

THE door of the Travellers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old-fashioned public-house, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlor. Mrs. Dawson, from her *sanctum* (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observed this, and called out to the servant:

"Bet, my lass, thou mayst shut the front-door; we shall ha' no more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee—thou hast to rise early to-morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-day folk here by seven o'clock."

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out; "A ghost, a ghost!" she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the

door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

"A ghost; why, what does the silly wench mean?" said Mrs Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, she might have echoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, leaning for support with one hand on each doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold!—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last, the mountebank had reached the Travellers' Rest whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

"Bless me!" cried the landlady, "here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished."

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps; uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word "water," when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and, the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlor, where he was deposited on the sofa. Joe Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears of "the ghost" were dispelled, hastened to offer their services in his behalf.

"Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-negus, Mrs Dawson!"

Such were the doctor's hurried orders; in compliance with which, the person addressed disappeared instantaneously, and returned anon with the appliances above named. Every one present lending a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

"I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone," said the sympathising Mrs. Dawson.

"No, no," replied the doctor, "but he's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the negus;" so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, began to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him all night. Mrs. Dawson and Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and it was agreed upon that, at six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party. Fain would the good-natured trio of card-players have remained all night; but this the doctor would by no means allow; so, with many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recovery, they took their departure. Betty retired to rest; and Mrs. Dawson brought the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favorite beverage (brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong rum punch for Joe, "to help him to watch." It didn't produce the desired effect though; for Joe, tired out with a hard day's work—he was ostler, boots, gardener, and waiter, too, sometimes—after tossing off the steaming potion, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs. Dawson employed herself in knitting a stocking, and sipping green tea; the doctor, with his feet on the fender, was soon deeply immersed in newspaper politics; and the mountebank slumbered uneasily. This was the state of affairs in the little bar-parlor until three o'clock, when suddenly the patient started up, siezed a chair which stood near him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice: "Bravo, bravo, Alf! A capital *pose* that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Risley and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's *your* turn! Now for a somersault! Here goes!"

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece; when the doctor, being on

the alert, woke Joe with a hearty kick on the shins, and, by their united efforts, they wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

"Joe," said the doctor, "run across the road; ring the surgery-bell as loud as you can till my young man answers it, and tell him to send me a composing-draught."

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs. Dawson held the patient down, and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys—his darlings! about hunger—poverty—snow—the workhouse—death!

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient's burning lips, with, "Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown care."

The mountebank shook his head; but, on hearing the landlady in a kindly tone add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly: "Well, well, Agnes, if *you* wish me to take it, I will;" and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous: the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

At the appointed hour, the gentlemen who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travellers' Rest. Mrs. Dawson, however, declared that she "didn't feel fatigued—that it warn't worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and that she would rather stay up." So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

"Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense," cried Hopkins, the exciseman; "and let it be of the best."

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and between them they quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As the meal drew towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my man," said the worthy doctor, "you've had a tolerably long nap; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm."

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he

took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. "This is the Travellers' Rest, then," said he. "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Dawson? You used to call me Belphegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family."

"So it is, I declare," replied Mrs. Dawson; "it's the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair."

At the mention of his boys, the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth: "My children—are they safe?"

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak; "We'll hope so, my good friend."

"Hope? Are they not *here*? Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won't answer me. O my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!"

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope—which he certainly did not feel—that the children would be found safe, and promised that every thing possible should be done for them.

"It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!" roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light cart.

"There's Tom Whitlock!" exclaimed the mountebank, and, exerting all his strength, he gathered his blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

"Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?" cried the Yorkshireman; "I be reet glad to see thee, mun! But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?"

"Your cart—it's empty, isn't it?" was the hurried reply.

"Ay, for sure," said Tom. "I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here."

The party, having followed the patient to

the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones; but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment before he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the exciseman lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woollen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boots and stockings, and a warm-sleeved-waistcoat; and Mrs. Dawson contributed a pair of trousers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on, he should be detained by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-cloths and a spade.

"Now, Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst!" shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers' Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless—if we except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor's arm, whispering: "See! see!—there!" The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom's attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way. "See! see!" said he—"their grave!"

"A snaw-drift, loikely," replied Tom. "Keep up thy heart, mun; we'll soon see what it is. Get along, Topsy! Gee! gee! lass!"

As they neared the place, every one perceived, indeed, a mound of snow, presenting

exactly the appearance of a grave; and to complete the resemblance, there stood a headstone.

"On! on!" said the father. "O Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!"

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall white heap that looked so like a headstone. In a little while, having shovelled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible: at sight of this, the mountebank's face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party, and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe's operations, that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an interesting appearance. Presentiment, destiny's grim shadow, had whispered to her the sad tale of her children's luckless fate; and leaving the two younger ones to the care of a neighbor, she had set out for Eglinthorpe, resolved to know the worst. Softly she went up to the mountebank, gazed mournfully upon his altered countenance—for illness and anxiety had done their work—and pressing his hand affectionately, she said "Husband!" The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved by a copious flood of tears. "Gently, gently," cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which it was now certain covered his children—"gently! Don't disfigure my pretty darlings."

Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alfy's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the collar of the old coat in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that to the last the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

"Dead, dead!" cried poor father, with a groan of anguish: "I knew it."

Mother fell on her knees beside her little

ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parleying, but stooping down, began chafing Alfy's frozen limbs. "Joe!" said he abruptly, "the wine! look sharp! There's hope yet."

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half-a-dozen pair of willing hands were soon employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavors were crowned with success; for anon, Alfy half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending anxiously over him, he said—somewhat indistinctly as one speaks in a dream: "Father, have you come to fetch us?"

"Yes, my love—yes," replied father.

"But where's Midgkins?" murmured Alfy. "I thought I had my arms round him——"

"Your brother's quite safe," interrupted the doctor; "but, no more talking now; wait till you're stronger."

"Look! he's breathing freely, and moves his hands," said mother, referring to Midgkins—to whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their care and attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on, as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behoof of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds; in short, all that her house afforded, Mrs. Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage, and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of "kitchen physic," seconded by good nursing.

These two important adjuncts to the physician's skill were not wanting on the present occasion, for the kind landlady was indefatigable in her superintendence of broths and jellies for the invalids; and as for nursing,

why, mother was there. The consequence was, that in a few days the doctor discontinued his visits.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So said Shakspeare. With the subjects of our tale this "tide," had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve, accident gained for them—notoriety, the very life of public professors in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the "hair-breadth 'scape" of the children; men who make a scanty livelihood by bawling through the streets recitals of the various casualties that are daily befalling their fellow-creatures, were heard in every town retailing the substance of the foregoing narrative, with sundry additions, alterations, and moral observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." He received a letter from the manager of one of the London minor theatres, with an offer to Mr. and the Masters Lethbridge of £5 per week, for their joint salary, to perform in a new drama, founded on fact, and entitled *The Snowstorm*; the engagement to terminate when the run of the drama was over. Said "run" might continue only three weeks, or—if the piece turned out a great hit—might last as many months, just according to the success of the production. Then came, post-haste, a modeller in wax-work, who, with father's consent, took plaster-casts of his and his children's heads. Their well-worn professional attire was eagerly purchased by this gentleman, who went away delighted at having it in his power to add to the attractions of his wax-work exhibition "the life-like models of the renowned Professor Lethbridge and his Infant Progeny, dressed in the identical apparel worn by them in the late disastrous snow-storm." Nor was the mountebank less pleased with the five-pound note which was the result of the modeller's visit. He had scarcely left the inn, when a very showy carriage, driven by a very showy coachman, stopped at the door, and a stout

elderly gentleman alighted. His dress was ultra-fashionable, and he was be-jewelled, be-whiskered, and be-ringleted à merveille. He inquired politely for Monsieur Latebrege, to whom he introduced himself as the *directeur* of a celebrated foreign circus, at present located in London. The interview between the parties was short, but decisive, and terminated in the engagement of Lethbridge and the boys by the Frenchman at a liberal weekly salary, the engagement to hold good for three years certain. The directeur hastened back to town to set the printer and the bill-sticker at work *instantly*; and in a day or two London was placarded with gigantic posters, representing a snow-scene, wherein, arrayed in gorgeous Roman costume, the mountebank appeared, the extreme point of one foot resting on a diminutive glass globe, the other gracefully extended in the air. On his forehead he supported, pyramid-wise, his two boys—dressed in Turkish flies and Greek caps—Midgkins, who formed the apex, waving in each hand a small flag, emblazoned with the arms of France. To complete the picture, father's hands were industriously employed in tossing up and catching at least a dozen oranges, and as many formidable-looking two-edged knives—and all this during a heavy fall of snow; not very natural, but highly effective.

Four years have passed away since the mountebank and his family, with tears of gratitude, bade adieu to their generous Eglinthorpe friends. Since then, they have travelled professionally, even as far as Constantinople. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family speak French and German fluently; and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-rate acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently, their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A1.

From The Examiner.

THE ASTRONOMER OF SHEERNESS.

Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri.

THAT a genius for spelling the stars may exist, without the degree of education requisite for so much as the spelling of the rude astronomer's own language, appears clearly and curiously from the interesting letter of "C. Moren Shereness, Kent Engaland," announcing in the *Times* his observation or discovery of the comet now visible in the evening sky. We give this curiosity both of literature and science *verbatim et literatim*, as our cotemporary received it:

"Sheereness Sept. 7 1858.

"Sir,—on Munday morning the 6th of Sept. I Seen a Commet Star at 2 10m Am I have Cauld two more men to witness my Strange Site, in the Heavens this Commet Maid its apierance to me above the Horezen at 10 minute Past 2. The Skey was then very Clear I watched it Course untill 4 Am when the Strong Dawn of Day took away its Reflection at 2.30 it is on an Even line with the 2 Pointers to the North Star & about the Same Distance below the Pointers as the North Star is from the Pointers I fixt 2 Sticks in the Ground & fixt a rool By them I took my alivation By those at the Same time I had my Spy Glass to watch menutely it Course in on Half Hour it Crossed my fixt alevation to the South about 3 Points this Commet is not as large as the Commet of 18011 I have witnessed the Commet of Eighteen Hundred and 11 & all the Commets Since the above Date. this one is about the Middle Size Class Commet of a Clear Morning you Can See it in the NN.E Houze at 2. Am. at 2.30 to 3. it is on an Even line withe the 2 Pointers to the North Star it is Visibly Seen By the Eye if the Heavens is Clear—

"Horesen |||| Comet = o pointers o. o N Star o

"Gentlemen Be Pleasd to let me Know if I am the firs man that that Seen this Strange Star out of 16 Milion of People in Engaland

"C. MOREN Shereness

"Kent Engaland

"I have two men to witness my Strange Sight.

"As I Ern my living By being out at Night this 35 years Past I have witnessed often wonderful Strange Sights in the Heavens—that never Come Before the Publick."

Can it be necessary to call the attention of our educated astronomers to the author of this remarkable communication? How striking is the writer's anxiety to be acknowledged "the first man that seen this Strange Star out

of 16 Milion of people!" And he "could two more men to witness his strange site," and be his vouchers, in case a Hind or an Airey should dispute his claims. Moren is not only a student of the heavens, but an ambitious student. Let him be assured that his merits as an observer of the firmament are quite independent of the question whether his eyes were the first that detected the new arrival. No observer could have more carefully noted or reported all the leading circumstances of his observation; the time, the place, the direction and rate of the motion. The ingenuity with which he extemporized his rude instruments is most remarkable, as well as the patience (another indication of the aptitude for scientific researches) with which he watched the eccentric object for two hours, "until the Strong Dawn took away its reflection." It will be noticed, too, how he was struck, in common with experienced and trained observers, by the position of the comet with respect to the pole-star, and the stars in Ursa Major called "the pointers." We presume Moren to be in the Coast Guard service, from the spy-glass, as well as from the nature of his duties, affording him the opportunities of nightly communion with the heavens, which thousands like him possess, but not one in a million has either the love of nature or the intelligence to profit by. For the interests of astronomy, such men, when they appear (and their appearances are as rare as comets themselves), ought to receive the notice and encouragement of the learned world. The historians of the sublimest of sciences have often traced its origin to the Chaldee shepherds, dwelling under the canopy of their transparent skies, and familiar with its phenomena as with their flocks and herds. The illiterate observer of Sheerness, cultivating Astronomy ever since 1811, perhaps in ignorance of her very name, may be said to "repeat the story of her birth" under the difficulties of our northern climate, adverse to nothing so much as to astronomical pursuits.

Most credible and well worthy of observation is what our untaught genius says in his second postscript. Doubtless such a man in the course of thirty-five years has "witnessed wonderful strange sights in the heavens, that never come before the public." Those who "go down to the sea in ships" are not the only men who behold the glories of the universe. To those who walk the shores an equally wondrous field of knowledge and wonder is open. All that is wanting is an eye like Moren's, not given him in vain, as to the beasts that perish, but habitually open, and raised to the contemplation of nature.

From The Spectator.
TURKEY.

IF it be possible for this country to do otherwise than "drift" in its foreign policy, it would seem high time that the most thoughtful attention should be given to the questions of action that are likely to grow out of the present position of the Turkish empire. A great mass of difficulty and danger is accumulating with fearful rapidity in this direction, and unless far more of vigilance and forethought, as well as of determination, is applied to this first of modern diplomatic problems, this country and Europe may not improbably be involved in a protracted and purposeless warfare, involving sacrifices of life and capital, without any useful end either possible or in view. It is no small scandal to our statesmanship that after a sharp war, and the expenditure of nearly one hundred millions sterling, we find ourselves only at the threshold of the difficulties of the Eastern question. The dilemma in which the Mussulman power at Constantinople involves Western politicians, has never been fairly, fully, and comprehensively considered. It is felt to be impossible to permit the aggrandizement of Russia. It is felt to be equally impossible, for any length of time, to leave the Christian populations who inhabit some of the choicest, though neglected, districts of the earth, to the unmitigated sovereignty, in any substantial sense, of Turks, however varnished by European civilization. It has been attempted to evade the dilemma by regulating the destinies of this perplexing empire at a council board of European representatives, in the presence alike of Turkey and Russia. But no sane person can believe, for a moment, that the real question can be solved by any such agency. All that is really difficult in the relations of Christian and Mohammedan populations in the whole moral and material constitution of Turkey must be, from the nature of the case, either passed by, or aggravated by an assembly like the Paris Congress. While, on the other hand, the disposition to negligence in dealing with any question that bears of a speculative stamp, which distinguishes Englishmen, whether they be grocers, or Cabinet-Ministers, tempts our Ministers, whatever be their party badge, to rely with infantile confidence upon the deliberations of these ineffectual Congresses. The most serious consequence is, that when any emergency requires coolness of deliberation, and clear intelligible ready action, as in the case of the massacre of Jeddah, a great flurry suddenly seizes upon Cabinet Ministers, and some net result of action is arrived at, which wears the look either of recklessness, stupidity, or perfidy. But there is little likelihood of any change for the better in our practical

policy until our statesmen and our people resolve that they will have a policy of their own, the result of their reflection and deliberation, instead of having only a fractional and undistinguishable part in a mock European policy. For it is quite clear that this country must, when occasion arises, act alone in the vindication of its rights. And it is excessively inconvenient that some fancied obligation to alliances or congresses should deprive our statesmen of independence and presence of mind alike, when there is any necessity for making use of a British ship of war.

The case of the Jeddah massacre illustrates in a manner both ludicrous and painful the equivocal and hypocritical position, in which this country has placed itself, in reference to the received doctrine concerning the Turkish empire. In obedience to the formula of the "independence and integrity" we make a demand upon the Sublime Porte for redress and punishment. But not believing, with any very firm belief, in the willingness or capacity of the central power to punish adequately the atrocities which had been committed, we take the precaution simultaneously of desiring the captain of a frigate to proceed to Jeddah, and, according to the euphemism, "do every thing in his power" to obtain satisfaction. It is quite possible that Lord Malmesbury may not have perceived the full drift of his phrase: that, indeed, he may have conceived that it was equivalent to that "taking into consideration," which, in Ministerial slang, signifies indefinite adjournment. But the British navy is not yet broken in to the ambling pace of Downing Street, and when Captain Pullen was referred to his "power" he very naturally thought of his cannon. However possible the interpretation of the doubts that hung over this case, which we suggest, may be, it is one which Lord Malmesbury cannot adopt, or be even suffered to hint at. Both he, and the country of which he is, for the time, the accredited agent, must be content to abide by the bombardment of Jeddah as deliberately sanctioned, and deliberately executed. And, in this point of view how glaringly absurd becomes the position we have taken up with reference to this huge mass of Mussulman decay. After having made the most heavy sacrifices for the sake of the "independence and integrity," we take the first opportunity of declaring most emphatically that we do not look upon the sovereignty of the Sultan as of any value for purposes of international justice and reparation. In fact, so far as our later proceedings since the peace of Paris are susceptible of any consistent interpretation, they look as though we were prepared to maintain the doctrine, that against Russia and the different subject Christian populations we mean to

stand by the sovereignty and supremacy of the Turk; but that, as regards the subjects of western powers, in all their contracts and injuries, we do not intend to rely upon that sovereignty, or admit its practical power one whit. There is here enough of anomaly, and contradiction to cripple, degrade, and confound our policy in the East twenty times over. For it is impossible that there can be success or dignity in any course, which being so ill-defined to our own minds, is in the appearance it bears to others so tortuous, and insincere.

It is high time, therefore, that a radical consideration should be given to the whole of this case of Turkey, so that at least there may be something like order and coherence in the different steps we take in the successive stages, or incidents of the question. If we really mean to maintain the sovereignty of the Sultan, we must maintain it, and defer to it for all purposes, and not undermine it covertly, or assault it overtly. If, upon a full investigation of the principles of Mussulman dominion, and the facts of the case, we conclude that the peace of the world, and the prosperous future of those important countries which the Turks hold, are not compatible with the indefinite prolongation of the Turkish power, let us boldly adopt that as our policy, and fairly take up the weighty task of forming new polities and states out of the decaying Mussulman empire. We do not presume to dogmatize upon questions of such grave importance as these. What we do affirm and with conviction is, that they ought to receive cool, dispassionate, scientific inquiry; and that what seems, as the result of such inquiry, best to be done should be done, *coûte qu'il coûte*. For we are satisfied that the policy of adjournment, of irritating treatment of fragments of the question, in totally opposed senses from time to time, is only accumulating arrears of difficulty and danger, which will one day have to be discharged in full in a terrible manner. Nor will it be any excuse in mitigation, if we say that we have left to Providence what, as is abundantly clear Providence has left to man.

As we are here pleading only for a fuller consideration of the responsibilities and action of England on this question than has been given, we would prefer not to dwell upon circumstances the mere mention of which almost forces the mind to conclude that the Mussulman power in Turkey is irrevocably doomed. Insurrection in every quarter of the empire, chronic deficit in the finance, and a system of revenue, barbarous, unproductive, and, with Turkish administrators, we fear un-reformable; a great antagonism of religion,

which is susceptible of no compromise; a social system incompatible with civilization in its modern sense; all these things put together seem to imply political chaos. Not in the least as an echo to any religious cry, which is quite out of date as a help in difficulties such as these, but as definitely political doctrine we are all but constrained to say that the admission of the Turkish empire into the family of European states logically and inevitably involves the destruction of the Mussulman power. A species of compact has been entered into between the powers of Europe on the one hand and the Sultan on the other, that the dominions of the latter shall be preserved to him, in consideration of his introducing into them fiscal and legislative principles, such as civilized Europe adopts at least as its standard, if it does not universally realize them. We do not in the least see how the Sultan is to fulfil his part of the contract. He has neither moral or material power to do so. If we lend him either we must not deceive ourselves into the supposition that the loan can be repaid. If we enter, as we are partially doing through our bondholders, into the administration of his revenues, or as we have lately done by the Cyclops, into the administration of his justice, we enter upon a path from which there can be no deviation, and which leads straight to the dissolution and dismemberment of his empire. It is high time, therefore, that we made up our minds as to what we are doing, what we mean to do, and how, as well as with whom, we are going to do it.

From The Spectator, 11 Sept.

A DOMESTIC warfare has broken out in Constantinople which might almost be expected to crush the Sultan, or, if he prove but half as strong as Mahmoud, to complete his power under the new system. The palace is understood to be mutinous against recent laws which forbid it to profit by large appropriations out of the revenue. And a popular cry has been got up that the Sultan intends to sell Candia,—that sport of vicissitude, once the property of commercial Venice,—to the English. Abd-ul Medjid replies by addressing his assembled ministers with reproaches for failing in their duty, after they have been appointed to provide for the welfare of his people “without distinction of oath or nationality,” and with threats that in future he will be more severe towards backsliders. On his return, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will find his royal pupil's house in admired confusion.

From The Economist.
WHAT COMMERCIAL TREATIES MAY
REALLY EFFECT.

WE have been charged by our able contemporary, the *Daily News*, with inconsistency for exposing the dangers to which too great a reliance on the former commercial treaty with China has given rise, and yet, at the same time, encouraging the hopes that the mercantile classes of England are beginning to indulge in connection with the treaty just negotiated with China by Lord Elgin. We are as fully aware as our contemporary can be, that neither a commercial treaty, nor indeed Government action of any kind, can be expected to apply any healthy stimulus to trade. But there is all the difference in the world between the interference of Government to stimulate trade, and its interference to remove artificial restrictions upon trade. If a Government interfere primarily with the natural course of trade, it acts most unwisely; but if it only interfere to *undo* the effects of other interferences, its action is strictly legitimate. And this is all we hope from the new Chinese treaty, just as it was all we ought to have looked for from the treaty of Sir Henry Pottinger. If our merchants at that time speculated blindly and sent out goods to China from mere vague belief in the "new market," without any sufficient knowledge of the character of the Chinese demand, they deserved to lose, as they undoubtedly did lose, by their transactions. But this does not in any way show that the treaty itself, so far as it opened up a new access to China, was not a matter of rejoicing: it only shows that every new commercial enterprise requires study and sagacity, and that though Government may help to get the door open, it cannot ensure that every random speculator who chooses to go in will find a welcome. This is the lesson we strove last week to enforce. But true as it is that free entrance will be of no use to us without an adequate intelligence of the Chinese demand, we are not the less warranted in rejoicing that if we do successfully study the nature of that demand, no artificial restrictions will be allowed to exclude us from the attempt to satisfy it.

Now it is easy to illustrate the really important results effected by the first treaty with China in the way of removing artificial restrictions, so far as that treaty was in fact carried out. By that treaty all correspondence between the English Consuls at each of the four Chinese ports opened by the treaty and the Chinese officials was to be carried on on equal terms, and the former were to have free access to the latter. By the unanimous evidence of our Chinese Consuls, Shanghai has been the only port at which this provision has

been really carried out, and at Shanghai it has been productive of the greatest benefit. The representations of the English Consul have always been listened to with the greatest courtesy, his enlarged views in trade have been in fact adopted, and the result,—though of course advantages of situation have also contributed in a large measure to affect it,—is that the trade to Shanghai has outstripped within a very few years the trade not only to each of the other ports, but to all of them put together. A triumvirate of Western inspectors have been appointed to collect the Customs duties at Shanghai,—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American,—and the effect of this arrangement is that the duties of the port of Shanghai are collected in full. "At the other ports," says Mr. G. W. Cooke, "the old system of corruption prevails, and the Chinese collectors make their private bargains, usually about one half of the tariff prices." "Nothing but strong intrinsic vitality has enabled the trade of Shanghai," he adds, "to thrive, in spite of this great disadvantage." We suspect that Mr. Rutherford Alcock would not speak of this arrangement, at least when taken in connection with the influence exerted by the European Consuls at this port on the tariff of duties to be imposed, as a *disadvantage*. Some enlightenment of view in fixing the duties, and rigid justice in adhering to the duties when fixed, will be found to have been one great reason of the advantage gained by this port over its competitors. Nothing can be more fatal to trade than ignorance and a grasping spirit in those who fix the Customs duties, and a venal spirit in those who exact them.

As we have already said, we do not at all underrate the advantages of situation which Shanghai has over the other ports of China, in its proximity to the mouth of the great Yangtse-Kiang. But we have every reason to believe that its comparative prosperity is by no means entirely attributable to this circumstance, but must be in great measure regarded as a result of the comparative fidelity to Sir Henry Pottinger's treaty which has prevailed at this port in the relations between the English Consul and the Chinese authorities, and the consequent beneficial effect on the commercial policy pursued there. The following figures show very remarkably the gradual transference of the trade from Canton to Shanghai. We extract them from the parliamentary blue-book on the trade of various places for 1856-57, and it must be remembered that the Canton imports include the imports to Amoy and Foochow, which are transhipped at Canton:

		British Import trade to	
		Canton.	Shanghai.
		dollars	dollars
1844	.	15,500,000	2,500,000
1845	.	10,700,000	5,100,000
1846	.	9,900,000	3,800,000
1847	.	9,600,000	4,300,000
1848	.	6,500,000	2,500,000
1849	.	7,900,000	4,400,000
1850	.	6,800,000	3,900,000
1851	.	10,000,000	4,500,000
1852	.	9,900,000	4,600,000
1853	.	4,000,000	3,900,000
1854	.	3,800,000	1,100,000
1855	.	3,600,000	3,400,000
1856	.	9,100,000	6,100,000

		British Export trade from	
		Canton.	Shanghai.
		dollars	dollars
1844	.	17,900,000	2,300,000
1845	.	27,700,000	6,000,000
1846	.	15,800,000	6,400,000
1847	.	15,700,000	6,700,000
1848	.	8,600,000	5,000,000
1849	.	11,400,000	6,500,000
1850	.	9,900,000	8,000,000
1851	.	13,200,000	11,500,000
1852	.	6,500,000	11,400,000
1853	.	6,500,000	13,300,000
1854	.	6,000,000	11,700,000
1855	.	2,000,000	19,900,000
1856	.	8,200,000	25,800,000

And yet it cannot be said, even of Shanghai, that it is at all in the position in which Lord Elgin's treaty, if it does indeed remove all restrictions on trade with the interior, will place it. The following statements in the official report of the present Consul at Shanghai, Mr. Robertson, will show at once how very far we have hitherto been from the attainment of the ends for which Lord Elgin has striven:

"It is not, however, with tariff duties that the trade at this port has alone to contend; for, heavily as they may press in some instances, still, being collected on the spot, their amount is known, and cannot be exceeded, but it is the imposts levied in the interior which so seriously affect it, and over which there is no control. Besides the principal inland custom-houses, the Lew-kwan at Loochow, the Kwa-kwan at Kwae-chow, the Yang-kwan at Yang-chow, and Kwing-gan, at Kwing-gan, recognized by the treaties, although no scale of charges were fixed, at every forty miles on the Grand Canal there are stations for the examination of boats, and small levies are made at each of them, probably not immediately under the orders of the imperial authorities, but still imposed by their servants; and, after they have passed these barriers, we know they are subjected to what are technically called 'squeezes,' to an amount that places them at such disadvantage in competition with native manufactures as to confine their sale within very small limits. In fact, unwilling as the Chinese merchants are to invest their capital in these uncertain times in foreign merchan-

dise, that unwillingness is increased by the trouble and expense they are put to in forwarding it into the interior."

When such a system of artificial restriction as this still prevails, it can scarcely be maintained that Government interference, taken only to remove it, is an interference inconsistent with the principles of free trade.

From The Economist.

DE-CENTRALIZATION IN FRANCE.

WE cannot but regard with unmingled satisfaction any symptom that the system of excessive centralization which the present Emperor of the French has stretched to a tension almost unparalleled even in France, will be relaxed under the present régime. That sooner or later it must have been relaxed in a great country like France, no one has ever doubted, and the only practical alternative in the minds of thinking men, lies between a voluntary loosening of the cord and its violent rupture. Now, whatever may be our personal estimate of the present Ruler of France, it is certainly more for the advantage both of France and of Europe that the present system should soften down into a constitutional government, than that all the uncertainty and terrible moral hazard of a change of dynasty should be again incurred. Nor do we believe that the significant signs which we have lately seen—in the address of Prince Napoleon at Limoges, in the recent speech of Count Morny to the Conseil Général of the Puy-de-Dôme, in the eloquent advice of Count Persigny that France should follow in the free-trade policy, and cultivate the friendship, of England, and, finally, in the accepted report of Prince Napoleon on the necessity of relaxing the "tutelage" exercised over the colonists of Algeria,—will be misinterpreted if we regard them as implying a real intention on the part of the Emperor to retrace in some measure the steps he had so unadvisedly taken in the hope of strengthening his throne. Of this, at least, we are sure, that it is the true policy of Louis Napoleon to develop the municipal institutions, and encourage the spirit of local self-government, which he has unwisely done so much to crush. It is in the country, and not in the great cities, that his chief strength lies. Despite the unjust and irritating deportations which took place in all the departments of France, under the Ministry of Espinasse, the name of Napoleon has still great power in the rural districts of France, and were the Emperor to intrust more constitutional freedom to the Conseils Generaux and the other local institutions, he would, probably, find that he gained far more moral influence and popularity by the purely voluntary adhesions he would thus secure, than he would lose in abandoning the

right of physical control. And we are willing to hope that the Emperor's own convictions are at length turning in the same direction. He has never apparently forgotten that he is not, like his uncle,—“the child of the revolution,”—but that he owes in great measure to an inherited name, to a tradition of the past, that popular regard, whatever its degree, which his uncle could never have secured had not his rapid elevation served to express the lively hatred entertained by the revolutionary party to all aristocratic and hereditary traditions. The first Emperor was a kind of revolutionary idol—the present Emperor, so far as his power is really acceptable to the French, represents a distinct attachment in the popular mind to the idea of a settled succession,—a monarchy, not certainly *more* distasteful because it first originated with the people, but yet hereditary in a single family. The difference between the two positions is wide. The first Emperor could not so easily have governed under the limitations of a constitutional monarchy,—the limitations imposed by the observance of municipal rights and the principles of local self-government,—because he had his whole reputation to make for himself; and these little distinct centres of force where the old traditions always linger longest, might never have accepted the new government until he had won their admiration by that policy which could not have been worked at all consistently with any respect for their rights. But Louis Napoleon's accession to power was simply an alternative preferred by the French people to the restoration of any of the older dynasties. A return to settled traditions of some kind they did wish for. They were weary of the incompetence and uncertainties of the Republic. They accepted a strong hand and a great name, rather than try new hands, or names associated with régimes which had been neither brilliant nor honest. It was a political compromise which lifted the third Napoleon to power,—a compromise between the general weariness of disorder, and the disgust still entertained for the old Orleanist and Bourbon régimes. It was a return to traditions of authority, though not to the traditions of those monotonous and narrow-hearted royal lines which had fairly worn out the regard of the French people. But seeing that it was a compromise between the revolutionary traditions and the principle of arbitrary authority,—between the popular and the monarchical principles,—municipal institutions and local political action might safely have been trusted by the Emperor instead of distrusted and suppressed. Conservative as these are, they always cherish, no doubt, the last germs of resistance to a perfectly new dynasty; but his was not a new dynasty, but one whose name had sunk deeper

into the hearts of the peasantry than that of any of the royal families of France. Local influences,—the change once made,—would have been eminently favorable to his régime, had it been a quiet and constitutional régime. Even the Orleanists still admit that the success of Louis Napoleon depends on his helping the rural districts to make their voice powerfully heard against the cities. It was a revolution that made his uncle's reputation, but his uncle's reputation has placed him in some measure in the position of a legitimate King. The imagination of the common people readily acquiesces in the rule of a Napoleon,—and local or municipal institutions are never active hot-beds of rebellion, unless the *imagination* of the people is insulted, and some fond popular memory of better rule is cherished there.

We believe, therefore that Louis Napoleon, would have shown great wisdom in trusting and developing the principle of local self-government in France. We hope and incline to believe that he sees at last the wisdom of this course, that he recognizes how powerful an ally he may thus gain against the tumultuous Republicans of Paris. The following words of Count de Morny are, we believe, full of truth, and we trust that they are as true indications of the purpose of the Emperor, as they are true. “On the day when the department, the commune, and the individual, may as it were manage their own affairs, much discontent which is now expressed towards the Central Government will disappear. I think that several reforms will be made in this [the present] state of things, thanks to the initiative and the powerful will of the Emperor, who has long studied all the elements of this question.” “Our national unity,” said the Prince Napoleon at Limoges, “prepared during a long succession of centuries, and established by the Revolution, has nothing to fear henceforth from the exaggeration of individualism or of a local spirit. The danger does not lie there. It should be found rather in the opposite tendency, if this latter were developed in an excessive degree. In fact, what we ought to fear is the absorption of individual energies by collective power, the substitution of the Government in the place of the citizen in every act of social life, the enfeebling of all personal initiative under the tutelage of an exaggerated administrative centralization.” These are remarkable words, and we see nothing in the antecedents of the present Emperor—*except* his own recent and unhappy precedents—to induce him to fear the consequences of initiating such a policy. And in any case, sooner or later such a policy must certainly be initiated, if the present dynasty is to outlive the present Emperor.

From The Economist.

FRENCH COLONIZATION : ALGERIA.

THERE can be no more instructive application of the principle of excessive centralization than its application to a distant colony. It is pretty evident that all the evils of centralization increase in a proportion far more rapid than that of the increase in the distance from the centre of Government. The first, and perhaps the greatest, evil of the system, indeed, does not depend at all on the magnitude of the distance from the seat of Government, but is equally great for the neighboring province or for the distant dependency,—we mean the evil of being wholly dependent on any external authority at all, instead of being self-governed as regards all local affairs, and, therefore, self-dependent. But when we come to the physical evils of centralization,—the complications and hindrances to all social and commercial enterprise which it necessitates,—it is obvious that these will be vastly increased with every step of removal from the centre of authority. The business on which the central authority has to decide will be not only less understood, but less cared for, the further it is from the scene of action and the person aggrieved by delay. There is clearly far more hope that the Minister of the Interior will understand and attend to the points submitted to him by a merchant of Bordeaux or a manufacturer of Lyons, than that the Foreign or Colonial Minister will understand and attend to the points submitted to him by an energetic capitalist in Algeria. We cannot, therefore, regret that the centralization which has done so much harm in France, has been extended in even an exaggerated form to Algeria. The radical evil of the system is there seen almost in caricature. There at last it has drawn the attention of the present Government, and, as we have occasion to point out in another article, there is good reason to hope that in attempting to remedy the evil, they will not stop with Algeria. When the whole breadth of the Mediterranean intervenes between the bureau and every petty local right it controls, the bureaucratic system condemns itself. But then no thinking statesmen can pass the sentence of condemnation without seeing that the principle at least includes cases nearer home.

And, accordingly, we find that the report of the Prince Napoleon on the condition of Algeria and the political prospects of that dependency is summed up in a few remarkable words which have a much wider application than is there given to them. "Much good has been done and immense results have been achieved. . . . The conquest and security of the country are, thanks to the glorious efforts of our army, complete; crimes are rare; the roads and property are safe, and the taxes are

regularly paid. Yet there is scarcely any colonization; there are barely 200,000 Europeans, of whom half are French; less than 100,000 agriculturists; *capital scarce; the spirit of initiation and of enterprise stifled*; discouragement among the colonists and capitalists who present themselves to fertilize the soil of Algeria." That this is not in any way too gloomy a picture of the actual state of things in Algeria, a very few facts will show. The French have held Algeria with a more or less certain grasp since 1830, and a great quantity of fertile and unoccupied land has been during that period at the disposal of the French Government, and a great deal more in the hands of colonists who did not use and were anxious to sell it,—yet during all that period Algeria has not received as many emigrants from all Europe as left Great Britain and Ireland for the United States *only*, in any one year between 1849 and 1853. And yet during all this period France has been spending lavishly on her only considerable dependency, and increasing the value of land and capital by every kind of improvement which a Government can undertake. The natives have received inestimable commercial benefits from the French conquest. Before the French conquest the cost of a bull in Algeria was about 16s; a sheep, 2s; a hundred eggs or oranges, 6d; and a quarter of wheat, 26s: now the prices are those of Europe, and the incomes of the inhabitants have risen in proportion. But the colonists and capitalists would probably have gladly exchanged all these benefits of a beneficent Government for a little relaxation in the minute supervision and centralization to which they have been subjected. "A net of high roads," says the recent historian of Algeria, M. Pulszky, "has been constructed all over the Regency. . . . It is an every-day occurrence to see wild Hajutes and ragged Kabyles in the stage-coaches which run in every direction from Algiers over the Metija and across the Atlas. Great works of drainage and of irrigation have been commenced, and are carried on with vigor in the plains around Algiers, Bona, Constantine, Mascara, and Oran," and yet the colony does not prosper, and a deficit of more than three millions sterling in a single year, on an administration of which the total expenditure is but four millions, is by no means uncommon.

In fact, the cost of the army of occupation and of the whole French administration of Algiers appears to be paid by France,—the revenue of the province being barely sufficient to cover the cost of the public works and the plantation of new settlements. France has spent millions—eighty millions sterling was spent within twenty years of the conquest—on the conquest and colonization of this prov-

ince, and still its revenue does not defray much more than one-seventh part of its cost. Seven millions sterling were devoted in the same twenty years to public works alone, and though with the great result to the natives of which we have spoken, with no beneficial result to the colony. "In vain," says M. Pulszky, "has the administration sent over the paupers of France, built villages, bought all the necessary agricultural tools and cattle, and even cleared the ground for them by soldiers;" in vain have the soldiers been rewarded with land for their services, and political offenders transported thither: the result is insignificant, and mainly, if not only, because the French authorities leave no freedom of action to the settlers; or, as Prince Napoleon expresses it, because "the spirit of *initiative* and of enterprise has been stifled." And he recommends to the Emperor the true and only remedy for this condition of things when he says, "in the civil districts it is necessary to put an end to the close tutelage exercised by Government over interests and persons."

The truth is, that the Kabyles or mountain tribes, and the Arabs who inhabit the great plains which are not suitable for colonization, have gained far more by the French occupation than the Moors and the European colonists who are subjected to the civil rule of France. The former have gained almost all the benefit of the public works, and yet not experienced the pressure of the French bureaucratic system. They are still governed entirely by their native chiefs, who acknowledge the supremacy of France, but are left untroubled by its legislative yoke. The inhabitants of the towns and the civil districts, on the other hand, are trammelled by that paralyzing system of French centralization to which the Prince Napoleon alludes as the great impediment to all progress. Englishmen are at first scarcely able to credit the accounts which are given upon the best authority, as to the extent and intricacy of this system. M. Pulszky says, indeed, that the French Government meddles "*even more* than the English Colonial Office" in the affairs of the colonists. But the fact is, that any Colonial Minister in England who might propose a scheme of superintendence for an English colony in any way approximating to the common practice in France for regulating the affairs of Algeria, would fall from power amid a storm of scornful indignation. The Algerian colonists can scarcely make any investment of capital at all, without making applications and lodging depositions, which must be submitted to the French officials, and frequently go to Paris for the sanction of the Home Government. "There have been instances," says an able contemporary,

in Algiers, of important manufactories being constructed, and having, after their completion, *to wait two years* for a Government license before commencing operations. Only the funds of a large company could withstand the drain of such a system. How many small capitalists must have been ruined in similar transactions, or have shunned the attempt!" Again, before the immigrant can acquire a concession of land, he must wait an indefinite period, and has then to satisfy a set of most exacting conditions,—to prove himself in the possession of funds to a given amount, and then to build a house, plant a given number of trees to the acre, and clear all his land within a given time. What Englishman would desire to take land in Canada, or even in Ireland, on such conditions as these? And how can the French wonder that there is "scarcely any colonization at all," when such a process lies before the colonist? Even the official reports do not assert any increase in the number of French colonists during the last eleven years, but give the numbers pretty nearly as they were estimated in 1847. Prince Napoleon will do more than any former ruler for the Algerian colony, if he only recognizes the English principle that Government does infinitely more harm than good by attempting to regulate what lies beyond its sphere of observation. And, in bringing the working of this colonial principle conspicuously before the Imperial Government, he cannot but confirm the Ministry in their present disposition to apply to the less distant, and perhaps less glaring, provincial grievances the remedy found absolutely urgent in the case of Algeria.

From The Spectator.

"SETTLED QUESTIONS."

As things are in England, it requires but little foresight to discern the too great probability of some form of national disaster. For if ever the country was in that dangerous and significant condition which is called "fools' paradise," it is so now. And in the boasts that are loudly, or tacitly, circulated it is as easy as possible to see the germs of "ill luck," as negligence is generally called. We have conquered China, and the recommencement of difficulties at Canton can scarcely make our politicians perceive that the more we gain on that uncertain ground, the more we risk. It was but yesterday that we were exulting in the combining together of two continents by a permanent "link;" and the link literally snaps, or at least is strained, before our crowings have ceased. We boast that we have done with party opinions, merely because we are at present unable to discern how political parties will rearrange them-

selves. And in like manner this latest news from China fills us with exultation, when it ought to fill us with anxiety. It will need some sharper rebuff than we have yet experienced to awaken us from these dreams.

It is easy to account for this national temper, and perhaps the inquiry may not be altogether useless in encouraging a healthy reaction. Most of the politicians of the day have lived at least a part of their lives during a struggle to attain the practical solution of some great question. Not a few of us, and the fathers of the rest, had a hard fight, in argument, and almost in sterner weapons, to bring about the recognition of political equality for Dissenters; the political servitude of Roman Catholics had to be abolished by a severe struggle, in reasoning and in that kind of Parliamentary warfare which is well-nigh worse than the conflict of the field. The Whigs, who retain certain contracted notions of the degree to which this country may realize in modern days the theory of our constitution, had a lifelong struggle with the Tories, to extend the representation of the people; they beat those heirs of the Stuart faction, and carried their Reform Bill. The theoretical conviction of Robert Peel's youth ultimately became coincident with the demands of the trading classes, whose power the Reform Bill had augmented; and with the cry of the manufacturing classes we carried Free Trade. We have thus settled the greatest questions that had formed the staple of political controversy; until at last controversy itself seemed to have come to an end. When the Chartists, professing to carry out the dogma of the constitution, and the promises of the statesmen and middle-class men whom they aided in '30 and '31, asked for an extension of the franchise to themselves and their fellows, they encountered a combined resistance; and traitors amongst themselves assisted in reducing their petition *ad absurdum* by adulterating the millions of signatures with hosts of forgeries and ribaldries; and in that way Chartism, notwithstanding the recognition given to it by the prophetic philosophy of a Carlyle, or the practical economy of an Edward Gibbon Wakefield, seemed to be disposed of by being "shelved." It had cost two or three generations to bring about the closing of the other great questions; the country had been rather tired after the struggle; other objects have attracted popular attention. Parties had become broken up in the conflict; party objects have been so far disturbed and displaced; and with the millennium of the French alliance and the Atlantic cable, we seem also to have attained a millennium of faction, in the impossibility at the present day of discriminating between Whig or Radical, Chartist or

Tory, Freetrader or Protectionist; each being all, and the representative of every section willing enough to do the work of the rest, if they will only let him. We have nothing more to dispute about; nothing more but to enrol the whole people in one great joint-stock company, with sufficient confidence in the chairman and directors of Downing Street to transact any business; and thus we are absolved for ever from the trouble of exploring, contesting, or settling public questions. So confirmed are many persons in these convictions, that some of the loftiest minds amongst us have thought it time to turn altogether from inferior and secular questions to others, which appear to be of an enduring interest; and High Church or Low Church has been seeking to take possession of the entire public mind. Geniuses more recondite, from Oxford or Cambridge, have superciliously smiled at the small struggles of the past, and have promised henceforward that we shall carry on public affairs without any of the petty scandals which we have witnessed, if we will only educate the people, adopt sufficiently scientific methods, and leave all to exalted intellects. The day has come when high science shall be the dictator; and in the present festivities at Leeds we almost see a prophetic masque, in which the Sovereign heads a procession, supported by the statesmen and municipalities of the land, under the guidance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; music lending its rhythmical throb to the exultation of the hour.

The kind of general tacit agreement in this assumption is but the indulgence of that appetite for *completion* which man can never shake off. He is constantly aspiring to arrive at some stage on which he shall repose, although he has not yet attained the smallest proof that in this human journey we are ever to reach "that goal" about which we have so many allegorical promises. There is not a settled question of our yesterday's list that is not at this moment paralleled by some rising question for to-morrow. The Reform Bill, which some even amongst the Democrats of 1831 believed to have closed the capital account of our Constitution, is reflected by that Reform Bill of 1859, which speakers of the new philosophical class, the representatives of all the great towns, and the leaders of every party in the country, have recognized as an unavoidable necessity of the morrow. Even the religious question settled in Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, is reflected by the intrigues of a Wiseman or a Wilberforce, a West, a Poole, or a Gresley, to supersede the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, to set up new standards within the national church, or to mislead the

people whom they can no longer coerce. Free Trade, which we have settled for ourselves, is but germinating in our relations with France, Russia, and Austria, the great Absolutist Protectionists, with whom the telegraph brings us into closest communication, and whom the commercial marine of the world places in contiguity with our dock-yards. There is not a foreign question which we boasted to have settled a year or two back that is not open to wider proportions, either by the proceedings of the conferences in Paris, or by our own acts subsequently. We vaunted the settlement of Turkey in Europe, by admitting the Sultan to the European system and defining the relation of his vassals to the Porte; and we have just been bombarding Jeddah, and reconsidering a measure which will make the Danubian principalities semi-independent; after discovering the impossibility of sending a telegraph through Asiatic possessions of Turkey on account of her uncertain dominion; and, in short, confessing to our own minds that "the sick man" is sicker than ever he was. Russia, beaten in the war, has beaten us in the conferences; and while she is beginning to supply her deficiencies by the great railway which will form her own high road from the north to the south of the old world, the Panslavonianism which she patronizes, as rampant as ever in our Ionian islands, is again threatening "the integrity of the Ottoman empire." The questions of Italy and of Naples, never settled, are now augmented by the question of Portugal, upon which France is making some covert encroachment. Spain is a standing difficulty. As for India, we have been reconstructing the home Government before we have reestablished our tenure of Hindostan; while the ex-Ministerial organ is announcing that the European garrison of Bengal cannot be lowered from its present standard; the whole question of holding India by Indian means being reopened by the state of the facts. There is not a question which we thought to have closed, abroad or at home, that is not renewed in some wider question now opened, or on the point of opening.

To say nothing of new questions, or old

questions in a new form—Austria going "to resume cash payments in November;" Russia emancipating her serfs, who so little understand the emancipation that they are playing "Swing" to mark their appreciation of it; while "the Empire" that "is peace" is carrying on a policy which compels every European Government to augment its armies.

And it is in conjunction with France that we have "settled" the China question; our other assistants in that operation being the United States, for whom some have imagined a Chinese Empire parallel to our Indian Empire, and Russia, who has already established herself on the Amoor or Sagalien, as we foresaw years ago that she would do. So much has the war arrested her progress! China is proclaimed as "open" because we have succeeded in gaining access to the central sovereign, and in so far beating down the local authority that a certain free trade is granted in diplomatic intercourse, in the establishment of factories at a number of seaport towns, and in Christianizing. We, the British, have gained this freedom of action amongst the two or three hundred millions of yellow-skinned, flat-faced, inert, pedagogue-ridden, ignorant, conceited Mongols, whose common sense consists in submitting to the most ridiculous tyrannies, and in the endeavor to outwit "the Barbarian." In other words, we have established a free trade in encroachment upon the Chinese Empire, with all its capabilities,—a free trade in competitive proselytism, a free trade in commercial sharp-dealing,—a free trade such as this not only for Englishmen and our own sects, but also for the Yankee Republic with its countless projects, for Catholic France with its Jesuits and its duplicities, and for Greek Russia with its rooted ambitions in the extreme East. And this we call "settling" a question; as if we could not understand that it is *opening* the most gigantic questions, commercial, political, administrative, diplomatic, military, and religious, between the most powerful and restless powers of the world, on the widest field within a national boundary; that field being already crowded with the lowest rabble which is by courtesy called "civilized!"

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.—"Never," says Donne, "think it a weakness to call that a judgment of God, which others determine in nature. Do so, so far as works to thy edification who seest that

judgment, though not so far as to argue and conclude the final condemnation of that man upon whom that judgment is fallen."—*Sermon* xli., p. 466.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD VILLAGE AND ITS INMATES.

IN spite of railways, electric telegraphs, and all the other annihilators of peace, quietness, and sylvan solitude, there are *some* quaint rural districts in Old England still—some old villages where everybody does *not* know, day by day, what all the world is doing; where the villagers are content to dwell from youth to age amid their own people; as primitive, as ignorant, as old-fashioned as if the great clock of time had stood still for them since the penultimate peace.

Such is the village of Thyndon. Left between two great lines of railway, five miles from a post-town, with only one "great house" in its vicinity, and scarcely any country neighborhood, it is the Thyndon of a century ago, unchanged, and with comparatively little chance of changing.

Of course, being a place in which modern bricks, stones, and mortar are almost unknown, it has a most magnificent church, the delight and pride of the village, as well as the admiration of every architecturally disposed visitor. Such aisles, such a chancel, such a screen! You would go far to find any like them. The centre aisle is so wide that three can walk abreast up it, although the school children sit in double rows on each side, between the pew doors. The monuments are old and singular; the wood-carved pulpit and screen, gems of art; and the windows worthy of calling Milton's delicious lines to memory by the "dim religious light" which streams in rosy or purple glory through their tinted panes. The belfry, too, is worthy of great admiration, and has a sad story attached to it—too horrible indeed to be given here. Poor Joe Milward! he was as good a husband and father as the village ever boasted, and well beloved besides as a kind neighbor and "good fellow." The catastrophe by which he lost his life made people wish that the vacant little cottage which stood close beside the churchyard might be given to widows instead of to the eldest unmarried woman of the village, but the rector could not alter the will of the founder. It must be a more modern charity that would come to the aid of the widow of Joe Milward; and she was taken care of and provided for, both she and her six little ones, though not in that way.

The houses near this glorious church deserve our first attention. They are as an-

cient as the holy pile itself, and of the most picturesque description. On each side of the entrance stand two small detached cottages, destined—as we have hinted above—the one for the eldest spinster, the other for the eldest bachelor of the parish, provided they were of respectable character. A small meadow is attached to each tiny dwelling, which itself looks like a bee-hive, buried amidst green leaves and flowering shrubs. On one side of the church stands the parsonage, a long rambling dwelling with high gable ends, tall chimneys, and a clock-tower; it also is embosomed in trees, and covered with ivy. Its quaint old garden opens into the churchyard, and is rich in old-fashioned roses (not standards), lilies of the valley, and all the fair blossoms, now half-forgotten, which perfume, as it were, the poetry of the *Winter's Tale* and *Lycidas*.

Here dwells the good old rector, a widower with one unmarried daughter. The other lives at Merton's End—the "Home of the Old Ladies" as it is called even now—as a happy and adored wife. But we have something to tell of that fair dame before we quit the time-honored rectory for her present dwelling, which is also the squire's—a deed so courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The squire had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church-clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees.

She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride-elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. she was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart-complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied sullenly, "if you give us every thing quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "he wasn't agoing to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them.

In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear, and eye had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time, Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds,

and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

The house to which this strangely preceded marriage led Adelaide, was a fine old mansion, dating its erection from the very days of Elizabeth. A straight drive through two gates, such as is peculiar to the entrance of old French chateaus, leads up to the entrance, on each side of which stand two very old tulip-trees, of unusual size and beauty. There is something very picturesque in the quaint gables, and the bell-tower in the centre between them; and against the side of the house is a wall-dial, the only one of its kind to be seen, perhaps, now in England. Here, on the weather-stained bricks, it has counted the hours of human life for three hundred years.

The last occupants were three aged ladies, whose long residence and venerable appearance gave a new name to Merton's End, which, from their time, has been called by the villagers the Home of the Old Ladies. The eldest of the three was but twenty years old when she came to live there; she was ninety-five the very day the old wall-dial pointed to her last hour. So long a continuance in so quiet a place might seem to imply a life of unbroken tranquillity, and doubtless the great age to which they attained might have proceeded from the peaceful lapse of time; and yet *they*, too, had a history. There was a tinge of romance about their youth which had colored their long slow life.

When, in the bloom of early years, they had come to dwell at Merton's End, it had been judged proper—the eldest being only twenty—to place them under the care of a widowed lady, distantly related to their family. Now, it so chanced that this gentlewoman had been educated in Paris, and had there imbibed much of the literary tastes and affection of philosophy which were the fashion of the day. She delighted in believing herself an English Du Deffand, far superior to the prejudices of her time and country; and read and discussed with great vivacity those gay French writers who, by their wit and sentimentalities, divorced from common sense, were sowing the dragon's teeth of the Reign of Terror. This lady had a nephew—English by birth, but brought up in France—a man about thirty, who held an office in the French court, and was as really learned and witty as his aunt dreamed of being. This

gentleman was, soon after their establishment at Merton's End, invited to visit his relative.

One can fancy how gay the old house was in those days—the three fair sisters brightening it with smiles, and glad voices, and merry household ways—and how the neighboring young squires would ride slowly by, on summer eventides, to catch a glimpse of the young ladies of the manor, as they sat talking beneath the old tulip-trees. It was thought they would soon wed, for they were all well grown and fair, and co-heiresses; and in those days, celibacy was less common than now. There was *the* old maid of Thyndon itself, and in families, rarely more than one remained unmarried. It was because it was rare, perhaps, that the single state was more marked then than at present; just as people then talked of *the* beauty of a county or of a ball—probably some damsel who had escaped small-pox—whereas now so many stars twinkle, that selection can scarcely be made, thanks to vaccination and refined education.

But the suitors who already aspired to the favor of the sisters, had small chance of success when the expected guest arrived. Truly, that same Walter Selby was a contrast to the somewhat clownish Nimrods of the vicinity. The man of dogs and horses stood no chance beside the finished French courtier, who preferred ladies' society to the hunt, drank tea with them out of diminutive cups and saucers, understood and appreciated a graceful fashion, and told them fascinating stories of the brilliant world of Paris, with its gaiety, its bon mots, its mesmerism, its mixture of fantastic superstitions and bold infidelity: how Marie Antoinette, choosing to wear shoes of a mixed green called *l'uni-vert* which did not take the fancy of her court, appealed to the judgment of a reverend abbé, supposed to be the very “mask of fashion;” and how the gallant priest replied by a punning compliment: “Madame, l'univers (l'uni-vert) sied bien à vos pieds.” Or he told of the wonderful Count of St. Germain, who contrived to persuade the Parisians of his immortality on earth, till he died—he was not dead then and guest and damsels gravely discussed the possibility of prolonging even to infinitude that life, their own portion of which was destined to drag on till its light and freshness had long perished. What, after such an abbe and such a magician, was the quiet, broad-brimmed young parson of the village, who

colored and stammered at the slightest approach to a compliment and the country doctor, whose patients died without at all surprising him. And after this modern Othello, how could they listen to the untraveled youth around them.

The stranger gave a new charm to Merton's End, and, alas! threw an unhappy glamour over its fair inmates individually. Skilled in coquetry, he managed to persuade each that she was the object of his especial preference, the spell which bound him for so long to Merton's End. He had held the hand of one, as if involuntarily, and resigned it with a sigh; another had found him continually beside her in her walks: all three could recall tender glances and soft tones, gentle words, and those indefinable nothings that are the silent language of undeclared affection. Yet not one could be sufficiently certain of his intentions to confide in her sisters, and thus rend the veil of deception. He deceived all three at the same moment—an easy feat, when those betrayed are simple-minded and honest, and the betrayer an experienced swindler of affection.

At length his visit ended, with a promise of a speedy return; and a meaning in each parting clasp of their hands, and farewell in their ear; and for years that return was expected with something of the feeling, as time sped on, of Mariana in the moated grange. How often did the sisters gaze mournfully across the wide heath from the drawing-room windows, in hope of *his* coming whom they might see no more: it was this unspoken hope, this secret affection, that caused suitor after suitor to be rejected, till youth glided by and lovers ceased to woo. The old aunt died; the French revolution had long since shaken Europe—they believed *it* had somehow occasioned Walter's absence—and the sisters settled down into grave middle-aged ladies.

The eldest, who had been most infected by her aunt's tastes, preserved all her life a withered rose Walter Selby had given her, in a painted tiffany-case, and wrote poetry upon disappointed affection; some of which, very yellow, very oddly spelt, and a little lame in the feet, Adelaide has found since she took possession of the old lady's boudoir, or, as *she* would have called it, "her closet."

The others took to lapdogs and parrots; and one, the youngest, was the Lady Bountiful of the village. All did good in their sev-

eral ways, and, however blighted and saddened, were not embittered by the disappointment. When the tulip-trees, beneath which they had sat in blooming girlhood, were in fuller beauty than ever, and their own loveliness had become a myth, Walter Selby came to Merton's End once more.

The letter announcing his approaching visit excited quite a sensation in the minds of the quiet ladies. Time flew back, as it were, or at least parted with a quiver of his wings the mist spreading over the past; and the courtier of other days returned so vividly to their mental vision, that it was with a feeling of surprise and unconscious disappointment they beheld a thin, grey-headed old gentleman—an aged *petit maître*—instead of the graceful personage they had known of yore. Walter was as bland, as courteous, as would-be fascinating as ever. The flirt was the flirt still, even in undignified old age; but the days of working mischief were gone by. The ladies saw him depart, after a brief visit, with friendly feelings, but no wish for his return.

Of the sorrow he had once caused—of the shadow and the solitariness he had brought on their lives, they now retained little perception. They had, by their cheerful habits of content, grown like the wall-dial, that only counts the sunny hours; the shadows glided unnumbered by them.

In due time, the beautiful church embosomed them; and the dial now tells hours of happiness for a young distant kinsman and his bride, the "Adelaide" of the rectory; and probably Merton's End will regain its real name once more.

The village is not without a haunted house, of course; but in this case there is a marked singularity in the site of the goblin's freaks: it is the school which is haunted! Nobody knows why, or by whom. Luckily, ghosts shun daylight; and the dame who lives above the schoolroom has, as she phrases it, "got used to its ways," so that many little ones still are taught there, and things go on much as if the ghost were quite an ordinary inhabitant of Thyndon—a harmless eccentricity, doing no injury to any one.

Many an ivy-covered cottage, dotted about in green lanes, or clustering down the single grassy street, forms the remainder of the village; and the inmates of these dwellings are, as we have said, a primitive and old-fashioned people, though they are getting good teaching—which threatens to lay the ghost at the village school, and are quietly gliding into the superior knowledge, and some of the arts of the present. To those who love that favorite of our youth, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and would fain see something of such as Auburn was in its bright days, we recommend a visit to Thyndon.

LITTLE BESSIE,

AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

"Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night:
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

"All day long while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves His lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished He'd come and take me
In His arms, that I might sleep.

"Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened,
In a field were lambs and sheep,
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

"But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if He saw me,
He would speak to such as me?
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there!

"They were singing, oh! how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard!
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When He said, 'Come here, my child!

"Come up here, my little Bessie!
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see!
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

"And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me!—I would go
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer!
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange, to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest.

In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness, calm and deep,
Laying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

ANONYMOUS.

WORDS:

FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS' FUNERAL-TUNE

(IN MEMORIAM: NOVEMBER 1857.)

"Thou wilt call, and I shall answer Thee: Thou wilt have respect to the work of Thine own hands."

With steady march, along the daisy meadow
And by the churchyard wall we go;
But leave behind, under the linden shadow
One, who no more will rise and go:
Farewell, our brother, left sleeping in dust,
Till thou shalt wake again—wake with the just.

Adown the street, where neighbor laughs to neighbor,

Adown the busy street we throng;
In noisy mirth to live, to love, to labor—
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, our brother! though sleeping in dust:

Shalt thou not rise again—rise with the just?

Farewell, farewell, true heart, warm hand, left lying

Beneath the linden branches calm;
'Tis his to live, and ours to wait for dying—
To win, while he has won, the palm.
Farewell, our brother! But one day, we trust,
Call—he shall answer Thee—God of the just!
—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

ALL shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind,
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus sinks
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before it fragrance yield.
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE TRAVELLER'S VISION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

It was midway in the desert; night her dusky wing had spread,
 And my Arab guides were sleeping, snaring each his courser's bed;
 Far and near where streams of moonlight lay on Nile's time-honored plain,
 Silvery white, amid the sand-heaps, gleamed the bones of camels slain.

I lay wakeful—where my saddle made a pillow hard and cool—
 With the dried fruits of the palm-tree I had heaped its pouches full—
 I had spread my loosened caftan over knee and over breast,
 Naked sword and gun beside me: thus had laid me down to rest.

All was still—save when the embers of our sunken watch-fire stirred:
 Save when, hurrying to her homestead, screamed some wild belated bird;
 Save when, slumbering, stamped the charger, bound beside his Arab lord;
 Save when, dreaming of the battle, grasped the rider's hand his sword!

Heaven!—the trembling earth upheaveth! Shadowy forms are dimly seen!
 And the wild beasts fly before them far across the moonlight sheen!

Snort our steeds in deadly terror, and the startled dragoon
 Drops his ensign, murmuring wildly: "'Tis the Spirit-caravan!"

See, they come! before the camels ghastly leaders point the way;
 Borne aloft, unveiled women their voluptuous charms display;
 And beside them lovely maidens bearing pitchers—like Rebecca—
 And behind them horsemen guarding—all are hurrying on to Mecca!

More and more! their ranks are endless! who may count them? more again!
 Woe is me!—for living camels are the bones upon the plain!

And the brown sands, whirling wildly, in a dusky mass arise,
 Changing into camel-drivers—men of bronze with flaming eyes.

Ay, this is the night and hour, when all wanderers of the land
 Whom the whirlwind once o'ertaking, 'whelmed beneath its waves of sand;
 Whose storm-driven dust hath fanned us—crumbling bones around us lay—
 Rise and move in wan procession, by their Prophet's grave to pray!

More and more! the last in order have not passed across the plain,
 Ere the first with loosened bridle fast are flying back again.

From the verdant inland mountain, even to Bab-el-mandeb's sands,
 They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rearing, breaks his bands!

Courage! hold the plunging horses; each man to his courser's head!
 Tremble not, as timid sheep-flocks tremble at the lion's tread.
 Fear not though yon waving mantles fan you as they hasten on;
 Call on Allah! and the pageant ere you look again is gone!

Patience, till the morning breezes wave again your turbans' plume;
 Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds to the tomb.
 Once again to dust shall daylight doom these wanderers of the night;
 See, it dawns!—a joyous welcome neigh our horses to the light!—*Chambers's Journal*.

CONSOLATIONS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the humble passage through the world which I till now have made,
 I've seen more storms than sunshine and less of light than shade;
 Yet sometimes a new planet has sweetly shone for me,
 And sometimes a green island has risen from the sea.

My childhood knew misfortune of a strange and weary kind,
 And I have always worn a chain, though not upon my mind,
 And I render thanks to thee, O God! from my prison, that I live
 Unshorn of that best privilege, which thou alone canst give.

I mean a soul to apprehend the beauty that is spread
 Above me and around me and beneath my feeble tread;
 And though I may not climb the mount or thread the winding vale,
 Yet mount and vale to me impart delights that never fail.

The dewy spring-time comes to me with melody of birds,
 Familiar as my sister's song and tender as her words;

I love the summer's scented blooms, and autumn's bright decay,
 And winter's frozen jewels made, like hopes, to melt away.

My heart is like a river in the leafy month of June,
 With a never ceasing gush of waves that chime a merry tune;
 Though its surface may be broken when the gale of sorrow blows,
 A living fount supplies it, and it always sings and flows.

Great cause have I for gratitude to the Giver of my life,
 For love is still my talisman in danger, toil and strife;
 And, though bereft of freedom in the body, I can fly
 As high as heaven on wings of thought, like an eagle to the sky.—*Churchman*.

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12. *De L'Image Photochromatique du Spectre Solaire.* Par M. E. Becquerel. Comptes Rendus, etc., tom. xxviii., p. 200, Feb. 1849.
13. *Sur une Relation existant entre la Couleur des certaines Flammes Colorées, avec les Images Héliographiques Colorées par la Lumière.* Par M. Niepce de St. Victor. Comptes Rendus, etc., tom. xxxii., p. 834. May 1851.
14. *Second Memoire sur Heliochromie.* Par M. Niepce de St. Victor. Comptes Rendus, etc., tom. xxxiv., p. 215.
15. *Troisième Memoire sur Heliochromie.* Par M. Niepce de St. Victor. Comptes Rendus, etc., tom. xxxv., p. 696. Nov. 1852.
16. *Memoires sur une Nouvelle Action de la Lumière.* Par M. Niepce de St. Victor. Comptes Rendus, etc., tom. xlv., p. 811, Nov. 1857, and tom. xlv., pp. 448–489, Mars 1858.
17. *Photographic Art Treasures.* Inventor, Paul Pretsch; Photographer, Roger Fenton. Nos. I. to V., folio. London, 1856, 1857.
18. *The Stereoscopic Magazine.* No I. London, June 1858.

Or all the elements which play a high part in the material universe, the light which emanates from the sun is certainly the most remarkable, whether we view it in its sanatory, scientific, or æsthetical relations. It is, to speak metaphorically, the very life-blood of nature, without which every thing material would fade and perish. It is the fountain of all our knowledge of the external universe, and it is now becoming the historiographer of the visible creation, recording and transmitting to future ages all that is beautiful and sublime in organic and inorganic nature, and stamping on perennial tablets the hallowed scenes of domestic life, the ever-varying phases of social intercourse, and the more exciting tracks of bloodshed and of war, which Christians still struggle to reconcile with the principles of their faith.

The influence of light on physical life is a subject of which we at present know very little, and one, consequently, in which the public, in their still greater ignorance, will take little interest; but the science of light, which, under the name of *Optics*, has been studied for nearly two hundred years by the brightest intellects in the Old and New World, consists of a body of facts and laws of the most extraordinary kind,—rich in popular as well as profound knowledge, and affording to educated students, male and female, simple and lucid explanations of that boundless and brilliant array of phenomena which light creates, and manifests, and develops. While it has given to astronomy and navigation their telescopes and instruments of discovery, and to the botanist, the naturalist, and the physiologist, their microscopes, simple, compound, and polarizing, it has shown to the student of nature how the juices of plants and animals,

and the integuments and films of organic bodies, elicit from the pure sunbeam its prismatic elements,—clothing, fruit, and flower with their gorgeous attire, bathing every aspect of nature in the rich and varied hues of spring and autumn,—painting the sky with azure and the clouds with gold.

Thus initiated into the mysteries of light, and armed with the secrets and powers which science has wrested from the God of Day, philosophers of our own age have discovered in certain dark rays of the sunbeam, a magic though invisible pencil, which can delineate instantaneously every form of life and being, and fix in durable outline every expression, demoniacal or divine, which the passions and intellects of man can impress upon the living clay. They have imparted to the cultivators of art their mighty secret, and thousands of travelling artists are now in every quarter of the globe recording all that earth, und ocean, and air can display,—all that man has perpetrated against the strongholds of his enemies, and all that he has more wisely done to improve and embellish the home which has been given him.

A branch of knowledge so intimately connected with our physical well-being, so pregnant with displays of the Divine wisdom and beneficence, and so closely allied in its æsthetic aspect with every interest, social and domestic, might have been expected to form a part in our educational courses, or, through the agencies of cheap literature and popular exposition, to have commanded a place in the school and in the drawing-room, and to have gilded, if not to have replaced, the frivolities of fashionable life. Such expectations, however, have not been realised. Men of science who are much in the society of the educated world, and especially of those favored classes who have the finest opportunities of acquiring knowledge, are struck with the depth of ignorance which they encounter; while they are surprised at the taste which so generally prevails for natural history pursuits, and at the passion which is universally exhibited even for higher scientific information which can be comprehended by the judgment and appropriated by the memory. The prevailing ignorance, therefore, of which we speak, is the offspring of an imperfect system of education, which has already given birth to great social evils,—to financial laws unjust to individuals and ruinous to the physical and moral health

of the community. If the public be ignorant of science, and its applications, in their more fascinating and intelligible phases; if our clergy, in their weekly homilies, never throw a sunbeam of secular truth among their people; if legislators hardly surpass their constituents in these essential branches of knowledge, how can the great interests of civilization be maintained and advanced? how are scientific men to gain their place in the social scale? and how are the material interests of a great nation, depending so essentially on the encouragement of art and science, to be protected and extended? How is England to fare, if she shall continue the only civilized nation which, amid the perpetual struggles of political faction, never devotes an hour of its legislative life to the consideration of its educational establishments and the consolidation of its scientific institutions?

Impressed with the importance of these facts, and in the hope that some remedy may be found for such a state of things, we have drawn up the following article, in order to show how much useful, and popular, and pleasing information may be learned from a popular exposition of the nature and properties of the single element of light, in its sanatory, its scientific, and its artistic or æsthetical relations. Should our more intelligent readers rise from its perusal with information which they had not anticipated, and which they had previously regarded as beyond their depth, our labor in preparing it will be amply rewarded, and we shall hope to meet them again in other surveys of the more popular branches of science.

I. In attempting to expound the *influence of light as a sanatory agent*, we enter upon a subject which, in so far as we know, is entirely new, and upon which little information is to be obtained; but, admitting the existence of the influence itself, as partially established by observation and analogy, and admitting too the vast importance of the subject in its personal and social aspects, we venture to say that science furnishes us with principles and methods by which the blessings of light may be diffused in localities where a cheering sunbeam has never reached, and where all the poisons and malaria of darkness have been undermining the soundest constitutions, and carrying thousands of our race prematurely to the grave.

The influence of light upon vegetable life

has been long and successfully studied by the botanist and the chemist. The researches of Priestley, Ingenhousz, Sennebler, and Decandolle, and the more recent ones of Carradori, Payen, and Maçaire, have placed it beyond a doubt, that the rays of the sun exert the most marked influence on the respiration, the absorption, and the exhalation of plants, and, consequently, on their general and local nutrition. Dr. Priestley tells us, "It is well known that *without light* no plant can thrive; and if it do grow at all in the dark, it is always *white*, and is in all other respects in a sick and weakly state." He is of opinion that healthy plants are in a state similar to sleep in the absence of light, and that they resume their proper functions when placed under the influence of light and the direct action of the solar rays.

In the year 1835, D. Daubeny communicated to the Royal Society a series of interesting experiments on the action of light upon plants, when the luminous, calorific, or chemical rays were made preponderant by transmission through the following colored glasses or fluids.

	Light.	Heat.	Chemical Rays.
Transparent Glass, . . .	7	7	7
Orange Do.	6	6	4
Red Do.	4	5	6
Blue Do.	4	3	6
Purple Do.	3	4	6
Green Do.	5	2	3
Solution of Ammonia,			
Sulphate of Copper, . . .	2	1	5
Port Wine,	1	3	0

The general result of these experiments is thus given by their author: "Upon the whole, then, I am inclined to infer, from the general tenor of the experiments I have hitherto made, that both the exhalation and the absorption of moisture by plants, so far as they depend upon the influence of light, are affected in the greatest degree by the *most luminous rays*, and that all the functions of the vegetable economy which are owing to the presence of this agent, follow, in that respect, the same law." *

This curious subject has been recently studied in a more general aspect by Mr. Robert Hunt, who has published his results in the Reports of the British Association for 1847. Not content with ascertaining, as his predecessors had done, the action of the sun's white and undecomposed light upon the germ-

ination and growth of plants, he availed himself of the discovery of the chemical or invisible rays of light, and sought to determine the peculiar influence of these rays and of the various colors of solar light upon the germination of seeds, the growth of the wood, and the other functions of plants.

In order to explain the results which he obtained, we must initiate the reader into the constitution of the white light which issues from the sun. If we admit a cylindrical beam of the sun's light through a small circular aperture into a dark room, it will form a round white spot when received on paper. Now this white beam consists of *three visible* colored beams, which when mixed or falling on the same spot, make white, and of two *invisible* beams, one of which produces heat, and the other a chemical influence called actinism, which produces chemical changes, the most remarkable of which are embodied in photographic pictures. The whole sun-beam, therefore, contains *luminous* or color-making rays, *heating* rays, and *chemical* rays.

When white light, therefore, acts upon plants, we require to know which of these rays produce any of the remarkable changes that take place; and as it is not easy to insulate the different rays and make them act separately, the inquiry is attended with considerable difficulty. By using colored glasses and colored fluids, which absorb certain rays of white light and allow others to pass, Mr. Hunt made arrangements by which he could submit plants to an excess of *red, yellow* or *blue* rays, or to an excess of the heating rays, or of the chemical or actinic ones. In this way, he was not able to study the pure influence of any of those rays in a state of perfect insulation, but merely the influence of a *preponderance* of one set of rays over others, which is sufficient to indicate to a certain extent their decided action. This will be better understood from a few results obtained with differently colored media.

	Light.	Heat.	Chemical Rays.
White Light contains	100	100	100
Solution of Bichromate of Potash,	87	92	27
Solution of Sulphate of Chromium,	85	92	7
Series of Blue Glasses, . . .	40	72	90
Solution of Sulphate of Copper,	60	54	93
Solution of Ammoniate of Copper,	25	48	94

* Phil. Trans., 1836, p. 162-3.

It is very obvious that the action of the chemical rays will be obtained from the *three* last of these colored media, and the action of the luminous and heating rays from the two first, where the chemical rays are comparatively feeble. In this way Mr. Hunt obtained the following interesting results :

1. Light prevents the germination of seeds.
2. The germination of seeds is more rapid under the influence of the chemical rays, separated from the luminous ones, than it is under the combined influence of all the rays, or in the dark.*

3. Light acts in effecting the decomposition of carbonic acid by the growing plant.

4. The chemical rays and light (or all the rays of the spectrum visible to a perfect eye) are essential to the formation of the coloring matter of leaves.

5. Light and the chemical rays, independent of the rays of heat, prevent the development of the reproductive organs of plants.

6. The radiations of heat, corresponding with the *extreme red* rays of the spectrum, facilitate the flowering of plants, and the perfecting of their reproductive principles.

In *Spring*, Mr. Hunt found that the chemical rays were the most active, and in very considerable excess, as compared with those of light and heat. As the *Summer* advanced, the light and heat increased in a very great degree relatively to the chemical rays; and in *Autumn*, the light and the chemical rays both diminish relatively to the rays of heat, which are by far the most extensive.

"In the spring," says Mr. Hunt, "when seeds germinate and young vegetation awakes from the repose of winter, we find an excess of that principle which imparts the required stimulus; in the summer, this exciting agent is counterbalanced by another possessing different powers, upon the exercise of which the structural formation of the plant depends; and in the autumnal season these are checked by a mysterious agency which we can scarcely recognize as heat, although connected with calorific manifestations, upon which appears to depend the development of the flower and the perfection of the seed."

The very curious fact of plants *bending towards the light*, as if to catch its influence,

* This important result has been confirmed by the observations, on a large scale, of the Messrs. Lawson and Sons of Edinburgh. See Hunt's *Poetry of Science*, 3d Edition, appendix, and *Researches on Light*, p. 375.

must have been frequently observed. Mr. Hunt found that, "under all ordinary circumstances, plants, in a very decided manner, bent *towards* the light;" and, what is exceedingly interesting, when the light employed was *red*, from passing through red fluid media, *the plants* as decidedly bent *from* it. The property of bending towards the light is strikingly exhibited by the potato; and it has been found that the *yellow* or most luminous rays are most efficacious in producing this movement, while the *red* rays, as before, produce a repulsive effect.

If light, then, is so essential to the life of plants, that they will even exert a limited power of locomotion in order to reach it, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may be necessary, though to a less extent, for the development and growth of animals. When we look at the different classes of the inferior animals, we hardly observe any relations with light excepting those of vision; but, under the conviction that light does influence animal life, various naturalists have devoted their attention to the subject. In his chapter "on the influence of light upon the development of the body," Dr. W. F. Edwards has given us some important information on the effect of light in the development of animals, or in those changes of form which they undergo in the interval between conception and fecundation, and adult age,—a process which, previously to birth, is generally carried on in the dark. "There are, however, animals," says Dr. Edwards, "whose impregnated eggs are hatched, notwithstanding their exposure to the rays of the sun. Of this number are the Batrachians (frogs). I wished to determine what influence light, independently of heat, might exercise upon this kind of development." With this view, he placed some frog's spawn in water, in a vessel rendered impervious to light, and some in another vessel which was transparent. They were exposed to the same temperature, but the rays of the sun were admitted to the transparent vessel. *All the eggs exposed to light were developed in succession, but none of those in the dark did well.*

As almost all animals are more or less exposed to light after birth, Dr. Edwards thought it would be interesting to determine the peculiar effect of light upon *the development of the body*. As all animals, in growing, gradually change their form and propor-

tions, and make it difficult to observe slight shades of modification, he chose for his experiments species among the vertebrata whose development presents precise and palpable differences. These conditions are combined in the highest degree in the frog. In its first period it has the form and even the mode of life of a fish, with a tail and gills, and without limbs. In its second period it is completely metamorphosed into a reptile, having acquired four limbs, and lost its tail and gills and all resemblance to a fish. Dr. Edwards employed the tadpoles of the *Rana obstetricians*, and he found that all those which enjoyed the presence of the light underwent the change of form appertaining to the adult. "We see, then," says Dr. Edwards, "that the action of light tends to develop the different parts of the body in that just proportion which characterizes the type of the species. This type is well characterized only in the adult. The deviations from it are the more strongly marked the nearer the animal is to the period of its birth. If, therefore, there were any species existing in circumstances unfavorable to their further development, they might possibly long subsist under a type very different from that which nature had designed for them. The *Proteus anguiformis* appears to be of this number. The facts above mentioned tend to confirm this opinion. The *Proteus anguiformis* lives in the subterraneous waters of Carniola, where the absence of light unites with the low temperature of those lakes in preventing the development of the peculiar form of the adult."

The experiments of M. Morren on the animalcules generated in stagnant waters, and those of M. Moleschott on the respiration of frogs as measured by the quantity of carbonic acid gas which they exhale, confirm the general results obtained by Dr. Edwards; but the most important researches on the subject have just been published by M. Beclard, in the Note which appears among the works at the head of this article. During the last four years, he has been occupied with a series of experiments on the influence of the *white* and *colored* light of the spectrum, on the principal functions of nutrition; and, in the Note referred to, he has presented to the Academy of Sciences, in a concise form, some of the more important results which he has obtained.

Having placed the eggs of the fly (*Musca*

carnaria) in six bell glasses, *violet*, *blue*, *red*, *yellow*, *transparent*, and *green*, he found, at the end of four or five days, that the worms were most developed in the *violet* and *blue* glasses, and least in the *green*; the influence of the other colors diminishing in the order we have named them from *violet* to *green*. Between these extremes the worms developed were as *three* to *one* both with respect to bulk and length.

In studying the influence of the differently colored rays upon frogs, which have an energetic cutaneous respiration, equal and often superior to their pulmonary respiration, M. Beclard found that the same weight of frogs produced more than twice the quantity of carbonic acid under the *green* than under the *red* glass. When the same frogs were skinned, the opposite result was obtained. The carbonic acid was then greater in the *red* than in the *green* rays.

In the number of experiments on the cutaneous exhalations of the vapor of water from frogs, the quantity was one-half less in darkness than in *white* or *violet* light, in which the exhalation was the same.*

We come now to consider the influence of light upon the human frame, physical and mental, in health and disease, in developing the perfect form of the adult, and in preserving it from premature decay. We regret to find that our knowledge on these points is so extremely limited, and we are surprised that physicians and physiologists should not have availed themselves of their numerous opportunities, in hospitals, prisons, and mad-houses, of studying so important a subject. We must grope our way, therefore, among general speculations and insulated facts, in the hope of arriving at some positive results; and we have no doubt that the direct influence of light over the phenomena of life, will not be found limited to the vegetable kingdom and the lower races of the animal world.

Man, in his most perfect type, is doubtless to be found in the temperate regions of the

* "Professor E. Forbes and Mr. Couch have both remarked that the vegetables and animals near the surface of the sea are brilliantly colored, but that they gradually lose the brightness of their hue as they descend, until the animals of the lowest zone are found to be nearly colorless. . . . Organization and life exist only at the surface of our planet, and under the influence of light. Those depths of the ocean at which an everlasting darkness prevail is the region of silence and eternal death."—Hunt's *Researches*, etc., Appendix No. vii., p. 386.

globe, where the solar influences of light, heat, and chemical rays are so nicely balanced. Under the scorching heat of the tropics, man cannot call into exercise his highest powers. The calorific rays are all-powerful there, and lassitude of body and immaturity of mind are its necessary results; while in the darkness of the Polar regions the distinctive characters of our species almost disappear in the absence of those solar influences which are so powerful in the organic world.

It is well known to all who are obliged to seek for health in a southern climate, that an ample share of light is considered necessary for its recovery. In all the hotels and lodging-houses in France and Italy the apartments with a south exposure are earnestly sought for, and the patient, under the advice of his physician, strives to fix himself in these genial localities. The salutary effect, however, thus ascribed to light, might arise from the greater warmth which accompanies the solar rays; but this can hardly be the case in mild climates, or indeed in any climate where a fixed artificial temperature can be easily maintained. Something, too, is doubtless owing to the cheering effect of light upon an invalid; but this effect is not excluded from apartments so situated, that out of a western or a northern window we may see the finest scenery illuminated by the full blaze of a meridian sun.

While our distinguished countryman, Sir James Wyllie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, resided in St. Petersburg, he studied the effect of light as a curative agent. In the hospitals of that city there were apartments entirely without light; and upon comparing the number of patients who left these apartments cured, he found that they were only one-fourth the number of those who went out cured from properly lighted rooms. In this case the curative agency could not reasonably be ascribed either to the superior warmth or ventilation of the well-lighted apartments, because in all such hospitals the introduction of fresh air is a special object of attention, and the heating of wards without windows is not difficult to accomplish.

But though the records of our great hospitals assist us in our present inquiry, yet facts, sufficiently authentic and instructive, may be gathered from various quarters. In the years of cholera, when this frightful disease nearly

decimated the population of some of the principal cities in the world, it was invariably found that the deaths were more numerous in narrow streets and northern exposures, where the salutary beams of light and actinism had seldom shed their beneficial influences. The resistless epidemic found an easy prey among a people whose physical organization had not been matured under those benign influences of solar radiation which shed health and happiness over our fertile plains, our open valleys, and those mountain sides and elevated plateaus where man is permitted to breathe in the brighter regions of the atmosphere.

Had we the means of investigating the history of dungeon life—of those noble martyrs whom ecclesiastical and political tyranny have immured in darkness—or of those wicked men whom law and justice have rendered it indispensable to separate from their species, we should find many examples of the terrible effects which have been engendered by the exclusion of all those influences which we have shown to be necessary for the nutrition and development, not only of plants, but of many of the lower animals.

Dr. Edwards, whose experiments on animals we have already referred to, applies to man the principles which he deduced from them; and he maintains even, that in "climates in which nudity is not incompatible with health, *the exposure of the whole surface of the body to light will be very favorable to the regular conformation of the body.*" In support of this opinion, he quotes a remarkable passage from Baron Humboldt's "Voyage to the Equatorial Regions of the Globe," in which he is speaking of the people called Chaymas:—"Both men and women," he says, "are very muscular; their forms are fleshy and rounded. It is needless to add, that I have not seen a *single individual with a natural deformity.* I can say the same of many thousands of Caribs, Muyscas, and Mexican and Peruvian Indians, whom we observed during five years. *Deformities and deviations* are exceedingly rare in certain races of men, especially those who have the skin strongly colored."

If light thus develops in certain races the perfect type of the adult who has grown under its influence, we can hardly avoid the conclusion drawn by Dr. Edwards, "That the want of sufficient light must constitute one of

the external causes which produce those deviations in form in children affected with scrofula; and the more so, as it has been generally observed, that *this disease is most prevalent in poor children living in confined and dark streets.*" Following out the same principle, Dr. Edwards "infers that, in cases where these deformities do not appear incurable, *exposure to the sun in the open air is one of the means tending to restore a good conformation.*" It is true, he adds, "that the light which falls upon our clothes acts only by the heat which it occasions, but the exposed parts receive the peculiar influence of the light. Among these parts, we must certainly regard the eyes as not merely designed to enable us to perceive color, form, and size. Their exquisite sensibility to light must render them peculiarly adapted to transmit the influence of this agent throughout the system; and we know that the impression of even a moderate light upon these organs produces in several acute diseases a general exacerbation of symptoms."

The idea of light passing into the system through the eyes, and influencing the other functions of the body, though at first startling, merits, doubtless, the attention of physiologists. The light, and heat, and chemical rays of the sun, combined in every picture on the retina, necessarily pass to the brain through the visual nerves; and, as the luminous rays only are concerned in vision, we can hardly conceive that the chemical and heating rays have no function whatever to perform.

If the light of day, then, freely admitted into our apartments, is essential to the development of the human form, physical and mental; and if the same blessed element lends its aid to art and nature in the cure of disease, it becomes a personal and a national duty to construct our dwelling-houses, our schools, our work-shops, our churches, our villages, and our cities, upon such principles and in such styles of architecture as will allow the lifegiving element to have the fullest and the freest ingress, and to chase from every crypt, and cell, and corner, the elements of uncleanness and corruption, which have a vested interest in darkness.

Although we have not, like Howard, visited the prisons and lazarettos of our own and foreign countries, in order to number and describe the dungeons and caverns in which the victims of political power are perishing with-

out light and air, yet we have examined private houses and inns, and even palaces, in which there are many occupied apartments equally devoid of light and ventilation. In some of the principal cities of Europe, and in many of the finest towns of Italy, where external nature smiles in her brightest attire, there are streets and lanes in such close compression, the houses on one side almost touching those of the other, that hundreds of thousands of human beings are neither supplied with light nor with air, and are compelled to carry on their professions in what seems to a stranger almost total darkness. Providence, more beneficent than man, has provided a means of lighting up to a certain extent the workman's home, by the expanding power of the pupil of his eye, in order to admit a greater quantity of rays, and by an increased sensibility of his retina, which renders visible what is feebly illuminated; but the very exercise of such powers is painful and insalutary, and every attempt that is made to see when seeing is an effort, or to read and work with a straining eye and an erring hand, is injurious to the organ of vision, and must sooner or later impair its powers. Thus deprived of the light of day, thousands are obliged to carry on their trades principally by artificial light—by the consumption of tallow, oil, or carburetted hydrogen gas,—thus inhaling from morning till midnight the offensive odors, and breathing the polluted effluvia, which are more or less the products of artificial illumination.

It is in vain to expect that such evils, shortening and rendering miserable the life of man, can be removed by legislation or by arbitrary power. Attempts are gradually being made, in various great cities, to replace their densely congregated streets and dwellings by structures at once ornamental and salutary; and Europe is now admiring that great renovation in a neighboring capital, by which hundreds of streets and thousands of dwellings, once the seat of poverty and crime, are now replaced by architectural combinations the most beautiful, and by hotels and palaces which vie with the finest edifices of Greek or of Roman art.

These great improvements, however, are necessarily local and partial, and centuries must pass away before we can expect those revolutions in our domestic and city architecture under which the masses of the people

will find a cheerful and well-lighted and well-ventilated home. We must, therefore, attack the evil as it exists; and call upon science to give us such a remedy as she can supply. Science does possess such a remedy, which, however, has its limits, but within those limits her principles and methods are unquestionable and efficacious.

Wherever there is a window there is light, which it is intended to admit. In narrow streets and lanes this portion of light comes from the sky, and its value as an illuminating agent depends on its magnitude or area, and on its varying distances from the sun in its daily path. But whether it be large or small, bright or obscure, it is the only source of light which any window can command; and the problem which science pretends to solve is to throw into the dark apartment as much light as possible,—all the light, indeed, excepting that which is necessarily lost in the process employed. Let us suppose that the street is a fathom wide, or two yards, and that the two opposite faces of it are of such a nature that we can see out of a window a considerable portion of the sky two yards wide. Now, the lintel of the window generally projects six or eight inches beyond the outer surface of the panes of glass, so that if the window is at a considerable distance below the luminous portion of the sky, not a single ray from that portion can fall upon the panes of glass. If we suppose the panes of glass to be made flush with the outer wall, rays from every part of the luminous space will fall upon the outer surface of the glass, but so obliquely that it will be nearly all reflected, and the small portion which does pass through the glass will have no illuminating power, as it must fall upon the surface of the stone lintel on which the window now rests. If we now remove our window, and substitute another in which all the panes of glass are roughly ground on their outside, and flush with the outer wall, a mass of light will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable faces or facets which the rough grinding of the glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room. The effect thus obtained might be greatly increased were we permitted to allow the lower part of the window to be placed beyond the face of the

wall, and thus give the ground surface of the panes such an inclined position as to enable them to catch a larger portion of the sky. The plates or sheets of glass which should be employed in this process, may be so corrugated on one side, as even to throw in light that had suffered total reflection. In aid of this method of distributing light, it would be advisable to have the opposite faces of the street, even to the chimney tops, whitewashed, and kept white with lime; and for the same reason, the ceiling and walls and flooring of the apartment should be as white as possible, and all the furniture of the lightest colors. Having seen such effects produced by imperfect means, we feel as if we had introduced our poor workman or needlewoman from a dungeon into a summer-house. By pushing out the windows, we have increased the quantity of air which they breathe, and we have enabled the housemaid to look into dark corners where there had hitherto nestled all the elements of corruption. To these inmates the sun has risen sooner and set later, and the midnight lamp is no longer lighted when all nature is smiling under the blessed influence of day.

But it is not merely to the poor man's home that these processes are applicable. In all great towns, where neither palaces nor houses can be insulated, there are, in almost every edifice, dark and gloomy crypts thirsting for light; and in the city of London, there are warehouses and places of business where the light of day almost never enters. On visiting a friend, whose duty confined him to his desk during the official part of the day, we found him with bleared eyes, struggling against the feeble light which the opposite wall threw into his window. We counselled him to extend a blind of fine white muslin on the outside of his window, and flush with the wall. The experiment was soon made. The light of the sky above was caught by the fibres of the linen and thrown straight upon his writing-table, as if it had been reflected from an equal surface of ground glass. We recollect another case equally illustrative of our process. A party visiting the mausoleum of a Scottish nobleman, wished to see the gilded receptacles of the dead which occupied its interior. There was only one small window through which the light entered, but it did not fall upon the objects that were to be examined. Upon stretching a

muslin handkerchief from its four corners, it threw such a quantity of light into the crypt as to display fully its contents.

But while our process of illuminating dark apartments is a great utilitarian agent, it is also an æsthetical power of some value, enabling the architect to give the full effect of his design to the external façade of his building, without exhibiting to the public eye any of the vulgar arrangements which are required in its interior. The National Picture Gallery of Edinburgh, erected on the Mound, from the beautiful designs of the late W. H. Playfair, is lighted from above; but there are certain small apartments on the west side of the building which cannot be thus lighted, and these being very useful the architect was obliged to light them by little windows in the western façade. These windows are dark gashes in the wall, about two feet high and one foot broad, and being unfortunately placed near the Ionic portico, the principal feature of the building, they entirely destroy the symmetry and beauty of its western façade. Had there been no science in Edinburgh to give counsel on this occasion, the architect should have left his little apartments to the tender mercies of gas or oil; but science had a complete remedy for the evil, and in the hope that the two distinguished individuals who have the charge of the Gallery, Sir John Watson Gordon and Mr. D. O. Hill, will immediately apply it, we now offer to them the process without a fee.

Send a peice of the freestone to the Messrs Chances, of the Smethwick Glass Works, near Birmingham, and order sheets of thick plate-glass the exact size of the present openings, and of such a color, that when one side of the glass is ground the ground side will have precisely the same color as the freestone. When the openings are filled with these plates, having the ground side outwards, the black gashes will disappear, the apartment will be better lighted than before, and the building will assume its true architectural character. The plates of glass thus inserted among the stones, may, when viewed at a short distance, show their true outline; but this could not have happened if, during the building of the wall, one, two, or three of the stones had been left out, and replaced by plates of glass of exactly the same size as the stones. This method of illumination will enable future architects to illuminate the interior of their buildings by in-

visible windows, and thus give to the exterior façade the full æsthetical effect of their design.*

If it is important to obtain a proper illumination of our apartments when the sun is above the horizon, it is doubly important when he has left us altogether to a short-lived twilight, or consigned us to the tender mercies of the moon. In the one case, it is chiefly in ill-constructed dwelling-houses, and large towns and cities, where a dense population, crowded into a limited area, occupy streets and lanes in almost absolute darkness, that science is called upon for her aid; but in the other, we demand from her the best system of artificial illumination, under which we must spend nearly *one-third of our lives*, whether they are passed in the cottage or in the palace, in the open village or in the crowded city.

When we pass from the flickering flame of a wood fire to rods of pine-root charged with turpentine—from the cylinder of tallow to the vase filled with oil—from the wax lights to the flame of gas, and from the latter to the electric light,—we see the rapid stride which art and science have taken in the illumination of our houses and streets. We have obtained a sufficient source of light: we require only to use it safely, economically, and salubriously. The method which we mean not only to recommend, but to press upon the public attention, unites the three qualities which are essential in house illumination; but till our legislators, and architects, and the leaders of public opinion, shall be more alive to the importance of scientific truths, in their practical phase, we have no hope of being honored with their support. True knowledge, however, advances with time. Vulgar prejudices are gradually worn down; and in less than a century, whether we have the electric light or not, we shall have our artificial suns shedding their beneficent rays under the guidance of science.

The present method of lighting our houses, by burning the lights within its apartments,

* When ground glass is used for illuminating apartments, the ground side must always be outside; but when it is employed, as it often is, to prevent the persons in a street, or in one room, from looking into another room, the ground side must be placed *inside* of the privileged room. If it were *outside*, the passenger in the street, or the occupant of the one room, could easily look in to the privileged room by rendering the ground glass transparent—by sticking a piece of glass upon it with a little Canada balsam or oil.

is attended with many evils. The intolerable increase of temperature in well-lighted rooms, whether they are occupied by small or large parties—the rapid consumption of the oxygen, which our respiratory system requires to be undiminished—the offensive smell of the unconsumed gas—the stench of the oleaginous products of combustion—the damage done to gilded furniture and picture-frames—the positive injury inflicted on the eyes, by the action of a number of scattered lights upon the retina—and the risks of fire and explosion, are strong objections to the system of internal illumination. About half a century ago, the writer of this article proposed to illuminate our houses by burning the gas externally, or placing it within the walls of the house, or in any other way by which the products of combustion should not vitiate the air of the apartment. The plan was received with a smile. It had not even the honor of being ridiculed. It was too Quixotic to endanger existing interests, or trench upon vested rights. Owing to the extended use of gas, however, its evils became more generally felt; but no attempt was made to alter the existing system till 1839, when a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the best method of lighting the House. Many eminent individuals were examined; and in consequence of the Report of the Committee, the new system was adopted of lighting from without, or in which the air breathed by the members is entirely separated from the air which supplies the burners. A similar change has, we believe, been made in the mode of lighting the House of Lords; but the new system, in its most general aspect, has been admirably carried out in one or more apartments in Buckingham Palace, where the light is distributed from the roof, as if from the sky above, without any of the sources of light being visible. This method, of course, can be adopted only in halls or apartments with an external roof. In all other cases, considerable difficulties must be encountered in houses already built and occupied; but we have no doubt that the ingenuity of the engineer and the architect will overcome them, whether the system is to be accommodated to old buildings, or applied in its most perfect state to houses erected on purpose to receive it. But, however great be these difficulties, it is fortunate, that whether we are to have the

advantage of the electric light, or a purer form of carburetted hydrogen gas, the mode of distributing it will be, generally speaking, the same, and we therefore need not hesitate to introduce the new system on the ground that it may be superseded by another.

Having so recently escaped from the inhumanity of a tax which prohibited the light and air of heaven from entering our dwellings, we trust that the Governments of Europe will freely throw these precious influences into the dark abodes of their over-crowded cities, and that wealthy and philanthropic individuals will set the example of lighting, heating, and ventilating, according to the principles of science. Dr. Arnott has already taught us how to heat our apartments with coal fires without breathing either the gases or the dust which they diffuse. Why should we delay to light them without breathing the noxious gas, and overlaying the organs of respiration with the nameless poisons which are generated in the combustion of the animal and vegetable substances employed in the furnishing of our apartments?

II. Having thus treated of the element of light in its *sanatory relations*, we shall now proceed to consider it in its scientific aspect. We do not propose to write an essay on optics; our sole object is to show to the unscientific reader how much interesting knowledge may be conveyed to him on subjects which he has hitherto shunned, as beyond his depth. Though thirsting for scientific knowledge, he may have neither time nor taste for the perusal even of a popular treatise, and yet be delighted with instructive and memorable facts which can be interpreted by the eye, and with large views of the material world, which sometimes startle reason, and “make even the simple wise.”

How few ever ask themselves the question, What is light? and how few could give a rational answer to it, if put by their children! In a room absolutely dark, there is obviously no light. The moment we light a gas-burner or a candle, light streams from it in all directions, as if it were something material, but diminishing in brightness more rapidly than the distance increases; that is, at *twice* the distance from the burner it is *four times* weaker, at *thrice* the distance *nine times* weaker, and at *four times* the distance *sixteen times* weaker. Philosophers describe this property of light by saying, that it varies as the *square*

of the distance from the burner,—4, 9, and 16, the degrees of brightness, being the squares of the distances, 2, 3, and 4.

If light consists of material particles issuing from the sun, or an artificial flame, we might expect to feel them impinging upon our tender skins, as we sometimes think we feel them on the retina, when the eyes are extremely sensitive to the faintest light. If we open a bottle of musk in a very large apartment, the odoriferous particles immediately stream from it in all directions; but though they are *really material*, they neither affect the skin nor any other nerves but those of smell, and yet their size must be incomparably greater than those of light, which pass through glass, and all transparent bodies whatever.

It was the earliest opinion of philosophers—that of Sir Isaac Newton, Laplace, and others—that light does consist of material particles, emitted from luminous bodies, thrown off from them by some force or power of which we know nothing, and reflected from the surfaces of all ordinary bodies; but a number of very remarkable experiments, made chiefly in our own day, have led many philosophers to believe that light consists in the vibrations, or undulations excited by luminous bodies in a medium called the luminiferous ether, which fills all transparent bodies, and extends to the remotest distances in space. It is supposed analogous to sound, which is propagated by vibrations or undulations in air: and the mode of its propagation may be illustrated by the beautiful circular rings or waves formed on the surface of stagnant water, round the spot where a stone has fallen upon it, or, what is more instructive, by the motion propagated along a field of growing corn. In the undulations on the surface of water, the waves do not advance, as they appear to do, but merely rise and fall, without carrying forward any light bodies that may be floating on their surface. In the field of corn, the motion passes from each stalk to its neighbor, and consequently there is nothing moved from its place,—a motion merely being propagated from stalk to stalk, as it may be from particle to particle of the luminiferous ether.

Whether we adopt the emission theory of Newton, or the undulatory theory of Hooke and Huygens, we must be startled with the *fact*, almost incredible, that in the one case,

the material particles are launched through space from all luminous bodies in all possible directions, without their impinging on one another; and that in the other, the waves or undulations of the elastic ether are circling in all directions from a thousand centres, without being defaced or obliterated. If a number of intense odors were to be let loose from the same centre, they would soon mutually interfere, and the fine waves on a peaceful lake if propagated from some adjacent centres, would soon disturb each other and disappear. It is otherwise, however, with the radiant locomotives of light. Whether they be material particles, or the vibrations of an elastic medium, they will ever carry, without the risk of collision, the great messages of the universe.

No less wonderful is the manner in which light performs its cosmical functions, the inconceivable rapidity with which it carries its dispatches, and the lengths of time and the depths of space of which it allows us to take cognizance. It is quite certain that light moves at the rate of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a-half; so that it would move round the earth's surface, a distance of about 25,000 miles, in the eighth part of a second, a flight which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than *three weeks*. In applying this measure of the velocity of light, obtained from direct observations on the satellites of Jupiter, to the greatest distances in the universe, we get the following results:—

Light moves from Earth to

Moon in	1 1-4 second.
Sun in	7 1-2 minutes.
Jupiter in *	52 minutes
Uranus in	2 hours.
Neptune in	4 1-4 hours.
Nearest Fixed Star,	45 years.
Star of 8th Magnitude,	180 years.
Star of 12th Magnitude,	4,000 years
The remotest telescopic stars, probably	6,000 years.

Now it is obvious, that if any visible event were to happen on any of these planets or stars, it could not be seen to us upon the earth till after the time mentioned in the Table. If the nearest fixed star were to be destroyed, it would continue to be seen by us for 45 years after it had ceased to exist, the last rays which issued from it requiring that time to reach the earth. In like manner, if

* When at its greatest distance.

our earth had been created 6,000 years ago, it would just now only have become visible at the most distant star, a point of space to which light takes 6,000 years to travel.

These facts may be of some use to such of our readers as are familiar with certain recent speculations, which have as much science as to amuse us, and as much fancy as to mislead us. The ingenious author of a little work, entitled, "The Stars and the Earth," asserts that "pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether upon the wings of the ray of light, and though they become weaker and smaller, yet at immeasurable distances they still have color and form; and as every thing possessing color and form is visible, so must these pictures also be said to be visible, however impossible it may be for the human eye to perceive them *with the hitherto discovered optical instruments.*" "The universe, therefore, encloses the *picture* of the past like an indestructible and incorruptible record, containing the purest and the clearest truth." The grave and pious Principal Hitchcock,* taking up these views, has carried them far beyond the limits of science and common sense. The anonymous writer wants only new optical instruments; but the divine tells us, "that there may be in the universe created beings with powers of vision acute enough to take in all these pictures of our world's history, as they make the circuit of the numberless suns and planets that lie embosomed in boundless space. Suppose such a being at this moment upon a star of the twelfth magnitude, with an eye turned towards the earth. He might see the deluge of Noah just sweeping over the surface. Advancing to a nearer star, he would see the Patriarch Abraham going out, not knowing whither he went. Coming still nearer, the vision of the crucified redeemer would meet his gaze. Coming nearer still, he might alight upon worlds where all the revolutions and convulsions of modern times would fall upon his eye. Indeed, there are worlds enough, and at the right distances, in the vast Empyrean, to show him every event in human history."

The anonymous speculator tells us that there are *pictures* of every occurrence enclosed by the universe on indestructible tablets; but he does not tell us what lens sepa-

rates one picture from the infinite number of them which must exist, nor what is the tablet on which it is depicted, so that granting him his instruments, he himself could not tell us when and how to apply them, or what they would exhibit. Let Dr. Hitchcock, too, have his "created beings" with the highest powers of vision, and place them on a star which the rays proceeding from Noah's "deluge, sweeping over the earth," may just have reached. He forgets that the earth is revolving about his axis and moving round the sun,—that clouds and darkness are periodically covering its visible hemisphere,—that "every event in human history" does not occur in open day, and could not be seen by a contemporary observer placed any where above the earth's surface; and therefore, that all his speculations have not only no foundation in science, but no meaning in sense. The only truth which they so elaborately overlay is, that there are stars in the universe so remote from the earth, or from each other, that the light of the one cannot reach the other till after the lapse of a great number of years,—a simple corollary from the fact, that light moves with the velocity of 192,500 miles in a second. Not content, however, with torturing this little truth, he calls in the aid of *electric reactions, odyllic reaction, chemical reaction, organic reaction, mental reaction, geological reaction*,—all words without meaning, in order to prove, 1st, that our minutest actions, and perhaps our thoughts, from day to day, are known throughout the universe! and, 2dly that in a future state, the power of reading the past history of the world, and of individuals, may be possessed by man!

Next in popular interest to the almost inconceivable velocity of light, is the number of influences or elements of which a white beam of the sun's light is composed. It had always been supposed that the sun's light was perfectly white, heating, as well as illuminating, every substance on which it fell; and that the colors of the rainbow, and of all natural bodies, were changes produced somehow or other upon white light, or were caused by the mixture of *white* light with different degrees or kinds of *blackness*. Sir Isaac Newton found, however, that *white* light consists of *red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet* light in certain proportions, and that the *white* light which we see is a *mixture of all these seven colors*. If by any

* *The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences*. Boston, 1851. Lect. XII. The Telegraphic System of the Universe.

means we remove the *red* color, then the mixture of all the other colors will not be *white*, but have a *blue* tint; and if by any means we can take away the *blue* rays, the mixture of all the rest will be *reddish* or *yellow*. In like manner, if we remove or extinguish out of a beam of white light any one of the seven colors, or any part of one of the colors, the light will be no longer *white*, but *red* or *reddish*, *yellow* or *yellowish*, or *blue* or *bluish*, according to the color or the quantity of it that has been removed.

Now, all the leaves of plants and flowers, and all natural bodies whatever, have the power of absorbing every sort of light which falls upon them, except light of their own color, which they reflect or radiate. When the sun's white light falls upon the red petal of the *scarlet* geranium, the petal absorbs nearly all the other six colors which exist in the white light, and reflects only the *red*. In like manner, when the sun's light falls upon the *blue* petal of the *tradesantia virginica*, the petal absorbs nearly all the other rays, and reflects only the *blue*. That the *red* petal of the geranium, and the *blue* petal of the *tradesantia*, are not in themselves *red* and *blue*, is evident from this, that if we throw upon them any other light, they will each appear *black*; that is, they derive their *red* and *blue* light solely from their reflecting the *red* and *blue* rays, which form part of the *white* light of the sun. Now these statements are perfectly true, if the *red* color of the petal in the one plant, and the *blue* color of the petal in the other, were the pure *red* and *blue* colors of the sun's light; but they never are so exactly, so that, when other colors than *red* fall upon the *red* petal, it is not *black*, but of a dark color; and when other colors than *blue* fall upon the *blue* petal, it is not *black*, but of a dark color,—a result which Sir Isaac Newton thus expresses: "The colors of all natural bodies have no other origin than this, that they are variously qualified to reflect one sort of light in greater plenty than another."

These observations on the origin of colors, and of the composition of white light, enable us to initiate the general reader into the subject of the *harmony of colors*, a species of knowledge easily acquired, and of essential importance in the art of painting, and in all the decorative arts. In studying the works of the ancient masters, it is obvious that they

were not acquainted with the true principles of harmonious coloring; and, in modern times, we know of no artist but Mulready who has evinced in his works any thing like a thorough knowledge of the subject. Without descending into particulars, we state that *red* and *green* are harmonic colors, and *blue* and *yellow*. If the *red* verges upon *orange*, the *green* must be *blueish-green*, and if the *blue* verges upon *green*, its harmonic *yellow* must verge upon *orange*. The reason why these colors harmonize with each other is, that *red* and *green*, and *blue* and *yellow*, make *white* light. For the same reason, any number of colors in a painting would be harmonious, provided they are in such proportions as to make white light. This of course is true only as a general principle; for if the painting represented a brilliant sunset, there must be a predominance of *red*. In order to explain why harmonic colors should, when combined, make white light, we must refer to the curious physiological fact, that when the eye is strongly impressed with any one color, it sees at the same time its harmonic color, or the color required to make white light. If you look steadily upon a *red* wafer on a white ground for a few seconds, and turn the eye aside, you will see a *green* wafer. If you are in a room where the light of the sun passes through a bright *red* curtain, any hole or opening in the curtain will appear green. The reason of this is, that the eye is rendered less sensible to red light by looking at the curtain, and therefore, seeing less of red which is in the white light of the hole or opening, the whole appears *green*. If a picture is painted with two leading colors which are not harmonic—suppose *bright red* and *bright blue*—then it is obvious that after the eye has been fixed on the *red* part, it will see *green*, and this green will appear as a spot on the *blue* part of the picture; whereas, if the two colors had been *red* and *green*, the green seen after looking at the red would not appear as a spot on the real green of the picture. When two colors are harmonic, and placed in juxtaposition, they brighten one another, and the forms to which the colors are applied are more distinctly seen. If the hour and minute hands of a public clock, for example, are highly gilt, and the hours gilt on a *blue* ground, the time will be more distinctly seen than if any other colors had been employed.

Another department of optics which claims the notice of the general reader is that of vision,—the way in which we see and are seen. When we are told by some wise people, that having two eyes we really see things double, though we have learned to consider them only single, and that we actually see objects upside down, though we have learned from experience that they stand upright, it is high time that we should know something on the subject. In the shutter of a dark room make a little hole, and place a small lens in it. Behind the lens hold a sheet of paper, and you will see the landscape inverted, and, if there are men in it, you will see on the paper their heads downwards and their feet upwards. This is the case in the human eye; every picture painted on the retina being inverted when we look at it behind, in an eye prepared for the purpose. But if in the dark room we place an eye behind the head of an inverted figure, and look through the hole or lens, we shall see the head uppermost, and if we place the eye behind the foot of the figure, and look through the hole or lens, we shall see the feet undermost, and conclude that the figure is erect. Now the eye is so constructed that every point of an image painted upon the retina is seen in a direction perpendicular to the point of the retina on which it falls, and hence it is absolutely necessary to have an inverted picture of objects on the retina in order to see them erect. With regard to double vision, it is quite true that when we see an object single we see two pictures of the same object, one with each eye; but every one point of the one picture is seen in the same place and direction as every point of the other, and therefore the two pictures necessarily appear single throughout. If we had not the power by the muscles of our eyes to place the one image exactly upon the other, the two pictures would be visible. If we had an hundred eyes in place of two, and the power of directing their axes to one point, we should still see only one object.

Of all the triumphs which science has achieved in any of its departments, the most magical, and the one, too, least understood by unscientific persons, are the powers of the microscope and telescope. The power to enlarge a thousand times and render visible the minutest parts of objects whose very existence the eye cannot discover; and the power of magnifying to any extent, and bring within

the scrutiny of the astronomer, planets and stars, and other celestial objects, which the sharpest eye cannot descry in the heavens. It is not easy to explain the method of doing this without diagrams; but a sufficiently intelligible explanation may be obtained from well-known properties of lenses. If we place any object before a lens, an image of the object is formed behind it. If the object is near the lens, and small, the image will be distant and large, the sizes of each being proportional to their distance from the lens. If a small object, invisible to the eye, or imperfectly visible, is in front of a lens, and placed near it, its image will be enlarged so as to make it visible; and by looking at this enlarged image with another lens we may magnify it much more, rendering what was invisible visible, and exhibiting structures unseen by the eye.

In the case of the heavenly bodies, or of distant objects on our own globe, we cannot bring them near a lens so as to produce an enlarged image of them to be afterwards magnified. We use, however, lenses of a great focal length (that is, which form their image at a great distance behind them); and these images of distant objects are much larger than the small images of them formed by the eye. These enlarged images are again magnified by viewing them with a small lens. But as light is always lost in magnifying an object, it is necessary, as in the finest achromatic telescopes of glass, to have the lenses as large as they can be got, 18 or 24 inches in diameter, to admit much light; and in the reflecting telescope, such as those of Lord Rosse, specula have been used three and six feet in diameter, to collect light enough to enable high magnifying powers to be applied to the images formed in the focus of the speculum.

There is one other property of light, discovered in our own day, of which it behoves every person to have some knowledge, however slight. It is the *polarization* of light,—a remarkable property, which is often talked of by persons who do not know even the meaning of the name. If we reflect a ray of *ordinary* light, coming either from the sun or a candle, from the surface of any transparent body, solid or fluid, at an angle between 53° and 68° — 53° for *water*, 56° for *glass*, and 68° for *diamond*,—the ray of light so reflected is *polarized light*. Receive the polarized ray—the ray polarized by glass, for

example,—upon another plate of the same glass at an angle of 56° , and turn the plate round 360° , a complete circle, keeping the ray always incident at the same angle of 56° ; you will observe *four* positions, distant 90° , at which the light disappears, the glass being unable to reflect it, and other *four* positions, distant 45° from these, and 90° from each other, where the light reflected is the brightest; the light reflected in all other positions increasing from the dark to the bright position. The *polarized light*, therefore, possessing these properties, must have suffered some remarkable change by being reflected at an angle of 58° from the glass; and consequently it differs entirely from *ordinary light*, which is *equally* reflected from the glass during the rotation of the glass round the ray.

Let us now fix these two plates of glass so that ordinary light falling upon the first plate is polarized, and place the second plate in one of the four positions where the polarized ray will not be reflected, and the flame from which it proceeds appears as a black spot when we look into the second plate.* In this simple little apparatus, which a child may make, we call the first plate of glass the *polarizer*, because it polarizes the ordinary light, and the second plate the *analyzer*, for reasons which we shall presently see. If we now take a thin slice of *gypsum*, or sulphate of lime (which is as transparent as glass), about the 100th of an inch thick, and holding it between the polarizer and analyzer, we look into the analyzer so as to see the black spot through the slice of gypsum, we shall be surprised to find, upon turning the slice round, that there are four positions of it, distant 90° , where the gypsum will have the most brilliant color—suppose red—restoring the light of the vanished flame, and that in other four positions, distant 45° from these, where all color disappears, and the black spot returns. If we now fix the film of gypsum in the position where it gives the brightest *red*, and make the analyzer revolve round the polarized ray or black spot, we shall find two positions, 180° distant, where the *red* will be seen upon the black spot. At points 45° distant from these the *red* will disappear, and the black spot return. At other four points, distant

45° from them, the gypsum will be of a bright *green* color, the colors getting paler and paler as the analyzer comes to the position which gives the black spot. Hence we see that when the slice of gypsum revolves, only one color varying with the thickness of the slice is seen, and when the analyzer alone revolves, *two* colors, *red* and *green*, or *blue* and *yellow*, are seen; and these colors are always the *pure harmonic colors*. These two colors make pure white or colorless light, and they are analyzed by the analyzer which, in one position, reflects to the eye one color, viz., the *red*, but is not able, in the same position, to reflect the other color, namely, the *green*. In another position, however, it reflects the *green* and not the *red*, so that it has analyzed, when mixed, the two colors, *red* and *green*, which compose the colorless light transmitted by the slice of gypsum.

If, instead of the slice of gypsum, we place in the apparatus plates of *Iceland spar*, *quartz*, and *beryl*, etc., and make the light pass along the axis of the crystal, we shall observe the most beautiful phenomena of circular and highly-colored rings with a black cross; and if we use biaxial crystals, such as *aragonite* or *nitre*, we shall see the most brilliantly colored double system of rings along the principal axis of the crystal.

Our limited space will not permit us to give any further account of the wonderful properties of polarized light, and of the almost magical structures which it develops.

When we look with the most powerful microscopes at many transparent bodies, animal, vegetable, and mineral, we see no structure whatever; but when we make polarized light pass through them, it emerges with certain changes in its state, produced by the structure of the body, and these changes are rendered visible by the analyzer in a variety of tints, either faint or brilliant.

III. We come now to consider light in its *æsthetic relations*, or as an auxiliary to art.

In an article on Photography, published in an early number of this Journal,* we have given a very full account of the history of this wonderful art, and of the various processes on paper and on metal which were at that time known. So rapid, however, has been the progress of discovery, and so valuable the improvements that have been made in the art, that new materials and processes have

* It will be found convenient to take the ordinary light from the sky, so that when we look into the second plate, we shall see a black spot on the reflected picture of the sky.

* See this Journal, vol. vii., p. 465, August 1847

been introduced, and the original method of taking the negative photographs on paper has almost entirely disappeared.

In our history of the early attempts to take pictures by the rays of the sun, we omitted to notice a very interesting and successful experiment made by our distinguished countryman, the late Dr. Thomas Young. In 1802, when Mr. Wedgwood was "making profiles by the agency of light," and Sir Humphry Davy was "copying on prepared paper the images of small objects produced by means of the solar microscope," Dr. Young was taking photographs, upon paper dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver, of the colored rings observed by Newton; and his experiments clearly prove that the agent was not the luminous rays in the sun's light, but the invisible or chemical rays beyond the violet. The paper in which this experiment is described is entitled, "Experiments and Calculations relative to Physical Optics,"* and was read to the Royal Society of London in November 1803 as the Bakerian Lecture. The passage we shall give in its entire state, from the sixth section of the paper, and is entitled, *Experiment on the dark rays of Ritter* :—

"The existence of solar rays accompanying light more refrangible than the violet rays, and cognizable by their chemical effect, was first ascertained by Mr. Ritter; but Dr. Wollaston made the same experiment a very short time afterwards, without having been informed of what had been done on the Continent. These rays appear to extend beyond the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, through a space nearly equal to that which is occupied by the violet. In order to complete the comparison of their properties with those of visible light, I was desirous of examining the effect of their reflection from a thin plate of air, capable of producing the well-known rings of colors. For this purpose I formed an image of the rings, by means of the solar microscope, with the apparatus which I had described in the journals of the Royal Institution, and I threw this image on paper dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver, placed at a distance of about nine inches from the microscope. In the course of an hour, portions of three dark rings were very distinctly visible, much smaller than the brightest rings of the colored image, and coinciding very nearly in their dimensions with the rings of violet light that appeared upon the interposition of violet glass. I thought the dark rings

were a little smaller than the violet rings, but the difference was not sufficiently great to be accurately ascertained; it might be as much as 1-30th or 1-40th of the diameters, but not greater. It is the less surprising that the difference should be so small, as the dimensions of the colored rings do not by any means vary at the violet end of the spectrum so rapidly as at the red end. For performing this experiment with very great accuracy, a heliostat would be necessary, since the motion of the sun causes a slight change in the place of the image; and leather impregnated with muriate of silver would indicate the effect with greater delicacy. The experiment, however, in its present state, is sufficient to complete the analogy of the invisible with the visible rays, and to show that they are equally liable to the general law (of interference), which is the principal subject of this paper."

The beautiful process of the *Calotype* or *Talbotype*, viewed as a whole, was the undoubted invention of Mr. Henry Fox Talbot. As a new art which gave employment to thousands, he brought it to a high degree of perfection. He expended large sums of money in obtaining for the public the full benefit of his invention, and towards the termination of his patent he liberally surrendered to photographic amateurs and others all the rights which he possessed, with the one exception of taking portraits for sale, which he conveyed to others, and which he was bound by law and in honor to secure to them.* As Mr. Talbot had derived no pecuniary benefit from his patent, he had intended to apply for an extension of it to the Privy Council: but the art had been so universally practiced, that numerous parties were interested in opposing the application, and individuals were found who laid claim to the use of some of the chemical materials used in the calotype, and who combined with others to reduce the patent, and thus prevent the possibility of its renewal. Although we are confident that a jury of philosophers in any part of the world would have given a verdict in favor of Mr. Talbot's patent, taken as a whole, and so long unchallenged, yet we regret to say that an English judge and jury were found to deprive him of his right and transfer it to the public. The patrons of science and art stood aloof in the contest, and none of our scientific constitutions, and no intelligent members of the Government, came forward to claim from the

* This paper is reprinted in Dr. Young's *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, vol. ii., p. 639-648.

* Hunt's *Manual*, ect., p. 329.

the State a national reward to Mr. Talbot. In France, the Government, by the advice of M. Arago, acted a very different part to Niepce and Daguerre, the inventors of the *Daguerreotype*. The invention was given as a present from the State to France, and even to Europe, and Niepce and Daguerre received between them an annual pension of L.633 !

The great defect in Mr. Talbot's process, not in his patent, was, that *paper* was the substance upon which his calotype pictures were to be taken. He early saw the difficulty of obtaining this material of a suitable quality for photographic purposes, and he made many attempts to remedy the evil; but although several papermakers exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded, to a certain extent, in manufacturing a highly improved article, yet the size employed, and various chemical substances used in the process, rendered it impossible to procure paper of that fineness and uniformity of texture which the advanced state of the art required. When the artist had bestowed the greatest pains in taking a negative picture, and had taken it sometimes two or three times, he often found his own labor lost, and the expectations of his sitters disappointed.

Under these circumstances, the idea occurred to M. Niepce St. Victor, Commandant of the Louvre, to whom photography owes so many obligations, to reject paper altogether for negatives, and to use a film of albumen spread upon glass. To do this, he takes 5 ounces of the whites of fresh eggs, mixed with 100 grains of iodide of potassium, 20 grains bromide of potassium, and 10 grains of common salt. This mixture is beaten up with a fork, and after resting all night it is ready in the morning for use; that is, it is ready to be spread into an uniform film upon glass, and employed instead of paper for taking negative photographs.

The great advantage of the albumen process is, that the film is perfectly smooth and homogeneous, and may be obtained of a very large size. Its defect, however, is its want of sensibility,* so that it can be employed only for statues and landscapes. It seems to have been very little used in England, but has been brought to perfection by Messrs Ross and Thomson in Edinburg, who, to use

the words of Mr. Hunt, "have been eminently successful operators with it,—many of their pictures, which are of a large size, exhibited more artistic effect than is obtained by any other photographers. Some of the positives produced are very fine. At the last meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, these gentlemen exhibited some positive images on glass plates; these were backed up with plaster of Paris for the purpose of exalting the effects, which were exceedingly delicate and beautiful."* We have now before us six of these magnificent photographs, 15 1-2 inches by 15 1-2, representing Edinburg from the Calton Hill, interior of Holyrood Chapel, Melrose Abbey in two aspects, the Golden Gate of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and the north door-way of Dunfermline Cathedral, Benan, and Benvenu; and we have no hesitation in saying, that they surpass every thing that has been done in this country.

We have obtained from Messrs. Ross and Thomson the following account of the process by which these remarkable views were obtained:—

"The whites of several eggs, having 18 drops of saturated iodide of potassium added for each egg, are beat up into a large mass of froth, and allowed to stand for 10 or twelve hours, till the whole falls into a liquid. It is then poured plentifully upon the surface of a clean plate of glass, which, by means of a bent wire and a piece of worsted thread, is made to revolve at a moderate rate before a clear fire, till by the influence of the centrifugal force, a very perfect film of albumen is spread over the glass. When the albumen begins to crack at the edges, the plate is withdrawn from the fire, covered with minute cracks over the whole of its surface. It is now dipped in nitrate of silver, 70 grains to the ounce of water, having mixed with it a 20th part in quantity of strong acetic acid. When taken out, it is washed with water once or twice, and before it is dry the picture may be taken upon it. If the object is a light one, four minutes will be sufficient to impress the image, but any thing red or green will take longer. The picture is developed by pouring a saturated solution of gallic acid on the albumen, and spreading it with a piece of cotton wool. The picture will then appear slowly and gradually of a reddish color, and when brought out as far as it will come, a little of the nitrate of silver solution mixed with gallic acid is spread over it with a piece of clean cotton wool. The picture will now assume a

* "It requires an exposure of at least sixty times longer than the same preparation on paper."
—Hunt's *Manual*, p. 83.

* *Manual of Photography*, 1857. Edit. v., p. 84.

darker and more vivid appearance; and when fixed with a solution of hyposulphate of soda, may be washed with clean water. No varnish is required, and hundreds or thousands of copies may be taken from it. At a meeting of the Scottish Photographic Society in 1857, a dense negative of a statue was taken by gas-light in *fifteen* minutes. This was the highest state of sensitiveness that Messrs Ross and Thomson ever saw. It was produced by an excess of iodide of potassium in the albumen but they found that plates thus prepared are apt to crack and chip off the glass, when exposed to the sun in printing."

Owing to the great length of time required to take a photograph in albumen, various attempts have been made to render it more sensitive, or to obtain a more sensitive material equally uniform and manageable. Mr. Hunt had, in 1844, recommended the use of the fluorides; and M. B. Everard has lately employed the fluoride of potassium, along with the iodide of potassium, as a means of obtaining instantaneous images on albumen. Mr. Hunt has found that the image appears immediately on exposure in the camera, and anticipates great advantages from the use of the fluorides.*

For the same reason, M. Niepce St. Victor has recently published a process, in which, in place of albumen, he employs 70 grains of starch rubbed down in 70 grains of water, and then mixed with 3 or 4 oz. more of water. After 5½ grains of iodide of potassium are added, the whole is boiled till the starch is properly dissolved. It is then laid upon a plate of glass, and is said to give tablets of great sensibility. The serum of milk, and gelatine and other substances have also been proposed, and used, to obtain a surface more transparent than paper, and more sensitive than albumen; but most of them have been abandoned, at least for portraits, since the introduction of *collodion* by Archer in 1850.

The discovery and use of collodion is doubtless the greatest improvement that has been made in photography. Collodion is a limpid fluid of the color of sherry, and is made by dissolving gun-cotton in ether containing a little alcohol. Gun-cotton is made by mixing 70 grains of fine selected cotton with water, nitre, and sulphuric acid, in the proportions of 3, 4, and 5 ounces. After the cotton has been washed in this bath by stirring it with

two glass rods, it is taken out, well washed with water to remove every trace of acid, and hung up to dry. Fifteen grains of gun-cotton, thus prepared, is placed in a mixture of 9 fluid ounces of rectified sulphuric ether, with 1 ounce of alcohol 60° overproof. The cotton will be almost wholly dissolved with the exception of some fibres, which will fall to the bottom. The clear solution, or collodion, when poured off, is ready to be iodized, by adding to it a certain quantity, to be determined by experiment, of an alcoholic solution of the iodide of silver and the iodide of potassium. A glass plate, well cleaned from grease, is coated with a thin film of collodion, obtained by pouring a small quantity on the plate, and running it off by one corner into the bottle. This film, solidified by the evaporation of the ether, is now excited by a solution of 30 grains of nitrate of silver in 1 ounce of water. It is placed in the camera, and the image developed and fixed by processes, which we cannot of course here find room to detail.

Collodion may be prepared from paper, flax, the pith of the elder, and many other vegetable substances. In whatever way it is made, the name of *pyroxyline* is given to it. *Lignine*, or the true substance of wood, is convertible into a substance analogous to true gun-cotton. *Lignine*, combined with strong nitric acid, forms a substance called *xyloidide*. The preparations of collodion by Mr. R. W. Thomas are in much esteem, and are sold under the name of *Xylo-iodide of Silver*.

Although M. Biot, in 1840, considered it as an illusion to expect photographs having the color of the objects which they represent, yet a certain advance, and one of some importance, has been made to this result. In a former article we referred to the attempts of M. Claudet and Sir John Herschel to copy the colors of nature. Mr. Hunt "produced colored images, not merely impressions of the rays of the spectrum, but copies in the camera of colored objects." But the most important results have been obtained by M. Edmund Becquerel, and M. Niepce St. Victor of Paris.

In November, 1848, M. Edmund Becquerel exhibited to the Academy of Sciences "a photochromatic image of the solar spectrum, and colored photographs obtained in the camera obscura." These photographs were on daguerreotype plates; and there can be no doubt that all the colors of the spectrum,

* Grape sugar and honey have been successfully employed in greatly increasing the sensibility of albumen plates.

and those of natural objects were obtained by his process. Unfortunately, however, no method of fixing them could be found, and the colors disappeared very quickly when exposed to light, though they could be preserved for a long time in the dark.

M. Niepce St. Victor has pursued this subject with more success than his predecessors. Mr. Hunt has examined pictures of his on metallic plates, "in which every color of the original was most faithfully represented," but they eventually faded into one uniform reddish tint; and M. Niepce St. Victor tells us that he has made an hundred attempts to fix these *heliio-chromes*, as he calls them, without the slightest success.

Important as these researches are, M. Niepce de St. Victor has just published two "Memoirs" on a new action of light, which will excite much interest in the scientific world. Having exposed for a quarter of an hour to the sun's direct rays an engraving, which had been kept several days in the dark, he applied the engraving to a sheet of sensitive paper, and after twenty-four hours' contact, he obtained a negative picture of the engraving! If the engraving, taken from a dark place, where it has been for several days, be applied to the sheet of sensitive paper, without exposure to the direct rays of the sun, no negative picture is produced. Wood, ivory, goldbeater's skin, parchment, and even the living skin, struck by light, will give a negative picture, but metals and enamels will not. If a film of mica, glass, or rock crystal is placed between the engraving and the sensitive paper, no negative picture will be got; but if the engraving is covered with a stratum of collodion or gelatine, the picture will be obtained. If the distance between the engraving and the sensitive paper is only three millimetres, or 1-8th of an inch, a picture will be produced; and if the lines of the engraving are strong, a distance of a centimetre will not prevent it. If we take an opaque tube, shut up at one end and lined with white paper, and expose the open end for an hour to the direct rays of the sun, and if at the end of twenty-four hours we apply the open end of the tube to a piece of sensitive paper, we shall obtain a negative image of the opening. If the tube be hermetically sealed after exposure to the sun's rays, it will preserve for a long time the power of acting upon sensitive paper. M. Niepce St. Victor

placed a sheet of white paper that had been in the dark in the camera, where it continued to receive for three hours an image brilliantly illuminated by the sun. When taken out and applied to a sheet of sensitive paper, it reproduced very visibly, in twenty-four hours, the original image in the camera obscura!

In his second Memoir our author exhibits this "persistent activity," or "storing up" of light, as he calls it, in another interesting experiment. He places a glass or paper negative upon a sheet of paper that has been several days in the dark, and after a sufficient exposure to the sun's rays, he takes out the paper in the dark, and develops the picture by a solution of nitrate of silver, and fixes it by merely washing it in pure water. In order to obtain a picture more quickly and more vigorously developed, he impregnates the sheet of paper, till it becomes of a pale, straw yellow color, with an aqueous solution of *nitrate of uranium*, "which admits in a higher degree than the paper the luminous action of storing up with the persistent luminous activity." The picture, when taken, as before, is fixed by simple immersion in pure water till the salt of uranium is completely removed.* Thus fixed, the pictures resist the energetic action of a boiling solution of cyanuret of potash; and we may therefore hope that they will be indestructible by time. This great discovery of M. Niepce St. Victor will be received with surprise by the scientific world, who regard light and all its chemical influences as the effect of simple motion. When light has been stored up for days, it is difficult to understand how it can afterwards begin to vibrate and perform all its former functions.

Although M. Niepce St. Victor's experiment on the permanence of the nitrate of uranium photographs is very interesting, yet time only can solve the problem of their absolute indestructibility; and we must continue to practise the art with all the fears and misgivings of the past. It is fortunate, however, that several processes have been invented by which photographs can be rendered as permanent as engravings, and multiplied to any extent. The best of these processes is the photo-galvanographic one of Mr. Paul Pretsch,

* The paper is immersed *five* minutes in a solution of 20 grains of nitrate of uranium in 100 grains of water; or it may be floated on the solution, so as to penetrate through only half the thickness of the paper.

who, after securing his right by patent, established a company at Islington, and has published in a series of numbers magnificent specimens of the art. Solutions of glue in solutions of nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, and bichromate of potash, are mixed according to a rule, and spread like albumen over the glass plate. A photograph or engraving is placed on the prepared plate, and a negative taken in sun-light. The glass is then placed in water, with a little alcohol, and the darkened parts are rendered soluble, while the other parts are insoluble, so that in a few minutes we have a picture represented not only by light and shadow, but by the unequal thickness of the gelatine on the glass. When the plate is dry, soft gutta-percha is pressed upon the picture till it hardens. The gutta-percha has consequently an image the reverse of the first. After rubbing it over with bronze powder or black lead, it is placed in a solution of sulphate of copper, and an electrotype plate taken from it, in the usual way, with a voltaic battery. From this plate others can be readily taken, and, as in ordinary copperplate printing, thousands of copies can be thrown off. "By this process," says Mr. Hunt,* "pictures, in which the most delicate details are very faithfully preserved, and the nice gradations in light and shadow maintained in all their beauty, are now printed from the electrotype plate, obtained from the photograph. The process of photo-galvanography is evidently destined to take a very high position as a means of preserving the beauties of nature and art."[†]

Since the publication of our former article, photography has had many new and valuable applications, not only to the fine but to the useful arts.

In miniature painting it has created a new profession. Mr. Duppa, a distinguished artist, after making his photograph transparent, paints with oil colors on the back of the photograph, so that he never can take away the original likeness. Mr. Dickinson, on the contrary, and others, paint upon the photograph itself; and, at a trifling risk of affecting the likeness, they have the power of correcting defects, both in form and expression, which exist in almost every sun-picture.

* *Manual of Photography*, pp. 269, 270.

† We regret to learn that the establishment at Islington is broken up, but we trust that Mr. Pretsch will resume his labors with wealthy and active conditors.

To the landscape and historical painter, photography has proved an invaluable assistant. Messrs. Ross and Thomson published some time ago the most beautiful photographs of plants for foregrounds, taken while growing at the foot of rocks and trees. Of these, the ferns, the dock leaves, the foxglove, and the nettle are beyond all praise; * but charming as these are, they are surpassed by two on a larger scale, which have recently appeared, under the names of "the Quiet Corner" and "the Dykeside." These photographs, $15\frac{1}{2}$ by $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches, full of the poetry of vegetable life, teem with wild plants of the most picturesque and lovely forms, and rich in the variety and luxuriance of leaf and stem. Though devoid of fragrance and of color, they allure us to the cooling fountain which waters them. They tempt us to nestle in the little rocky hollow which they adorn, and to weep with human sympathies amid creations that are fated but to bloom and die.

The most important application of photography has certainly been to the stereoscope, not only in reference to art, but to the great purposes of education, and to the illustration of works on every branch of knowledge. The surface of the moon has been drawn with singular beauty. The eclipses of the sun and moon have been delineated, and various other astronomical phenomena, which the observer could not otherwise have recorded. But perhaps one of the most curious applications of the art has been to microscopic portraits, as executed with such skill by Mr. Dancer of Manchester. Some of these are so small that ten thousand could be included in a square inch, and yet, when magnified, the pictures have all the smoothness and vigor of ordinary photographs. The illustration of books by photography is, at present, a doubtful application of the art. The indestructible photo-galvanographs of Mr. Pretsch render such a risk unnecessary. The circulation of photographs in periodicals, such as *The Photographic Art Journal*, cannot, we think, succeed. In the four numbers of that work, which ought to have contained eight first-rate photographs, there are only four worth possessing, including "Fruit by Lance," from a

* The French have executed fine photographs of plants after they have been placed in a vase or woven into garlands. English artists, too, have done the same with plants in a hot-house. See Brewster's *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, pp. 173-178.

highly-colored oil painting which photography cannot reproduce in light and shadow. The scene of Gray's *Elegy* in our copy, and likely in many, is entirely spoilt; and in our copy Miss Jewsbury's portrait is a feeble and ineffective photograph, though tolerably good in other copies which we have seen. What beauty is there in the alto-relievo of Justin? and who cares for a view of "A Farm-yard in Hythe," with a lump of blurred foliage in the corner. But even if these photographs were good, and represented interesting historical subjects, and great men, and grand scenes in nature, they never could float the mawkish letterpress of science and literature with which they are interspersed.

The *Stereoscopic Magazine* has yet to show its character, by giving only interesting subjects, and *rejecting every picture, as an imposition on the public, which is not taken at the true binocular angle.* If it does not, a rival, in which "the pictures are true representations of the human form and of external nature," would instantly supplant it. To give stereoscopic pictures of the human figure, whether living or in marble, in which the

head is in advance of the neck, and the female dress draws away from the bust is a degradation of art; and to delineate a picturesque valley drawn out in startling perspective to amuse a clown, or groups of Egyptian ruins running out into a long street, is the freak of a Charlatan, and not the work of an artist.

Upon looking into the past history of photography, it would be hazardous to predict its future. But though we dare not venture to shorten the arm of science, or limit its grasp, there are certain steps in advance which we may reasonably anticipate. Optical instruments are yet required to represent on a plane the human face, without deforming its lines and magnifying its imperfections. We still require a more sensitive tablet to perpetuate the tender expressions of domestic life, and to fix the bolder lines of intellect and of passion which are displayed in the forum and in the senate. But, above all, we long to preserve the life-tints of those we love—to give to the ringlet its auburn, and to the eye its azure,—to perpetuate the maiden blush, and to rescue from oblivion even the hectic flush from which we are so soon to part.

HEATING BY GAS.—SANDING THE AIR.—

One of the new buildings erecting by Mrs. Dudley in Hawk street, says the Albany Knickerbocker, is not only to be lighted, but heated, with gas. The plan adopted is the one got out by Calvin Pepper, Esq., of this city. The iron work will be done up at the Eagle Furnace. Mr. Pepper gets up his heat by passing gas through sand. If the gas be directed into the body of the sand it will instantly diffuse itself through the entire mass, and, raising to the surface, may, with perfect safety, be instantly set on fire with a match, the flame covering the whole surface of the sand with a pure flame without smoke, no matter how large the extent of the flame, and with perfect and complete combustion. The heat is almost instantaneously diffused through the entire mass of sand, heating it equally throughout, and requiring but one minute of time to heat the sand to such intense temperature that it will retain its heat for hours after the gas is shut off and the light extinguished. There can be no doubt that the gas required to light a room will also be sufficient to heat it. Mr. Pepper claims that two cents' worth of gas will make a sufficient quantity of sand red hot to keep a room warm in winter 8 hours. If this be so, it will be seen that our fuel expenses can be reduced to about 50 cents a week.

a word on our parts. When a boy he filled the post of private secretary to the Baron de Breteuil, then resident at Soleure. Baron and boy alone possessed the secret (out of Paris) of the intended royal journey to Varennes. The gallant lad more than once put his life in jeopardy by secret visits to the capital, and even after the arrest of the unhappy sovereigns, he contrived to put himself in communication with the royal prisoners. M. de Verac retained in his possession several letters and fragments of letters written by Louis the Sixteenth and Marie-Antoinette, and the hoped-for publication of these would tend, we are assured, to raise in the general esteem the king and queen to whom misfortune gave such terrible dignity.—*Athenæum*.

EXCAVATION NEAR ROME.—Sir Charles Eastlake writes to the *London Builder* an account of some important excavations which have been recently made in the neighborhood of Rome. Several interesting fragments have been thrown up, a portion of the old Roman road (Via Latina) uncovered, and a most interesting tomb, consisting of several chambers, highly ornamented, containing sarcophagi, &c., has been discovered. The remains of an early Christian basilica have also been disclosed, and the general impression seems to be that what has hitherto been discovered only forms a small portion of a "paga," or village, of which the most part still remains to be disinterred.

THE death of the Marquis (Olivier de St. George) de Verac, at the age of ninety, in his old château du Tremblay, cannot pass without

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

AFTER a pause I ventured to ask what became of Madame de Créquy, Clément's mother.

"She never made any inquiry about him again," said my lady. "She must have known that he was dead; though how, we never could tell. Medicott remembered afterwards that it was about, if not on—Medicott to this day declares that it was on the very Monday, June the nineteenth, that her son was executed that Madame de Créquy left off her rouge, and took to her bed, as one bereaved and hopeless. It certainly was about that time; and Medicott—who was deeply impressed by that dream of Madame de Créquy's (the relation of which I told you had had such an effect on my lord), in which she had seen the figure of Virginie—as the only light object amid much surrounding darkness as of night, smiling and beckoning Clément on—on—till at length the bright phantom stopped, motionless, and Madame de Créquy's eyes began to penetrate the murky darkness, and to see closing around her the gloomy dripping walls which she had once seen and never forgotten, the walls of the vault of the chapel of the De Créquys in Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and there the two last of the De Créquys laid them down among their forefathers, and Madame de Créquy had wakened to the sound of the great door, which led to the open air, being locked upon her—I say Medicott, who was predisposed by this dream to look out for the supernatural, always declared that Madame de Créquy was made conscious in some mysterious way of her son's death on the very day and hour when it occurred, and that after that she had no more anxiety, was only conscious of a kind of stupifying despair."

"And what become of her, my lady?" asked I, repeating my question.

"What could become of her?" replied Lady Ludlow. "She never could be induced to rise again, though she lived more than a year after her son's departure. She kept her bed; her room darkened, her face turned towards the wall, whenever any one besides Medicott was in the room. She hardly ever spoke, and would have died of starvation but for Medicott's tender care, in putting a morsel to her lips every now and then, feeding her, in fact, just as an old bird feeds her

young ones. In the height of summer my lord and I left London. We would fain have taken her with us into Scotland, but the doctor (we had the old doctor from Leicester Square) forbade her removal; and this time he gave such good reasons against it that I acquiesced. Medicott and a maid were left with her. Every care was taken of her. She survived till our return. Indeed I thought she was in much the same state as I had left her in when I came back to London. But Medicott spoke of her as much weaker; and one morning on awakening they told me she was dead. I sent for Medicott, who was in sad distress, she had become so fond of her charge. She said that about two o'clock she had been awakened by unusual restlessness on Madame de Créquy's part; that she had gone to her bedside, and found the poor lady feebly but perpetually moving her wasted arm up and down—and saying to herself in a wailing voice: 'I did not bless him when he left me—I did not bless him when he left me!' Medicott gave her a spoonful or two of jelly, and sate by her, stroking her hand, and soothing her till she seemed to fall asleep. But in the morning she was dead."

"It is a sad story, your ladyship," said I, after a while.

"Yes it is. People seldom arrive at my age without having watched the beginning, middle, and end of many lives and many fortunes. We do not talk about them, perhaps; for they are often so sacred to us as having touched into the very quick of our own hearts, as it were, or into those of others who are dead and gone, and veiled over from human sight, that we cannot tell the tale as if it was a mere story. But young people should remember that we had had this solemn experience of life, on which to base our opinions and form our judgments, so that they are not mere untried theories. I am not alluding to Mr. Horner just now, for he is nearly as old as I am—within ten years, I daresay—but I am thinking of Mr. Gray, with his endless plans for some new thing—schools, education, Sabbaths, and what not. Now he has not seen what all this leads to."

"It is a pity he has not heard your ladyship tell the story of poor Monsieur de Créquy."

"Not at all a pity, my dear. A young man like him, who, both by position and age

must have had his experience confined to a very narrow circle, ought not to set up his opinion against mine; he ought not to require reasons from me, nor to need such explanation of my arguments (if I condescend to argue), as going into relation of the circumstances on which my arguments are based in my own mind, would be."

"But, my lady, it might convince him," I said, with perhaps injudicious perseverance.

"And why should he be convinced?" she asked, with gentle inquiry in her tone. "He has only to acquiesce. Though he is appointed by Mr. Croxton, I am the lady of the manor, as he must know. But it is with Mr. Horner that I must have to do about this unfortunate lad Gregson. I am afraid there will be no method of making him forget his unlucky knowledge. His poor brains will be intoxicated with the sense of his powers, without any counterbalancing principles to guide him. Poor fellow! I am quite afraid it will end in his being hanged!"

The next day Mr. Horner came to apologize and explain. He was evidently—as I could tell from his voice as he spoke to my lady in the next room—extremely annoyed at her ladyship's discovery of the education he had been giving to this boy. My lady spoke with great authority, and with reasonable grounds of complaint. Mr. Horner was well acquainted with her thoughts on the subject, and had acted in defiance of her wishes. He acknowledged as much, and should on no account have done it in any other instance without her leave.

"Which I could never have granted you," said my lady.

But this boy had extraordinary capabilities; would, in fact, have taught himself much that was bad, if he had not been rescued, and another direction given to his powers. And in all Mr. Horner had done, he had had her ladyship's service in view. The business was getting almost beyond his power, so many letters and so much account-keeping was required by the complicated state.

Lady Ludlow felt what was coming—a reference to the mortgage for the benefit of my lord's Scottish estates, which she was perfectly aware Mr. Horner considered as having been a most unwise proceeding—and she hastened to inquire:

"All this may be very true, Mr. Horner, and I am sure I should be the last person to

wish you to over-work or distress yourself; but of that we will talk another time. What I am now anxious to remedy is, if possible, the state of this poor little Gregson's mind. Would not hard work in the fields be a wholesome and excellent way of enabling him to forget?"

"I was in hopes, my lady, that you would have permitted me to bring him up to act as a kind of clerk," said Mr. Horner, jerking out his project abruptly.

"A what?" asked my lady, in infinite surprise.

"A kind of—of assistant in the way of copying letters and doing up accounts. He is already an excellent penman and very quick at figures."

"Mr. Horner," said my lady, with dignity, "the son of a poacher and vagabond ought never to have been able to copy letters relating to the Hanbury estates; and, at any rate, he shall not. I wonder how it is that, knowing the use he has made of his power of reading a letter, you should venture to propose such an employment for him as would require his being in your confidence, and you the trusted agent of this family. Why, every secret (and every ancient and honorable family has its secrets, as you know, Mr. Horner!) would be learnt off by heart, and repeated to the first comer!"

"I should have hoped to have trained him, my lady, to understand the rules of discretion."

"Trained! Train a barn-door fowl to be a pheasant, Mr. Horner! That would be the easier task. But you did right to speak of discretion rather than honor. Discretion looks to the consequences of actions—honor looks to the action itself, and is an instinct rather than a virtue. After all, it is possible you might have trained him to be discreet."

Mr. Horner was silent. My lady was softened by his not replying, and began, as she always did in such cases, to fear lest she had been too harsh. I could tell that by her voice and by her next speech as well as if I had seen her face.

"But I am sorry you are feeling the pressure of the affairs; I am quite aware that I have entailed much additional trouble upon you by some of my measures; I must try and provide you with some suitable assistance. Copying letters and doing up accounts, I think you said?"

Mr. Horner had certainly had a distant idea of turning the little boy, in process of time into a clerk; but he had rather urged this possibility of future usefulness beyond what he had at first intended, in speaking of it to my lady as a palliation of his offence, and he certainly was very much inclined to retract his statement that the letter-writing, or any other business, had increased, or that he was in the slightest want of help of any kind, when my lady, after a pause of consideration, suddenly said:

"I have it. Miss Galindo will, I am sure, be glad to assist you. I will speak to her myself. The payment we should make to a clerk will be of real service to her!"

I could hardly help echoing Mr. Horner's tone of surprise as he said:

"Miss Galindo!"

For you must be told who Miss Galindo was; at least, told as much as I know. Miss Galindo had lived in the village for many years, keeping house on the smallest possible means, yet always managing to maintain a servant. And this servant was invariably chosen because she had some infirmity that made her undesirable to every one else. I believe Miss Galindo had had lame and blind and hump-backed maids. She had even taken in a girl hopelessly gone in consumption at one time as a servant because, if not, she would have had to go to the workhouse, and not have had enough to eat. Of course the poor creature could not perform a single duty usually required of a servant, and Miss Galindo herself was both servant and nurse.

Her present maid was scarcely four feet high, and bore a terrible character for ill-temper. Nobody but Miss Galindo would have kept her; but as it was, mistress and servant squabbled perpetually, and were, at heart, the best of friends. For it was one of Miss Galindo's peculiarities to do all manner of kind and self-denying actions, and to say all manner of provoking things. Lame, blind, deformed, and dwarf, all came in for scoldings without number! it was only the consumptive girl that never had heard a sharp word. I don't think any of her servants liked her the worse for her peppery temper, and passionate odd ways, for they knew her real and beautiful kindness of heart; and, besides, she had so great a turn for humor, that very often her speeches amused as much or more than they irritated; and on the other side, a piece of

witty impudence from her servant would occasionally tickle her so much and so suddenly, that she would burst out laughing in the middle of her passion.

But the talk about Miss Galindo's choice and management of her servants was confined to village gossip, and had never reached my Lady Ludlow's ears, though doubtless Mr. Horner was well acquainted with it. What my lady knew of her amounted to this. It was the custom in those days for the wealthy ladies of the county to set on foot a repository, as it was called, in the assize-town. The ostensible manager of this repository was generally a decayed gentlewoman, a clergyman's widow, or so forth. She was, however, controlled by a committee of ladies; and paid by them in proportion to the amount of goods she sold; and these goods were the small manufactures of ladies of little or no fortune, whose names, if they chose it, were only signified by initials.

Poor water-color drawings, in indigo and Indian ink; screens, ornamented with moss and dried leaves; paintings on velvet, and such faintly ornamental works were displayed on one side of the shop. It was always reckoned a mark of characteristic gentility in the repository, to have only common heavy framed sash-windows, which admitted very little light, so I never was quite certain of the merit of these Works of Art, as they were entitled. But, on the other side, where the Useful Work placard was put up, there was a great variety of articles, of whose unusual excellence every one might judge. Such fine sewing, and stitching, and button-holing! Such bundles of soft delicate knitted stockings and socks; and, above all, in Lady Ludlow's eyes, such hanks of the finest spun flaxen thread!

And the most delicate dainty work of all was done by Miss Galindo, as Lady Ludlow very well knew. Yet, for all their fine sewing, it sometimes happened that Miss Galindo's patterns were of an old-fashioned kind; and the dozen night-caps, maybe, on the materials for which she had expended bona fide money, and on the making-up, no little time and eyesight, would lie for months in a yellow neglected heap; and at such times it was said Miss Galindo was more amusing than usual, more full of dry drollery and humor; just as at the times when an order came in to X (the initial she had chosen) for a stock of well paying things, she sat and stormed at her servant

as she stitched away. She herself explained her practice in this way :

"When every thing goes wrong, one would give up breathing if one could not lighten one's heart by a joke. But when I've to sit still from morning till night, I must have something to stir my blood, or I should go off in an apoplexy, so I set to, and quarrel with Sally."

Such were Miss Galindo's means and manner of living in her own house. Out of doors, and in the village she was not popular, although she would have been sorely missed had she left the place. But she asked too many home questions (not to say impertinent) respecting the domestic economies, (and even the very poor like to spend their bit of money their own way), and would open cupboards to find out hidden extravagancies, and question closely respecting the weekly amount of butter, till one day she met with what would have been a rebuff to any other person, but which she rather enjoyed than otherwise.

She was going into the cottage, and, in the doorway met the good woman chasing out a duck, and apparently unconscious of her visitor.

"Get out, Miss Galindo!" she cried, addressing the duck. "Get out! O, I ask your pardon," she continued, as if seeing the lady for the first time. "It's only that weary duck that will come in. Get out, Miss Gal——" (to the duck).

"And so you call it after me, do you?" inquired her visitor.

"O, yes, ma'am my master would have it so, for he said, sure enough the unlucky bird was always poking herself where she was not wanted."

"Ha, ha! very good! And so your master is a wit, is he? Well! tell him to come up and speak to me to-night about my parlor chimney, for there is no one like him for chimney doctoring."

And the master went up, and was so won over by Miss Galindo's merry ways, and sharp insight into the mysteries of his various kinds of business (he was a mason, chimney-sweeper, and rat-catcher), that he came home and abused his wife the next time she called the duck the name by which he himself had christened her.

But odd as Miss Galindo was in general, she could be as well-bred a lady as any one

when she chose. And choose she always did, when my Lady Ludlow was by. Indeed I don't know the man, woman, or child, that did not instinctively turn out its best side to her ladyship. So she had no notion of the qualities which I am sure made Mr. Horner think that Miss Galindo would be most unmanageable as a clerk, and heartily wish that the idea had never come into my lady's head. But there it was; and he had annoyed her ladyship already more than he liked to-day, so he could not directly contradict her, but only urge difficulties which he hoped might prove insuperable. But every one of them Lady Ludlow knocked down. Letters to copy? Doubtless. Miss Galindo could come up to the hall; she should have a room to herself; she wrote a beautiful hand; and writing would save her eyesight. "Capability with regard to accounts?" My lady would answer for that, too; and for more than Mr. Horner seemed to think it necessary to inquire about. Miss Galindo was by birth and breeding a lady of the strictest honor, and would if possible, forget the substance of any letters that pass through her hands; at any rate, no one would ever hear of them again from her. "Remuneration?" Oh! as for that, Lady Ludlow would herself take care that it was managed in the delicate manner possible. She would send to invite Miss Galindo to tea at the Hall that very afternoon, if Mr. Horner would only give her ladyship the slightest idea of the average length of time that my lady was to request Miss Galindo to sacrifice to her daily. "Three hours! Very well." Mr. Horner looked very grave as he passed the windows of the room where I lay. I don't think he liked the idea of Miss Galindo as a clerk.

Lady Ludlow's invitations were like royal commands. Indeed the village was too quiet to allow the inhabitants to have many evening engagements of any kind. Now and then Mr. and Mrs. Horner gave a tea and supper to the principal tenants and their wives, to which the clergyman was invited, and Miss Galindo, Mrs. Medicott, and one or two other spinsters and widows. The glory of the supper-table on these occasions was invariably furnished by her ladyship! it was a cold roasted peacock, with his tail stuck out as if in life. Mrs. Medicott would take up the whole morning arranging the feathers in the proper semicircle, and was always pleased with the wonder and admiration it

excited. It was considered a due reward and fitting compliment to her exertions that Mr. Horner always took her in to supper, and placed her opposite to the magnificent dish, at which she sweetly smiled all the time they were at table. But since Mrs. Horner had had the paralytic stroke these parties had been given up; and Miss Galindo wrote a note to Lady Ludlow in reply to her invitation, saying that she was entirely disengaged, and would have great pleasure in doing herself the honor of waiting upon her ladyship.

Whoever visited my lady took their meals with her, sitting on the dais, in the presence of all my former companions. So I did not see Miss Galindo until some time after tea; as the young gentlemen had had to bring her their sewing and spinning, to hear the remarks of so competent a judge. At length her ladyship brought her visitor into the room where I lay,—it was one of my bad days, I remember,—in order to have her little bit of private conversation. Miss Galindo was dressed in her best gown, I am sure, but I had never seen any thing like it except in a picture, it was so old-fashioned. She wore a white muslin apron, delicately embroidered, and put on a little crookedly, in order, as she told us, even Lady Ludlow, before the evening was over, to conceal a spot whence the color had been discharged by a lemon-stain. This crookedness had an odd effect, especially when I saw that it was intentional; indeed, she was so anxious about her apron's right adjustment in the wrong place, that she told us straight out why she wore it so, and asked her ladyship if the spot was properly hidden, at the same time lifting up her apron and showing her how large it was.

"When my father was alive, I always took his right arm, so, and used to remove any spotted or discolored breadths to the left side if it was a walking dress. That's the convenience of a gentleman. But widows and spinsters must do what they can. Ah, my dear! (to me), when you are reckoning up the blessings in your lot,—though you may think it a hard one in some respects,—don't forget how little your stockings want darning, as you are obliged to lie down so much! I would rather knit two pairs of stockings than darn one, any day."

"Have you been doing any of your beautiful knitting lately?" asked my lady, who had

now arranged Miss Galindo in the pleasantest chair, and taken her own little wicker-work one, and, having her work in her hands, was ready to try and open the subject.

"No, and alas! your ladyship. It is partly the hot weather's fault, for people seem to forget that winter must come; and partly, I suppose, that every one is stocked who has the money to pay four and sixpence a pair for stockings."

"Then may I ask if you have any time in your active days at liberty?" said my lady, drawing a little nearer to her proposal, which I fancy she found it a little awkward to make.

"Why the village keeps me busy, your ladyship, when I have neither knitting nor sewing to do. You know I took X for my letter at the repository, because it stands for Xantippe, who was a great scold in old times, as I have learnt. But I'm sure I don't know how the world would get on without scolding, your ladyship. It would go to sleep, and the sun would stand still."

"I don't think I could bear to scold, Miss Galindo," said her ladyship, smiling.

"No! because your ladyship has people to do it for you. Begging your pardon, my lady, it seems to me the generality of people may be divided into saints, scolds, and sinners. Now your ladyship is a saint, because you have a sweet and holy nature, in the first place; and have people to do your anger and vexation for you, in the second place. And Jonathan Walker is a sinner, because he is sent to prison. But here am I, half way, having but a poor kind of disposition at best, and yet hating sin, and all that leads to it, such as wasting and extravagance, and gossiping,—and yet all this lies right under my nose in the village, and I am not saint enough to be vexed at it; and so I scold. And though I had rather be a saint, yet I think I do good in my way."

"No doubt you do, dear Miss Galindo," said Lady Ludlow. "But I am sorry to hear that there is so much that is bad going on in the village,—very sorry."

"O, your ladyship! then I am sorry I brought it out. It was only by way of saying, that when I have no particular work to do at home, I take a turn abroad, and set my neighbors to rights, just by way of steering clear of Satan."

" 'For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,'

you know, my lady."

There was no leading into the subject by delicate degrees, for Miss Galindo was evidently so fond of talking, that, if asked a question, she made her answer so long, that before she came to an end of it, she had wandered far away from the original starting point. So Lady Ludlow plunged at once into what she had to say.

"Miss Galindo, I have a great favor to ask of you."

"My lady, I wish I could tell you what a pleasure it is to hear you say so," replied Miss Galindo, almost with tears in her eyes; so glad were we all to do any thing for her ladyship, which could be called a free service and not merely a duty.

"It is this. Mr. Horner tells me that the business-letters, relating to the estate, are multiplying so much that he finds it impossible to copy them all himself, and I therefore require the services of some confidential and discreet person to copy these letters, and occasionally to go through certain accounts. Now, there is a very pleasant little sitting-room very near to Mr. Horner's office (you know Mr. Horner's office? on the other side of the stone hall?) and if I could prevail upon you to come here to breakfast and afterwards sit there for three hours every morning, Mr. Horner should bring or send you the papers——"

Lady Ludlow stopped. Miss Galindo's countenance had fallen. There was some great obstacle in her mind to her wish for obliging Lady Ludlow.

"What would Sally do?" she asked at length. Lady Ludlow had not a notion who Sally was. Nor if she had had a notion, would she have had any conception of the perplexities that poured into Miss Galindo's mind, at the idea of leaving her rough forgetful dwarf without the perpetual monitorship of her mistress. Lady Ludlow, accustomed to a household where every thing went on noiselessly, perfectly and by clock-work, conducted by a number of highly-paid well-chosen and accomplished servants, had not a conception of the nature of the rough material from which her servants came. Besides, in her establishment, so that the result was good, no one inquired if the small economies had been observed in the production. Where-

as every penny—every half-penny—was of consequence to Miss Galindo; and visions of squandered drops of milk and wasted crusts of bread filled her mind with dismay. But she swallowed all her apprehensions down out of her regard for Lady Ludlow, and desire to be of service to her. No one knows how great a trial it was to her when she thought of Sally, unchecked and unscolded for three hours every morning. But all she said was,—

"Sally go to the Deuce. I beg your pardon, my lady, if I was talking to myself; it's a habit I have got into of keeping my tongue in practice, and I am not quite aware when I do it. Three hours every morning! I shall be only too proud to do what I can for your ladyship; and I hope Mr. Horner will not be too impatient with me at first. You know, perhaps, that I was nearly being an authoress once, and that seems as if I was destined to 'employ my time in writing.'"

"No, indeed; we must return to the subject of the clerkship, afterwards, if you please. An authoress, Miss Galindo! You surprise me!"

"But, indeed, I was. All was quite ready. Doctor Burney used to teach me music; not that I ever could learn, but it was a fancy of my poor father's. And his daughter wrote a book, and they said she was but a very young lady, and nothing but a music-master's daughter; so why should not I try?"

"Well?"

"Well! I got paper and half a hundred good pens, a bottle of ink, all ready——"

"And then——"

"O, it ended in my having nothing to say, when I sat down to write. But sometimes, when I get hold of a book, I wonder why I let such a poor reason stop me. It does not others."

"But I think it was very well it did, Miss Galindo," said her ladyship. "I am extremely against women's usurping men's employments, as they are very apt to do. But perhaps, after all, the notion of writing a book improved your hand. It is one of the most legible I ever saw."

"I despise z's without tails," said Miss Galindo, with a good deal of gratified pride at my lady's praise.

Presently, my lady took her to look at a curious old cabinet, which Lord Ludlow had picked up at the Hague; and while they

were out of the room on this errand, I suppose the question of remuneration was settled, for I heard no more of it.

When they came back, they were talking of Mr. Gray. Miss Galindo was unsparing in her expressions of opinion about him: going much farther than my lady in her language, at least.

"A little blushing man like him, who can't say bo to a goose without hesitating and coloring, to come to this village—which is as good a village as ever lived—and cry us down for a set of sinners, as if we had all committed murder and that other thing!—I have no patience with them, my lady. And then, how is he to help us to heaven, by teaching us our a b, ab, b a, ba? And yet, by all accounts, that's to save poor children's souls. O, I knew your ladyship would agree with me. I am sure my mother was as good a creature as ever breathed the blessed air; and if she's not gone to heaven, I don't want to go there; and she could not spell a letter decently. And does Mr. Gray think God took note of that?"

"I was sure you would agree with me, Miss Galindo," said my lady. "You and I can remember how this talk about education—*Rosseau*, and his writings—stirred up the French people to their Reign of Terror, and all those bloody scenes."

"I'm afraid that *Rosseau* and Mr. Gray are birds of a feather," replied Miss Galindo, shaking her head. "And yet there is some good in the young man, too. He sate up all night with Billy Davis, when his wife was fairly worn out with nursing him."

"Did he, indeed!" said my lady, her face lighting up, as it always did when she heard of any kind or generous action, no matter who performed it. "What a pity he is bitten with these new revolutionary ideas, and is so much for disturbing the established order of society!"

When Miss Galindo went, she left so favorable an impression of her visit on my lady, that she said to me, with a pleased smile:

"I think I have provided Mr. Horner with a far better clerk than he would have made of that lad *Greson* in twenty years. And I will send the lad to my lord's grieve, in Scotland, that he may be kept out of harm's way."

But something happened to the lad before this purpose could be accomplished.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE next morning Miss Galindo made her appearance, and, by some mistake, unusual in my lady's well-trained servants, was shown into the room where I was trying to walk; for a certain amount of exercise was prescribed for me, painful although the exertion had become.

She brought a little basket along with her; and while the footman was gone to inquire my lady's wishes (for, indeed, I don't think that Lady Ludlow expected Miss Galindo so soon to assume her clerkship; nor, indeed, had Mr. Horner any work of any kind ready for his new assistant to do), she launched out into conversation with me.

"It was a sudden summons, my dear! However, as I have often said to myself, ever since an occasion long ago, if Lady Ludlow ever honors me by asking for my right hand, I'll cut it off, and wrap the stump up so tidily she shall never find out it bleeds. But if I had had a little more time I could have mended my pens better. You see I have had to sit up pretty late to get these sleeves made"—and she took out of her basket a pair of brown-holland over-sleeves, very much such as a grocer's apprentice wears—"and I had only time to make seven or eight pens out of some quills *Farmer Thomson* gave me last autumn. As for ink, I'm thankful to say that's always ready; an ounce of steel filings, an ounce of nut-gall, and a pint of water (tea, if you're extravagant, which, thank Heaven! I'm not), put all in a bottle, and hang it up behind the house door, so that the whole gets a good shaking every time you slam it to, and, even if you are in a passion and bang it, as Sally and I often do, it is all the better for it, and there's my ink ready for use; ready to write my lady's will with, if need be."

"O, Miss Galindo!" said I, "don't talk so; my lady's will! and she not dead yet."

"And if she were, what would be the use of talking of making her will? Now, if you were Sally, I should say, 'Answer me that, you goose!' But, as you're a relation of my lady's, I must be civil, and only say, 'I can't think how you can talk so like a fool!' To be sure, poor thing, you're lame!"

I do not know how long she would have gone on; but my lady came in, and I, released from my duty of entertaining Miss Galindo, made my limping way into the next room. To tell the truth, I was rather afraid

of Miss Galindo's tongue, for I never knew what she would say next.

Presently my lady came in. She began to look in the bureau for something, and as she looked she spoke to me.

"I think Mr. Horner must have made some mistake when he said he had so much work that he almost required a clerk, for this morning he cannot find any thing for Miss Galindo to do, and there she is, sitting with her pen behind her ear, waiting for something to write. I am come to find her my mother's letters, for I should like to have a fair copy made of them. O, here they are! don't trouble yourself, my dear child."

When my lady returned, she sate down and began to talk of Mr. Gray.

"Miss Galindo says she saw him going to hold a prayer-meeting in a cottage. Now, that really makes me unhappy, it is so like what Mr. Wesley used to do in my younger days; and since then we have had rebellion in the American colonies and the French revolution. You may depend upon it, my dear, making religion and education common—vulgarizing them, as it were—is a bad thing for a nation. A man who hears prayers read in the cottage where he has just supped on bread and bacon forgets the respect due to a church; he begins to think that one place is as good as another, and, by-and-by, that one person is as good as another; and after that I always find that people begin to talk of their rights, instead of thinking of their duties. I wish Mr. Gray had been more tractable, and had left well alone. What do you think I heard this morning? Why, that the Home Hill estate, which niches into the Hanbury property, was bought by a Baptist baker from Birmingham!"

"A Baptist baker!" I exclaimed. I had never seen a Dissenter to my knowledge; but, having always heard them spoken of with horror, I looked upon them almost as if they were rhinoceroses. I wanted to see a live Dissenter, I believe, and yet I wished it were over. I was almost surprised when I heard that any of them were engaged in such peaceful occupations as baking.

"Yes! so Mr. Horner tells me. A Mr. Lambe, I believe. But, at any rate, he is a Baptist, and has been in trade. What with his schismatism and Mr. Gray's methodism, I am afraid all the primitive character of this place will vanish."

From what I could hear, Mr. Gray seemed to be taking his own way; at any rate, more than he had done when he first came to the village, when his natural timidity had made him defer to my lady, and seek her consent and sanction before embarking in any new plan. But newness was a quality Lady Ludlow especially disliked. Even in the fashions of dress and furniture she clung to the old, to the modes which had prevailed when she was young; and, though she had a deep personal regard to Queen Charlotte (to whom, as I have perhaps already said, she had been maid-of-honor), yet there was a tinge of Jacobitism about her, such as made her extremely dislike to hear Prince Charles Edward called the Young Pretender, as many loyal people did in those days, and made her fond of telling of the thorn-tree in my lord's park in Scotland, which had been planted by bonny Queen Mary herself, and before which every guest in the Castle of Monkshaven were expected to stand bare-headed, out of respect to the memory and misfortunes of the royal planter.

We might play at cards, if we so chose, on a Sunday; at least I suppose we might, for my lady and Mr. Mountford used to do so often when I first went. But we must neither play cards nor read nor sew on the fifth of November and on the thirtieth of January, but must go to church, and meditate all the rest of the day—and very hard work meditating was. I would far rather have scoured a room. That was the reason, I suppose, why a passive life was seen to be better discipline for me than an active one.

But I am wandering away from my lady, and her dislike to all innovation. Now, it seemed to me, as far as I heard, that Mr. Gray was full of nothing but new things, and that what he first did was to attack all our established institutions, both in the village and the parish and also in the nation. To be sure, I heard of his ways of going on principally from Miss Galindo, who was apt to speak more strongly than accurately.

"There he goes," she said, "clucking up the children just like an old hen, and trying to teach them about their salvation and their souls, and I don't know what—things that it is just blasphemy to speak about out of church. And he potters old people about reading their Bibles. I am sure I don't want to speak disrespectfully about the Holy Scrip-

tures, but I found old Job Horton busy reading his Bible yesterday. Says I, 'What are you reading, and where did you get it, and who gave it you?' So he made answer 'That he was reading Susannah and the Elders, for that he had read Bel and the Dragon till he could pretty near say it off by heart, and they were two as pretty stories as ever he had read, and that it was a caution to him what bad old chaps there were in the world.' Now, as Job is bed-ridden, I don't think he is likely to meet with the Elders, and I say that I think repeating his Creed, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and, maybe, throwing in a verse of the Psalms, if he wanted a bit of a change, would have done him far more good than his pretty stories, as he called them. And what's the next thing our young parson does? Why, he tries to make us all feel pitiful for the black slaves, and leaves little pictures of negroes about, with the question printed below, Am I not a man and a brother? just as if I was to be hail-fellow-well-met with every negro footman. They do say he takes no sugar in his tea, because he thinks he sees spots of blood in it. Now I call that superstition."

The next day it was a still worse story.

"Well, my dear! and how are you? My lady sent me in to sit a bit with you, while Mr. Horner looks out some papers for me to copy. Between ourselves, Mr. Steward Horner does not like having me for a clerk. It is all very well, he does not; for, if he were decently civil to me, I might want a chaperone, you know, now poor Mrs. Horner is dead." This was one of Miss Galindo's grim jokes. "As it is, I try to make him forget I'm a woman. I do every thing as ship-shape as a masculine man-clerk. I see he can't find a fault—writing good, spelling correct, sums all right. And then he squints up at me with the tail of his eye, and looks glummer than ever, just because I'm a woman—as if I could help that. I have gone good lengths to set his mind at ease. I have stuck my pen behind my ear, I have made him a bow instead of a curtsy, I have whistled—not a tune, I can't pipe up that—nay, if you won't tell my lady, I don't mind telling you that I have said Confound it! and Zounds! I can't get any farther. For all that, Mr. Horner won't forget I am a lady, and so I am not half the use I might be, and if it were not to please my Lady Ludlow,

Mr. Horner and his books might go hang (see how natural that came out!). And there is an order for a dozen nightcaps for a bride, and I am so afraid I shan't have time to do them. Worst of all, there's Mr. Gray taking advantage of my absence to seduce Sally!"

"To seduce Sally! Mr. Gray!

"Pooh, pooh, child! There's many a kind of seduction. Mr. Gray is seducing Sally to want to go to church. There has he been twice at my house, while I have been away in the mornings, talking to Sally about the state of her soul and that sort of thing. But when I found the meat all roasted to a cinder, I said, 'Come, Sally, let's have no more praying when beef is down at the fire. Pray at six o'clock in the morning and nine at night, and I won't hinder you.' So she sauced me, and said something about Martha and Mary, implying that, because she had let the beef get so overdone that I declare I could hardly find a bit fit for Nancy Pole's sick grandchild, she had chosen the better part. I was very much put about, I own, and perhaps you'll be shocked at what I said—indeed, I don't know if it was right myself—but I told her I had a soul as well as she, and if it was to be saved by my sitting still and thinking about salvation and never doing my duty, I thought I had as good a right as she had to be Mary, and save my soul. So that afternoon I sate quite still, and it was really a comfort, for I am often too busy, I know, to pray as I ought. There is first one person wanting me, and then another, and the house and the food and the neighbors to see after. So, when tea-time comes, there enters my maid with her hump on her back, and her soul to be saved. 'Please, ma'am, did you order the pound of butter?'—'No, Sally,' I said, shaking my head, 'this morning I did not go round by Hale's farm, and this afternoon I have been employed in spiritual things.'

"Now our Sally likes tea and bread and butter above every thing, and dry bread was not to her taste.

"'I'm thankful,' said the impudent hussy, 'that you've taken a turn towards godliness. It will be my prayers, I trust, that's given it you.'

"I was determined not to give her an opening towards the carnal subject of butter, so she lingered still, longing to ask leave to run

for it. But I gave her none, and munched my dry bread myself, thinking what a famous cake I could make for little Ben Pole with the bit of butter we were saving; and when Sally had had her butterless tea, and was in none of the best of tempers because Martha had not bethought herself of the butter, I just quietly said :

“Now, Sally, to-morrow we'll try to hash that beef well, and to remember the butter, and to work out our salvation all at the same time, for I don't see why it can't all be done, as God has set us to do it all.” But I heard her at it again about Mary and Martha, and I have no doubt that Mr. Gray will teach her to consider me a lost sheep.”

I had heard so many little speeches about Mr. Gray from one person or another, all speaking against him, as a mischief-maker, a setter-up of new doctrines, and of a fanciful standard of life (and you may be sure that, where Lady Ludlow led, Mrs. Medicott and Adams were certain to follow, each in their different ways showing the influence my lady had over them), that I believe I had grown to consider him as a very instrument of evil, and to expect to perceive in his face marks of his presumption, and arrogance, and impertinent interference. It was now many weeks since I had seen him, and when he was one morning shown into the blue drawing-room (into which I had been removed for a change), I was quite surprised to see how innocent and awkward a young man he appeared, confused even more than I was at our unexpected tête-à-tête. He looked thinner, his eyes more eager, his expression more anxious, and his color came and went more than it had done when I had seen him last. I tried to make a little conversation, as I was, to my own surprise, more at my ease than he was; but his thoughts were evidently too much pre-occupied for him to do more than answer me with monosyllables.

Presently my lady came in. Mr. Gray twitched and colored more than ever; but plunged into the middle of his subject at once.

“My lady, I cannot answer it to my conscience if I allow the children of this village to go on any longer the little heathens that they are. I must do something to alter their condition. I am quite aware that your ladyship disapproves of many of the plans which have suggested themselves to me; but never-

theless I must do something, and I am come now to your ladyship to ask respectfully, but firmly, what you would advise me to do.”

His eyes were dilated, and I could almost have said they were full of tears with his eagerness. But I am sure it is a bad plan to remind people of decided opinions which they have once expressed, if you wish them to modify those opinions. Now Mr. Gray had done this with my lady; and though I do not mean to say she was obstinate, yet she was not one to retract.

She was silent for a moment or two before she replied.

“You ask me to suggest a remedy for an evil of the existence of which I am not conscious,” was her answer—very coldly, very gently given. “In Mr. Mountford's time I heard no such complaints; whenever I see the village children (and they are not unfrequent visitors at this house, on one pretext or another), they are well and decently behaved.”

“O, madam, you cannot judge,” he broke in. “They are trained to respect you in word and deed; you are the highest they ever look up to; they have no notion of a higher.”

“Nay, Mr. Gray,” said my lady, smiling, “they are as loyally disposed as any children can be. They come up here every fourth of June, and drink his Majesty's health, and have buns, and (as Margaret Dawson can testify) they take a great and respectful interest in all the pictures I can show them of the Royal family.”

“But, madam, I think of something higher than any earthly dignities.”

My lady colored at the mistake she had made; for she herself was truly pious. Yet when she resumed the subject, it seemed to me as if her tone was a little sharper than before.

“Such want of reverence is, I should say, the clergyman's fault. You must excuse me, Mr. Gray, if I speak plainly.”

“My lady, I want plain-speaking. I myself am not accustomed to those ceremonies and forms which are, I suppose, the etiquette in your ladyship's rank of life, and which seem to hedge you in from any power of mine to touch you. Among those with whom I have passed my life hitherto it has been the custom to speak plainly out what we have felt earnestly. So, instead of needing

any apology from your ladyship for straightforward speaking, I will meet what you say at once, and say that it is the clergyman's fault in a great measure when the children of his parish swear, and curse, and are brutal and ignorant of all saving grace; nay, some of them of the very name of God. And because this guilt of mine, as the clergyman of this parish, lies heavy on my soul, and every day leads but from bad to worse, till I am utterly bewildered how to do good to children who escape from me as if I were a monster, and who are growing up to be men fit for and capable of any crime, but those requiring wit or sense, I come to you, who seem to me all-powerful as far as material power goes—for your ladyship only knows the surface of things, and barely that, that pass in your village—to help me with advice and such outward help as you can give."

Mr. Gray had stood up and sate down once or twice while he had been speaking, in an agitated, nervous kind of way, and now he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, after which he trembled all over.

My lady rang for a glass of water, and looked much distressed.

"Mr. Gray," said she, "I am sure you are not well; and that makes you exaggerate childish faults into positive evils. It is always the case with us when we are not strong in health. I hear of you exerting yourself in every direction; you over-work yourself, and the consequence is, that you imagine us all worse people than we are."

And my lady smiled very kindly and pleasantly at him, as he sate, a little panting, a little flushed, trying to recover his breath. I am sure that now they were brought face to face, she had quite forgotten all the offence she had taken at his doings when she heard of them from others; and, indeed, it was enough to soften any one's heart to see that young, almost boyish face, looking in such anxiety and distress.

"O, my lady, what shall I do?" he asked, as soon as he could recover breath, and with such an air of humility that I am sure no one who had seen it could have ever thought him conceited again. "The evil of this world is too strong for me. I can do so little. It is all in vain. It was only to-day—" And again the cough and agitation returned.

"My dear Mr. Gray," said my lady (the day before, I could never have believed she

could have called him My dear), "you must take the advice of an old woman about yourself. You are not fit to do any thing just now but attend to your own health: rest, and see a doctor (but, indeed, I will take care of that), and when you are pretty strong again, you will find that you have been magnifying evils to yourself."

"But, my lady, I cannot rest. The evils do exist, and the burden of their continuance lies on my shoulders. I have no place to gather the children together in, that I may teach them the things necessary to salvation. The rooms in my own house are too small; but I have tried them. I have money of my own; and, as your ladyship knows, I tried to get a piece of leasehold property on which to build a school-house at my own expense. Your ladyship's lawyer comes forward at you, instructions to enforce some old feudal right, by which no building is allowed on leasehold property without the sanction of the Lady of the Manor. It may be all very true; but it was a cruel thing to do,—that is, if your ladyship had known (which I am sure you do not) the real spiritual and moral state of my poor parishioners. And now I come to you to know what I am to do? Rest! I cannot rest while children whom I could possibly save are being left in their ignorance, their blasphemy, their uncleanness, their cruelty. It is known through the village that your ladyship disapproves of my efforts, and opposes all my plans. If you think them wrong, foolish, ill-digested (I have been a student, living in a college, and eschewing all society but that of pious men until now: I may not judge for the best, in my ignorance of this sinful human nature), tell me of better plans and wiser projects for accomplishing my end; but do not bid me rest, with Satan compassing me round, and stealing souls away."

"Mr Gray," said my lady, "there may be some truth in what you have said. I do not deny it, though I think, in your present state of indisposition and excitement, you exaggerate it much. I believe—nay, the experience of a pretty long life has convinced me—that education is a bad thing, if given indiscriminately. It unfits the lower orders for their duties, the duties to which they are called by God, of submission to those placed in authority over them, of contentment with that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, and of ordering themselves lowly and rever-

ently to all their betters. I have made this conviction of mine tolerably evident to you; and have expressed distinctly my disapprobation of some of your ideas. You may imagine, then, that I was not well pleased when I found that you had taken a rood or more of Farmer Hale's land, and were laying the foundations of a school-house. You had done this without asking for my permission, which, as Farmer Hale's liege lady, ought to have been obtained legally, as well as asked for out of courtesy. I put a stop to what I believed to be calculated to do harm to a village, to a population in which, to say the least of it, I may be supposed to take as much interest as you can do. How can reading and writing, and the multiplication-table (if you choose to go so far) prevent blasphemy, and uncleanness and cruelty? Really, Mr. Gray, I hardly like to express myself so strongly on the subject in your present state of health as I should do at any other time. It seems to me that books do little; character much; and character is not formed from books."

"I do not think of character: I think of souls. I must get some hold upon these children, or what will become of them in the next world? I must be found to have some power beyond what they have, and what they are rendered capable of appreciating before they will listen to me. At present, physical force is all they look up to; and I have none."

"Nay, Mr. Gray, by your own admission, they look up to me."

"They would not do any thing your ladyship disliked if it was likely to come to your knowledge; but if they could conceal it from you, the knowledge of your dislike to such or such a line of conduct would never make them cease from pursuing it."

"Mr. Gray," surprise in her air, and some little indignation, "they and their fathers have lived on the Hanbury lands for generations!"

"I cannot help it, madam. I am telling you the truth, whether you believe me or not." There was a pause; my lady looking perplexed, and somewhat ruffled; Mr. Gray as though hopeless and wearied out. "Then, my lady," said he, at last, rising as he spoke, "you can suggest nothing to ameliorate the state of things which, I do assure you, does exist on your lands, and among your tenants. Surely, you will not object to my using

Farmer Hale's great barn every Sabbath. He will allow me the use of it, if your ladyship will grant your permission."

"You are not fit for any extra work at present" (and indeed he had been coughing very much all through the conversation). "Give me time to consider of it. Tell me what you wish to teach. You will be able to take care of your health and grow stronger while I consider. It shall not be the worse for you, if you leave it in my hands for a time."

My lady spoke very kindly; but he was in too excited a state to recognize the kindness, while the idea of delay was evidently a sore irritation. I heard him say: "And I have so little time in which to do my work. Lord! lay not this sin to my charge."

But my lady was speaking to the old butler, for whom, at her sign, I had rung the bell some little time before. Now she turned round.

"Mr. Gray, I find I have some bottles of Malmsey, of the vintage of 1778, yet left. Malmsey, as perhaps you know, used to be considered a specific for coughs arising from weakness. You must permit me to send you half-a-dozen bottles, and depend upon it you will take a more cheerful view of life and its duties before you have finished them, especially if you will be so kind as to see Doctor Trevor, who is coming to see me in the course of the week. By the time you are strong enough to work I will try and find some means of preventing the children from using such bad language, and otherwise annoying you."

"My lady, it is the sin, and not the annoyance. I wish I could make you understand." He spoke with some impatience; poor fellow, he was too weak, exhausted, and nervous. "I am perfectly well; I can set to work tomorrow; I will do any thing not to be oppressed with the thought of how little I am doing. I do not want your wine. Liberty to act in the manner I think right, will do me far more good. But it is of no use. It is preordained that I am to be nothing but a cumberer of the ground. I beg your ladyship's pardon for this call."

He stood up, and then turned dizzy. My lady looked on, deeply hurt, and not a little offended. He held out his hand to her, and I could see that she had a little hesitation before she took it. He then saw me, I almost

think, for the first time; and put out his hand once more, drew it back, as if undecided, put it out again, and finally took hold of mine for an instant in his damp, listless hand, and was gone.

Lady Ludlow was dissatisfied with both him and herself, I was sure. Indeed I was dissatisfied with the result of the interview myself. But my lady was not one to speak out her feelings on the subject; nor was I one to forget myself, and begin on a topic which she did not begin. She came to me, and was very tender with me; so tender, that that, and the thoughts of Mr. Gray's sick, hopeless, disappointed look, nearly made me cry.

"You are tired, little one," said my lady. "Go and lie down in my room, and hear what Medicott and I can decide upon in the way of strengthening dainties for that poor young

man, who is killing himself with his over-sensitive conscientiousness."

"O, my lady!" said I, and then I stopped.

"Well. What?" asked she.

"If you would but let him have Farmer Hales' barn at once, it would do him more good than all."

"Pooh, pooh, child!" though I don't think she was displeased, "he is not fit for more work just now. I shall go and write for Doctor Trevor."

And for the next half-hour we did nothing but arrange physical comforts and cures for poor Mr. Gray. At the end of the time Mrs. Medicott said:

"Has your ladyship heard that Harry Gregson has fallen from a tree, and broken his thigh-bone, and is like for to be a cripple for life?"

"Harry Gregson! That black-eyed lad who read my letter? It all comes from over-education!"

WOOD EMBOSSED.—A newly invented process for so softening wood that it may be pressed into iron molds, and receive permanent and sharp impressions in bas-relief, has, under the name of Xyloplasty, attracted much notice in Paris. The wood is softened by steam, and imbued with certain ingredients, which impart to it sufficient ductility to enable it to receive bas-relief impressions from four to five millimetres in height. For medallions, bosses, &c., mastic is forced into the hollows, so that all tendency in the compressed wood to split or open is completely overcome. For bookbinding purposes much seems to be expected from this process, as it is applicable to the scented or odoriferous woods—cedar, teak, cypress, rose-wood, &c.—which are *vermifuge* in their nature; so that through their covers, books will in future be protected from the ravages of insects.

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.—I observed (says Abbe Domeneck) that when I began to preach, several Frenchmen and young Creoles, having no great love for sermons, left the church and went to walk in my garden, where they amused themselves by making bouquets of my choicest flowers. For some time I sought an expedient which, without wounding the lively sensibilities of these gentlemen, would oblige them to remain in the church and respect my flowers. I found a very simple means of arriving at my end without betraying my intentions. In the menagerie, which I got up by degrees, was a fine looking wild boar, which I had trained up as a watch dog. On my going to

say high mass, I let him loose in the garden. At the sight of this new warder, the marauders made off with all possible speed, and returned to the church patiently to hear the sermon.

A SILENT PRINTING OFFICE.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurtemberg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment, by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated, at Mr. Helgerad's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The king has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

SOLAR TELEGRAPH.—Experiments with a solar telegraph have been made with complete success in Paris, in the presence of Le Verrier, Liais, and Struve. The rays of the sun are projected from and upon mirrors; the duration of the ray makes the alphabet, after the system of Morse. It is proposed to apply it to the use of the French army in Algeria, where the ordinary telegraph cannot be worked. The posts can be established at twenty leagues from each other.

A BRUSSELS PAPER says that Dr. Andre Schleiermacher, one of the greatest scientific notabilities of Germany, died suddenly at Darmstadt, on the 11th July

SMILING IN HIS SLEEP.

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

THE baby sleeps and smiles.
 What fairy thought beguiles
 His little brain?
 He sleeps and smiles again,
 Flings his white arms about,
 Half opes his sweet blue eye
 As if he thought to spy
 By coily peeping out,
 The funny elf that brought
 That tiny fairy thought
 Unto his infant mind.
 Would I some way could find
 To know just how they seem,
 Those dreams that infants dream.
 I wonder what they are,
 Those thoughts that seem to wear
 So sweet a guise?
 What picture, tiny, fair,
 What vision, lovely, rare,
 Delights his eyes?
 See! now he smiles once more;
 Perhaps there is before
 His mental sight portrayed
 Some vision blest
 Of that dear land of rest,
 That far-off heaven,
 From whence his new-created soul
 Has lately strayed;
 Or to his ear, perchance, are given
 Those echoes sweet that roll
 From angel harps, we may not hear,
 We, who have added year to year,
 And sin to sin.
 As yet his soul is spotless. Why
 Should not angelic harmony
 Reach his unsullied ear?
 Why not within
 His infant fancy transient gleams
 Of heaven find their way in dreams?
 And still the baby sleeps,
 And as he sleeps he smiles. Ah, now
 He starts, he wakes, he weeps;
 Earth-shadows cloud his baby-brow.
 His smiles how fleeting; how
 Profuse his tears.
 Dreams he of coming years,
 Checkered by shadow and by light,
 Unlike that vision holy, bright,
 That fairly gleam,
 That infant dream
 That made him sweetly smile!
 Do coming sin and sorrow,
 Phantoms of dark to-morrow,
 Their shadows cast before,
 Clouding all o'er
 His baby-dreams, erewhile
 So beautiful?

—*Olive Branch.*

GONE FORTH.

THE old, old house behind its silver trees,
 Resounded with a concourse indistinct
 Of many voices, like the hum of bees:
 Laughter, and long-forgotten outcries, link'd
 With voice of weeping sore, and loud lament
 Confined within that ancient tenement.

Then, all at once I heard, as in a dream,
 The sound of a familiar voice, that spoke
 The word "Ilicet;" * and as the bold stream
 Bounds into life abruptly from its rock,
 The babbling stream of erring youth broke forth,
 To water the waste places of the earth.
 And some went down among the jungle red,
 With vigorous blood; some in the sea that
 scorns
 To render up the census of its dead;
 And some sank lifeless at the very horns
 Of pious altars; some at the dull shrine,
 By sordid human nature deem'd divine;
 And some, through evil, made themselves a
 name;
 And some, through good, disclaim'd the names
 they made;
 And some received their recompense of shame;
 And some put on the purple that makes glad
 Successful souls; and some put on the dress
 That renders men invisible in nothingness.
 Then, last, the reverend master of the flock,
 In pastoral offices grown old and grey,
 Obey'd the word for forty years he spoke,
 And left his fold, and slowly pass'd away:
 His work was done, Ilicet, he has gone,
 And o'er the old school-house silence its spell
 has thrown!

—*Household Words.*

THE following beautiful Ode was written by
 John G. Whittier for the Agricultural and Hor-
 ticultural Exhibition at Amesbury, Sept. 28th.

This day, two hundred years ago,
 The wild grape by the river's side,
 And tasteless ground-nut trailing low,
 The table of the woods supplied.
 Unknown the apple's red and gold,
 The blushing tint of peach and pear;
 The mirror of the Powow told
 No tale of orchards ripe and rare.
 Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
 These vales the idle Indian trod;
 Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
 The joy of him who toils with God.
 O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
 We thank Thee for Thy wise design
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 In Nature's garden work with Thine.
 And thanks, that from our daily need
 The joy of simple faith is born;
 That he who smites the summer weed,
 May trust Thee for the autumn corn.
 Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.
 For he who blesses most is blest;
 And God and man shall own his worth
 Who toils to leave as his bequest
 An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow
 The time of harvest shall be given;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven!

* You may go.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

It wanted but two or three weeks to the Christmas vacation (alas! how many years ago!) and we, the worshipful society of undergraduates of—College, Oxford, were beginning to get tired of the eternal round of supper-parties which usually marked the close of our winter's campaign, and ready to hail with delight any proposition that had the charm of novelty. A three weeks' frost had effectually stopped the hunting; all the best tandem-leaders were completely screwed; the freshmen had been "larked" till they were grown as cunning as magpies; and the Dean had set up a divinity lecture at two o'clock, and published a stringent proclamation against rows in the Quad. It was, in short, during a particularly uninteresting state of things, with the snow falling lazily upon the grey roofs and silent quadrangle, that some half-dozen of us had congregated in Bob Thornhill's rooms, to get over the time between lunch and dinner with as little trouble to our mental and corporeal faculties as possible. Those among us who had been for the last three months promising to themselves to begin to read "next week," had now put off that too easy creditor, conscience, till "next term." One alone had settled his engagements of that nature, or in the language of his "*Testamur*"—the prettiest bit of Latin, he declared, that he ever saw—"satisfecit examinadoribus." Unquestionably, in his case, the examiners must have had the rare virtue of being very easily satisfied. In fact, Mr. Savile's discharge of his educational engagements was rather a sort of "whitewashing" than a payment in full. His passing was what is technically called a "shave," a metaphor alluding to that intellectual destiny which finds it difficult to squeeze through the narrow portal which admits to the privileges of a Bachelor of Arts. As Mr. S. himself, being a sporting man, described it, it was "a very close run indeed;" not that he considered that circumstance to derogate in any way from his victory; he was inclined to consider, that, having shown the field of examiners capital sport, and fairly got away from them in the end without the loss of his brush, his examination had been one of the very best runs of the season. In virtue whereof he was now mounted on the arm of an easy chair, with a long chibouque, which became the gravity of an incipient bachelor better

then a cigar, and took upon himself to give Thornhill (who was really a clever fellow, and professing to be reading for a first) some advice as to his conducting himself when his examination should arrive.

"I'll tell you what, Thornhill, old boy, I'll give you a wrinkle; it doesn't always answer to let out all you know at an examination. That sly old varmit, West of Magdalen, asked me who Hannibal was. 'Aha!' said I to myself, 'that's your line of country, is it? You want to walk me straight into those botherations Punic Wars; it's no go, though: I shan't break cover in that direction.' So I was mute.

'Can't you tell me something about Hannibal?' says old West again. 'I can,' thinks I, 'but I won't.' He was regularly flabbergasted; I spoilt his beat entirely, don't you see? So he looked as black as thunder, and tried it on in a fresh place. If I had been fool enough to let him dodge me in those Punic Wars, I should have been run into in no time. Depend upon it, there's nothing like judicious ignorance occasionally."

"Why," said Thornhill, "'when ignorance is bliss' (that is, when it gets through the schools), 't'is folly to be wise.'"

"Ah! that's Shakspeare says that, isn't it? I wish one could take up Shakspeare for a class! I'm devilish fond of Shakspeare. We used to act Shakspeare at a private school I was at."

"By Jove!" said somebody from behind a cloud of smoke—whose the brilliant idea was, was afterwards matter of dispute—"why couldn't we get up a play?"

"Ah! why not? why not?"

"It's such a horrid bore learning one's part," lisped the elegant Horace Leicester, half awake on the sofa.

"Oh, stuff!" said Savile, "it's the very thing to keep us alive! We could make a capital theatre out of the hall; don't you think the little vice-principal would give us leave?"

"You had better ask for the chapel at once. Why, don't you know, my dear fellow, the college hall, in the opinion of the dean and the vice, is held rather more sacred of the two? Newcome, poor devil, attempted to cut a joke at the high table one of the times he dined there after he was elected, and he told me that they all stared at him as if he had insulted them; and the vice (in confidence) explained to him that such 'levity' was treason against the *reverentia loci*!"

"Ay, I remember when the old villain Solomon, the porter, fined me ten shillings for walking in there with spurs one day when I was late for dinner; he said the dean always took off his cap when he went in there by himself, and threatened to turn off old Higgs, when he had been scout forty years, because he heard him whistling one day while he was sweeping it out! Well," continued Savile, "you shall have my rooms; I shan't trouble them much now. I am going to pack all my books down to old Wise's* next week, to turn them into ready *tin*; so you may turn the study into a carpenter's shop, if you like. Oh, it can be managed famously!"

So after a few *pros* and *cons*, it was finally settled that Mr. Savile's rooms should become the Theatre Royal, — College; and I was honored with the responsible office of stage-manager. What the play was to be, was a more difficult point to settle. Savile proposed *Romeo and Juliet* and volunteered for the hero; but it passed the united strength of the company to get up a decent *Juliet*. *Richard the Third* was suggested; we had "six Richards in the field," at once. We soon gave up the heroics, and decided on comedy; for since our audience would be sure to laugh, we should at least have a chance of getting the laugh in the right place. So, after long discussion, we fixed on *She Stoops to Conquer*. There were a good many reasons for this selection. First, it was a piece possessing that grand desideratum in all amateur performances, that there were several parts in it of equal calibre, and none which implied decided superiority of talent in its representative: secondly, there was not much *love* in it — a material point where, as an Irishman might say, all the ladies were gentlemen; thirdly, the scenery, dresses, properties, and decorations, were of the very simplest description: it was easily "put upon the stage." We found little difficulty in casting the male characters: old Mrs. Hardcastle, not requiring any great share of personal attractions, and being considered a part that would tell, soon found a representative; but when we came to the "donnas" — *prima* and *seconda* — then it was that the manager's troubles began. It was really necessary, to insure the most moderate degree of success to the comedy, that Miss Hardcastle should have at least a lady-like deportment. The public voice, first

in whispers, then audibly, at last vociferously, called upon Leicester. Slightly formed, handsome, clever, and accomplished, with naturally graceful manners, and a fair share of vanity and affectation, there was no doubt of his making a respectable heroine if he would consent to be made love to. In vain did he protest against the petticoats, and urge with affecting earnestness the claims of the whiskers which for the last six months he had so diligently been cultivating: the chorus of entreaty and expostulation had its effect, aided by a well-timed compliment to the aristocratically small hand and foot, of which Horace was pardonably vain. Shaving was pronounced indispensable to the due growth of the whiskers; and the importance of the character, and the point of the situations, so strongly dwelt upon, that he became gradually reconciled to his fate, and began seriously to discuss the question whether Miss Hardcastle should wear her hair in curls or bands. A freshman of seventeen, who had no pretensions in the way of whiskers, and who was too happy to be admitted on any terms to a share in such a "fast idea" as the getting up a play, was to be the Miss Neville; and before the hall bell rang for dinner, an order had been dispatched for a dozen acting copies of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Times have materially changed since Queen Elizabeth's visit to Christ-Church; the University, one of the earliest nurses of the infant drama, has long since turned it out of doors for a naughty child, and forbid it, under pain of worse than whipping, to come any nearer than Abingdon or Bicester. Taking into consideration the style of some of the performances in which undergraduates of some three hundred years ago were the actors, the "Oxford Theatre" of those days, if it had more wit in it than the present, had somewhat less decency. The ancient "moralities" were not over moral, and the "mysteries" rather Babylonish. So far we have had no great loss. Whether the judicious getting up of a tragedy of Sophocles or Æschylus, or even a comedy of Terence — classically managed, as it could be done in Oxford, and well acted — would be more unbecoming the gravity of our collected wisdom, or more derogatory to the dignity of our noble "theatre," than the squalling of Italian singers, masculine, feminine, and neuter, is a question which, when I have a seat in the Hebdomadal Council, I

* A well-known Oxford auctioneer of that day.

shall certainly propose. Thus much I am sure of,—if a classical playbill were duly announced for the next grand commemoration, it would “draw” almost as well as any lion of the day: the dresses might be quite as showy, the action could hardly be less graceful, than those of the odd-looking gentlemen who are dubbed doctors of civil law on such occasions; and the speeches of Prometheus, Œdipus, or Antigone, would be more intelligible to the learned, and more amusing to the ladies, than those Latin essays or the Creweian oration.

However, until I am vice-chancellor, the legitimate drama, Greek, Roman, or English, seems little likely to revive in Oxford. *Our* branch of that great family, I confess, bore the bar-sinister. The offspring of our theatrical affections was unrecognized by college authority. The fellows of — would have done any thing but “smile upon its birth.” The dean especially would have burked it at once had he suspected its existence. Nor was it fostered, like the former Oxford theatricals to which we have alluded, by royal patronage; we could not, consistently with decorum, request her Majesty to encourage an illegitimate. Nevertheless—spite of its being thus born under the rose, it grew and prospered. Our plan of rehearsal was original. We used to adjourn from dinner to the rooms of one or other of the company; and there, over our wine and dessert, instead of quizzing freshmen and abusing tutors, open each our acting copy, and, with all due emphasis and intonation, go regularly through the scenes of *She Stoops to Conquer*. This was all the study we ever gave to our parts; and even thus it was difficult to get a muster of all the performers, and we had generally to play dummy for some one or more of the characters, or “double” them, as the professionals call it. The excuses for absenteeism were various. Mrs. Harcastle and Tony were gone to Woodstock with a team, and were not to be waited for; Diggory had a command to dine with the Principal; and once an interesting dialogue was cut short by the untoward event of Miss Neville’s being “confined”—in consequence of some indiscretion or other—“to chapel.” It was necessary in our management, as much as in Mr. Bunn’s or Mr. Macready’s, to humor the caprices of the stars of the company; but the lesser lights, if they became eccentric at all in their

orbits, were extinguished without mercy. Their place was easily supplied; for the moment it became known that a play was in contemplation, there were plenty of candidates for dramatic fame, especially among the freshmen; and though we mortally offended one or two aspiring geniuses, by proffering them the vacant situations of Ralph, Roger, and Co., in Mr. Harcastle’s household, on condition of having their respective blue dress-coats turned up with yellow to represent the family livery, there were others to whom the being admitted behind the scenes, even in these humble characters, was a subject of laudable ambition. Nay, unimportant as were some parts in themselves, they were quite enough for the histrionic talent of some of our friends. Till I became a manager myself, I always used to lose patience at the wretched manner in which some of the underlings on the stage went through the little they had to say and do: there seemed no reason why the “sticks” should be so provokingly sticky; and it surprised me that a man who could accost one fluently enough at the stage door, should make such a bungle as some of them did in a message of some half-dozen words “in character.” But when I first became initiated into the mysteries of amateur performances, and saw how entirely destitute some men were of any notion of natural acting, and how they made a point of repeating two lines of familiar dialogue with the tone and manner, but without the correctness, of a schoolboy going through a task—then it ceased to be any matter of wonder that those to whom acting was no joke, but an unhappily earnest mode of getting bread, should so often make their performance appear the uneasy effort which it is. There was one man in particular, a good-humored, gentlemanly fellow, a favorite with us all,—not remarkable for talent, but a pleasant companion enough, with plenty of common-sense. Well, “he would be an actor”—it was his own fancy to have a part, and, as he was “one of us,” we could not well refuse him. We gave him an easy one, for he was not vain of his own powers, or ambitious of theatrical distinction; so he was to be “second fellow”—one of Tony’s pot-companions. He had but two lines to speak; but from the very first time I heard him read them, I set him down as a hopeless case. He read them as if he had just learned to spell the words; when he re-

peated them without the book, it was like a clergyman giving out a text. And so it was with a good many of the rank and file of the company; we had more labor to drill them into something like a natural intonation than to learn our own longest speeches twice over. So we made their attendance at rehearsals a *sine qua non*. We dismissed a promising "Mat Muggins" because he went to the "Union" two nights successively, when he ought to have been at "The Three Pigeons." We superseded a very respectable "landlord" (though he had actually been measured for a corporation and a pair of calves) for inattention to business. The only one of the supernumeraries whom it was at all necessary to conciliate, was the gentleman who was to sing the comic song instead of Tony (Savile, the representative of the said Tony, not having music in his soul beyond a view-holloa). He was allowed to go and come at our readings *ad libitum*, upon condition of being very careful not to take cold.

When we had become tolerably perfect in the words of our parts, it was deemed expedient to have a "dress rehearsal"—especially for the ladies. It is not a very easy to move safely—let alone gracefully—in petticoats, for those who are accustomed to move their legs somewhat more independently. And it would not have been civil in Messrs. Marlow and Hastings to laugh outright at their lady-loves before company, as they were sure to do upon their first appearance. A dress rehearsal, therefore, was a very necessary precaution. But if it was difficult to get the company together at six o'clock under the friendly disguise of a wine-party, doubly difficult was it to expect them to muster at eleven in the morning. The first day that we fixed for it, there came a not very lady-like note, evidently written in bed, from Miss Hardcastle, stating, that having been at a supper-party the night before, and there partaken of, brandy-punch to an extent to which she was wholly unaccustomed, it was quite impossible in the present state of her nervous system, for her to make her appearance in character at any price. There was no alternative but to put off the rehearsal; and that very week occurred a circumstance which was very near being the cause of its adjournment *sine die*.

"Mr. Hawthorne," said the dean to me one morning, when I was leaving his rooms, rejoicing in the termination of lecture, "I

wish to speak with you, if you please." The dean's communications were seldom of a very pleasing kind, and on this particular morning his countenance gave token that he had hit upon something more than usually piquant. The rest of the men filed out of the door as slowly as they conveniently could, in the hope, I suppose, of hearing the dean's fire open upon me; but he waited patiently till my particular friend, Bob Thornhill, had picked up carefully, one by one, his miscellaneous collection of note-book, pencil, penknife, and other small wares, and had been obliged at length to make an unwilling exit; when, seeing the door finally closed, he commenced with his usual—"Have the goodness to sit down, sir."

Experience had taught me, that it was as well to make one's-self as comfortable as might be upon these occasions; so I took the easy-chair, and tried to look as if I thought the dean merely wanted to have a pleasant half-hour's chat. He marched into a little back-room that he called his study, and I began to speculate upon the probable subject of our conference. Strange! that week had been a more than usually quiet one. No late knocking in; no cutting lectures at chapel; positively I began to think that, for once, the dean had gone on a wrong scent, and that I should repel his accusations with all the dignity of injured innocence; or had he sent for me to offer his congratulations on my having commenced in the "steady" line, and to ask me to breakfast? I was not long left to indulge such delusive hopes. Re-enter the dean (O.P., as our stage directions would have had it), with—a pair of stays!

By what confounded ill-luck they had got into his possession I could not imagine; but there they were. The dean touched them as if he felt their very touch an abomination, threw them on the table, and briefly said—"These, sir, were found in your rooms this morning. Can you explain how they came there?"

True enough, Leicester had been trying on the abominable articles in my bedroom, and I had stuffed them into a drawer till wanted. What to say was indeed, a puzzle. To tell the whole truth would no doubt have ended the matter at once, and a hearty laugh should I have had at the dean's expense; but it would have put the stopper on *She Stoops to Conquer*. It was too ridiculous to look

grave about; and blacker grew the countenance before me, as, with a vain attempt to conceal a smile, I echoed his words, and stammered out—"In my rooms, sir?"

"Yes, sir, in your bedroom." He rang the bell. "Your servant, Simmons, most properly brought them to me."

The little rascal! I had been afraid to let him know any thing about the theatricals; for I knew perfectly well the dean would hear of it in half an hour, for he served him in the double capacity of scout and spy. Before the bell had stopped, Dick Simmons made his appearance, having evidently been kept at hand. He did look rather ashamed of himself, when I asked him, what business he had to search my wardrobe?

"Oh dear, sir! I never did no sich a thing! I was a-making of your bed, sir, when I sees the tag of a stay-lace hanging out of your topmost drawer, sir—(I am a married man, sir," to the dean apologetically, "and I know the tag of a stay-lace, sir)—and so I took it out, sir; and knowing my duty to the college, sir, though I should be very sorry to bring you into trouble, Mr. Hawthorne, sir"——

"Yes, yes, Simmons, you did quite right," said the dean. "You are bound to give notice to the college authorities of all irregularities, and your situation requires that you should be conscientious."

"I hope I am, sir," said the little rascal; "but indeed I am very sorry, Mr. Hawthorne, sir"——

"Oh! never mind," said I; "you did right, no doubt. I can only say those things are not mine, sir; they belong to a friend of mine."

"I don't ask who they belong to sir," said the dean indignantly; "I ask, sir, how came they in your rooms?"

"I believe, sir, my friend (he was in my rooms yesterday) left them there. Some men wear stays, sir," continued I, boldly; "it's very much the fashion, I'm told."

"Eh! hum!" said the dean, eyeing the brown jean doubtingly. "I have heard of such things. Horrid puppies men are now. Never dreamt of such things in my younger days; but then, sir, *we* were not allowed to wear white trousers, and waistcoats of I don't know what colors; we were made to attend to the statutes—'*Nigri aut subfusci*,' sir. Ah! times are changed—times are changed,

indeed! And do you mean to say, sir, you have a friend, a member of this university, who wears such things as these?"

I might have got clear off, if it had not been for that rascal Simmons. I saw him give the dean a look, and an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"But I don't think, sir," resumed he, "these can be a man's stays—eh, Simmons?" Simmons looked diligently at his toes. "No," said the dean, investigating the unhappy garment more closely—"no; I fear, Simmons, these are female stays!"

The conscientious Simmons made no sign.

"I don't know, sir," said I, as he looked from Simmons to me. "I don't wear stays, and I know nothing about them. If Simmons were to fetch a pair of Mrs. Simmons's, sir," resumed I, "you could compare them."

Mrs. Simmons's figure resembled a sack of flour, with a string round it; and if she did wear the articles in question, they must have been of a pattern almost unique—made to order.

"Sir," said the dean, "your slippaney is unbecoming. I shall not pursue this investigation any further; but I am bound to tell you, sir, this circumstance is suspicious—very suspicious." I could not resist a smile for the life of me. "And doubly suspicious, sir, in your case. The eyes of the college are upon you, sir." He was evidently losing his temper, so I bowed profoundly, and he grew more irate. "Ever since, sir, that atrocious business of the frogs, though the college authorities failed in discovering the guilty parties, there are some individuals, sir, whose conduct is watched attentively. Good morning, sir."

The "business of the frogs," to which the dean so rancorously alluded, had, indeed, caused some consternation to the fellows of —. There had been a marvellous story going the rounds of the papers, of a shower of the inelegant reptiles in question having fallen in some part of the kingdom. Old women were muttering prophecies, and wise men acknowledged themselves puzzled. The Ashmolean Society had sat in conclave upon it, and accounted so satisfactorily for the occurrence, that the only wonder seemed to be that we had not a shower of frogs, or some equally agreeable visitors, every rainy morning. Now, every one who has strolled round Christ-Church meadows on a warm evening,

especially after rain, must have been greeted at intervals by a whole gamut of croaks; and if he had the curiosity to peer into the green ditches as he passed along, he might catch a glimpse of the heads of the performers. Well, the joint reflections of myself and an ingenious friend, who were studying this branch of zoölogy while waiting for the coming up of the boats one night, tended to the conclusion, that a very successful imitation of the late "Extraordinary Phenomenon" might be got up for the edification of the scientific in our own college. Animals of all kinds find dealers and purchasers in Oxford. Curs of lowest degree have their prices. Rats, being necessary in the education of terriers, come rather expensive. A polecat—even with three legs only—will command a fancy price. Sparrows, larks, and other small birds, are retailed by the dozen on Cowley Marsh to gentlemen undergraduates who are aspiring to the pigeon-trap. But as yet there had been no demand for frogs, and there was quite a glut of them in the market. They were cheap accordingly; for a shilling a-hundred we found that we might inflict the second plague of Egypt upon the whole university. The next evening, two hampers, containing, as our purveyor assured us, "very prime 'uns," arrived at my rooms "from Mr. S——, the wine merchant;" and by daylight on the following morning were judiciously distributed throughout all the comeatable premises within the college walls. When I awoke the next morning, I heard voices in earnest conversation under my window, and looked out with no little curiosity. The frogs had evidently produced a sensation. The bursar, disturbed apparently from his early breakfast, stood robed in an ancient dressing-gown, with the *Times* in his hand, on which he was balancing a frog as yellow as himself. The dean, in cap and surplice, on his way from chapel, was eagerly listening to the account which one of the scouts was giving him of the first discovery of the intruders.

"Me and my missis, sir," quoth John, "was a-coming into college when it was hardly to say daylight, when she, as I reckon, sets foot upon one of 'em, and was like to have been back'ards with a set of breakfast chiney, as she was a-bringing in for one of the fresh gentlemen. She scratches out, in course, and I looks down, and then I sees two or three a'-oppin about; but I didn't

take much notice till I gets to the thorough-fare, when there was a whole row on 'em a-trying to climb up the bottom step; and then I calls Solomon the porter, and "——

Here I left my window, and, making a hasty toilet, joined a group of undergraduates, who were now collecting round the dean and bursar. I cast my eyes round the quadrangle, and was delighted with the success of our labors. There had been a heavy shower in the night, and the frogs were as lively as they could be on so ungenial a location as a gravelled court. In every corner was a goodly cluster, who were making ladders of each other's backs, as if determined to scale the college walls. Some, of more retiring disposition, were endeavoring to force themselves into crevices, and hiding their heads behind projections to escape the gaze of academic eyes; while a few active spirits seemed to be hopping a sweepstakes right for the common-room door. Just as I made my appearance, the Principal came out of the door of his lodgings, with another of the fellows, having evidently been summoned to assist at the consultation. Good old soul! his study of zoölogy had been chiefly confined to the class edibles, and a shower of frogs, authenticated upon the oaths of the whole Convocation, would not have been half so interesting to him as an importation of turtle. However, to do him justice, he put on his spectacles, and looked as scientific as anybody. After due examination of the specimen of the genus *Rana* which the bursar still held in captivity, and pronouncing a unanimous opinion, that, come from where he would, he was a *bona fide* frog, with nothing supernatural about him, the conclave proceeded round the quadrangle, calculating the numbers, and conjecturing the probable origin of these strange visitors. Equally curious, if not equally scientific, were the undergraduates who followed them; for, having strictly kept our own secret, my friend and myself were the only parties who could solve the mystery; and though many suspected that the frogs were unwilling emigrants, none knew to whom they were indebted for their introduction to college. The collected wisdom of the dons soon decided that a shower of full-grown frogs was a novelty even in the extraordinary occurrences of newspapers; and as not even a single individual croaker was to be discovered outside the walls of ——, it became evi-

dent that the whole affair was, as the dean described it, "another of those outrages upon academic discipline, which were as senseless as they were disgraceful."

I daresay the dean's anathema was "as sensible as it was sincere;" but it did not prevent our thoroughly enjoying the success of the "outrage" at the time; nor does it, unfortunately, suffice at this present moment to check something like an inward chuckle, when I think of the trouble which it cost the various retainers of the college to clear it effectually of its strange visitors. Hopkins, the old butler, who was of rather an imaginative temperament, and had a marvellous tale to tell any one who would listen, of a departed bursar, who, having caught his death of cold by superintending the laying down of three pipes of port, might ever afterwards be heard, upon such interesting occasions, walking about the damp cellars after nightfall in pattens,—Hopkins, the oracle of the college "tap," maintained that the frogs were something "off the common;" and strengthened his opinion by reference to a specimen which he had selected—a lank, black, skinny individual, which really looked ugly enough to have come from anywhere. Scouts, wives, and children (they always make a point of having large families, in order to eat up the spare commons), all were busy, through that eventful day, in a novel occupation, and by dinner-time not a frog was to be seen; but long, long afterwards, on a moist evening, fugitives from the general proscription might be seen making their silent way across the quadrangle, and croakings were heard at night-time, which might (as Homer relates of *his* frogs) have disturbed Minerva, only that the goddess of wisdom, in chambers collegiate, sleeps usually pretty sound.

The "business of the stays," however, bid fair to supersede the business of the frogs, in the dean's record of my supposed crimes; and as I fully intended to clear myself, even to his satisfaction, of any suspicion which might attach to me from the possession of such questionable articles so soon as our theatre closed for the season, I resolved that my successful defence from this last imputation would be an admirable ground on which to assume the dignity of a martyr, to appeal against all uncharitable conclusions from insufficient premises, and come out as the per-

sonification of injured innocence throughout my whole college career.

When my interview with the dean was over, I ordered some luncheon up to Leicester's rooms, where, as I expected, I found most of my own "set" collected, in order to hear the result. A private conference with the official aforesaid seldom boded good to the party so favored; the dean seldom made his communications so agreeable as he might have done. In college, as in most other societies, La Rochefoucauld's maxim holds good, that "there is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of one's friends;" and whenever an unlucky wight did get into a row, he might pretty confidently reckon upon being laughed at. In fact, undergraduates considered themselves as engaged in a war of stratagem against an unholy alliance of deans, tutors, and proctors; and in every encounter the defeated party was looked upon as the deluded victim of superior ingenuity—as having been "done," in short. So, if a lark succeeded, the authorities aforesaid were decidedly done, and laughed at accordingly; if it failed, why the other party were done, and there was still somebody to laugh at. No doubt, the jest was richer in the first case supposed, but in the second there was the additional gusto, so dear to human philanthropy, of having the victim present, and enjoying his discomfiture, which, in the case of the dons being the sufferers, was denied us. It may seem to argue something of a want of sympathy to find amusement in misfortunes which might any day be our own; but any one who ever witnessed the air of ludicrous alarm with which an undergraduate prepares to obey the summons (capable of but one interpretation)—"The dean wishes to see you, sir, at ten o'clock"—which so often, in my time at least, was sent as a whet to some of the assembled guests at a breakfast-party; whoever has been applied to on such occasions for the loan of a tolerable cap (that of the delinquent having its corners in such dilapidated condition as to proclaim its owner a "rowing man" at once), or has responded to the pathetic appeal, "Do I look *very* seedy?"—any one to whom such absurd recollections of early days occur (and if you, good reader, are a university man, as, being a gentleman, I am bound in charity to conclude you are, and yet have no such reminiscences,

allow me to suggest that you must have been a very slow coach indeed)—any one, I say once more, who knows the ridiculous figure which a man cuts when “hailed up” before the college Minos or Radamanthus, will easily forgive his friends for being inclined to laugh at him.

However, in the present case, any anticipations of fun at my expense, which the party in Leicester’s rooms might charitably entertain, were somewhat qualified by the fear that the consequences of any little private differences between the dean and myself might affect the prosperity of our unlicensed theatre. And when they heard how very nearly the discovery of the stays had been fatal to our project, execrations against Simmons’s espionage were mingled with admiration of my escape from so critical a position.

The following is, I apprehend, a unique specimen of an Oxford bill, and the only one, out of a tolerably large bundle which I keep for the sake of the receipts attached (a precaution by no means uncalled for), which I find any amusement in referring to :

—— HAWTHORNE, Esq,		
	To M. MOORE.	s. d.
2 pr. brown jean corsets,		8 0
Padding for do., made to order,		2 6
		<hr/>
		10 6

Rec’d. same day, M. M.

Very much surprised was the old lady, of whom I made the purchase in my capacity of stage-manager, at so uncommon a customer in her line of business; and when, after enjoying her mystification for some time, I let her into the secret, so delighted was she at the notion, that she gave me sundry hints as to the management of the female toilet, and offered to get made up for me any dresses that might be required. So I introduced Leicester and his fellow-heroines to my friend Mrs. Morre, and, by the joint exertions of their own tastes and her experience, they became possessed of some very tolerable costumes. There was a good deal of fun going on, I fancy, in fitting and measuring, in her back parlor; for there was a daughter or a niece, or something of the sort, who cut out the dresses with the prettiest hands in the world, as Leicester declared; but I was too busy with carpenters, painters, and other assistants, to pay more than a flying visit to the ladies’ department.

At last the rehearsal did come on. As

Hastings, I had not much in the way of dress to alter; and, having some engagement in the early part of the morning, I did not arrive at the theatre until the rest of the characters were already dressed and ready to begin. Though I had been consulted upon all manner of points, from the arranging of a curl for Miss Neville to the color of Diggory’s stockings, and knew the costume of every individual as well as my own, yet so ludicrous was the effect of the whole when I entered the room, that I threw myself into the nearest chair, and laughed myself nearly into convulsions. The figure which first met my eyes was a little ruddy freshman, who had the part of the landlord, and who, in his zeal to do honor to our preference, had dressed the character most elaborately. A pillow, which he could scarcely see over, puffed out his red waistcoat; and his hair was cut short, and powdered with such good-will that for weeks afterwards, in spite of diligent brushing, he looked as grey as the Principal. There he stood, his legs clothed in grey worsted, retreating far beyond his little white apron, as if ashamed of their unusual appearance—

“The mother that him bare,
She had not known her son.”

Every one, however, had not been so classical in their costume. There was Sir Charles Marlow in what had been a judge’s wig, and Mr. Hardcastle in a barrister’s; both sufficiently unlike themselves, at any rate, if not very correct copies of their originals. Then the women! As for Mrs. Hardcastle, she was perfection! There never was, I believe, a better representation of the character. It was well dressed, and turned out a first-rate bit of acting—very far superior to any amateur performance I ever saw, and, with practice, would have equalled that of any actress on the stage. Her very curtsy was comedy itself. When I recovered my breath a little, I was able to attend to the dialogue which was going on, which was hardly less ridiculous than the strange disguises round me. “Now, Miss Hardcastle” (Marlow *loquitur*), “I have no objection to your smoking cigars during rehearsal, of course—because you won’t do that on Monday night, I suppose; but I must beg you to get out of the practice of standing or sitting cross-legged, because it’s not lady-like, or even bar-maid like—and don’t laugh when I make love to you; for if you do, I shall break down to a certainty.” “Thornhill, do

you think my waist will do?" said the anxious representative of the fair Constance: "I have worn these cursed stays for an hour every evening for the last week, and drawn them an inch tighter every time; but I don't think I'm a very good figure after all—just try if they'll come any closer, will you?" "Oh! Hawthorne, I'm glad you are come," said Savile, whom I hardly knew, in a red wig; "now, isn't there to be a bowl of real punch in the scene at the Three Pigeons—one can't *pretend* to drink, you know, with any degree of spirit?"—"Oh! of course," said I; "that's one of the landlord's properties: Miller, you must provide that, you know: send down for some cold tankards now; they will do very well for rehearsal." At last we got to work, and proceeded, with the prompter's assistance, pretty smoothly, and mutually applauding each other's performance, going twice over some of the most difficult scenes, and cutting out a good deal of love and sentiment. The play was fixed for the next Monday night, playbills ordered to be printed, and cards of invitation issued to all the performers' intimate friends. Every scout in the college, I believe, except my rascal Simmons, was in the secret, and probably some of the fellows had a shrewd guess at what was going on; but no one interfered with us. We carried on all our operations as quietly as possible; and the only circumstance likely to arouse suspicion in the minds of the authorities, was the unusual absence of all disturbances of a minor nature within the walls, in consequence of the one engrossing freak in which most of the more turbulent spirits were engaged.

At length the grand night arrived. By nine o'clock the theatre in Savile's rooms was as full as it could be crammed with any degree of comfort to actors and audience; and in the study and bed-room, which, being on opposite sides, served admirably for dressing-rooms behind the scenes, the usual bustle of preparation was going on. As is common in such cases, some essential properties had been forgotten until the last moment. No bonnet had been provided for Mrs. Hardcastle to take her walks abroad in; and when the little hair-dresser, who had been retained to give a finishing touch to some of the coiffures, returned with one belonging to his "missis," which he had volunteered to lend, the roar of uncontrollable merriment which this new

embellishment of our disguised friend called forth, made the audience clamorous for the rising of the curtain—thinking, very excusably, that it was quite unjustifiable to keep all the fun to ourselves.

After some little trial of our "public's" patience, the play began in good earnest, and was most favorably received. Indeed, as the only price of admission exacted was a promise of civil behavior, and there were two servants busily employed in handing about punch and "bishop," it would have been rather hard if we did not succeed in propitiating their good-humor. With the exception of two gentlemen who had been dining out, and were rather noisy in consequence, and evinced a strong inclination occasionally to take a part in the dialogue, all behaved wonderfully well greeting each performer, as he made his first entrance, with a due amount of cheering; rapturously applauding all the best scenes; laughing (whether at the raciness of the acting, or the grotesque metamorphoses of the actors, made no great difference), and filling up any gap which occurred in the proceedings on the stage, in spite of the prompter, with vociferous encouragement to the "sticket" actor. With an audience so disposed, each successive scene went off better and better. One deserves to be particularized. It was the second in the first act of the comedy; the stage directions for it are as follows: "Scene—An alehouse room—Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco; Tony at the head of the table, &c., discovered." Never, perhaps, in any previous representation, was the *mise en scène* so perfect; it drew three rounds of applause. A very equivocal compliment to ourselves it may be; but such jolly-looking "shabby fellows" as sat round the table at which our Tony presided, were never furnished by the supernumeraries of Drury or Covent Garden. They were as classical, in their way, as Macready's Roman mob. Then there was no make-believe puffing of empty pipes, and fictitious drinking of small-beer for punch; every nose among the audience could appreciate the genuineness of both liquor and tobacco; and the hearty encore which the song, with its stentorian chorus, was honored with, gave all the parties engaged time to enjoy their punch and their pipes to their satisfaction. It was quite a pity, as was unanimously agreed, when the entrance of Marlow and Hastings, as in duty bound, interrupted

so jovial a society. But "all that's bright must fade"—and so the Three Pigeons' scene, and the play too, came to an end in due course. The curtain fell amidst universal applause, modified only by the urgent request, which, as manager, I had more than once to repeat, that gentlemen would be kind enough to restrain their feelings for fear of disturbing the dons. The house resolved itself into its component elements—all went their ways,—the reading men probably to a Greek play, by way of afterpiece; sleepy ones to bed, and idle ones to their various inventions; and the actors, after the fatigues of the night, to a supper, which was to be the "finish." It was to take place in one of the men's rooms which happened to be on the same staircase, and had been committed to the charge of certain parties, who understood our notions of an unexceptionable spread. And a right merry party we were, all sitting down in character—Mrs. Harcastle at the top of the table, her worthy partner at bottom, with the "young ladies" on each side. It was the best tableau of the evening; pity there was neither artist to sketch, nor spectators to admire it! But, like many other merry meetings, there are faithful portraits of it—proof impressions—in the memories of many who were present, not yet obliterated, hardly even dimmed, by time; laid by, like other valuables, which, in the turmoil of life, we find no time to look at, but not thrown aside or forgotten, and brought out sometimes, in holidays and quiet hours, for us to look at once more, and enjoy their beauty, and feel, after all, how much what we have changed is "*cælum non animum*." I am now—no matter what. Of my companions at that well-remembered supper, one is a staid and orthodox divine; one a rising barrister; a third a respectable country gentleman, justice of the peace, "and quorum;" a fourth, they tell me, a semi-Papist: but set us all down together in that same room, draw the champagne corks, and let some Lethe (the said champagne, if you please) wash out all that has passed over us in the last few years, and my word on it, three out of four of us are but boys still; and though much shaving, pearl powder, and carmine, might fail to make of any of the party a heroine of any more delicate class than Meg Merrilies, I have no doubt we could all of us once more smoke a pipe in character at "The Three Pigeons."

Merrily the evening passed off, and merrily the little hours came on, and song and laugh rather grew gayer than slackened. The strings of the stays had long ago been cut, and the tresses, which were in the way of the cigars, were thrown back in dishevelled elegance. The landlord found his stuffing somewhat warm, and had laid aside half his fleshy encumbrance. Every one was at his ease, and a most uproarious chorus had just been sung by the whole strength of the company, when we heard the ominous sound of a quiet double-rap at the outer door.

"Who's there?" said one of the most self-possessed of the company.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Challoner," was the quiet reply.

The owner of the rooms was luckily in no more *outré* costume than that of Sir Charles Marlow; and having thrown off his wig, and buttoned his coat over a deep-flapped waistcoat, looked tolerably like himself as he proceeded to answer the summons. I confess I rather hoped than otherwise that the gentleman, whoever he was, would walk in, when, if he intended to astonish us, he was very likely to find the tables turned. However, even college dons recognize the principle that every man's house is his castle, and never violate the sanctity of even an undergraduate's rooms. The object of this present visit, however, was rather friendly than otherwise. One of the fellows, deservedly popular, had been with the dean, and had left him in a state of some excitement from the increasing merriment which came somewhat too audibly across the quadrangle from our party. He had called, therefore, to advise Challoner either to keep his friends quiet, or to get rid of them, if he wished to keep out of the dean's jurisdiction. As it was towards three in the morning, we thought it prudent to take this advice as it was meant, and in a few minutes began to wend our respective ways homewards. Leicester and myself, whose rooms lay in the same direction, were steering along, very soberly, under a bright moonlight, when something put it into the heads of some other stragglers of the party to break out, at the top of their voices, into a stanza of that immortal ditty, "We won't go home till morning." Instantly we could hear a window, which we well knew to be the dean's, open above us, and as the unmelodious chorus went on, his wrath found vent in the usual

strain—"Who is making that disturbance?"

No one volunteering an explanation, he went on.

"Who are those in the quadrangle?"

Leicester and I walked somewhat faster. I am not sure that our dignity did not condescend to run, as we heard steps coming down from No. 5, at a pace that evidently portended a chase, and remembered for the first time the remarkable costume which, to common observers, would indicate that there was a visitor of an unusual character enjoying the moonlight in the quadrangle. When we reached the "thoroughfare," the passage from the inner to the outer quadrangle, we fairly bolted; and as the steps came pretty fast after us, and Leicester's rooms were the nearest, we both made good our retreat thither, and sported oak.

The porter's lodge was in the next number; and hearing a knocking in that quarter, Leicester gently opened the window, and we could catch the following dialogue:—

"Solomon! open this door directly—it is I, the dean."

"Good dear sir!" said Solomon, apparently asleep, and fumbling for the keys of the college gates—"let you out? Oh yes, sir—directly."

"Listen to me, Solomon: I am not going out. Did you let any one out just now—just before I called you?"

"No, sir; nobody whotsomdever."

"Solomon! I ask you, did you not, just now, let a *woman* out?"

"Lawk! no, sir—Lord forbid!" said Solomon, now thoroughly wakened.

"Now, Solomon, bring your light, and come with me; this must be inquired into. I saw a woman run this way, and if she is not gone through the gate, she is gone into this next number. Whose rooms are in No. 13?"

"There's Mr. Dyson's, on the ground-floor."

Mr. Dyson was the very fellow who had called at Challoner's rooms. "Hah! well, I'll call Mr. Dyson up. Whose besides?"

"There's Mr. Leicester, sir, above his'n."

"Very well, Solomon; call up Mr. Dyson, and say I wish to speak with him particularly."

And so saying, the dean proceeded upstairs.

The moment Leicester heard his name mentioned, he began to anticipate a domicili-

ary visit. The thing was so ridiculous that we hardly knew what to do.

"Shall I get into bed, Hawthorne? I don't want to be caught in this figure."

"Why, I don't know that you will be safe there, in the present state of the dean's suspicions. No; tuck up those confounded petticoats, clap on your pea-jacket, twist those love-locks up under your cap, light this cigar, and sit in your easy-chair. The dean must be 'cuter than usual if he finds you out as the lady he is in search of."

Leicester had hardly time to take this advice—the best I could hit upon at the moment—when the dean knocked at the door.

"Who are you? Come in," said we both in a breath.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Leicester," said the dean in his most official tone; "nothing but actually imperative duty occasions my intrusion at this unseasonable hour, but a most extraordinary circumstance must be my excuse. I saw, gentlemen—I saw with my own eyes," he continued, looking blacker as he caught sight of me, and remembering, no doubt, the little episode of the stays—"I saw a female figure move in this direction but a few minutes ago. No such person has passed the gate, for I have made inquiry; certainly I have no reason to suppose any such person is concealed here; but I am bound to ask you, sir, on your honor as a gentleman—for I have no wish to make a search—is there any such person concealed in your apartments?"

"On my honor, sir, no one is or has been lately here, but myself and Mr. Hawthorne."

Here Dyson came into the room, looking considerably mystified.

"What's the matter, Mr. Dean?" said he, nodding good-humoredly to us.

"A most unpleasant occurrence, my dear sir; I have seen a woman in this direction not five minutes back. Unfortunately, I cannot be mistaken. She either passed into the porter's lodge or into this staircase."

"She is not in my rooms, I assure you," said he, laughing; "I should think you made a mistake: it must have been some man in a white mackintosh."

I smiled, and Leicester laughed outright.

"I am not mistaken, sir," said the dean warmly, "I shall take your word, Mr. Leicester; but allow me to tell you, that your

conduct in lolling in that chair, as if in perfect contempt, and neither rising, nor removing your cap, when Mr. Dyson and myself are in your rooms, is consistent neither with the respect due from an undergraduate, nor the behavior I should expect from a gentleman."

Poor Leicester colored, and unwittingly removed his cap. The chestnut curls, some natural and some artificial, which had been so studiously arranged for Miss Harcastle's head-dress, fell in dishevelled luxuriance round his face; and as he half rose from his previous position in the chair, a pink-silk dress began to descend from under the pea-jacket. Concealment was at an end; the dean looked bewildered at first, and then savage; but a hearty laugh from Dyson settled the business.

"What, Leicester! you're the lady the dean has been hunting about college! Upon my

word, this is the most absurd piece of masquerading!—what on earth is it all about?"

I pitied Leicester, he looked such an extraordinary figure in his ambiguous dress, and seemed so thoroughly ashamed of himself; so, displaying the tops and cords in which I had enacted Hastings, I acknowledged my share in the business, and gave a brief history of the drama during my management. The dean endeavored to look grave: Dyson gave way to undisguised amusement, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! why did you not send me a ticket? When do you perform again?"

Alas! never. Brief, as bright, was our theatrical career. But the memory of it lives in the college still—of the comedy, and the supper, and the curious mistake which followed it; and the dean has not to this hour lost the credit which he then gained, of having a remarkably keen eye for a petticoat.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF JEREMY TAYLOR.—Your correspondent Eirionnach, whose wealth in Golden Chains is remarkable, may not be displeased to add another to his store. I have before me a small 18mo. volume, *printed by Tho. Norris at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge, 1719*, entitled,—

"A Golden Chain to link the Penitent Sinner unto God; whereunto is added a Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, by J. Taylor, D.D. With a Portrait of Jeremy Taylor, by Drapentier."

This volume is, I suppose, rare, as the treatise is not contained in the collected edition of Taylor's *Works*, and this is my excuse for copying some verses which serve as an introduction to the book. They are rather striking. I should be glad if any one could authenticate them as Taylor's own; if so, they are, perhaps, a unique specimen of Taylor's poetry in actual rhythmical numbers, though there is abundance of the *matériel* in his works.

"A VIEW OF VANITY.

"Wit, Wisdom, Beauty, Honor, Nature, Art, Vertue, and Valor, each have play'd a part Upon the World's great Stage: The Play is done,

Each Action censur'd, and a new begun.

Wit played the Politician, Art the King,

Wisdom the Judge, and Beauty well could Sing

The *Syren's* Song; for with a pleasing Smile, She play'd the Parasite, and did beguile.

Vertue array'd in everlasting green,

Descended from above, and play'd the Queen.

Valor was Honor's Servant, and did fight

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All doubtful Duels in his Master's right.

Honor was born and bred in Vertue's School,
And play'd the Lord; and Nature play'd the Fool.

Wit's Wiles are lost, and Wisdom's Laws repeal'd,

Beauty defac'd, Art's Ignorance reveal'd,

Honor defeated, Valor overthrown,

Nature derided, Vertue's merit known;

For only she beyond the other Seven,

Hath left the Earth, to act her part in Heaven."

—Notes and Queries. LETHREDIENSIS.

THE GOSPEL AND THE BAYONET.—Let us pay all honor to fighting men; all needful honor. In our transition state, they are our best guarantees of national freedom. But let us hope that the Gospel has a brighter light than that which gleams from bayonets. Gunpowder is not the best frankincense.—*Jerrold.*

PERFECT DISCONTENT.—An old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold in a gloomy depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

A WORD FOR THIEVES.—When the full-grown thief is hanged, do we not sometimes forget that he was the child of misery and vice,—born for the gallows,—nursed for the halter? Did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulks?—*Jerrold.*

From The Englishwoman's Journal.
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

AMONGST the changes which have taken place in the gradual progress of society, perhaps the most remarkable is that which has occurred in the position, social and intellectual, of WOMAN.

The time was, when the following appeal from the pen of an anonymous champion* was perfectly applicable, though we feel now astonished to think that it should ever have been necessary.

"I am for treating women like rational beings, not like spoiled children, who must be contradicted or thwarted; I would have them reasoned with, not laughed at; put aside by an appeal to their good sense, not by sarcasm, a bow or a joke; dealt plainly with, not flattered. In a word, I would have them treated *like men of common sense*. They are not *inferior* to men, only *unlike* them; each sex has qualities of which the other is destitute, either entirely or in part; but all, fitted and designed for the mutual comfort of both."

In speaking on this subject, when we describe past days as "that time when a young lady's education consisted in learning to work her sampler, and to study the Bible and the cookery book"—we speak almost proverbially; and probably the sarcastic lines of Pope (though he knew a lady Mary Wortley) describe with tolerable accuracy the estimation in which in his day the sex was almost generally held.

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall
Most women have *no character at all*."

True, even in these "dark ages" of woman, we may trace as it were a chain of female talent,—or perhaps to express it more happily, a line of light stretching along the murky sky of ignorance—as we think of the names of Thrale and Montague, Carter and Chapone, More and Barbauld, Burney and Austin: but these were regarded as exceptions to a general rule, and that degree of mental cultivation, which is at present not only tolerated but admired, required in them some courage to attain, and much *counterbalancing* merit to make permissible. The high-pressure engine of prejudice, produced a natural reaction; and, as extremes will meet, then sprang up the wildnesses of the Wolstoncroft school, and all its ultra-theories. But at length that happy time has come, when woman has found her proper level; where, without overstepping

the lines prescribed by Almighty wisdom, she fulfils the intention of Almighty goodness, and finds herself regarded as the cultivated companion, valued as the enlightened friend, cherished in short as the Being, bestowed by the Creator—to be a Help, MEET for man.

Of what women ought to be, and is capable of being, Maria Edgeworth was a bright example. Well informed without being pedantic, witty without being sarcastic, and, though gifted with brilliant intellectual powers, abounding in that courtesy which graces the female manner, and those gentler "charities" which form the happiness of home. If not the founder of a new school of literature, she certainly in no small degree improved its tone. Her great aim was to raise to the proper rank those humbler virtues on which the felicity of ordinary life depends; and to show that the loftiest principles are usually united with the gayest tempers and the most amiable manners.

Her efforts were directed *chiefly* towards the young, and towards the middle classes of society, and a striking testimony to their success, was borne—as well as by many others—by the son of our late excellent friend Mr. Hofland, for whose ultimate death his mother wept, not long before we sorrowed for her own! Made Pastor of a thickly populated London parish, his first step was to establish a lending library, and he always declared that he found no works so useful nor so popular amongst his readers, as the volumes of Maria Edgeworth.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria, was the son of an Irish gentleman, who had married the daughter of Sir Salathiel Lovell, Recorder of London: Mr. R. L. Edgeworth was born in England, and remained in that country till he was sent over to Drogheda, to be educated by the celebrated Dr. Norris. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, but was subsequently removed to that of Corpus Christi, at Oxford, and while yet an Oxonian, in 1763, married Miss Elers of Black-Burton, where his eldest son, Richard, was born. About two years afterwards, he went to reside at Hare-Hatch, in Berkshire, where he remained for some time. Maria, his eldest daughter, was however born at her grandfather's at Black-Burton, on the 1st of January, 1767.

Her mother dying when Maria was but seven years old, her father in 1773, was uni-

* In Blackwood's Magazine.

ted to Honora Sneyd, the early love of the unfortunate Major André, and with her he went to reside at his paternal mansion in Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, having first placed his little daughter at an English school. Needlework was much insisted on by her governess, and the tasks which were exacted of the pupils were particularly distressing to Maria, whose health was delicate, and who was subject to weakness of sight; but she soon devised a happy expedient, one in which her inventive powers were early called into play. Some good natured schoolfellow was generally prevailed on to execute the needlework for her, whom she repaid by reciting stories, sometimes humorous, sometimes sad, which were invented as she proceeded, and prolonged, according to the task-work required. Many of her vacations were passed with Mr. and Mrs. Day, very much to the advantage of her reasoning powers, as well as to her real information, as she read and conversed much with Mr. Day, author of the well-known work—“*Sandford and Merton*.”

Mr. Edgeworth remained in Ireland three years, when he once more took a place in Berkshire, where he lost his wife the beautiful Honora. In 1780, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, and about two years afterwards, resolved on leaving England, and devoting the remainder of his life to the improvement of his estate and the education of his family. Accordingly, removing Maria from school, accompanied by his wife and seven children, in 1782 he fixed his residence at Edgeworthstown. An entertaining account of his daughter's first impression of Ireland, is given by the animated pen to which Ireland was afterwards to owe so much.

“Before this time I had not, except during a few months of my childhood, ever been in that country, therefore every thing was new to me, and though I was then but fifteen years old, and though such a length of time has since elapsed, I have retained a clear and strong recollection of our arrival. Things and persons are so much improved in Ireland, of latter days, that only those who can remember how they were some thirty or forty years ago, can conceive the variety of domestic grievances which in those times assailed the master of a family, immediately on his arrival at his Irish home. Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of the house, damp, dilapidation, waste, appeared. Painting, glazing,

roofing, fencing, finishing, all were wanting. Alternately as landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth, or award justice! I was with my father continually, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through complaints, petitions and grievances, with decision and dispatch. He, all the time in good humor with the people and they delighted with him, though he often “rated them roundly” when they stood before him, perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning, or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character almost as soon as he understood theirs. The first remark which I heard whispered aside among the people, with congratulating looks at each other, was, ‘His honor, any way is *good pay!*’”

The old house at Edgeworthstown, with its gloomy rooms, narrow windows, and corner chimnies, looked as uninviting as could well be imagined, but the activity and good taste of its new master soon produced a happy change, and, modernized and enlarged under his directions, it became not only a comfortable residence for a large family, but capable of accommodating many guests.

Thrown into a distant country neighborhood,—Pakenham Hall and Castle Forbes, the nearest visiting houses, being, the one twelve, and the other, nine Irish miles from Edgeworthstown,—Maria saw for some time little society, but that little was good; and the high-toned principles of Lady Longford, “fit to be the mother of heroes,” and the lofty and cultivated mind of Lady Moira, whose son was the famous Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, made a deep impression upon her youthful imagination. The inmates of Edgeworthstown were not however dependent upon “the world” for happiness. The education of his family was the paramount object of Mr. Edgeworth's energetic mind, he felt persuaded that he could advantageously depart from the beaten track, and though, like other experimentalists, he was obliged to make many alterations in his earlier theories, it is but just to his memory to say that he seems by experience to have attained the art of blending instruction and interest most happily together. “I am every day,” he writes in 1794, to his friend, Dr. Darwin, author of the “*Botanic Garden*” “more convinced of the advantages of good education. I do not

think one tear per month, is shed in the house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt."

The affection of Miss Edgeworth for her father was enthusiastic; so much so, she declared to an intimate friend, that she "even loved to be reproofed by him;" it seemed to be increased rather than lessened by his requiring the most instant and unreserved obedience. When she was a very little girl, he imposed on her for some childish fault, the penalty of walking round a certain grass plot without stopping to rest, until he returned from a morning call which he was about to make: he was accidentally delayed, so that the duration of her punishment was much longer than he had contemplated; one of the servants, pitying the weary little culprit, brought her some luncheon, and entreated that she would sit down for a few minutes to rest and eat; but the child resolutely refused, her father had desired her not to do so, and she would not disobey him.

In October, 1789, she and her father lost their steady friend, Mr. Day, who was killed by a fall from his horse: and in the next year the family were plunged into the deepest sorrow by the death of Honora, daughter of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, whose beauty even surpassed that of her mother. Some months previously she had been taken to Dublin for a few days by her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, of Black Castle, in the county of Meath, who has often mentioned that she attracted so much admiration that crowds followed in the streets pressing round to have a sight of her; and on one evening when she was taken to the Rotunda, the Dublin Ranelagh of those days, the admiration she excited was so inconvenient as to oblige her to leave in a very short time. Miss Edgeworth felt her loss acutely, and has paid a touching and graceful tribute to her memory, by introducing into the first part of the "Early Lessons" her pretty fairy tale of *Rivuletta*.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "is it true that somebody really dreamt that nice dream, and who was it?"—"It is not true, my dear: it was invented and written by a very young person." "How old was she when she wrote it, mamma?"—"She was just thirteen." "Was she good, mamma? was she like Laura, or was she vain and proud?"—"She was good: she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful, and superior in understanding to any person of her age that

I ever was acquainted with." "Was, mamma?" said Laura.—"Was, my dear, she is no more: her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"

Apprehensive regarding the health of another of his children, Mr. Edgeworth, in 1792, removed with his family to Clifton, where Maria made her first acquaintance with "the world," her father however carefully following up one of his favorite maxims, "no company, or good company." But by *good* he meant, not "the fine," but the cultivated and the well-bred; and his favorite companions being Mr. Watt, Dr. Darwin, Mr. Wedgewood, Mr. Kier, and other kindred spirits, Miss Edgeworth, though at a fashionable watering place, continued to breathe an intellectual atmosphere. When Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Beddoes, whose medical reputation was subsequently so high, first came to Clifton, he brought to Mr. Edgeworth an introductory letter from Mr. Kier, and Mr. Edgeworth, who admired his abilities, materially assisted in establishing the young physician at Clifton.

The mode of life there, however, suited the taste neither of Miss Edgeworth's father nor mother; and hearing in the autumn of 1793 that political disturbances were beginning to break out in Ireland he considered it his duty to return there immediately. "Our preparations for leaving Clifton," says Maria, "seemed particularly to grieve and alarm Dr. Beddoes. During the summer's acquaintance with our family he had become strongly attached to one of my sisters, Anna. In consequence of the declaration of his passion, and to give her opportunity to see more of him, my father remained some time longer in Clifton. She decided to return with us to Ireland that autumn to take further time to judge of the permanence of Dr. Beddoes' feelings, and of her own. He had permission to follow her in the spring, and they were married at Edgeworthstown on the 17th of April, 1794."

The aspect of affairs in Ireland grew darker and darker. Towards the end of 1794, rumors of a French invasion spread throughout the country; and it becoming necessary that Government should possess means of imparting and receiving intelligence in the most rapid manner possible, Mr. Edgeworth proposed the establishment of *telegraphic* communication, a scheme which had occupied

his inventive powers so far back as the year 1767, when he had tried a nocturnal telegraph, with lamps and illuminated letters, between London and Hampstead. In these days when the telegraph is employed with such eminent success that the wonder seems to be how the world did so long without it, it is but giving honor to whom honor is due to mention Mr. Edgeworth as one of its first British inventors. The proposal did not, however, find favor in the eyes of Government, and was in 1776 declined in a polite letter from the secretary.

From childhood Maria had, like many little incipient authors, a habit of scribbling her juvenile compositions on the backs of letters, or such other *matériel* as fell in her way; and in the meridian of literary fame she used to recall the delight she felt on first possessing what seemed to her a treasure inexhaustible, "an entire sheet of paper!" This taste was encouraged by her father, who suggested her attempting an English version of "Adèle and Têodore." It promised well, but was never published, being superseded by a translation also from the pen of a lady.

Mr. Day who had been deeply prejudiced against female authorship by some instances of indiscretion which he had seen in ladies of literary talent, always maintained that

"Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone."

On Miss Edgeworth relinquishing her "Adelaide and Theodore," he wrote a congratulatory letter to her father, which drew from him an energetic defence of female literature. The substance of that correspondence remained in Maria's retentive memory, and from her recollection was afterwards produced her "*Letters for Literary Ladies*," to which was added the witty "*Essay on the noble Science of Self-justification*." This volume which was not published till 1795, long after the death of Mr. Day, came out anonymously, and met with the most favorable reception.

A slight intimation of her writing for the world was given by her father in the following year to his friend Dr. Darwin.

"Some time ago you advised us to read Dugald Stewart, and write upon education. Stewart we have read with profit and pleasure, and we are writing upon education. Maria recurs frequently to your authority, in

a chapter on 'Attention,' and has, I think,—pardon my paternal partiality,—managed your gigantic weapons with as much adroitness as could be expected from a dwarf."

Mr. Edgeworth, Mrs. Honora, and Mrs. Elizabeth E., had for many years kept notes of observations relative to the training and characters of his children, and these notes which were followed up and arranged by his daughter, formed the ground work of "*Practical Education*." This book, which was the joint production of herself and her father, was published in the course of 1797, when the name of Maria Edgeworth first appeared before the literary world.

In the October of this year Mrs. Edgeworth, who had for a long time suffered from that trying disease, consumption, died. In speaking of her, her husband always said, that amongst other admirable qualities she possessed a peculiarly large proportion of that essential one, *good sense*; happily defined by him as "that habit of the understanding which employs itself in forming just estimates of every object that lies before it, and in regulating the temper and conduct." By her death he was left a widower with a numerous family. His youngest child was but three years old, and two of his daughters just at the age when a mother's care is of most importance. "All who had seen how much the felicity of his life depended upon conjugal affection were aware that he could not be happy unless he married again," but, little did he foresee when he first met the object of his latest, perhaps fondest attachment, the happy influence she was in after years to diffuse throughout his home.

The meeting alluded to had taken place, upon his marriage with Miss Honora Sneyd, when he had made a bridal visit to his sister Mrs. Ruxton, at Black Castle. Mrs. Ruxton had invited to meet them Dr. Beaufort, afterwards author of the excellent ecclesiastical map of Ireland, and valuable statistical memoir of that country. Dr. Beaufort's highly cultivated mind, and the polish of manner which distinguished him, at once attracted Mr. Edgeworth; nor could he fail, observant as he always was of children, to notice his little daughter Fanny, then a pretty child of six years old, "in a white frock and pink sash," of which he thought she was rather too full of admiration.

An interval of some years passed before

any intimacy took place between Mr. Edgeworth and Dr. Beaumont, although occasional meetings occurred; both parties having been resident during that period in different parts of England, but they became better acquainted when assisting Lord Charlemont in the establishing and arrangement of the Royal Irish Academy. And when the Vicarage of Collon in the county of Louth was given to Dr. Beaufort by Mr. Foster (afterwards Lord Oriel), they frequently met at the house of their joint and excellent friend and also at that of his sister, Mrs. Ruxton.

Early in 1797, at Mrs. Ruxton's suggestion, Mr. Edgeworth asked Miss Beaufort, the little Fanny of former years, to design vignettes for "*The Parent's Assistant*," then ready to be published. She complied with his request, and those who have seen the three first editions of these excellent stories must perceive the superiority of her designs to the illustrations by which they have been succeeded. In the summer of the same year, Mrs. Beaufort, her eldest daughter, and a younger one paid a visit for several days at Edgeworthstown, Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth being then pretty well, her health however soon after declined, and, as we have said, she expired in the month of October.

In the spring of 1798, Dr., Mrs., and Miss Beaufort paid a visit of some length at Edgeworthstown, and Mr. Edgeworth became convinced that she was precisely the person to whom he could venture to entrust his own happiness, and that of his children. He was able to study her character satisfactorily, from her open and unembarrassed manner; the disparity of their years having prevented her from suspecting his attachment till a few hours before it was declared. Her parents left her entirely to her own judgment,—“his eloquent affection conquered her timidity,” and she consented to take the responsible charge of the happiness of so many. They were married on the 31st of May by her brother, the Rev. William Beaufort,* at St. Anne's Church, in Dublin, and arrived late in the same evening at Edgeworthstown. “Of her first entrance and appearance,” says Maria, “I can recollect only the general im-

pression, that it was quite natural, without effort or pretension, the chief thing remarkable was, that she, of whom we were all thinking so much, seemed to think so little of herself.”

Miss Edgeworth did not anticipate the happy consequences from this union which her father did; but she quickly found reason to change her opinion, and with her usual frankness says so. “Soon after this marriage, things and persons found themselves in their proper places, and the fear of change which had perplexed numbers was gradually dispelled. Mrs. Edgeworth was found always equal to the occasion, and superior to the expectation. Of all the blessings we owe to *Him*, this has proved the greatest.” The testimony given to the world by her pen, was corroborated by her lips to a friend of our own, who was related to Mrs. E., and expressed her deep satisfaction on knowing that she was so much beloved, “Beloved!” exclaimed Maria in her enthusiastic manner, “beloved seems a cold word to apply to her—amongst *us* she has been an angel!”

The year 1798, possesses in the annals of Ireland, a “bad eminence” as that in which the Irish Rebellion raged in its fullest force; extending its malignant influence over the greatest portion of the island. The county of Longford shared in the turbulence and alarm of the times; its Roman Catholic inhabitants, who were notoriously disaffected, were joined by the people of the neighboring county of Westmeath, and when it was known that the French army under General Humbert, had landed at Killalla, on the west coast of Ireland, and were marching forward, they rose in a body, and attacked the village and house of Edgeworthstown. Happily, the family had escaped to Longford. Mr. Edgeworth and his son Henry marched with the Edgeworthstown corps of yeomanry. His wife rode on horseback, and the rest of the ladies and children were crammed into two carriages. The town, already crowded with troops and fugitives from the surrounding country, afforded but small accommodation, and the whole family, eleven in number, were lodged in two very small rooms at the hotel. Here Maria found sleep impossible; and as she lay, or rather, tossed restlessly about her bed, she heard, as she thought, suppressed screams frequently repeated. In a strange house, and utter darkness, she could do noth-

* Rector of Glanmire and Prebendary of Cork. That excellent minister has, to the loss of an attached circle of friends, some few years since been called to his heavenly rest, by Him to whose service he long and faithfully devoted talents of an uncommon order, and the highest powers of a highly gifted mind.

ing; and in the misery of doing nothing, her excited imagination began to picture terrific scenes of strife, imprisonment, and suffering. With the first dawn of light she sprang from her bed, and hastening to the side from which the sounds had seemed to come, she discovered a *death's head moth*, of uncommonly large size, one of the few insects of that tribe which have the power of sound.

Another trifling anecdote of this time may be mentioned. One of Mr. Edgeworth's sons, a boy about ten years old, in the hurry of getting off with the yeomanry, forgot his strong shoes. The thin ones which he had hastily put on, soon became worse than nothing, when his sister Emmeline pitying the suffering and uncomplaining child, took off her walking boots, threw them to him out of the carriage window, and thus (though they were much too large) enabled him to struggle through six weary Irish miles!

The French army accompanied by their insurgent allies, who were more a hindrance than an advantage, quitted Killalla. They were worsted by the King's troops on two occasions, and finally defeated at Ballinamuck, about five miles from Edgeworthstown.

After a few days' stay at Longford, the Edgeworth family returned home; and all things around them being again quiet, Maria with her father and mother visited Clifton in the spring of 1799, where she was introduced to several contemporary authors, and where a friendship was begun with Mrs. Barbauld which continued to the end of that lady's life.

Miss Edgeworth's very entertaining "*Castle Rackrent*" appeared in 1800. Some of the incidents which produced the outline of the tale, were furnished by the history of one of her own ancestors. Others were suggested by circumstances which had occurred in different parts of Ireland. This work was pronounced by one of her critics, as "sufficient to establish her reputation as a painter of Irish nature."

In the conversations in which the story is told, she has shown in a most amusing way, her shrewd observation, and her thorough acquaintance with the Irish character. In this year too, a third edition was issued of the first three volumes of "*The Parent's Assistant*," to which she added three more volumes of tales, of equal merit with their companions, all with frontispieces from Mrs. Edgeworth's designs.

In 1801, Miss Edgeworth again came before the world, by the publication of "*Belinda*." It caused a considerable sensation; some of her critics regretted the absence of that rich Irish humor, which had so much delighted the readers of her previous works. Others accused her of misrepresenting their fashionable world, but almost all agreed in admiring the elegance of the writing, and the light and graceful wit of the conversations. In 1801, was also brought out the first part of her "*Early Lessons*," as well as six volumes of her charming "*Moral Tales*," at once so spirited, and so well suited to the youthful taste, as to be read over and over again with constantly increasing pleasure. "No one," says a modern reviewer, "can help admiring the easy and graceful way in which she manages her incidents and characters, so as to make them all bear upon the great purpose of instruction—the particular moral which she endeavors to impress." It is not in depreciation of the others, that we would name as our own especial favorites, "*Forrester*," "*L'Amie inconnue*," and "*The good French Governess*."

In 1802, Monsieur Pictët, brother to the editor of the "*Journal Britannique*," who had translated "*Practical Education*" into French, came over, as well as many other foreigners, to England, and, extending his travels to the Sister Isle, visited Edgeworthstown. The acquaintance was mutually pleasing, and Mr. Edgeworth, tempted by his offers of introduction to numerous literary persons in Paris, and desirous of forming new and congenial friendships as well as of "keeping his old ones in repair," arranged a tour for the following autumn. Amongst those of his former intimates whom he most wished to see, was Dr. Darwin, when he received a letter, full of life and playfulness, begun by his well-known hand, but finished by that of another, telling of the sudden death of this long known and highly valued friend.

By this event, the pleasure of the projected tour was sadly damped; it was not however relinquished, and towards the close of 1802, Miss Edgeworth, with her sisters Emmeline and Charlotte, accompanied their parents to their favorite Clifton, where they stopped some time, and where Emmeline, Maria's second sister was united to Mr. King, to whom she had been for some time engaged.

From Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth

proceeded to Paris, where, furnished with introductions by Monsieur Pictët, they soon found themselves in a highly intellectual Parisian circle, containing amongst others, Dumont (with whom Maria for many subsequent years carried on an intimate correspondence in French), D'Alembert, and the aged Abbé Morellet. Here they met for the last time Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious and excellent mechanical friend, Mr. Watt, who made them known to many foreigners of celebrity.

The intimacy of these two philosophers had been of long standing; so far back as 1768, Dr. Small had made honorable mention of Mr. Edgeworth, in writing to Mr. Watt. "He is a gentlemen of fortune, young, mechanical, and *indefatigable*; he has taken a resolution of moving land and water carriages by steam, he seems to be in a fair way of knowing whatever can be known on such subjects."* In the valuable work from which this extract is taken, we find the clear mind of Mr. Edgeworth, with extraordinary prophetic sagacity, cheering his friend with a prediction which in 1858 it is curious and interesting to read. Mr. Watt had in 1786 constructed a steam carriage of "some size," and tells Mr. Boulton that he was "resolved to try if God would work a miracle in favor of these carriages," confessing at the same time that he had "small hope of their ever becoming useful, and suspected that the age of miracles was past." Not so hopelessly did Mr. Edgeworth view the matter—"I have always thought," he writes to Mr. Watt, "*that steam would become the universal lord, and that we should in time scorn post horses, an iron railroad would be a cheaper thing than a railroad on the common construction.*"†

The regard, which was heightened by congeniality of taste, continued undiminished by years. "I am glad, my dear Sir," says Mr. Edgeworth in one of his letters, "that the scheme of an iron tunnel came into my head, since it has been the cause of my being gratified by your kind attentions; at the close of a long life it is delightful to find that distance of time and place has not erased us from the remembrance of those with whom we were

associated in early life."** Mr. Watt died in 1819, a fine statue of him by Chantrey, was placed in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Edgeworth's society was much sought after in France, where the brilliancy of her wit, and her *gaieté de cœur* were universally admired. Her hand was asked by a Swedish *savant* of high character, but she could not think of expatriating herself from her country. "Besides," she used playfully to assure her father, "you know that I can never marry—*Car! Je suis femme de la Litterature!*"

So agreeable was his Parisian *séjour*, that Mr. Edgeworth had almost decided on remaining in France for two years, and fetching the rest of his family from Ireland; circumstances however occurred which obliged him to alter his mind. Although not mixing with political society, the name of *Edgeworth* was sufficient to awaken suspicion, and the misrepresentation that he was brother of the amiable Abbé, caused an order to be sent him through the police to leave Paris in four and twenty hours; by the active exertions of powerful friends there, however, and of the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, this very disagreeable business was arranged, its disagreeability was more than compensated, by the warm regard and the active kindness it was the means of calling into play towards himself and his family.

He had been in treaty for a charming residence near the *Jardins de Luxembourg*, but he quickly broke it off, feeling confident, that the *agrémens* of brilliant society, and even the high esteem in which he and his were held, could never compensate for the anxiety and mistrust, which he must feel under a government where the hateful system of *espionage* led to such injustice. They therefore immediately left for England; but the friendships formed with French and Swiss *savans* were permanent. Maria kept alive their original warmth and freshness by uninterrupted correspondence. Their return was most happily timed, the declaration of war with Great Britain, following so quickly that they would probably have had the misery of being among the *détenus*, as Mr. Edgeworth's son Lovell was for eleven years.

* Origin and progress of the mechanical inventions of James Watt, etc., by James P. Muirhead, Esq. vol. 1. p. 29.

† Origin and progress of the mechanical inventions of James Watt, etc., by James P. Muirhead, Esq. vol. 1, p. 240.

* In the days of the magnificent "Britannia Bridge," the description contained in these letters, of Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious project of making a cast-iron tunnel across the ferry at Bangor, instead of a bridge, will be perused with interest. Vide Muirhead's life of James Watt, vol. 2. p. 321.

A cloud, which overcast the domestic circle with mournful frequency, apprehension for the health of a cherished member, now "loomed in the horizon." All the sisters were strongly attached to their brother Henry, but Miss Edgeworth was peculiarly so, as when a little boy he had been put under her especial care to train and teach; it was with the deepest sorrow they learned that symptoms had appeared of that disease—

"Most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption, silent cheater of the eye!"

Hearing from Edinburgh, where he was pursuing his medical studies under Dr. Gregory, an alarming account of his health, his father determined to return to Ireland by Scotland, and bring Henry home with him. The amiable disposition of this young man endeared him to all who knew him, and it was with no small gratification that his family heard Alison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart speak of him as if he were their own son. Dr. Gregory hoped much from the milder climate of Ireland, and, after their arrival at home late in 1803, the amendment in his patient seemed to justify the hope.

Government having at length determined to make trial of the Telegraph, applied to Mr. Edgeworth, and he, released from the pressure of immediate anxiety on account of his son, once more turned his mind to his favorite plan, and with the assistance of his brother-in-law, Captain Beaufort,* who was then at home to recover of severe wounds, completed a line from Dublin to Galway, on which messages and answers were transmitted in eight minutes. But the alarm of the French invasion subsided, Mr. Edgeworth and his friend were diplomatically thanked for their gratuitous exertions, and their Telegraphs consigned to the care of the ordinary military establishments.

The next literary work, which (in 1803) appeared from Edgeworthstown, was the joint production of the pens of father and daughter. It was "*An Essay on Irish Bulls*," and was intended to show to the English public, under the semblance of a pretended attack, the eloquence and talent of the lower classes in Ireland. It fully accomplished its object; and whilst the amuse-

ment it had given was fresh in the mind of the reader, was followed by the "*Popular Tales*." They were warmly commended by Jeffrey's able pen, which by a few happy touches pointed out their distinctive and characteristic merits.

"The design of these tales is excellent, and their tendency so truly laudable as to make amends for many faults of execution. There is nothing new indeed in the idea of conveying instruction in the form of an amusing narrative; for from the days of Homer downwards, almost all the writers of fictitious history, have been thought to aim at the moral improvement of their readers. They seldom however condescend to the duties or incidents of ordinary character, or ordinary life; but are occupied entirely in adjusting the claims of nice honor, and heroic affection, or in describing the delicate perplexities and fantastic distresses of those who set vulgar sorrows at defiance. The lessons they were calculated to teach, were quite inapplicable, to say the least of them, to that great multitude who are neither high-born nor high-bred. It is for this great and most important class of society that the volumes before us have been written. And their object is to interest, amuse, and instruct them, by stories founded on the incidents of common life, and developed by the agency of ordinary characters; to impress upon their minds the inestimable value and substantial dignity of industry, perseverance, prudence, good humor, and all that train of vulgar and homely virtues, that have hitherto made the happiness of the world, without obtaining any great share of its admiration."

Mr. Edgeworth had one day observed, in family conversation, that Maria could not deceive him as to authorship, for that he would at once know her style. Her father being a good deal from home, during the superintendence of the Telegraph, she took advantage of his absence to write "*The Modern Griselda*." It was printed in 1805, with a title page omitting the names of both author and publisher, and a copy was forwarded to her. It laid quietly on the table in the library, the general family sitting room. Mr. Edgeworth's quick eye soon perceived it, he took it up, glanced at the opening, and laid down the book with no further remark than a contemptuous "Pooh!" But Mrs. Mary Sneyd, (sister to Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth,) who continued to live with and add to the happiness of the family, perseveringly threw the neglected *Griselda* in his way. After some days he said, "This work haunts me, I

* Afterwards Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., who closed, in the winter of 1857, a long life, spent in the service of his country; first in the Navy, and then for twenty-six years as Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

must read it to lay the spirit." The first page or two did not please, gradually some interest was awakened, and he every now and then exclaimed "very witty," "exceedingly good!" After going through a few chapters he said, "Maria, my dear, I do wish you had written this clever little tale!" at last, he started up, and taking her hand said, "You *did* write it! look me in the face and say you did not, if you can!" She could not; the secret was out, all parties were pleased, especially her father. And very few of her stories have had more success, at least amongst those who can appreciate wit and elegance.

Encouraged by the reception of her previous works, Miss Edgeworth, in the year 1806, gave to the world her second novel "*Leonora*:" one of the most polished and yet least popular of her productions. Its merits and defects were clearly seen, and its fate with curious accuracy predicted by her father's experienced judgment. "Your critic, partner, father, friend," he writes from Collon, "has finished your '*Leonora*,' it has no story to interest the curiosity, no comic to make the reader laugh, no tragic to make him cry, but it rests on nature, truth, sound morality, and religion, and, if you polish it, will sparkle in the regions of moral fashion." With this opinion, the verdict of the "Edinburgh" jury nearly coincided: "Miss Edgeworth always writes with good intentions, but this is not amongst her best doings. The story is neither very probable nor very interesting, most of the characters are rather sketches than finished portraits, and there is a want both of persons and of incidents, which produces a degree of languor not to have been expected in so short a work of so animated a writer."

Whilst the health of Henry Edgeworth seemed to revive, that of her sister Charlotte unexpectedly gave way. So blooming had she been, when they were on the continent, that she had been described by one celebrated foreigner as "*fraîche comme un rose, et avec des yeux pleins d'intelligence*;" by another, who deeply admired her,—the well known Camille Jourdan,—the purity of her character and countenance were exactly described in his passionate exclamation to her father, "*Elle a l'air si viergnaïe*."

In the autumn of 1816, pulmonary symptoms appeared, and in April, 1817, she was carried off by rapid decline. She had numbered but four and twenty years, but even in

that short period, her peculiarly engaging disposition had made her the fondly loved, the cherished favorite, the deeply mourned—of all. Her death gave a fatal shock to the fragile health of Henry. In vain he exerted himself to prepare for his intended profession. He went to London, where he took his degree; and probably overtaking his strength, was obliged to sail for Maderia. A slight amendment once more flattered his family with fallacious hopes of his recovery, but he soon lost ground again, and returning to England, expired at Clifton, two years after the death of his lamented sister.

After this sad event, three or four years were quietly passed at home, which were usually employed by Miss Edgeworth in writing, but now and then varied by visits to the delightful houses of her aunt Ruxton or Dr. Beaufort. Her own hospitable and agreeable home was also visited by numerous friends, and pleasant intercourse kept up with the gentry of the country, with whom her animated manners and varied conversation made her a general favorite. Her father was, meanwhile, much and fatiguingly engaged, in prosecuting experiments on wheel carriages; and then, in the examination of bogs, and the best mode of drainage for them. He now also invented a plan for constructing a spire for the church of Edgeworthstown, to be fitted together, and then raised by machinery to its place. This was executed in a perfect manner, in August, 1811, in presence of a large number of friends, assembled to witness its erection and placing on the steeple, where it steadily stands at this very day. His favorite relaxation in the evening was listening to Maria's reading aloud, which she did inimitably. In this way her manuscripts were heard by him, and criticised as she went along.

The first set of "*Fashionable Tales*" came out in 1809. They were written with great spirit, and showed accurate knowledge of the varieties of human character, the oddities of which were quickly apparent to her keen perception, but never pointed out satirically; her wit was free from sarcasm or bitterness. The second set of these tales, which followed in 1812, fully kept up to the character of the first, and none of her works have continued to hold a higher place in popular estimation.

Towards the end of 1812, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth, with Maria, went to visit some of their English friends, and spent the spring of

the following year in London, where their society was highly appreciated. During the "season," they became acquainted with Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James McIntosh, and other literary and political lights of the period, together with many persons of high rank. These remained ever after, fast friends; and assisted, by their interest, in furthering her brothers as they entered into life, one of the highest objects of her generous and disinterested mind.

Amongst the intellectual stars to whom they were introduced, was Lord Byron, then in the zenith of fame and fashion. To this meeting he alludes subsequently, in a letter highly characteristic of the writer.

"I have been reading the life, by himself and daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of the Miss Edgeworth; it is altogether, a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable world of London (of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of a something!) in the assemblies of the hour; and at a breakfast of Sir H. and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812, Miss E. and Madame de Staël (with the 'Cossack' towards the end of 1813) were the exhibitions of the succeeding year. * * * * * Everybody cared more about *her*: she was a nice little unassuming 'Jeannie Deans-looking body' (as we Scotch say), and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking; her conversation was as quiet as herself, one would never have guessed she could write her name. * * * * * To turn from them to their works, I admire them, but they excite no feeling, and leave no love, except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect and prudence is profound, and may be useful."

In 1814 appeared "*Early Lessons*," and a larger though not more useful work, about which we must add a few introductory lines. Many years previously, to beguile the weary hours of illness to Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, her husband used every evening to improvise portions of a tale called "*The History of the Freeman Family*." His young people who always assembled in his room to hear it, declaring that it was a pity it should be lost. Maria noted it from memory, and from the plan, slightly altered, formed the groundwork of "*Patronage*," which was published in 1814. The character of Lord Oldborough only (perhaps the finest ever drawn by her pen), being an addition of her own. "This work," says

an acute reviewer, "was never so fortunate as its predecessors in gaining applause. It gives evidence of as much talent as any that went before it: the difficulty seems to be in the wide range of its subject." The letters of the young Percys, giving the particulars of their professional success, were thought rather heavy, and a *legal* critic fell foul of the legal portions, and pronounced her to be "completely in the dark as to the proper province of a barrister." It was criticised by Mrs. Inchbald, author of "*The Simple Story*," with a frankness which might have offended one who could less well afford to spare a little praise; but her remarks, even her "hearty dislike to Erasmus Percy, as nauseous as his medicines!" were received by Miss Edgeworth with the utmost good temper, and drew from her this cordial reply.

"The best thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, for your letter, you would be glad to see how much pleasure that letter gave this whole family; father, mother, brother, sister, author! When we compared it with one from Walter Scott, received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, upon the whole, the preference was given by the whole breakfast-table (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's. Now, I must assure you that as to quantity of praise, I believe Scott far exceeded you. *We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault*, and say 'such a stale trick was unworthy of us.' Your letters, like your books, are so original, so interesting, and give me so much the idea of truth and reality, that I am more and more desirous to be personally acquainted with you; and in this wish I am most heartily joined by Mrs. E., a person whom, though you have not seen her in print, you would, I will answer for it, like better than any one author or authoress of your acquaintance, as I do, my father only excepted."

Of Miss Edgeworth's readiness to bestow that commendation which she little exacted, we had ourselves an opportunity of judging. Miss Mitford, the late kind-hearted and popular author of "*Our Village*," etc., desirous of obtaining for a young friend the autograph of Maria Edgeworth, applied to us to make known this desire, through a mutual friend. She at once complied, both by manner and matter, making compliance doubly obliging. The substance of what she wrote was pretty nearly as follows:

"Although I am no 'literary fetcher and carrier of bags,' I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure which I felt on the first

perusal of Miss Mitford's admirable tragedy of *Rienzi*, the next, the very next, in merit to those of the immortal Shakspeare."

"My friend will, I fear, after all, be disappointed of her autograph," was Miss Mitford's very natural observation, "for as to my parting with *that* specimen of penmanship it would be impossible!"

Early in the spring of 1814, whilst his appearance seemed yet to give promise of many healthy years, Mr. Edgeworth was seized with an alarming illness. This was increased by anxiety about his son Lovell, now in the twelfth year of his captivity on *parole*. But his liberation was at hand. On the glorious return of the allied sovereigns into Paris the "prisoners were set free," and Mr. L. Edgeworth hearing in London of his father's illness at once set off for home. He arrived at night, and the invalid who was sinking to rest, after a day of exhausting pain, seemed reinvigorated by the surprise and delight of once more embracing his son, of whom he might have said, with grateful reverence, "He was lost and is found!"

Mr. Edgeworth in some measure recovered this illness, but it had fatally undermined his strength; feeling this, he, with his wife, Maria, and some of the younger part of the family, went in the winter of 1815 to Dublin, for the advantage of medical advice from his friend, the late Sir Philip Crampton. Here, under the pressure of much illness, he, in the successive springs of 1815-16, carried out, with the assistance of his son William, an extensive set of public experiments on wheel carriages, which he had promised to try for the Royal Dublin Society. He returned home much reduced, and suffering severely from pain and weakness. He amused himself by superintending the publication of a volume of *dramas* which Miss Edgeworth now brought out, but his sight gradually failed; but by the kindness of his wife, his ever-ready secretary, he said that without trouble to himself or apparently to her, he could still convey his thoughts to friends, with whom, nearly to the last, he corresponded. He submitted with touching gentleness to become dependent *willingly*, as he used to declare, on the affection of his family. He earnestly longed to see the completion of "*Harrington*" and "*Ormond*," two tales which Miss Edgeworth had begun to write. The desire to gratify him, always the strongest stimulus, enabled

her to make an exertion on which she afterwards looked back with astonishment, and even in her harrassed and excited state of feeling to finish the last of her works with which he was to be associated. Every evening she read to him what she had written in the morning, whilst he listened with inconceivable interest "pursuing," she says, "the labor of correction with an acuteness and perseverance of which I cannot bear to think."

He had always prayed that his intellectual faculties might be spared to the last. The petition was granted, and the latest efforts of his strength were speaking parting words of counsel and consolation to each of his afflicted family. He expired on the 15th of June, 1817. At the hazard of being tedious we will offer to our readers an extract from a letter written two days afterwards.

"My dear —, Your goddaughter has told you all the sad particulars better than any one could, as she never left him for a moment,—but did she say enough of my mother's tender care, and of the comfort she gave him to the last moment, or of the looks of affection and gratitude he gave her, even when life seemed to be expiring? His head on her bosom, where she had supported him for fourteen hours, he gently breathed his last. When all was quite over, she was carried fainting to her room by our dear old house-keeper, and put to bed. . . . Her conduct now is still more admirable. . . .

"Maria supports herself better than we thought possible. Our comfort is talking of him, his merit, his virtues, his kindness:—he cannot live too much in our hearts."

The calmness of Maria had indeed appeared supernatural, inconsistent as every one knew it to be with her agonized state of feeling. It seemed to be a continuance of that state of undemonstrating endurance to which she had of latter weeks wrought up her mind, that she might avoid giving added pain to him who had been the dearest object of her life. She had not yet shed one tear, when her aunt Ruxton carried her from that house of sorrow to Black Castle, where Dr. Beaufort's family had gone, kindly and anxiously to meet her. The tender kindness of Mrs. Beaufort, which was but deepened and mellowed by advancing years, seemed to make her intuitively understand the intenseness of this dangerously-suppressed anguish. Throwing her arms around the silent sufferer, she softly whispered "My poor Maria!" This simple expression of sincere and intelligent

sympathy, opened the sluices of sorrow, and long continued weeping brought relief to the bursting heart.

Long and acutely did Miss Edgeworth continue to feel this deepest affliction of her life, On Mrs. S. C. Hall asking her many years afterwards what length of time she took to write a novel, she replied that she had generally taken ample time. She had written "*Harrington*" and "*Ormond*" in three months, "but that," she added "was at my father's command. I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it after his death, till my sister two years afterwards read it to me, then it was quite forgotten." Even by the cold world of criticism, unaware of the circumstances under which these tales were written, and indifferent to them had it been aware—they were received with approbation. The plot of "*Harrington*" was formed, in consequence of a letter from an American Jewess, complaining that her nation had been treated with illiberality in some of Miss Edgeworth's writings. Anxious that her reparation should be as public as her offence, she adopted this agreeable method of doing justice.

When Miss Edgeworth's spirits had in some measure revived, she accepted invitations from several of the friends whom she had made in London, and taking with her, her sisters Honora and Fanny, paid many delightful visits at the country seats of these friends, enjoying the society of the *élite* of the land. She was particularly happy at Bowood, where, amongst other celebrities, she met for the first time the poet Moore. She admired his brilliancy in conversation, and the feeling and expression with which he sung the Irish melodies, but on the whole, she was not much fascinated as most people seemed to be, by his sociable and genial qualities.

From this agreeable tour she returned home for some months, after which, anxious to give Mrs. Edgeworth's two eldest daughters the advantage of mixing in French society, early in the spring of 1820, she once more went to Paris. From all the friends remaining there, whom she had formally known, she received the warmest welcome, and enlarged her acquaintance with a number of remarkable people. Her letters home were highly entertaining, written with all the life and spirit of her conversation. In the hurry and excitement of Parisian life, she contrived often to write long and most interesting ac-

counts of the distinguished people she met, to Dr. Beaufort, whom she knew to be unwell and in depressed spirits; her vivid style carried the reader along with her description, and the arrival of her letters was always hailed with joy. After some months of much enjoyment, the travellers went on to Switzerland, where they visited the Pietôts, and other Genevese friends, and in company with Dumont, made excursions to Chamouny, Interlachen, and other lovely places in that lovely country.

Once more at Edgeworthstown, Maria prepared in 1821 for publication, "*Rosamond*," the first part of the "*Sequel to Early Lessons*;" a delightful little work, which has the uncommon qualities of being equally pleasing to parent and child. This year was enjoyed at home; but was saddened in the spring, by the death of her excellent and sincerely loved friend, Dr. Beaufort, a deep sorrow to the whole family.

Having taken a year's rest, the same trio in 1822, went over to London, where they entered largely into society, with the principal *savans*, literary and scientific, of the day. At the *recherché* breakfasts of Rogers, they met, the *élite* of the social world. Their circle of acquaintance was now extended much too widely to admit of an attempt to particularize its members, we must however just mention the name of Mr. Ricardo, of financial renown with whom, as well as his charming family, they formed a lasting friendship. On their way home they revisited Bowood, and other country seats of friends of "high degree."

Miss Edgeworth admired with all the enthusiasm of her nature, the talent, and fertile imagination of Sir Walter Scott. They had been for some years correspondents, but met for the first time at Edinburgh, in 1823, where Maria with two of her sisters was making a tour through "Bonnie Scotland." Writing to their mutual friend, Joanna Baille, he tells her that the Irish lioness not only answered, but exceeded the expectation he had formed. "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté*, and good humored ardor of mind, which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation. In external appearance she is quite the fairy of our nursery tale, the *Whip-pity Stourie*, if you remember such a sprite, who came flying in through the window, to work all sorts of marvels. I will never believe but that she has a wand in her pocket.

and pulls it out, to conjure a little, before she begins those very striking pictures of manners. I hope soon to have her at Abbotsford." That hope was realized.

"The next month—August 1823," Lockhart tells us, "was one of the happiest in Scott's life. Never did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford, than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget his look and accent, when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, 'Every thing about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream.' Day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. He must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, where 'fair hangs the apple frae the rock;' and often, they sang, and he recited, until it was time to go home, beneath the softest of harvest moons. Thus a fortnight was passed, and the vision closed."

This visit was returned two years afterwards, by Sir Walter, his son and daughters, and his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, at Edgeworthstown, where he saw "neither hovels, nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces," and where he could best judge of his friend, in the midst of her large and happy "home circle." The house was each day filled with a succession of pleasant guests; and every night, after supper, to gratify Scott, who initiated them into this custom of his country in the olden times, they rose and forming themselves into a ring, holding hands all round, all who could join, sang to the air of "Scots wha hae," pretty nearly the following words:—

"Lift, lift the flagon high!
Drain, drain the chalice dry!
Will ye leave it?—fie! fie!
Drink! and fill again."

Miss Edgeworth, with one of her sisters, and her brother William, joined Sir Walter's party for the rest of their Irish tour. And their reception was such as to draw from Lockhart's pen, an *original* compliment to the proverbial hospitality of Erin.

"Most of the houses seemed to have been constructed on the principle of the Peri Bonou's tent; they seemed all to have room, not only for the lion and lioness, and their respective *tails*, but for all in the neighborhood who could be held worthy to inspect them at feeding time."

It was long before Miss Edgeworth could bring herself to use for the public, that pen

which from first to last, had been we may say guided by her "father, partner, critic, friend." Urged however on all sides, to exert those talents which had already been productive of so much good, stimulated perhaps by the conviction, that so that cherished parent would have desired it to be, she made a vigorous effort at self-command, and in 1825, she gave to the world one of her best works, "*Harry and Lucy, concluded.*" Here we have all her former clearness in explaining, her accustomed appositeness in applying, and her wonted animation in describing. The distinction of character too, between the grave philosophic brother and his little playful, affectionate, clever sister, is admirably done. In this year also appeared her "*Sequel to Frank,*" which, like her "*Rosamond,*" is equally interesting to parent and child. Nowhere do we meet with happier strokes from her pen. "Her touch though light and rapid," says one of her reviewers, "went to the quick."

Being requested by the editor of "*The Christmas Box,*" an annual which came out in the year 1828, for a literary contribution, she wrote for him the nice little tale called "*Garry Owen, or the Snow Woman,*" which, notwithstanding her working in it a little upon the plan of her own "*Blind Kate,*" was pronounced in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* "interesting enough to float a heavy volume."

In 1829 another dear member was lost to the domestic circle. William, the young engineer, who had been so often associated with his father in mechanical experiments. His illness was rapid and its close unexpectedly sudden. His brother Francis who was particularly attached to him, was then at the Charterhouse, London; a few lines were written to him in pencil by his dying brother, which, steeped in mill, were immediately enclosed, along with an entreaty to hasten to Edgeworthstown. His journey was made with as much expedition as was possible in those days of comparatively slow travelling. But all the speed was vain, life ebbed more quickly still! When he arrived, the much loved William was no more.

Since that period, he has himself, as well as his brother Lovell, been summoned hence; Miss Edgeworth lived to deplore four dear brothers, so much her junior;—all laid in that melancholy vault.

From the time of her father's death, her

works had been exclusively for the young; but in 1834 "*Helen*," a novel from her pen, was joyfully welcomed by the reading world. For interest of plot, strength in drawing of character, and distinctness in bringing out its moral, it is perhaps one of her happiest productions; though it must be confessed that the hero is *rather* flat, and we question whether the heroine be quite so interesting as is a certain faulty, fascinating Lady Cecilia. The last word of the novel names the virtue to be taught throughout. To show the dignity and "sustaining power of *truth*," the humiliation in departing from, the happiness in returning to, this lofty virtue, is the object of this her most "moral tale."

Lady Cecilia Davenant, beautiful, engaging, and affectionate, marries the noble minded General Clarendon, (in our opinion, the hero of the story,) whose peculiar idiosyncrasy is a prejudice against uniting himself to a woman who had been previously engaged. Failing in strength of mind to confess that in the first flush of youthful vanity, she had coquetted to a considerable degree with Henry D'Aubigné, Cecilia, who had never learned to reverence *truth*, and who, though she would have shrunk from a deliberate falsehood, would too often "rose-color a representation," to give pleasure or avoid inflicting pain, prevails on her friend Helen Stanley, to pass as her own, a packet of letters to this former admirer, which most unluckily had come under the General's notice. The conflict between the agonizing consciousness of acting in a manner unworthy of the wife of her idolized husband, and the cowardice which held her back from confessing the truth, is powerfully worked up; and the character of her mother Lady Davenant, a sort of female Lord Oldborough, is beautifully drawn. Less attractive, but how true to nature, is the following description of the General's sister.

"Of a strong body herself, capable of great resistance, and powerful reaction under disappointment or grief, she could ill make allowance for feebler health and spirits, perhaps feebler character; for great misfortunes, she had great sympathy, but she could not enter into the detail of lesser sorrows, especially any of the sentimental kind. . . . Many a truth would have come mended from Miss Clarendon's tongue, if it had been uttered in a soft tone, and if she had paid a little more attention to times and seasons."

Who does not know a Miss Clarendon?

Gladly would we give some more extracts from these interesting volumes, but we must hasten towards the close of our sketch of its author.

Though now far advanced in the vale of years, the following description of a "visit to Edgeworthstown," from the pen of the amiable *friend*, William Howitt, shows that "her eye was not dim, nor her natural strength abated."

"Having got such a luncheon as the inn afforded, I walked up to the hall. Here I found a very cordial reception. In the true spirit of Irish hospitality Mrs. Edgeworth was anxious that I should at once transfer myself from the village inn to her ample mansion, where there was as much abundance as in any English house of the same pretensions. I found the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss E., and Mrs. Francis E., the wife of the 'Frank' of Miss Edgeworth's tale. My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age, though she must in fact stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve, but this, in a few minutes, quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score of years in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humor, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire.

"The library is a large room supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons, and Miss E. handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author, requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

"She then volunteered to show me the garden and grounds; and this remarkable woman, speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. . . . Not far from the house, near the footpath, and beneath the trees, I observed an urn placed on a pedestal, and inscribed—'TO HONORA, 1780.'

"We then went into the garden. Miss E. said that she had been setting out some ge-

raniums that day, though so late as September. In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told me they had laid out for her and her children, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath.

"On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner, and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. The ladies, as well as Mr. E., expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, of supposing that William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister instead of husband and wife. . . . About ten o'clock, a stately old servant conducted me to the inn, with a lantern, and thus ended my short but agreeable visit to Miss Edgeworth."

"*Orlandino*," a tale for "*The Little Library*," of the Messrs. Chambers, was her last work. When asked subsequently whether she would not again write, she used playfully to say, she was "mending her pen," which led one or two of her friends to conjecture that she might be engaged in something intended for posthumous publication, but since her death, nothing bearing her name has been given to the world.

The last "notice" of her which we shall present to our readers, appeared in the *Art Journal*, of 1849; it describes a visit paid her by Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, as well as being her warm admirer, was her personal friend. A portion of this "description," had previously formed matter for some of the most agreeable pages of Mrs. Hall's most agreeable "sketches."

"The demesne of Edgeworthstown, is judiciously and abundantly planted, and the dwelling house large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening; it was cheering to see lights sparkle through the windows, and to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands, as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth, and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library, the very room in which had been written the immortal works, that redeemed a character for Ireland, and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of the human kind. We had not seen her for some years, except for a few brief moments, and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and

happy, and as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as full of goodness and loving kindness, as they had ever been.

"The library at Edgeworthstown, is not the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large, spacious, and lofty; well-stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the suggestive. It is also picturesque, having been added to, so as to increase its breadth; the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre, is the rallying point for the family, who group around it, reading, writing, or working, while Miss E., only anxious on one point, that all the house should do exactly as they like, without reference to her, sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner, on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir W. Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a quaint little table, as unassuming as possible. In that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly all that has delighted the world, the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott 'to do for Scotland, what Miss E. had done for Ireland,' the works in which she had brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of maturer life, to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge and virtue, care and order, the playthings of the nursery.

"I thought myself peculiarly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning, but, early as it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded me, and a table heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hand but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers, she liked to grow them and to give them; one of the most loved and cherished of my garden's rose bushes, is a gift from Miss Edgeworth. There was a rose or a bouquet of her arranging, always by each plate on the breakfast table, and if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this, from Maria Edgeworth, then between seventy and eighty, to me! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded perhaps like great mountains, distant, cold, and ungenial.

"Such of the servants as were Protestants joined in family worship, and heard a portion of the Scriptures read, hallowing the commencement of the day. Then when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again,

in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education, or the loan fund, was discussed; the various interests of the tenants, or the poor, were considered, so that relief was granted as soon as the want was known.

"Her extensive correspondence was not confined to any *clique* or country. She seemed to have known everybody worth knowing, and to have taken pleasure all her life in writing letters, when, as she observed, 'she had any thing to say.' She never wearied of talking of Sir Walter Scott, and she seldom spoke of him, without her eyes filling with tears. 'You London people,' she said, 'never saw Scott as he really was, his own house and country drew him out; he was made up of thought and feeling, illumined by a wonderful memory, and possessed of the power of adapting and illustrating every thing with anecdote. Every heart and face grew bright in the brightness of Scott.' Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott's illness, she talked much and sorrowfully, both about him and Captain Basil Hall. 'People will overtask themselves,' she said, 'in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter knew he was destroying himself, he told me that four hours a day at works of imagination was enough, adding that he had wrought fourteen.' 'One thing I must tell you,' she exclaimed, after we had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott's letters, 'one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never tired me. Sir James Mackintosh was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he had said, worth remembering, one morning at breakfast.' 'I could not help thinking that the task of remembering seventeen clever things, must have been great fatigue.

"Miss Edgeworth's collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw, far more so than any published during the present century. She used to bring me box after box filled with the correspondence of all the remarkable people 'of her time,' a period then of more than fifty years. Sometimes, she would pick me out the most interesting, and then leave the collection to 'amuse me.' It was not the mere chit-chat of the period, but the opinions of clever people, given to clever people. I felt it a great privilege and advantage to read those letters. Some few were from the leading men of her father's time, to him. Sir Walter's were, I had almost said, without number. The correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multi-

tudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was 'a letter-writing country.'

"Miss Pakenham, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, was so nearly connected with the Edgeworth family, that she consulted Mr. Edgeworth frequently during her husband's absence, on the education of her sons. Miss E. spoke of her with great affection and tenderness, and perhaps there is nothing more touching in the whole history of woman's love, than that noble lady's entreaty, during her last illness, to be carried into the room in which the gifts of so many nations to 'the Duke' are deposited. 'Never,' said Miss Edgeworth, 'had she looked so lovely to me as she did on the day I saw her there. She had the palest blush on her fair cheek, and pointing round, she said, "These are tributes paid to *him* by all the world, not gained by trickery or fraud." I have never looked round the room of royal presents, that beautify, though they cannot add to the attraction of Apsley House, without conjuring up the fragile lady upon the sofa, where she breathed her last, surrounded by tributes to her husband's greatness.'

"Mrs. Barbauld's letters were easy and kind, and I said so to Miss Edgeworth after reading them. She agreed with me, laughing while she added, 'Yes, she was very kind, and at the same time not a little pragmatic and punctilious.'

"She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labors, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself. She seemed never to be *in her own head*, much less *in her own heart*. She loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know every thing connected with her habits of thought and writing, I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness, while seeing the little weaknesses of others clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain. 'People,' she said, 'see matters so differently, that the very thing I should be most proud of, makes others blush with shame. Wedgewood carried the "hod" of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being mentioned in "*Harry and Lucy*."

"During her last visit to London, I still thought her unchanged. Like Scott, she was not seen to the same advantage as amid the home circle at Edgeworthstown. Our last meeting was at her beloved sister's, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street: she was

there the centre of attraction amongst those of highest standing in literature. The hot room and the presentations wearied her, and so her anxious sister thought: but she, again like Scott, was the gentlest of lions, and suffered to admiration! When I was going, she pressed my hand, and whispered, 'We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown.' I certainly did not think I should see her no more in this world.

"I have imagined the half hour of her illness in that now desolate monument of so much that was good and great; a brother and sister—the brother, nearly half a century younger than Maria Edgeworth—who were there when we were at Edgeworthstown, had been called away before her. She had written (dictated) a note to Dr. Marsh,* complaining of not being so well as usual, yet had felt little alarm. In less than half an hour after this letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth went into Miss Edgeworth's bedroom—the little room that overlooked her flower garden, stood by her bedside, became alarmed, and passing her arm under her head, turned it on her shoulder, so as to raise her up. After the lapse of a few minutes, she felt neither motion nor breath; it was only the form of her long cherished and beloved friend that she pressed to her bosom! She died in her eighty-third year, it may be truly said, full of years and honors."

On the 22nd of May, 1849, she was laid in the vault in the churchyard of Edgeworthstown, where so many of her family sleep their long, last sleep.

In summing up Maria Edgeworth's character, the points which are most observable, are lofty principle, affection, and disinterestedness. Where she loved and trusted, her love and trust were perfect, as in the case of her father, and the present Mrs. Edgeworth; to her brothers and sisters her attachment had in

* Now Sir Henry Marsh.

it something of maternal tenderness, and, throughout her long life, she exerted for them that influence which her writings, character, and talent, had secured to her. She sympathized warmly in the pursuits and tastes of others, however widely they differed from hers, and free from the narrowing effects of vanity or pride, she made herself agreeable to those whose minds, and whose acquisitions, were far inferior to her own.

In literature, she may be said almost to have struck out for herself a new course, and shown the possibility of making instruction at once clear and amusing to the young; and in those works which were designed for "*Children of Older Growth*," of uniting vivid interest with beautiful purity.

"Her extraordinary merit," says Sir James Mackintosh, "as a moralist, and a woman of genius, consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subjects of fiction than others, and which had therefore been left by former writers, to her."

"Other arts and sciences," observes Jeffrey, "have their use, no doubt, but the great art is the art of living, and the chief science, the science of being happy. Miss Edgeworth is the great modern mistress in the school of true philosophy, and has eclipsed the fame of all her predecessors."

She lived long enough to see many followers in that line of juvenile literature, of which she was, if not the discoverer, at least the pioneer. She is now beyond the reach of earthly censure, above the reach of earthly praise, but whether we consider her character in a moral or intellectual point of view, we may well allow that she deserved the fame, which the grateful voices of thousands whom she has amused and instructed, have ascribed to the name of MARIA EDGEWORTH.

E. J. B.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.—Among the many ancient tombstones in the "Pawtucket Cemetery," at Haverhill, Mass., is one from which the following inscription is copied:

"JOHN SWODDOCK,
Died February 13, 1707-8,
and in ye 76 year of his
age.

He lived honestly all his life,
Died aged and never had a wife."

THE readers of the "Life of Charlotte Brontë" will be glad to learn that the Rev. P. Brontë is still living at Haworth. The reverend gentleman is in his eighty-second year, and preaches once every Sunday. Mr. Nicholls (Charlotte's husband) resides with him as his curate. The servant Martha, who is often mentioned in the work, still lives at the parsonage, and is a comfort to her aged and venerated master.

From Household Words.

THE UNKNOWN PUBLIC.

Do the subscribers to this journal, the customers at the eminent publishing houses, the members of book-clubs and circulating libraries, and the purchasers and borrowers of newspapers and reviews, compose altogether the great bulk of the reading public of England? There was a time when, if anybody had put this question to me, I, for one, should certainly have answered, Yes.

I know better now. I know that the public just now mentioned, viewed as an audience for literature, is nothing more than a minority.

This discovery (which I venture to consider equally new and surprising) dawned upon me gradually. I made my first approaches towards it, in walking about London, more especially in the second and third rate neighborhoods. At such times, whenever I passed a small stationer's or small tobacconist's shop, I became conscious, mechanically as it were, of certain publications which invariably occupied the windows. These publications all appeared to be of the same small quarto size; they seemed to consist merely of a few unbound pages; each one of them had a picture on the upper half of the front leaf, and a quantity of small print on the under. I noticed just as much as this, for some time, and no more. None of the gentlemen who are so good as to guide my taste in literary matters, had ever directed my attention towards these mysterious publications. My favorite review is, as I firmly believe, at this very day, unconscious of their existence. My enterprising librarian who forces all sorts of books on my attention that I don't want to read, because he has bought whole editions of them at a great bargain, has never yet tried me with the limp unbound picture quarto of the small shops. Day after day, and week after week, the mysterious publications haunted my walks, go where I might; and, still, I was too inconceivably careless to stop and notice them in detail. I left London and travelled about England. The neglected publications followed me. There they were in every town, large or small. I saw them in fruit-shops, in oyster-shops, in lolly-pop shops. Villages even—picturesque, strong-smelling villages—were not free from them. Wherever the speculative daring of one man could open a shop, and the human appetites and necessities

of his fellow mortals could keep it from shutting up again, there, as it appeared to me, the unbound picture quarto instantly entered, set itself up obtrusively in the window, and insisted on being looked at by everybody. "Buy me, borrow me, stare at me, steal me—do any thing, O inattentive stranger, except contemptuously pass me by!"

Under this sort of compulsion, it was not long before I began to stop at shop-windows and look attentively at these all-pervading specimens of what was to me a new species of literary production. I made acquaintance with one of them among the deserts of West Cornwall, with another in a populous thoroughfare of Whitechapel, with a third in a dreary little lost town at the north of Scotland. I went into a lovely county of South Wales; the modest railway had not penetrated to it, but the audacious picture quarto had found it out. Who could resist this perpetual, this inevitable, this magnificently unlimited appeal to notice and patronage? From looking in at the windows of the shops, I got on to entering the shops themselves, to buying specimens of this locust-flight of small publications, to making strict examination of them from the first page to the last, and finally, to instituting inquiries about them in all sorts of well-informed quarters. The result—the astonishing result—has been the discovery of an unknown public; a public to be counted by millions; the mysterious, the unfathomable, the universal public of the penny-novel Journals.*

I have five of these journals now before me, represented by one sample copy, bought hap-hazard, of each. There are many more; but these five represent the successful and well-established members of the literary family. The eldest of them is a stout lad of fifteen years standing. The youngest is an infant of three months old. All five are sold at the same price of one penny; all five are published regularly once a week; all five contain about the same quantity of matter. The weekly circulation of the most successful of the five, is now publicly advertised (and, as I am informed, without exaggeration) at half a Million. Taking the other four as attaining altogether to a circulation of another half

* It may be as well to explain that I use this awkward compound word in order to mark the distinction between a penny journal and a penny newspaper. The "journal" is what I am now writing about. The "newspaper" is an entirely different subject, with which this article has no connection.

million (which is probably much under the right estimate) we have a sale of a Million weekly for five penny journals. Reckoning only three readers to each copy sold, the result *a public of three millions*—a public unknown to the literary world; unknown, as disciples, to the whole body of professed critics; unknown, as customers, at the great libraries and the great publishing houses; unknown as an audience, to the distinguished English writers of our own time. A reading public of three millions which lies right out of the pale of literary civilization, is a phenomenon worth examining—a mystery which the sharpest man among us may not find it easy to solve.

In the first place, who are the three million—the Unknown Public—as I have ventured to call them? The known reading public—the minority already referred to—are easily discovered and classified. There is the religious public, with booksellers and literature of its own, which includes reviews and newspapers as well as books. There is the public which reads for information, and devotes itself to Histories, Biographies, Essays, Treatises, Voyages and Travels. There is the public which reads for amusement, and patronizes the Circulating Libraries and the railway book-stalls. There is, lastly, the public which reads nothing but newspapers. We all know where to lay our hands on the people who represent these various classes. We see the books they like on their tables. We meet them out at dinner, and hear them talk of their favorite authors. We know, if we are at all conversant with literary matters, even the very districts of London in which certain classes of people live who are to be depended upon beforehand as the picked readers for certain kinds of books. But what do we know of the enormous outlawed majority—of the lost literary tribes—of the prodigious, the overwhelming three millions? Absolutely nothing.

I, myself—and I say it to my sorrow—have a very large circle of acquaintance. Ever since I undertook the interesting task of exploring the Unknown Public, I have been trying to discover among my dear friends and my bitter enemies, both alike on my visiting list, a subscriber to a penny novel-journal—and I have not yet succeeded in the attempt. I have heard theories started as to the probable existence of penny novel-journals in kitchen dressers, in the back parlors of Easy

Shaving Shops, in the greasy seclusion of the boxes at the small Chop Houses. But I have never yet met with any man, woman, or child who could answer the inquiry, “Do you subscribe to a penny journal?” plainly in the affirmative, and who could produce the periodical in question. I have learnt, years ago, to despair of ever meeting with a single woman, after a certain age, who has not had an offer of marriage. I have given up, long since, all idea of ever discovering a man who has himself seen a ghost, as distinguished from that other inevitable man who has had a bosom friend who has unquestionably seen one. These are two among many other aspirations of a wasted life which I have definitely given up. I have now to add one more to the number of my vanished illusions.

In the absence, therefore, of any positive information on the subject, it is only possible to pursue the investigation which occupies these pages by accepting such negative evidence as may help us to guess with more or less accuracy, at the social position, the habits, the tastes, and the average intelligence of the Unknown Public. Arguing carefully, by inference, we may hope in this matter, to arrive, by a circuitous road, at something like a safe, if not a satisfactory conclusion,

To begin with, it may be fairly assumed—seeing that the staple commodity of each one of the five journals before me, is composed of Stories—that the Unknown Public reads for its amusement more than for its information.

Judging by my own experience, I should be inclined to add, that the Unknown Public looks to quantity rather than quality in spending its penny a week on literature. In buying my five specimen copies at five different shops, I purposely approached the individual behind the counter, on each occasion, in the character of a member of the Unknown Public—say, Number Three Million and One—who wished to be guided in laying out a penny entirely by the recommendation of the shopkeeper himself. I expected, by this course of proceeding, to hear a little popular criticism, and to get at what the conditions of success might be in a branch of literature which was quite new to me. No such result however, occurred in any case. The dialogue between buyer and seller always took some such practical turn as this:

Number Three Million and One. — “I

want to take in one of the penny journals. Which do you recommend?"

Enterprising Publisher.—"Some likes one, and some likes another. They are all good pennorths. Seen this one?"

"Yes."

"Seen that one?"

"No."

"Look what a pennorth!"

"Yes—but about the stories in this one? Are they as good, now, as the stories in that one?"

"Well, you see, some likes one and some likes another. Sometimes I sells more of one, and sometimes I sells more of another. Take 'em all the year round, and there ain't a pin, as I knows of, to choose between 'em. There's just about as much in one as there is in another. All good pennorths. Why, Lord bless your soul, just take 'em up and look for yourself, and say if they ain't good pennorths! Look what a lot of print in every one of 'em! My eye! What a lot of print for the money!"

I never got further than this, try as I might. And yet, I found the shopkeepers, both men and women, ready enough to talk on other topics. On each occasion, so far from receiving any practical hints that I was interrupting business, I found myself socially delayed in the shop, after I had made my purchase, as if I had been an old acquaintance. I got all sorts of curious information on all sorts of subjects, excepting the good pennorth of print in my pocket. Does the reader know the singular facts in connection with *Everton Toffey*? It is like *Eau de Cologne*. There is only one genuine receipt for making it in the world. It has been a family inheritance from remote antiquity. You may go here, there, and everywhere, and buy what you think is *Everton Toffey* (or *Eau de Cologne*); but there is only one place in London, as there is only one place in Cologne, at which you can obtain the genuine article. That information was given me at one penny journal shop. At another, the proprietor explained his new system of *Stay-making* to me. He offered to provide my wife with something that would support her muscles and not pinch her flesh; and, what was more, he was not the man to ask for his bill, afterwards, except in the case of giving both of us perfect satisfaction. This man was so talkative and intelligent: he could tell me all about so many other things be-

sides stays, that I took it for granted he could give me the information of which I stood in need. But here again I was disappointed. He had a perfect snow-drift of penny journals all over his counter—he snatched them up by handfuls, and gesticulated with them cheerfully; he smacked and patted them, and brushed them all up in a heap, to express to me that "the whole lot would be worked off by the evening;" but he, too, when I brought him to close quarters, only repeated the one inevitable form of words: "A good pennorth; that's where it is! Bless your soul, look at any one of them for yourself, and see what a pennorth it is!"

Having, inferentially, arrived at the two conclusions that the *Unknown Public* reads for amusement, and that it looks to quantity in its reading, rather than to quality, I might have found it difficult to proceed further towards the making of new discoveries, but for the existence of a very remarkable aid to inquiry, which is common to all the penny novel-journals alike. The peculiar facilities to which I now refer, are presented in the *Answers to Correspondents*. The page containing these is, beyond all comparison, the most interesting page in the penny journals. There is no earthly subject that it is possible to discuss, no private affair that it is possible to conceive, which the amazing *Unknown Public* will not confide to the Editor in the form of a question, and which the still more amazing editor will not set himself seriously and resolutely to answer. Hidden under cover of initials, or Christian names, or conventional signatures, such as *Subscriber*, *Constant Reader*, and so forth, the editor's correspondents seem, many of them, to judge by the published answers to their questions, utterly impervious to the senses of ridicule or shame. Young girls beset by perplexities which are usually supposed to be reserved for a mother's or an elder sister's ear only, consult the editor. Married women, who have committed little frailties consult the editor. Male jilts in deadly fear of actions for breach of promise of marriage, consult the editor. Ladies whose complexions are on the wane, and who wish to know the best artificial means of restoring them, consult the editor. Gentlemen who want to dye their hair, and get rid of their corns, consult the editor. Inconceivably dense ignorance, inconceivably petty malice, and inconceivably complacent

vanity, all consult the editor, and all, wonderful to relate, get serious answers from him. No mortal position is too difficult for this wonderful man; there is no change of character as general referee, which he is not prepared to assume on the instant. Now he is a father, now a mother, now a schoolmaster, now a confessor, now a doctor, now a lawyer, now a young lady's confidante, now a young gentleman's bosom friend, now a lecturer on morals, and now an authority in cookery.

However, our present business is not with the editor, but with his readers. As a means of getting at the average intelligence of the Unknown Public,—as a means of testing the general amount of education which they have acquired, and of ascertaining what share of taste and delicacy they have inherited from Nature—these extraordinary Answers to Correspondents may fairly be produced in detail, to serve us for a guide. I must premise that I have not maliciously hunted them up out of many numbers; I have merely looked into five sample copies of five separate journals,—all, I repeat, bought accidentally, just as they happened to catch my attention in the shop windows. I have not waited for bad specimens, or anxiously watched for good: I have impartially taken my chance. And now, just as impartially, I dip into one journal after another, on the Correspondents' page, exactly as the five happen to lie on my desk. The result is, that I have the pleasure of presenting to those ladies and gentlemen who may honor me with their attention, the following members of the Unknown Public, who are in a condition to speak quite unreservedly for themselves.

A reader of a penny novel-journal who wants a receipt for gingerbread. A reader who complains of fullness in his throat. Several readers who want cures for grey hair, for warts, for sores on the head, for nervousness, and for worms. Two readers who have trifled with Woman's affections, and who want to know if Woman can sue them for breach of promise of marriage. A reader who wants to know what the sacred initials I. H. S. mean, and how to get rid of small-pox marks. Another reader who desires to be informed what an esquire is. Another who cannot tell how to pronounce picturesque and acquiescence. Another who requires to be told that *chiar-oscuro* is a term used by painters. Three readers who want to know how to soften ivory,

how to get a divorce, and how to make black varnish. A reader who is not certain what the word Poems means; not certain that *Mazeppa* was written by Lord Byron; not certain whether there are such things in the world as printed and published Lives of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Two afflicted readers, well worthy of a place by themselves, who want a receipt apiece for the cure of knock-knees; and who are referred (it is to be hoped, by a straight-legged editor) to a former answer, addressed to other sufferers, which contains the information they require.

Two readers respectively unaware, until the editor has enlightened them, that the author of *Robinson Crusoe* was Daniel Defoe, and the author of the *Irish Melodies* Thomas Moore. Another reader, a trifle denser, who requires to be told that the histories of Greece and Rome are ancient histories, and the histories of France and England modern histories.

A reader who wants to know the right hour of the day at which to visit a newly-married couple. A reader who wants a receipt for liquid blacking.

A lady reader who expresses her sentiments prettily on crinoline. Another lady reader who wants to know how to make crumpets. Another who has received presents from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged, and who wants the editor to tell her whether she is right or wrong. Two lady readers who require lovers and wish the editor to provide them. Two timid girls who are respectively afraid of a French invasion and dragon-flies.

A sad dog of a reader who wants the private address of a certain actress. A reader with a noble ambition who wishes to lecture, and wants to hear of an establishment at which he can buy discourses ready made. A natty reader, who wants German polish for boots and shoes. A sore-headed reader, who is editorially advised to use soap and warm water. A virtuous reader, who writes to condemn married women for listening to compliments, and who is informed by an equally virtuous editor that his remarks are neatly expressed. A guilty (female) reader, who confides her frailties to a moral editor, and shocks him. A pale-faced reader, who asks if she shall darken her skin. Another pale-faced reader, who asks if she shall put on rouge. An undecided reader, who asks if

there is any inconsistency in a dancing-mistress being a teacher at a Sunday school. A bashful reader, who has been four years in love with a lady, and has not yet mentioned it to her. A speculative reader, who wishes to know if he can sell lemonade without a license. An uncertain reader, who wants to be told whether he had better declare his feelings frankly and honorably at once. An indignant female reader, who reviles all the gentlemen in her neighborhood because they don't take the ladies out. A scorbutic reader, who wants to be cured. A pimply reader in the same condition. A jilted reader, who writes to know what his best revenge may be, and who is advised by a wary editor to try indifference. A domestic reader, who wishes to be told the weight of a newly-born child. An inquisitive reader, who wants to know if the name of David's mother is mentioned in the Scriptures,

Here are ten editorial sentiments on things in general, which are pronounced at the express request of correspondents, and which are therefore likely to be of use in assisting us to form an estimate of the intellectual condition of the Unknown Public :

1. All months are lucky to marry in, when your union is hallowed by love.

2. When you have a sad trick of blushing on being introduced to a young lady, and when you want to correct the habit, summon to your aid a manly confidence.

3. If you want to write neatly, do not bestow too much ink on occasional strokes.

4. You should not shake hands with a lady on your first introduction to her.

5. You can sell ointment without a patent.

6. A widow should at once and most decidedly discourage the lightest attentions on the part of a married man.

7. A rash and thoughtless girl will scarcely make a steady thoughtful wife.

8. We do not object to a moderate quantity of crinoline.

9. A sensible and honorable man never flirts himself, and ever despises flirts of the other sex.

10. A collier will not better his condition by going to Prussia.

At the risk of being wearisome, I must once more repeat that these selections from the Answers to Correspondents, incredibly absurd as they may appear, are presented

exactly as I find them. Nothing is exaggerated for the sake of a joke; nothing is invented, or misquoted to serve the purpose of any pet theory of my own. The sample produced of the three million penny readers is left to speak for itself; to give some idea of the social and intellectual materials of which a portion, at least, of the Unknown Public may fairly be presumed to be composed. Having so far disposed of this first part of the matter in hand, the second part follows naturally enough of its own accord. We have all of us formed some opinion by this time on the subject of the Public itself: the next thing to do is to find out what that Public reads.

I have already said that the staple commodity of the journals appears to be formed of stories. The five specimen copies of the five separate weekly publications now before me, contain, altogether, ten serial stories, one reprint of a famous novel (to be hereafter referred to), and seven short tales, each of which begins and ends in one number. The remaining pages are filled up with miscellaneous contributions, in literature and art, drawn from every conceivable source. Pickings from Punch and Plato; wood-engravings, representing notorious people and views of famous places, which strongly suggest that the original blocks have seen better days in other periodicals; modern and ancient anecdotes; short memoirs; scraps of poetry; choice morsels of general information; household receipts, riddles, and extracts from moral writers; all appear in the most orderly manner, arranged under separate heads, and cut up neatly into short paragraphs. However, the prominent feature in each journal is the serial story, which is placed, in every case, as the first article, and which is illustrated by the only wood-engraving that appears to have been expressly cut for the purpose. To the serial story, therefore, we may fairly devote our chief attention, because it is clearly regarded as the chief attraction of these very singular publications.

Two of my specimen-copies contain, respectively, the first chapters of new stories. In the case of the other three, I found the stories in various stages of progress. The first thing that struck me, after reading the separate weekly portions of all five, was their extraordinary sameness. Each portion purported to be written (and no doubt was writ-

ten) by a different author, and yet all five might have been produced by the same man. Each part of each successive story, settled down in turn, as I read it, to the same dead level of the smoothest and flattest conventionality. A combination of fierce melodrama and meek domestic sentiment; short dialogues and paragraphs on the French pattern, with moral English reflections of the sort that occur on the top lines of children's copy-books; incidents and characters taken from the old exhausted mines of the circulating library, and presented as complacently and confidently as if they were original ideas descriptions and reflections for the beginning of the number, and a "strong situation," dragged in by the neck and shoulders, for the end—formed the common literary sources from which the five authors drew their weekly supply; all collecting by the same means; all carrying it in the same quantities; all pouring it out before the attentive public in the same way. After reading my samples of these stories, I understood why it was that the fictions of the regularly-established writers for the penny journals are never republished. There is, I honestly believe, no man, woman, or child in England, not a member of the Unknown Public, who could be got to read them. The one thing which it is possible to advance in their favor is, that there is apparently no wickedness in them. There seems to be an intense in-dwelling respectability in their dullness. If they lead to no intellectual result, even of the humblest kind, they may have, at least, this negative advantage, that they can do no moral harm. If it be objected that I am condemning these stories after having merely read one number of each of them, I have only to ask in return, whether anybody ever waits to go all through a novel before passing an opinion on the goodness or the badness of it? In the latter case, we throw the story down before we get through it, and that is its condemnation. There is room enough for promise, if not for performance, in any one part of any one genuine work of fiction. If I had found the smallest promise in the style, in the dialogue, in the presentation of character, in the arrangement of incident, in any of the five specimens of cheap fiction before me, each one of which extended, on the average, to ten columns of small print, I should have gone on gladly and hopefully to the next number. But I discovered nothing

of the sort; and I put down my weekly sample, just as an editor, under similar circumstances, puts down a manuscript, after getting through a certain number of pages—or a reader a book.

And this sort of writing appeals to a monster audience of at least three millions! The former proprietor of one of these penny journals commissioned a thoroughly competent person to translate *The Count of Monte Christo*, for his periodical. He knew that there was hardly a language in the civilized world into which that consummate specimen of the rare and difficult art of story-telling had not been translated. In France, in England, in America, in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, Alexandre Dumas had held hundreds of thousands of readers breathless. The proprietor of the penny journal naturally thought that he could do as much with the Unknown Public. Strange to say, the result of this apparently certain experiment was a failure. The circulation of the journal in question, seriously decreased from the time when the first of living story-tellers became a contributor to it. The same experiment was tried with the *Mysteries of Paris* and the *Wandering Jew*, only to produce the same result. Another penny journal gave Dumas a commission to write a new story, expressly for translation in its columns. The speculation was tried, and once again the inscrutable Unknown Public held back the hand of welcome from the spoilt child of a whole world of novel-readers.

How is this to be accounted for? Does a rigid moral sense permeate the Unknown Public from one end of it to the other, and did the productions of the French novelists shock that sense from the very outset? The page containing the Answers to Correspondents would be enough in itself to dispose of this theory. But there are other and better means of arriving at the truth, which render any further reference to the correspondents' page unnecessary. Some time since, an eminent novelist (the only living English author, with a literary position, who has, as yet, written for the Unknown Public) produced his new novel in a penny journal. No shadow of a moral objection has ever been urged by any readers against the works published by the author of *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*; but even he, unless I have been greatly misinformed, failed to make the impression that

had been anticipated on the impenetrable three millions. The great success of his novel was not obtained in its original serial form, but in its republished form, when it appealed from the Unknown to the Known Public. Clearly, the moral obstacle was not the obstacle which militated against the success of Alexandre Dumas and Eugene Sue.

What was it then? Plainly this, as I believe. The Unknown Public is, in a literary sense, hardly beginning, as yet, to learn to read. The members of it are evidently, in the mass, from no fault of theirs, still ignorant of almost every thing which is generally known and understood among readers whom circumstances have placed, intellectually and socially, in the rank above them. The mere references in *Monte Christo*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and *White Lies* (the scene of this last English fiction having been laid on French ground), to foreign names, titles, manners and customs, puzzled the Unknown Public on the threshold. Look back at the answers to correspondents, and then say, out of fifty subscribers to a penny journal, how many are likely to know, for example, that *Mademoiselle* means *Miss*? Besides the difficulty in appealing to the penny audience caused at the beginning by such simple obstacles as this, there was the great additional difficulty, in the case of all three of the fictions just mentioned, of accustoming untried readers to the delicacies and subtleties of literary art. An immense public has been discovered: the next thing to be done is, in a literary sense to teach that public how to read.

An attempt, to the credit of one of the penny journals, is already being made. I have mentioned, in one place, a reprint of a

novel, and later, a remarkable exception to the drearily common-place character of the rest of the stories. In both these cases I refer to one and the same fiction—to the *Kenilworth* of Sir Walter Scott, which is now being reprinted as a serial attraction in a penny journal. Here is the great master of modern fiction appealing, at this time of day, to a new public, and (amazing anomaly!) marching in company with writers who have the rudiments of their craft still to learn! To my mind one result seems certain. If *Kenilworth* be appreciated by the Unknown Public, then the very best among living English writers will one of these days be called on, as a matter of necessity, to make their appearance in the pages of the penny journals.

Meanwhile, it is perhaps hardly too much to say, that the future of English fiction may rest with this Unknown Public, which is now waiting to be taught the difference between a good book and a bad. It is probably a question of time only. The largest audience for periodical literature, in this age of periodicals, must obey the universal law of progress, and must, sooner or later, learn to discriminate. When that period comes, the readers who rank by millions, will be the readers who give the widest reputations, who return the richest rewards, and who will, therefore, command the service of the best writers of their time. A great, an unparalleled prospect awaits, perhaps, the coming generation of English novelists. To the penny journals of the present time belongs the credit of having discovered a new public. When that public shall discover its need of a great writer, the great writer will have such an audience as has never yet been known.

WROUGHT IRON FOR CANNON.—In order to obtain, as far as may be, the strength of wrought iron instead of that of cast-iron for cannon, it is proposed to form a body for the gun, containing the calibre and breech as now formed of cast-iron, but with walls of only about half the thickness of the diameter of the bore. Upon this body are placed rings or hoops of wrought iron, in one, two, or more layers. Every hoop is formed with a screw or thread upon its inside to fit to a corresponding screw or thread upon the body of the gun first, and afterwards upon each layer that is embraced by another layer. These hoops are made a little, say one-thou-

sandth part of their diameters, less upon their insides than the parts that they inclose. They are then expanded by heat, and being turned on to their places are suffered to cool, when they shrink and compress—first the body of the gun, and afterwards each successive layer all that it incloses. This compression is made such that, when the gun is subjected to the greatest force, the body of the gun and the several layers of rings will be distended to the fracturing point at the same time, and thus all take a portion of the strain up to its bearing capacity.—*National Intelligencer*

From The Saturday Review.
THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

ON the morning of Wednesday last, a scene was enacted on the stage of the Princess's Theatre, even more striking than the many brilliant tableaux that are to be witnessed every evening on the same spot. Mr. Henry Dodd, a gentleman whose name had never been heard of beyond the circle of his own immediate connections, had leaped into celebrity by an act of munificence in which charity and eccentricity appeared singularly combined. He had offered a piece of ground measuring five acres, as the fitting spot for the erection of a set of almshouses to be occupied by veteran actors and actresses, on the sole condition that the members of the histrionic profession should declare their willingness to take it. An old proverb teaches us, that we ought not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and in this case, the steed was so very unexceptionable that even the closest examination of its teeth could not warrant a refusal. A provisional committee had therefore provisionally accepted the offer, and the general meeting that was held at the Princess's Theatre on Wednesday had only to declare their approval of this very hazardless venture on the part of their self-constituted representatives, who comprised rival managers, rival actors, rival chiefs of light literature, men of high standing in pictorial art, and aristocratic patrons of the drama. Under such circumstances, a collision of contrary opinions was impossible. "Will you have five acres of good land, or will you go without them?" is a question that practically admits of but one answer, especially when the gold comes gilt, and the violet perfumed, with the additional offer of a hundred guineas for the furtherance of building operations, as was the case in this instance.

The only contest, therefore, was in deeds and words of munificence. Mr. Charles Kean had gratuitously lent his theatre as a place fitting for the assembly, and had also consented to fill the chair, notwithstanding his repugnance to any public exhibition of himself not immediately connected with his professional duties. The Drury Lane and Covent Garden Funds—charitable institutions which, through the altered condition of theatrical affairs, are daily becoming more insignificant—had rushed into the scheme with an expressed wish to build the first and sec-

ond of the required almshouses; and the General Theatrical Fund, which is of far more practical utility, imitated its somewhat decrepit predecessors by promising to add a third domicile to the other two. The work of competition had thus fairly begun before the meeting was held, and was ready to be carried further as soon as the "profession" *en masse* were gathered together. Nor was the opportunity lost. Mr. Charles Kean magnificently went beyond the several "funds" by declaring that he would build a fourth house with monies drawn from his own individual pocket. Mr. Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi, resolving also to shine in his individual capacity, bethought himself of his estates in Wales, and promised to bring therefrom as much stone as might serve for building material. The spectacle was indeed most edifying. Men generally deemed adverse to each other sunk common differences by setting down their names on one list, and astonished all hearers by a rapid interchange of compliments and civilities. Nowhere, probably, could better elements for envy, hatred, and malice have been found than within the walls of the Princess's Theatre on Wednesday morning; yet never were envy, hatred, malice, more completely subdued, or at any rate suspended, for the furtherance of a good work. A meeting of primitive Christians described by a glowing enthusiast would scarcely have presented a more perfect picture of brotherly love.

A sceptic less advanced than Pyrrho or Sextus Empiricus, might be tempted to doubt the permanence of this unanimity, so beautiful on the surface; but there was one feature about the meeting that deserved to be held sacred against the most accomplished sneerer; and that was the general determination, more or less apparent in every one of the speeches, to uphold the dignity of the histrionic profession. The professors of other arts being treated with undisputed respect, the actors were evidently resolved that they would be no longer content with the character of Pariahs. In their acknowledgment of the boon unexpectedly conferred upon them there was nothing like abject thankfulness. The fact that, for every other class, charitable institutions are abundant, while they stand without the sphere of Christian benevolence, was denounced as an injustice; and the scheme for the so-called "Dramatic

College" seemed to open a prospect that the days, or rather the centuries, of this injustice, were approaching their close.

English actors have a perfect right to be dissatisfied with the equivocal position in which they alone are placed with respect to the rest of their countrymen. Without assenting to the absurd proposition that the stage is the best school for morals, or even desiring it to be true, we may safely assert that, as a body, English actors are just as good and just as bad as any of the classes that become famous more by the ready exercise of a natural gift than by the acquisition of profound knowledge or the maintenance

of a high moral character. They are just as virtuous and just as vicious as the ordinary run of painters, musicians, wits, Old Bailey barristers, popular lecturers, and professors of light literature. All these may be good husbands, good fathers, and good paymasters, without impediment, and may be precisely the reverse without absolute ruin; and so may actors. The comprehensive *genus*, that embraces all alike, will perhaps never be so strictly regulated by moral principles as the other *genera* that only exist through conformity with social ordinances; and it is hard indeed to visit the sins of a whole genus upon a single species.

AUREA CATENA HOMERI—(2nd S. iii. 63. 81. 104. 158. 295.)—

"Nota est sententia, omnia elementa ex se invicem generari, per rarefactionem et condensationem: ita ut venuste Anacreon:

"Et Terra nigra potat,
Potatque Ligna terram,
Potatque Pontus auras,
Sol potat ipse Pontum,
Ipsunque Luna Solem."

"Terra igitur rarefacta alit aquam; hæc aërem; ille ignem, id est æthera; æther corpora stellarum; et vicissim hæc vapores aliquos exhalant, qui condensati descendunt, augentque aërem, ut hic aquam, et hæc terram. Mirâ et suavi divinæ Providentiæ ratione,

"alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè."

"Atque hæc est illa *Catena Homérica*, aut potius *Prophetica*, indicata *Hosæ* cap. ii. v. 21. et 22. Nec adeo absurdi vetustissimi sapientes Ægyptiorum, qui teste *Lucano*, l. 10.,

... 'Oceano pasci Phœbumque polumque,' crediderunt. Credidit etiam *Ambrosius*," etc.—*S. Jeremia Virgo vigilans, et olla succensa, etc., illustrata à Joh. Henrico Ursino*. Norimberg, 1665.

The passage in *Hosæ* is—

"And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel."

Gray's Inn.

A. CHALLSTETH.

—Notes and Queries.

BRAHMIN'S EXPIATORY SURFEIT — "A very

strange custom prevails in some parts of India; a Brahmin devotes himself to death, by eating until he expires with the surfeit. It is no wonder that superstition is convinced of the necessity of cramming the Priest, when he professes to eat like a cormorant through a principle of religion."—*Orme's Fragments*.

NEW SORT OF MAN-OF-WAR.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states:

"It is said that a vessel is about to be built at Cherbourg to be called *Vaisseau-bélier* (battering-ram), a sort of man-of-war, of which the first idea belongs to the Emperor, and which is intended to act by its mass and its speed; and an expectation is expressed that the introduction of this new element into naval warfare will completely change its character."

We have reason to believe that the idea did not originate with the Emperor, and that if he has not borrowed it from an English naval officer: the latter conceived it first. Some time ago it was suggested to the Admiralty (we believe) that a most formidable application of steam power might be introduced in a vessel built and fitted solely for running down, her sharp and strong stem being her whole armament. The efficiency of such a vessel would of course depend on the combination of her weight, her speed, and quickness in turning. The obvious objection to the proposal is that the adoption of the same class of vessels by other powers would leave no advantage to any one in particular; but this supposes an equality both in the contrivance of the vessel, and the handling, the latter being a skill in which English seamen are preëminent. There is no such handling of steamers to be seen in the world as is witnessed every day in the thronged parts of the Thames. —*Examiner*.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE is a time, just when the frost
Begins to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away :

When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low ;
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of his grief.

At last, old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A CHILD sleeps under a rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air ;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air ;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,
Soft sighs the leaves in the evening air ;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years glide by.

PLEASURE AND DUTY.

How men would mock at Pleasure's shows
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do.

Curved is the line of beauty,
Straight is the line of duty ;
Walk by the last, and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee.

O, righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end.

Ordering their whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.—*Heart Music.*

THE AUTUMN.

THE Autumn time is with us ! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 'tis here
And what a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where thy waving forests spread,
Then robed in deepest green ! All through the
night

The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art,
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders ; and the wings of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing
leaves.

And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight !
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory ; yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field
Of deepest crimson ; and afar, where looms
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red !

—*Gallagher.*

A PRAYER.

FATHER, I have wandered far,
O, be now my guiding star !
Draw my footsteps back to Thee,
Set my struggling spirit free.
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul—
Let one ray of truth illumine
And dispel the thick'ning gloom !
God of truth, and peace, and love,
Hear my prayer !
Draw my restless thoughts above—
Keep them there !

Father, save me at this hour,
From the tempter's fearful power—
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings—
I have thought till thought is pain,
Searched for peace till search is vain.
Out of Thee I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind.
Now I come to Thee for aid—

Peace restore !
Let my soul on Thee be stayed
Forevermore !

—*Churchman.*

From The Spectator, 18 Sept.
VILLAFRANCA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the conflicting accounts which have been given respecting the cession of Villafranca by the Sardinian Government to Russia, and notwithstanding the probability that the purpose of the act has in some degree been misrepresented, it is not difficult to perceive that the cession may have important consequences. The first account which reached the public almost amounted to a denunciation of Sardinia, for having ceded to Russia a substantial seaport and naval arsenal, less extensive indeed than Toulon, but more secure from any hostile attempt. Thus supplied with an arsenal, capacious war buildings, barracks of immense capability, it is understood that the premises have been leased to Russia for a period of ninety-nine years, on the annual payment of two millions of rubles; about, £350,000. The Sardinian papers deny that the grant of the lease amounts to any thing like the territorial or political cession described, and the *Nord* of Brussels, which may be supposed to give its explanations on behalf of Russia, says that the fact is without importance. A vast steam navigation company is being established at Odessa to trade with the Levant and the Mediterranean; the company needs an entrepôt for its merchandise and vessels, and it buys one. The object of the grant, therefore, is purely commercial; the lessee is not the Russian Government but a Russian company. It is said that Napoleon the Third has expressed no disapproval; Lord Derby's Government also having acquiesced. No authentic explanation has been given on the part of any one of these Governments; and in such a case we can scarcely expect that the official authorities will hold themselves free to make apologies or explanations in reply to newspaper articles or correspondents.

In order to estimate the value and tendency of the cession, it will perhaps be safest to take the statement of the affair on the showing of the Sardinian and Russian explanations. Let us suppose that Villafranca has been conceded not to the Emperor of Russia, but to a Russian steam navigation company, on a lease of ninety-nine years. If that be so, there will be no concession of dominion on the part of the Sardinian Government, which will still exercise sovereign control over Villafranca, and, what is more to the purpose for the present consideration, will still be bound by all treaties relating to the territories of Sardinia. For example, if we are not mistaken in our construction of public law, under the case supposed Sardinia would not be able to admit Russian vessels into the port of Villa-

franca without granting the same immunities, licenses, and advantages to the vessels of any other countries holding treaties with "the most favored nation clause." We assume that statesmen so able as those of King Victor Emmanuel have thoroughly considered all the political and treaty bearings on the subject, and that Villafranca has been conceded to the Russian company on terms strictly consistent with public law, with the treaty relations of Sardinia, and with her international obligations.

During peace, however, Russian ships of war are not excluded from the ports of any friendly power. At such a port as Villafranca they would not be less admissible than they would at Genoa or at Spezzia, and the port being preoccupied by Russian merchants, Russian authorities, shipwrights, and other persons engaged in serving the marine, of course the Russian navy would find Villafranca peculiarly convenient for all purposes of victualling, repairs, &c. Nor must we forget that in Russia, there is little distinction between the acts of the Government and of a public Company,—a machinery through which the omnipresent Government so often operates. *De facto*, therefore, we may consider that through the commercial company which has become the tenant of Villafranca, Russia has acquired a maritime port available for its armed Navy.

We do not at the moment recall the exact parallel of such a cession during peace. Perhaps the nearest approach to it would be the acquisition of our own "factories" in India, where, however, we had to contend with Oriental societies not acknowledging the public law of Europe; or a still nearer approximation would be the commercial tenure which we obtained in Spanish Honduras, and which we afterwards enlarged into something practically though not nominally resembling a sovereignty, while we actually claimed and seized the island of Ruatan contiguous to the Western shore of Honduras Bay, on the ground of our squatting occupancy under a Spanish title of the mahogany lands on the Eastern shore. We cannot find any strictly legal parallel for the cession of a sea-port by one Government to another, except in our own history; where the precedents, we must confess, have no sound legal character. If we are deprived of the right of complaining, we are not released from apprehension by the character of this precedent.

And the scene of the new acquisition is conspicuously different from the Gulf of Mexico or the bay of Bengal. The Mediterranean is the great political basin of Europe, and it has been so since the history of the world began. It is surrounded by monuments of the greatest empires of antiquity,—

by Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece and Rome; by traces of the empires of the middle ages,—of Charlemagne, and the Saracens; it has been the scene of the greatest actions under the conquerors and agitators of all history from Xerxes down to Napoleon “the Great.” Many of the greatest wars have turned upon Mediterranean affairs, from the time of Alexander to that of Nelson. And now during peace the Mediterranean, setting aside smaller states, is surrounded by the territories of Turkey, Greece, Austria, Naples, Sardinia, France, Spain, Egypt and England. Russia stood excluded until now, when she is introduced for the first time under favor of the Sardinian flag. The Treaty of Paris, giving effect to the conquests of the Western powers in the Crimea, has shut her war ships out of the Euxine; Sardinia has brought her into the Mediterranean. Should we look forward, as some continental prophets appear to be doing, to a time when the English fleet shall have declined, we may anticipate a great increase of the Russian, as we already witness a great increase of the French fleet; and we now have the first step of Russia, heretofore shut up in the closed seas of the Baltic and Euxine, out into the maritime waters of political Europe. It is a remarkable fact that one result of the war which began in the attempts to check Prince Menshikoff’s efforts at extorting a Mediterranean port from Turkey, is this acquisition of a still more advanced Mediterranean port from Sardinia.

We must not, however, exaggerate the precise nature of the cession itself. The harbor of Villafrañca is not of vast extent; it is not a Toulon, nor a Spezzia, nor a Plymouth, nor a Cherbourg; it is not a Sebastopol, still less a Nicholaieff; it may be more than double the size of Ramsgate, but it is in some respects less conveniently situated than that port. Its waters are far deeper, and its land-locked position renders it easily defensible; but it is distant from Russia. Completely surrounded by Italian, and we may say French territory, it has no rear. The rocky nature of the land behind renders it, like Aden, difficult to defend in that direction. It is insulated in the political sense, not in the sense of Gibraltar, which can defend itself against Spain and maintain access for English ships. It has in no respects the importance of Malta. Its so called “arsenal” is said to consist of old buildings nearly useless. The Sardinian Government has lately abandoned it as a naval port, as incommensurate with the aspirations and plans of the Piedmontese Government, whose own naval department is transferred to Spezzia, that natural Plymouth land-locked by an island breakwater. It would not be difficult for a maritime power to shut up the port of Villa-

franca; and, with aid on shore—to cut it off entirely from any kind of supplies or reliefs.

Though these considerations diminish the naval importance of the arsenal and harbor, they scarcely diminish the importance of the moral conveyed by this concession. When, following the dubious lead of France, we were engaged in the war with Russia, we were in great need, not so much of reinforcements, as of some kind of more general alliance to establish on our behalf the character of acting in defence of European independence and law; the accession of Sardinia gave us that moral support. It is well understood that Sardinia furnished aid on the express understanding that the Question of Italy should be gravely entertained at the next conference of European Powers. We all remember how the masterly, fair, and substantial memorandum of D’Azeglio was treated when Cavour brought it before the conference; how one day was given to that great subject, and to four others, including the paltry grievance of the French Government against the Belgian journals. The subsequent remonstrances of the Sardinian Government at this perfunctory fulfilment of an obligation were treated with coldness. Sardinia had given her support in the Crimea, and when she presented the promissory note for payment, she was told there were “no effects.” It is to be believed that even since that period the statesmen of King Victor Emmanuel have looked to the Western Powers, and especially to constitutional England, for support against that Power whose uninterrupted preparations on the frontier of Piedmont seem to point to no other design than the crushing of Sardinia. The support has *not* been given. If we are now shocked at a Russian occupation of Villafrañca, professedly for commercial purposes, we may remember that our Minister at Paris, Lord Normanby, gave a direct sanction to the French occupation of Rome for anti-constitutional purposes. Sardinia aided us in obtaining the objects of the Russian war; we have forgotten our obligations to Sardinia; and she, most reluctantly, it is to be presumed, has been the instrument of our enemy for the attainment of his object; and it is possible that the reason for that breach of consistency on the part of Sardinia may be found in a promise of support against Austria from despotic Russia, when constitutional England has failed.

From The Press.

CHINA.

WHEN we read the comments of some of our contemporaries on the stipulations made, or supposed to have been made, with the Chinese Emperor, and the expressions of joy and satisfaction with which they hail the so-

called concessions in favor of Christianity, we cannot help feeling strong sensations of uneasiness as to what the better portion of neighboring nations must think of us and of our doings. If these writers were to be taken at their word, the propagation of the Christian faith amongst the untold millions of Chinese has been the great object and the main result of our hostile proceedings.

It seems to us that, in the mode of setting about conferring this great blessing on this benighted race, England has rather followed the precepts of Mahomet than obeyed the precepts of Christ. Our zeal for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the heathen assuredly burns quite as fervently in our hearts as in those of our boasting fellow-countrymen, but, nevertheless, we are free to confess that, in giving effect to our zeal, we do entertain strong objections to all attempts at propagating our holy faith according to the injunctions of the Koran, in opposition to all the injunctions of the Gospel; and we fear that, when neighboring nations see us acting like soldiers of the Crescent, and not like soldiers of the Cross, they will think themselves justified in apostrophizing Englishmen as the Blessed Founder of our religion apostrophized the broad-philactery men of old.

Such an apostrophe, we gladly admit, would not apply to all. For there have been, and there are, two parties in this country, which look upon British proceedings in China in totally opposite lights. The one party care for nothing but the increase of commerce, the extension of navigation, and the power to treat all nations less civilized than their own with supreme contempt, and as not of a sufficiently high standard in the scale of humanity to be entitled to the privileges of civilized nations. These men hold that in our dealings with such as the Chinese any adherence on our parts to the acknowledged laws of nations is quite unnecessary. These men lay it down, as an inevitable law of human nature, that "*barbarism must recede before civilization*," and thus are perfectly indifferent, provided that the recession takes place, whether it is justly brought about, or whether it results from civilization employing the power which knowledge confers according to the maxims of barbarism. Accordingly, when civilization, outraging justice, applies force, the eye-balls may indeed be uplifted to heaven to indicate the shock that is given to the moral sense; but the moral sense is very soon consoled, nay more, extinguished, by calling to mind the aforesaid "*inevitable law of human nature*," whereby the mind is easily reconciled to atrocities of the deepest dye. But when, in addition to the consolation which this law affords them, some fine phrases about introducing Christianity amongst the heathen

can be paraded, then they turn their devilish deeds into Christian deeds, and ostentatiously chuckle at the anticipated triumphs of the Faith: they compass heaven and earth to make proselytes, but they omit the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, truth. These persons (and we blush to think how vast are their numbers) could see nothing wrong in the proceedings of British authorities at Canton, when they spread fire and desolation through a thickly-peopled city, under the false pretence of avenging an insult to the British flag—an insult which never was really offered. And some day or other, when the truth comes out respecting this iniquitous aggression, we strongly suspect that it will be found that that miserably vain man, Sir John Bowring, obtained authority from the Government at home to pick a quarrel with the Chinese, *per fas aut nefas*, in order to secure an entry into the city for British subjects, and to obtain, on a flimsy pretence, the fulfilment of treaties which had been negligently permitted to remain in abeyance. These men, who sanctioned and approved this shameless outrage, are now the very men to profess such ecstacy of delight at the way being opened (as they call it) for Christianizing the Chinese.

Thanks be to God, however, there existed, and still exists, another party, whom no views of commercial gain, no greed for filthy lucre, could deter from denouncing in just and fitting terms the whole of our proceedings, from first to last, in the Canton waters. Had those proceedings been certain to pour into our laps "*the wealth of Ormus and of Inde*," they would have been equally held up to public execration and abhorrence. And let it be gratefully remembered that the majority of the then existing House of Commons censured those atrocities, and that a large minority of the House of Lords, headed by the present Premier, endeavored to fix on them a similar brand of condemnation. This party combined their Christian professions with Christian practice, and those who belong to this party are, we maintain, the only ones who have a right to avow pleasure at any real prospect of introducing Christianity into China.

But we confess that we have little faith in the possibility of propagating the religion of Christ by the sword. We do not believe that God's blessing will attend such an attempt, utterly opposed as it is to every Christian principle. The followers of Mahomet have indeed propagated their creed by the sword, but then this mode of action is in perfect consistency with the doctrines which their Law-giver laid down and their Koran inculcates. These men act with perfect consistency when they offer to their conquered foes death or the Koran; but Christians cannot do the like.

Supposing that those stipulations should be fulfilled, and the utmost extent of good contemplated should result from them, they would no more palliate or justify the first unjust aggression, than Lord Palmerston could justify (as he attempted at the Mansion-house) the original hostilities, by appealing to the outrages of the Chinese, which were afterwards done by them in revenge, when exasperated by those hostilities.

We confess, however, that we attach but little value to these stipulations. We believe that it will turn out that the Bible will be allowed just as much circulation, and no more, and Christianity will receive just as much toleration, and no more, as would have fallen to their lot if the treaty contained no clause of the kind in question. The Chinese authorities, in those spots where they may come into contact with Englishmen, may perhaps conform, when compelled, in particular instances, to the words of the treaty; but how, unless we can undertake to control the police, and the jurisprudence of the vast empire of China, we shall be able to secure, for the Bible or for Christian converts, the stipulated privileges, it will require wiser heads to devise than any that yet are known to grow on British shoulders. And as for regulating the police and

jurisprudence of China, though doubtless there exist many presumptuous fools who would undertake the task, yet between the attempt and any thing approaching to its realization the distance is infinitely great. Those who have studied the official reports on the Bengal police, and have ascertained the actual results of our endeavors to establish peace and security in that vast province which has so long been under our immediate rule, and within whose limits we have established the seat of our supreme Government—those who know that that police is a source of terror to the peaceful and honest—a source of protection to the thief and to the dacoit—will look down with a smile of pity or contempt on those who entertain the idle idea that we can accomplish in China what we have so utterly failed in accomplishing in Bengal.

Let us, then, estimate this much vaunted and bepraised stipulation at its real value. It is just worth nothing at all, save as a peg on which Pharisees may descant, and save as dust to blind the eyes of the honest and the good to the real character of the dealings of Great Britain with the people of China, which Sir John Bowring initiated, and Lord Palmerston, for mere party purposes, recklessly endorsed.

THE HEBRIDES.—“The Hebrides are but the shattered relics of an old land that had its mountain peaks and its glens, its streams and lakes, and may have nursed in its solitude the red deer and the eagle, but was never trodden by the foot of man. A glance at the map is enough to convince us of this. We there see islands, and peninsulas, and promontories, and deep bays, and long-retiring inlets, as though the country had been submerged and only its higher points remained above water. The conviction is impressed more strongly upon us by a visit to these shores. We sail through the windings of one of the ‘sounds,’ and can scarcely believe that we are on the bosom of the salt sea, Hills rise on all sides, and the water, smooth as a polished mirror, shows so pure and limpid that in the sunshine we can see the white pebbles that strew its bed many fathoms down. The eastern shore is often abruptly interrupted by long-receding lochs edged round with lofty mountains, and thus, where we had looked to see a deep heathy glen, with, perchance, a white tree-shaded mansion in the far distance, and a few dun smoking cottages in front, we are surprised to catch a glimpse of the white sails of a yacht, or the darker canvas of the herring-boats. We sail on, and soon a sudden turn brings us abruptly to the mouth of the sound. A bold headland, studded around with rocky islets,

risers perpendicularly from the sea, bleak and bare, without a bush or tree, or the faintest trace of the proximity of man. The broad swell of the Atlantic comes rolling in among these rocks, and breaks in foam against the grey cliffs overhead. In tempests, such a scene must be of the most terrific kind. Wo to the hapless vessel that is sucked into the vortex of these breakers, whose roar is sometimes heard at the distance of miles! Even in the calmest weather the white surf comes surging in, and a low sullen boom is ever reverberating along the shore.”
—*Geikie's Story of a Boulder.*

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A correspondent of the London Builder thinks that the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire. In the rotunda of the Woolwich Barracks, there is, he says, a clock moved by machinery, which has been going for more than forty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who has had a watch in his possession for more than thirty years, hermetically sealed, which there is no means of winding, that tells the day of the week, the hours, minutes, seconds, months, and, he believes, years, and how far you walk in the day. It cost about two thousand dollars, and was made by a French artist in Paris.

THE LIVING AGE.

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From The Westminster Review.
CALVIN AT GENEVA.

1. *Calvin (Jean), Lettres recueillies pour la première fois et publiées d'après les Manuscrits Originaux.* Par Jules Bonnet. Vols. 1 and 2. Lettres Françaises. 8vo. Paris. 1854.
2. *Gaberel (J.), Histoire de l'Eglise de Genève depuis le commencement de la Réformation jusqu'en 1815.* Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. Genève. 1855.

WHEN Casaubon, on his first visit to Paris, was shown over the great hall of the Sorbonne, he was told by his guide—"This is where the theologians have disputed for five hundred years." "Indeed!" was the reply; "and pray what have they settled?" Something like this is the feeling of every reflective mind on a review of the last three centuries of the history of Europe. We see the most civilized part of mankind, the nations of the West, "the root and crown of things," devoting their best energies, and lavishing all their resources, mental and material, upon a doctrinal quarrel. Nor at the end of a three hundred years' experience are we at all wiser. Among our educated classes, at least, far the larger number still think that there exist no questions of more momentous interest for themselves and the world at large than those tenets by which the Protestant Churches are separated from the Church of Rome.

No philosophic mind at this day sympathizes with the scoffers of the last century, or with the "profane of every age, who have derided the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited between the Homoousians and the Homoiousians."* The buffoon wit of "The Tale of a Tub" is not much to our taste. We are now ready to recognize that—whatever may be the case in China or in Lilliput—in Europe nations do not go to war about a diphthong. The great European quarrel of the last three centuries has not been about words and syllables. Foolish, petty, litigious, and blind to their real interests as the peoples are, yet theirs has not, on the whole, been the mere frenzy of two Irish septs, who, after fighting the live-long day, and strewing the ground with the slain, have at nightfall endeavored in vain to discover the cause of the battle. We are disposed now to think that moral effects are not without adequate causes; that some mighty issue has been trying in the great his-

torical Oyer of the Reformation against the See of Rome; an issue which the Confession of Augsburg does not state, and which is not once alluded to in the Thirty-nine Articles. It is not from any sentimental desire of saving the honor of human nature, but from a better understanding of history, that we derive the belief that great movements originate in the deeps; and that if there is a spring-tide, it is only because some disturbing force is present. We study the religious wars in France and Germany with different eyes from the wits who ridiculed, or the sects who adopt, their party-cries. In what terms to describe the motive force which was developed with such energy in the century of the Reformation, is the problem which all historians of the present day are endeavoring, with more or less success, to solve. But all are agreed that the theological distinctions which were established in the Confessions of that century, and perpetuated in the various religious bodies which then came into being, were only a form or exterior mould into which the heated metal ran, and not the heat itself which fused it. Men do not assign their real motives, not because they will not, but because they cannot. They cannot analyze their own complex feelings with steadiness and impartiality. To do so is the function of the historian. Hence a contemporary cannot write the history of his own times. How trivial and beside the mark read to us the "Defences" of the early Christian Apologists! They are shallow in proportion to the depth of the Christian movement, its radical and subversive spirit; a spirit which those who were swept along with it were possessed by, but knew not what it signified. The only key to a revolutionary epoch is the results which actually establish themselves. Posterity, which witnesses these, may by their aid interpret the quarrel out of which they arose. The issue between Christianity and Paganism in the second century is not expressed in the feeble rhetoric of the Apologists. The issue between Protestantism and Catholicism is not that which is discussed in the scholastic pedantries of Bellarmine.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the formularies of any age are totally irrelevant or immaterial to its sentiments. Its dicta will not exhaust or express, but they will approach, its social necessities. When its language is theological, it is probable that its

* Gibbon, chap. xxi.

excitement is, at bottom, religious. The shout of battle may be raised the loudest about some insignificant or harmless quibble, but we may find out from it in which direction the danger was felt to lie. When public opinion is in a sore and irritable state, a very remote allusion will rack all its nerves. In certain feverish moods it is ready to declare any abstract proposition a fundamental matter, and to erect some special definition of justification into an "*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*." The mischief lies not in the temporary importance thus forced upon some partial form of truth, but in its perpetuation. The dogma, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, becomes in lapse of time a tyrant over reason; and from having been the bulwark of faith, settles into its chief impediment. Systems, and institutions founded on them, thus doom themselves to destruction. A new revolution becomes necessary to displace the charter which the old had inaugurated.

The programme of opinions advertised by any party will fall short of expressing the real tendencies of the party movement, in proportion as the movement is deeply-seated and extensively spread. Sympathy is so much more catching than intelligence; and while sentiment cements union, ideas dislocate it. In reducing the aspirations with which the mass was instinct to a scheme of doctrine, partisans split off in all directions. Few can express their own mind; no one can express another's.

"Nonne videmus,
Quid sibi quisque velit nescire et quærere semper?"

These considerations offer the true explanation of a fact in the history of the sixteenth century, which has been often observed, and variously accounted for.

There are two results which have accrued to modern Europe, and are unmistakably traceable to the Reformation of the 16th century. The first lies in the domain of intelligence, and is known as the Right of Free Inquiry. The second, a consequence of the foregoing, is a fact of politics, and is known as Liberty of Conscience, or Toleration. It is not to the purpose to object that there are many who deny the first, and that the second is carried into effect over a very limited area of Europe, and very imperfectly even there. It must be admitted by all, that this claim of the human

understanding to possess and to exercise rights, is made, and that the attempts, successful or not, to enforce the claim, have been the cardinal points of modern history. The principle of Free Intellect has revolutionized Philosophy. The claim of Free Conscience has been, and is at this moment, the substantial dispute between the two classes into which Europe is divided—viz., the unarmed people, and their armed governments. That such a doctrine and such a claim should have flowed from the Reformation may well appear astonishing to those who read for themselves what the leading Reformers said and did. For it cannot be denied, that neither in their acts nor their words is there any recognition of such views. The Protestant Churches replaced Papal infallibility by a not less stern and uncompromising dogmatism, and claimed, and exercised, the right of punishing the heretic as unhesitatingly as the Inquisition itself. This inconsequence on the part of the Protestants has been the standing indictment of their Catholic opponents, from the time of Erasmus. The leaders of the Reformation, it is said, first revolted against the authority of the Church, and the consent of universal Christendom; and, when their insurrection was successful, they turned round on their followers, and required the same unconditional submission of the understanding as had been exacted by the old Church.

Turning from the abstract controversy to the historical personages, this illogical spirit of Protestant tyranny is seen embodied in the person and institutions of Calvin. There is a peculiar animosity provoked by the Geneva Reformer, his doctrines, and his acts, and which is shared by all the world, except the sect which bears his name. This implacable antipathy is in part due to the severe, acrimonious, and proud temper of the man. But it is in no small degree to be ascribed to his successful efforts in impressing upon the religious movement a character of despotic control of the understanding, and a spiritual police of the conscience, far more intrusive and impertinent than that against which it had just rebelled. The monopoly, too, of Calvin's name and reputation which some of the narrowest ecclesiastical bodies have secured for themselves as their founder and patron, has contributed to cut him off from the sympathies of those whose hopes and wishes are embarked in the cause of Euro-

pean progress. The hero and prophet of an existing religious faction has little chance of historical justice.

Historical justice, however, or our decision on the character of the individual Calvin, is a trifling matter. The life and acts of the German reformer have a far higher import. Looked at as biography, his life lends itself very naturally to the conclusions usually accepted. It is useless to tell us, on grounds of abstract historical scepticism, to suspend our judgment. There is no room for doubt. We condemn, by antipathy, as we read. Calvin appears before us as the too successful champion of intolerance; the promoter of what we know as the preëminently narrow and exclusive theology; as the man who has done more than any other man to deprive Protestantism of its character as a protest in favor of freedom. We see him overthrowing the liberties of the little State which so generously sheltered him; conspiring to put "a bridle into its jaws;"* exiling, or shedding the blood of, its noblest patriots. We shall hate him personally for his bigotry, inhumanity, vindictiveness; above all, as the author of the great crime of the age—the murder of the heroic, Servetus. And we shall conclude, on the whole with the Ultramontane biographer, Audin, that his career was "funeste à la civilisation, à l'art, aux libertés."

But when we look off from Geneva upon Europe, when we turn from the person to the course of events, our judgment changes. We then see that the vices of the individual may be the welfare of the community. For on the independence of Geneva hung, at one moment, the very existence of Protestantism. And the independence of Geneva—without an army, without territory, a defenceless city, like a frail boat between two icebergs, France and the Empire—was secured by the spirit evoked by the Calvin. That iron will, that inexorable temper and merciless determination which subjugated Geneva, were also the means of concentrating in that narrow corner a moral force which saved the Reformation. On this little fortress, reared on the rugged rock of Predestination, the overwhelming material force of the Empire spent itself in vain. Not only this; Geneva, under Calvin, became the centre of a new strength, which went out into all Europe, to cope not unsuccessfully

with the enormous powers of repression which the Inquisition began to put forth. In checking the febrile turbulence which attended the nascent liberty of the Republic, Calvin did so, not in the cause of a mechanical "order," but to replace it with a more vigorous sense of personality. Geneva became a seminary of martyrs. Steeled by her Spartan discipline, they went forth to seek danger wherever it could be found, and disseminated through the nations not only the ideas, but the spirit, of the master. Hence the strange paradox, that in the suppression of the liberties of Geneva was sown the seed of liberty in Europe; that, by the demoralizing tenet of fatalism was evoked a moral energy which Christianity had not felt since the era of persecution.

No part of this mighty result was foreseen or schemed by Calvin. Like many other men who have done the greatest things, his purposes were immediate; his energy expended on what was very near at hand. He had greatness thrust upon him. A chance brought him to Geneva. The importunity of another minister, Farel, detained him there. And after he had left it, it was the urgency of others, against his own settled purpose, which recalled him to it. He was a man with a single aim, towards which he bent all the powers of his soul. But this aim was no distant one. It was no conquest on a grand scale which he meditated. The tactic which plans a whole campaign, and out-generals an adversary, was incompatible with the passionate conviction which had absolute possession of his breast. He thought only of Geneva while he was doing the work of the Reformation, and dealt vigorous blows at Amied Perrin, which told upon Europe.

A brief review shall here be attempted of the conditions, moral and political, which gave to one will and one intellect an influence so commanding, and so widely spread.

In the year 1536, Calvin, for whom, as a zealous Reformer, neither Italy nor France were any longer safe residences, arrived in the city of Geneva. He was on his way to Strasburg, then a free city of the Empire and Protestant. There he hoped to find a secure refuge for the retired and studious life which it was his sole ambition to lead. So little were his thoughts at this time turned towards active life, or influence of any kind, that he did not even contemplate undertaking the labors of a preacher. He was just at that

* "Quod eam urbem videret his frænis indigere."—*Beza Vit. Calv.*

age—twenty-seven—when, to such intellects as his, not broad and sceptical, but deep and profoundly convinced, knowledge presents itself with allurements irresistible. He had, a year before, published the first sketch of his "Institute of Christian Religion," and his mind was doubtless revolving the larger and more matured dogmatic treatise, as we now have it. "I was wholly given up to my own interior thoughts and private studies," he says of himself, looking back on this period of his life. A constitution delicate and irritable, and health already broken by suffering and study, seemed to disqualify him for the stormy career of preacher of the Gospel in those troublous times. Farel, however, the Reformed minister of Geneva, heard that the author of the "Institute," was in the town. He hastened to him; explained to him the urgent need in which Geneva at that moment stood of a well-instructed minister—"the fields white for the harvest"—his own failing strength, and the feebleness of his colleagues. Calvin refused. His health was unequal to the labor, his character too unpliant for negotiation with adversaries. He could serve the Reformed faith far more effectually by his pen, and to that service he meant to devote his life. "I perceive what it is," said Farel; "you are wrapt up in selfish love of leisure and books. May God's curse rest upon these studies, if you now refuse your aid to His Church in her time of need!"

Such was Calvin's call to the ministry at Geneva. The story reads like a scene dramatically drest up by a modern historian. But we have it on the unquestionable authority of Calvin himself,* of whom even his enemies will admit, that he knows not how to decorate or disguise a fact. His obstinate will, proof against persuasion, yielded to the terrors of the malediction, and he remained with Farel. He was chosen one of the preachers, and nominated "Teacher in Theology." His name occurs in the Register of the Council for September, 1536, with the designation of "iste Gallus."

Geneva, which was to become the centre of French Protestantism, was the last of the Subalpine cities to revolt from Rome. In the course of the summer, 1535, the transition to the Reformed faith was effected. Mass ceased to be celebrated on the 10th of August of that year, and the usages of the Helvetian churches

gradually received legal establishment in the city. The writers of religious annals, apt to be content with names and forms, regard this exterior change as the critical date in Genevan history. But the real emancipation of the citizens of Geneva had been worked before, and was no less a civil than a religious revolution. The foundation of Genevan reform was not laid by the preaching of Farel, but in the long struggle of the gallant burghers against the encroachments of the Dukes of Savoy. If we wish to understand the elements of moral life which, in 1536, lay ready to the moulding hand of the great Reformer, we must look to another and earlier source than the rise of Lutheranism.

The city and territory of Geneva, like the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany, was, technically, a free town of the Empire; practically, was under the sovereignty of its own Prince-Bishop. The bishop delegated his temporal jurisdiction to a *vidomme* (vice-dominus), who was in the sixteenth century the Duke of Savoy. The dukes garrisoned the castle of the island within the walls, as well as two strong fortresses outside—one on the Rhone, the other on the Arve. But alongside of these seigniorial rights the burghers enjoyed large municipal franchises, and governed themselves, not only regulating the police of the town and the markets, but imposing taxes, and electing the syndics, as the chief magistrates were styled. The population, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, is computed at twelve thousand. The clergy, in an episcopal city, were naturally very strong. Including the thirty-two canons of the cathedral of St. Peter, there were at least three hundred ecclesiastics, regular and secular, officiating in the town.

The consolidation of the territories of the House of Savoy between the Jura and the Alps, began seriously to threaten the liberties of Geneva. And when, in 1504, Charles III. succeeded to the ducal coronet, a death struggle ensued between the burghers and the *vidomme*. It lasted twenty years, long enough to call out the spirit of heroic resistance in a good cause—the cause of liberty—to a superior force. For though the Dukes of Savoy could not dispose of any great force, they would have been far more than a match for the little republic, with its insignificant population. But in their distress the *eidgenossen*, as the party of liberty were called

* Præf. in Comm. in Psalmos.

(confederates), had the support of the now free cantons of Switzerland, and especially of their neighbors of Berne and Friburg. The final victory was achieved in 1526, the leaders of the monarchical party, the *mamelus* (meaning Mahometans), were banished, the vidommate abolished, and its jurisdiction transferred to a board of magistrates. Though the rescue came, at last, from foreign aid, the twenty years' conflict had been a school of patriotic virtue and manly sentiment. The impulse and energy of Swiss independence had been communicated to the Genevese. Their adoption of the Reformed faith was the consequence, not the cause, of their political emancipation. It is of the first importance to observe this, in order to appreciate the nature of Calvin's power. To understand that which he added, it is indispensable to have a clear conception of that which he found.

To read the usual ecclesiastical narrative of these transactions,* one must believe that, previous to the arrival of Calvin, the most frightful disorder reigned unchecked throughout the city. The anarchy is represented as complete, the license of manners carried to debauchery. Having thrown off the authority of the clergy, and the irksome restraints of fasting, penance, and auricular confession, the people, we are told, gave themselves up to every kind of dissolute excess. The Catholic historians dwell on this picture because it sullies the Reformation; the Protestant biographers of Calvin repeat it because it exalts the merit of their hero in effecting the cure. "The transition," says Dyer, "was almost as abrupt and striking as if a man, after spending all Saturday night at an opera or masquerade, should, without any preparation, walk into a Friends' meeting on the Sabbath morning."

How came the people of Geneva, to submit themselves to Calvin's discipline, to surrender themselves of their own free will to this solitary and unarmed invader? The truth is that the representations of the anarchical and corrupt state of Geneva during the ten years which intervened between the abolition of the vidommate of the House of Savoy and the arrival of Calvin (1526-1536), are greatly overdrawn. We must remember that the details come to us mainly from ministers

or lay-elders, in whose eyes dancing was a profane amusement, and cards a device of Satan; who inflicted fine and imprisonment for the offence of dressing a girl's hair in long ringlets. Their accusations of vice, profligacy, and dissoluteness must not be construed literally. To Hooker, who lived under the despotism of Elizabeth, the "popular," or democratic polity of Geneva seemed of itself rank license. Nothing that is brought forward to prove the corruption of morals indicates that Geneva was worse than other towns of its size. Many of the practices complained of were usages of long standing, and derived from Catholic times. On the other hand, it may readily be admitted that in the first hours of recovered liberty some extravagances of behavior and language are likely enough to have occurred. The creed of childhood is never parted with without some shock to the character. The police of the streets cannot be so severely enforced where the life and property of the free citizens are duly respected, as it may when they are at the disposal of an absolute prince. Add to this that the religious persecution just beginning in France was filling Geneva with refugees. Among the honorable exiles were found not a few fugitives from justice, persons of ruined character, who sought to pass their crimes under the disguise of political misfortunes, or worthless monks who had apostatized in order to fly with a mistress. Nor must we omit a small but insidious element of discord in the Catholics who still remained in the city, still cherishing the silent hope that their country would, before long, return to the bosom of the Church, and seeing in its discontents and intestine divisions the hopeful signs of such a termination.

Such, in general, was the situation of affairs in Geneva when, in 1536, the young Frenchman, "iste Gallus," became one of its ministers. To an aspiring and far-sighted ambition it was just the theatre for a signal personal success. Provided that the Dukes of Savoy were kept at a distance—and this the strength of the Republic of Berne seemed to guarantee—here was just the opening for a purely political career. The scale to be sure was small—a town of 12,000 souls, a territory of a few square miles. But where, at that day, was there any prospect of fame and fortune to the unaided adventurer except through servile dependence on the capricious favor of some king or noble? But Calvin thought

* See in Dyer, "Life of Calvin," pp. 59—80; and in Gaberel, "Hist. de l'Eglise de Gen." chap. viii.

neither of fame nor fortune. The narrowness of his views, and the disinterestedness of his soul, alike precluded him from regarding Geneva as a stage for the gratification of personal ambition. This abnegation of self was one great part of his success. Even at periods when his unpopularity was at its height, all parties recognized his disinterestedness, and secretly respected and feared a man who wanted nothing for himself. One idea possessed him, governed, impelled him. For so profound and consecutive a reasoner no man was ever less reflective. He had no self-consciousness. His theory was not a part of his mental furniture, as other men's theories are to them. It was the whole of his intellect. No question had to him two sides. There was but one right reason. All other modes of thought were depravity; not reason at all, but moral perversity. To resist God's Word is blasphemy, to be met not by argument, but by coercion. There must then be authority to compel obedience to God's Word, since all deviation from it is a criminal act, not a corrigible error of judgment. It was no offended self-love that rendered him so violent and implacable towards his adversaries, but impatience at the obstacles they opposed to the establishment of truth which was to him as clear as the day. Authority then, external force, is the one remedy he would employ. Neither art nor eloquence, nor intrigue, nor soft words, nor gentle influences; such means never occurred to him. Here is the absolute truth, the revealed Word of God; those who will conform themselves to it—well; those who will not must be compelled into submission. Nor must individuals only be reduced to subjection; the civil power in the State must learn to bow to the spiritual authority. This was the astonishing enterprise which a solitary exile, without friends, money, or resources of any kind, undertook, and successfully achieved. It may be doubted if all history can furnish another instance of such a victory of moral force.

No sooner was Calvin associated with Farel in the ministerial office than the two colleagues applied themselves to frame ecclesiastical ordinances in this spirit. A doctrinal confession in twenty-one articles which they drew up first, met with some, but not very serious, opposition. But when they proceeded to call on the Council to put in force some regulations which were already in existence,

prohibiting games of chance and dancing, and in other ways curtailing freedom of action, a spirit of resistance began to manifest itself. Calvin would not yield an inch. The public registers present us with such entries as this.

"1537. Mai 20. Une epouse étant sortie dimanche dernier avec les cheveux plus abattus qu'il ne se doit faire, ce qui est d'une mauvaise exemple, et contraire à ce qu'on leur évangélise, on fait mettre en prison la maîtresse, les dames qui l'ont menée, et celle qui l'a coiffée."

Another time, a man seized playing cards is exhibited in the pillory with the pack of cards round his neck. Another, who had set on foot a masquerade, is made to ask pardon on his knees before the congregation in St. Peter's Church. Every citizen was obliged to attend sermon twice on the Sunday under pain of fine, and to be at home by nine in the evening; and tavern-keepers were ordered to see that their customers observed these regulations. Every week produced some new ordinance more meddling and inquisitorial than the previous. The exasperation of the young men daily increased. The more liberal and independent minds began seriously to feel that a new tyranny was being established over them, at a time when they had hoped to begin to enjoy in peace the liberty they had conquered at so much cost. That two strangers, interlopers from France, should thus lord it over those who had hazarded their lives and fortunes to deliver their city from the Duke of Savoy was not to be borne. Many of these citizens, besides, were not in sympathy with Protestantism at all. They had forsaken Catholicism, it is true. But it was only because, in so doing, they felt that they disposed most effectually of the civil authority of their bishop. Their motives had been political rather than religious, and their devotion was rather to their country than to "the Gospel."

A party of opposition was thus gradually formed to resist the encroachments of the pastors, and of the spirit of control which animated them. This party united in itself the two extremes of the population—the best and the worst—the rabble and the most distinguished citizens who had led the van of the movement of emancipation. This party of *Libertins*, as they began to be called, occupied a conservative position. They claimed their right to enjoy in peace the liberties they

had fought for against the innovations of the preachers. In November, 1537, there was a scene in the Council. The councillors of the Libertine party went so far as to draw their swords, and reminded the Council that by what they had gained their freedom, by the same they would keep it. "Le tout," says Roset, "sous ce prétexte de maintenir les franchises."

The more the young men chafed against the bit, and the high minded and liberal patriots struggled in the net which was closing on them, the greater was the satisfaction of the mass of respectable middle and lower-class citizens who supported the ministers. They had no difficulty themselves in submitting to any amount of restraints. The narrowest creed imposes no fetters on the understanding of such men. The grosser portions of sensual pleasure satisfy the demands of their taste, without the accessories of social sympathy. It was sweet to them to see the talented, the wealthy, the distinguished, struck down by the levelling hand of Calvin. His maxim was, "Eminent services to the State, so far from standing in mitigation of moral delinquency, aggravate it. If a citizen has shed his blood for his country, is he to ask in return the liberty to do what he likes?" A moral code levels distinctions in a way no other code can. Birth, and pride, and blood secure an upper class from the petty and mercenary temptations which would bring them within the grasp of criminal law. But let fornication and intrigue be made punishable offences, and whose turn is it then to stand at the bar?

A republic, however, such as Geneva became, is not built on so rotten a foundation as the mere spirit of envy of superiority. This base passion worked here, as elsewhere, doubtless. It worked negatively in balancing the pretensions of the more educated and superior class. But the positive strength of the party lay in the French refugees, and in the religious spirit which they brought with them. This peculiar temperament of religious stoicism, with the stress that it lays on the ethical virtues of temperance, fortitude, and self-control, is, under the name of Puritanism too well known to English readers to need description. It is not so generally understood that, though it derives to this country directly from Geneva, and is popularly associated with the name of Calvin, it was not the home-growth of Geneva, nor was it originated by

the Calvinistic discipline. This concentrated severe type of character was brought to Geneva from France, where it had been generated by a reckless and cruel persecution. Virtue, stung to an intensity often almost savage, could scarcely have sprung into existence under the ordinary conditions of society, in which, if there is much sorrow, there is also some enjoyment. The peculiar ethical temper of Calvinism is precisely that of primitive Christianity—of the catacombs and the desert—and was created under the same stimulants.

Formidable from their intensified moral energy, the French emigrants were not inconsiderable in point of number. It was part of Calvin's policy to admit strangers to the freedom of the city unrestrictedly. Towards his later years we find (1558) as many as three hundred incorporated in a single day, of whom two hundred were French, fifty English, twenty-five Italians and five Spaniards. But even in 1536 they were numerous enough to excite the jealousy of the native patriots. And, organized as a State party by the master-spirit of Calvin, their influence was out of all proportion greater than their numbers. For a period of more than twelve months after Calvin's association into the pastorate, his power was slowly and surely mounting. But, as will always be the case, the encroachments of a party of innovation call into action the spirit of opposition. The friends of liberty had been surprised rather than routed. They had time in their turn to organize, and they were soon in a position to make an effectual stand. Matters were brought to a crisis, as usual, not on the merits of the new discipline but on a point of ceremony.

The Republic of Berne, in consideration of the services it had rendered to that of Geneva, considered itself entitled from time to time to tender its advice on the internal affairs of its young ally. This interference had hitherto been always well received by the Government to which it was addressed, and had generally been adopted. But, following the example of the civil power, the pastors of Berne ventured to make suggestions, in a tone of admonition, to their brother ministers of Geneva. The Bernese church used stone fonts for baptism; retained four *fêtes* during the year, viz., Christmas, New-year's Day, the Annunciation, and the Ascension, and employed unleavened bread in the Lord's Supper. All

these ceremonial observances Calvin had suppressed, not in the spirit of contradiction, but conducted to the conclusion by the strictest logic from the principles of the Reformation. The Bernese mistook their man if they thought Calvin would be docile to their theological suggestions. It was not that Calvin laid any stress on ceremonies, or shared the fanaticism of his ignorant sect, who thought the Catholic ceremonial pagan and profane. Narrow as was his theology in many respects, he was above such weakness. His remark on the English Prayer-book is well-known, from the irritation it caused in the minds of some of the Anglican High Church prelates. "The Book of Common Prayer had in it," he said, "tolerabiles ineptias; some follies, which, however, might be easily allowed to pass." In this very year (1538), in the preface to a Catechism which he published at Basle, he wrote these words: "We should rather endeavor a unity of doctrine and spirit among Christians than pettently insist on establishing certain ceremonies. Little will be said of forms on the Day of Judgment." When, however, summoned to conform to the Bernese usages, he at once refused to compromise the independence of the Church of Geneva by accepting the authority of a neighbor republic however respected, however intimately allied to his own. The Libertine party instantly saw the opportunity afforded for turning opinion against the pastors. The Libertines had now the majority in the Council, and they espoused the side of the Bernese with affected zeal. They sent for the pastors, Calvin, Farel, and Courault, and ordered them to celebrate the Supper with unleavened wafers at the approaching Easter Communion. The ministers replied that they could not recognize the authority, but were willing to submit to the decision of the collective Helvetic Churches in the synod of Zurich, which was to be held after Easter. The Council was equally firm on its side. It prohibited any celebration on Easter Day except with the wafer. Easter Sunday arrived. The excitement of the people was at its height. Farel preached as usual at St. Gervaise, and Calvin at St. Peter's. Both addressed the people on the same topic—on the Communion—and concluded their sermons with declaring that they would not administer it in the present state of passion and division in which the city was. The next day the Council decreed the banishment of Calvin

and Farel. On Tuesday the sentence was adopted in the Council General without discussion, and notice was served upon the two Reformers to leave the city within forty-eight hours. Nor was this a temporary outburst of popular dislike; for when the Bernese espoused their cause, and dispatched a special embassy to persuade the people of Geneva to receive back their ministers, the proposal was rejected. And in a General Council, held on the 27th of May, the decree of banishment was confirmed almost unanimously.

In this unanimity of voices against him, we seem to see the disappearance of Calvin's authority as abrupt as its rise had been. Entering the city a friendless and penniless exile in August, 1536, he had found himself in the short space of a few months dictating restraints, and enforcing rigorous laws which the established authorities of the place, the Little Council and the Syndics, could not have dreamed of proposing. But he, like all suddenly successful men, strains his power till it breaks; opinion deserts him. Not satisfied with a vast moral influence, he would have despotic control. He disgusts every one, and the people tear down their own idol. This is in April, 1538. Wait but two years more, and we find the syndics and Council of Geneva "affectionately recommending" themselves to their "good brother and singular friend, Docteur Calvin," then in exile at Strasburg, imploring his return—

"Vous pryons tres affectes vous volloir transporter par devers nous, et en vostre prestine place et ministere retourne. Et esperons en layde de Dieu que ce seray ung grand bien et fruyet la laugmentation de la se. Evangile. Voeant que nostre peup.e vous desire. Et ferons avec vous de sorte que aurez occasion vous contenter."—*A Geneve, 22 Octobre, 1540.*"

We cannot be surprised that the historians and biographers flounder helplessly among conjecture and hypothesis on the causes of these rapid fluctuations. Their most labored surmises are little better, possibly are further from the truth, than the simple philosophy of the Pastor Bernard—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"* or the more learned theory of Hooker, moralizing in a strain borrowed from the Latin classics over the levity of popular humor. In a free constitution, where the acts of the Gov-

* Bernard to Calvin, Feb. 6, 1541.

ernment are determined by the opinion of the majority, such fluctuations of policy indicate the alternate prevalence of nearly-balanced parties. When in April, 1538, the party of the Libertines triumphed over Calvin and the Reformers, a discerning eye might have seen that the triumph, complete as it seemed for the moment, was destined to be short-lived. The Libertine party in Geneva, as against the Calvinists, labored under the same disadvantage as the Protestant party in Europe at large did against the Catholics. They had no rallying principle, only a negative protest against constraint; powerful to overthrow, but perishing by suicide as soon as they have conquered. On the other hand, the Reforming party were strong in the possession of that exalted idea of moral duty and purity of life which was beginning to form itself among the French Protestants. Such a party may be extirpated by the sword; but where the free play of opinion is possible, it is no matter of doubt that it will prevail over the partisans of a mere abstract liberty.

On reviewing Calvin's letters written during exile, there can be little doubt that he foresaw his own restoration as certain. He had committed faults during his career as pastor of Geneva, and his imperious and peremptory manner had contributed to his unpopularity. But during his exile he showed a magnanimity truly noble. He maintained a correspondence with his friends and former flock in the city. But it was to urge them to respect their ministers *de facto*; to avoid all occasions of offence, and to submit in matters indifferent. When Sadolet, at the suggestion of the Pope, addressed his conciliatory epistle to the city of Geneva, and there was no one in Geneva competent to make a fitting reply, Calvin undertook it. He would not intrigue for a restoration; he would not speak of it, or propose it. He withdrew to Basle, and occupied himself with other things, with the second edition of "The Institutes," or the "Commentary on the Romans." While at Basle he received a "call" to the French Church at Strasburg. He was employed as deputy to the Diet at Worms, and again at Ratisbon. In all these various duties and employments his merit and services to the Reformed cause became every day more conspicuous. His position with respect to Geneva was altered. It was their turn, if they wanted him, to sue to him. When they did so, by the letter of

the 22nd of October, 1540, he delayed his consent, and put them off. But it was not in the spirit of a Coriolanus, or to enhance his own value. The hesitation proceeded from his having contracted engagements with his Strasburg congregation, which he did not feel at liberty to break off at once. On the 13th September, 1541, he reëntered Geneva, after an exile of three years and a half.

On the very day of his entry he waited on the Council, and gave in his demand for the establishment of a system of discipline, and a tribunal, or consistory, to enforce it. He was received with every mark of honor and affection, and was presented with a coat of broad-cloth (*drap*), a token of distinction, as private citizens wore serge. A committee was appointed to draw up an ecclesiastical constitution. A very few weeks sufficed for their task of legislation. It was but to draw, in the form of enactments, the principles explained in Calvin's "Institution."

The "Ordonnances Ecclesiastiques de l'Eglise de Genève" * well deserve the careful attention of the historian. We have in them not the mere arrangements of a single Swiss town, but the one form of church polity which best expresses the spirit of the Reformation. The religious instinct of the Reformed communions instantly sympathizing with the simplicity with which it went straight to its mark, diffused it over a large part of Europe. Calvin had provided a form of government for all the countries where the civil power had not already set up one. Wherever individual liberty was able to assert itself, the Calvinistic discipline instantly followed. It reformed Scotland, emancipated Holland, attained a brief but brilliant reign in England, and maintained a struggle of sixty years against the royal authority in France.

We must not, however, imagine that any mere form of polity could have power to work this renovation. The Genevan discipline armed the spirit of independence in Europe, but it did not call it forth. At its source, in Geneva itself, the discipline did not create freedom; it organized and affirmed it.

The distinction of Calvin as a Reformer is not to be sought in the doctrine which now bears his name, or in any doctrinal peculiarity. His great merit lies in his comparative neglect of dogma. He seized the idea of reformation as a real renovation of human character.

* They are in print. Geneva, 1577.

While the German Reformers were scholastically engaged in remodelling abstract metaphysical statements, Calvin had embraced the lofty idea of the Church of Christ as a society of regenerate men. The moral purification of humanity, as the original idea of Christianity, is the guiding idea of his system. The Communion of the Saints is held together by a moral, not a metaphysical, still less by a sacramental bond. In casting about for the ultimate ground of this spiritual virtue which was the earthly condition of the renewed man, the logical mind of Calvin refused to rest in any intermediate causes. He swept away at once the sacramental machinery of material media of salvation which the middle-age Church had provided in such abundance, and which Luther frowned upon, but did not reject. He was not satisfied to go back only to the historical origin of Christianity, but would found human virtue on the eternal, antemundane will of God. If he left the Atonement, he seemed to deprive it of any original efficacy or inherent virtue by referring it, too, back to an absolute decree, in conformity with which it was arranged.

Hence, too, the religious society is necessarily democratic. For all other inequalities among men sink into nothing in the presence of the levelling decree, which sets apart a select few out of the mass to be recipients of the divine favor. But as our eyes cannot distinguish the elect from the rest of the visible church, all must, in this world, be treated alike. The citizens of this spiritual republic must govern themselves. Doctors and pastors, indeed, there must be, but they are servants to the community, not lords over it. The function of the doctor is very slightly touched in the "Institution." It is only to teach, and reduces itself to a pure interpretation of Scripture. That of the pastors is more important, as to them belongs reproof, exhortation, admonition, advice. But in this ministration, they are but the exponents of the word or law of God, and have no power or authority of themselves, or as belonging to any privileged order. As their duty will often place them in collision with their flocks, their rights must be clear and well defined. The civil authority, though distinct from the spiritual, is bound to support it. The magistrate must enforce the penalties imposed by the ecclesiastical tribunal, preserve the exterior form of religion, and suppress by force

crimes against public religion, as idolatry and blasphemy.

These general principles of government, as expounded in the "Institutions," were embodied in the arrangements now carried out by Calvin in Geneva. The details are these:—

The five pastors of the city parishes, the pastors of the rural districts, and the teachers of theology (when any), were embodied under the style of "The Venerable Company." This board of ministers superintended the theological students, selected the ministers for ordination, subject to the approbation of the flock, and had the ordinary administration of the Church. When a minister's place was vacant, the candidates were first examined in the interpretation of Scripture. The examination was conducted by the Company of Pastors, but in the presence of (lay) delegates deputed by the Council of State. After the examination the councillors withdrew, and the election was made by the Venerable Company, and determined by the majority of voices. Their choice was first submitted to the Council for its approbation, and on the following Sunday announced to the people from the pulpits. The members of the congregation were requested to transmit in writing to the Syndics any objections they had to make against the minister-elect. Eight days were allowed for this purpose. If no objections were brought, the candidate was ordained. This was the pastoral organization.

More important was the disciplinary organization. This, the working element of the whole system, was not entrusted to the pastors, but to a body called the Consistory. In this board the five pastors of the city parishes were united with twelve elders (*anciens*) elected out of the Councils, by the Councils and the Company united. It was a main point with Calvin, that the lay element in this body should outnumber the ecclesiastical. For the control given to this Consistory over the morals and deportment of the citizens was so searching and domestic, that to be at all tolerable, it was necessary it should be lodged in the hands of the congregation itself; exercised by the people themselves upon themselves. To the Consistory belonged an absolute and irresponsible authority of censure, enforced by the power of excommunication, which the civil arm was

obliged to give effect to. From his cradle to his grave, the Genevese citizen was pursued by this inquisitorial eye. Those parts of life which are most private and withdrawn, were here exposed to public view, and made an affair of public concernment and welfare. It must suffice to cite a few of these regulations as a specimen of the rest:—

Dress—"Est defendu à tous citoyens . . . tout usage d'or ou d'argent en porfillures, broderies, passemens, couetilles, filets, ou autres tels enrichissemens d'habits, en quelque sorte et manière que ce soit.

"Sont defendues toutes chaines, bracelets, carquans, fers, boutons, pendans d'or sur habits, cordons d'or ou d'argent, et ceintures d'or, et en general tout usage d'or et de pierrierie, soyent pierres, perles, grenats ou autres, sur habits, en ceintures, colliers ni autrement.

. . . "Est defendu aux hommes de porter de longs cheveux, avec passe fillons, et bagues aux oreilles.

"Est defendu aux femmes et filles tout frisure, relevement et entortillement des cheveux, et de porter aucuns grenats ou pierrieres, en leur coiffures et cornettes. Toutes façons superflues et excessives de point coupé ou autre ouvrage ou pointes excessives, soit, en valeur ou grandeur, sur les collets et rabats.

"Toutes fraises excessives et fraises en point coupé, tant aux hommes qu'au femmes, et tous rabats doubles excessifs.

"Que nulles filles de qualité que elles soyent, n'ayent à porter aucuns anneaux avant qu'estre fiancées, a'l peine de 60 sols, et confiscation des dites bagues.

Entertainments.—"Item, que nul faisant nopces, banquets ou festins, n'ait à faire au service d'iceux plus haut d'une venue ou mise de chairs ou de poisson, et de cinq plats au plus, honnestes et raisonnables, en ce non comprinses les mesmes entrées, et huit plats de tout dessert et qu'au dit dessert y'nait pastissierie, ou piece de four, sinon une tourte seulement, et cela en chacune table de 10 personnes.

"Sont defendues aus dites nopces ou banquets toutes sortes de confitures seches, excepté la drogée le tout à ferise de 60 sols.

"Est defendu à toutes personnes de provoquer autrui à boire, ni l'accepter, en aucuns festins, ou autres repas.

Wedding Presents.—"Est defendu aux espoux et espouses de faire aucuns dons et presens a autres qu'a eux, ni mesme aux servans et filles, et que ceux qui se feront mutuellement soyent en toute médiocrité.

"Est défendu de donner aus dites fiançailles, nopces, ou baptisailles, des bouquets liés

d'or ou canetilles, ou garnis de grénats, perles, et autres pierrieres."

Many legislators have enacted sumptuary laws. What is surprising is, not that Calvin should have proposed this code, but that it should have been accepted by, and acceptable to, the people, and should have been acted upon without difficulty. The regulations, some two hundred articles in all, were published, and for some weeks the people had the opportunity of considering them, and talking them over in their family circles. On November 20th, a solemn Council-General was convoked in St. Peter's Church. Each article was read and put to the vote separately. Before they quitted the church, a whole people, between two and three thousand free and independent citizens, had voluntarily engaged to observe the whole circle of moral duties in this rigorous form; to attend divine service regularly, to bring up their children "in the fear of the Lord," to renounce not only sensual indulgences, but nearly every form of amusement, to adopt the severest simplicity in their dress, the strictest frugality and order in their abodes.

Nor were these vain promises. The Ordinances were not only accepted, they were carried out in the letter and the spirit, Pastor Gaberel gives us some curious instances. They are extracted from the Registers of the Council, and those of the Consistory, from 1545 to 1557.

"A man, who swore by the 'body and blood of Christ,' was condemned to sit in the public square in the stocks, and to be fined.

"Another, hearing an ass bray, and saying jestingly, 'Il chante un beau psaume,' was sentenced to temporary banishment from the city.

"A man was sentenced to the 'amende honorable,' for saying in church, at the moment of the benediction of the Communion, 'Taisé vos, y est prou prié.'

"A young man, presenting his bride with an accompt-book, said, 'Tenez, madame, voci votre meilleur psaume.' Another, a working-man, for saying in a wine-shop, 'S'il y a un Dieu, q'il me paie mon écot;' both had to undergo some penalty. A young girl, in church, singing the words of a song to the tune of the psalm, was ordered to be whipt by her parents.

"Drunkeness and debauchery were visited with more severe penalties; adultery, more than once with death. Prostitutes who ventured back to Geneva, were mercilessly thrown into the Rhone. Cards were altogether pro-

nibited. Rope-dancers and conjurers were forbidden to exhibit. Usury was restricted, no higher rate of interest being allowed than 3-2-3 per cent.

"In 1544, the Consistory, laying a complaint before the Council against the Sr. Roseti, that he 'had given the Sr. Morel the lie, and had said that he was as good a man as he was, et est soupçonné de paillardise,'—the delinquent, or *suspect*, was sent to prison.

"1553, on complaint by the Consistory, that 'last Sunday, at a christening of a child of T——, there had been singing and dancing, which is against God and the ordinances;' ordered, that this be not again allowed.

"The romance of 'Amadis' having found its way into the book-shops, the Council forbid the reading, and order the copies to be destroyed."

The rigor which the ministers, through the Consistory, exercised over their flocks, they did not spare each other. On certain days the pastors met for mutual censorship, when they were bound to produce without reserve, whatever they knew or believed to be faulty in each other's deportment. To take an instance, after Calvin's death:—

"A M. Druson, minister of one of the country parishes, is complained of on more than one account. His sermons are not understood; he does not visit his flock. Further, it was alleged that, having engaged himself in marriage to a young person, he broke it off just before the contract was to be signed, on the plea that her portion was insufficient. The scandal was judged heinous: M. Druson was deposed from his functions, and forbidden to approach the Communion."

It would be easy to multiply these instances. The Register of the Consistory is said* to contain the record of four hundred and fourteen cases in the two years 1558' and 1559 alone. But it is not the aim of these pages to attract ridicule to the subject of them; or to discuss the labors of the most earnest of men, in that style of ghastly buffoonery which is becoming more and more the tone of the periodical press in this country. The thoughtful reader will read these minutiae neither with scorn nor pity. He will recognize in them, in the first place, the character of fact; a disclosure, in undress, of human character and actions which the lofty philosophic generalities of history have too much the power to control or disguise. In the second place, if we are disposed to think that

the historical picture is "frittered;" that the grand and masculine figure of Calvin is degraded by the miserable details of the petty strife, we shall remember that principles are nothing except in their applications. The story of Genevan reform may instruct us how the insignificant squabbles of a municipal council may be ennobled into one of the most important chapters of the history of civilization. The educated man of our day is paralyzed by this fastidious intellectualism, which disdains the littlenesses of ordinary life. Hence, superior mental endowments are retiring more and more from the field of action. In spite of the advances of education, of which we hear so much, society and affairs are more than ever in the hands of the "practical" man, of the vigorous will, but uninstructed intellect. Refined knowledge is entrenching itself in literature; but literature is becoming less and less powerful in its action on society, as the element of will becomes more palpably deficient in it.

The movement of the Reformation, as being so largely an intellectual one, incurred the same danger as that which thus threatens our modern civilizing progress. The scientific spirit, which reached its height in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, saw the rise of the Reformation with any thing but a favorable eye. Erasmus complains heavily of the damage Luther is doing to letters. Bembo is all astonishment at the piety of Melancthon. The men of the Renaissance turned with disgust from the men of the Reform. Their taste was offended by the barbarous violence; their critical impartiality, by the headstrong one-sidedness of the new movement. But more than this. Their culture, by enervating their character, had placed them in antipathy to the moral earnestness of the German Reformers. By touching the deeper sources of moral life, however, Luther was able to do what Erasmus could not have done. The intellectual movement of Humanism was swept into the mightier movement of the Reformation. But the Reformation itself very soon began to betray an interior weakness of the same kind with that which had neutralized the effort of the Humanists. In the earlier days of Luther, while Protestant effort was directed to realize the conditions of human redemption and moral recovery, the movement expanded with an elastic force which carried all before it. The moral revolt against

* Henry, "Calvin's Leben," ii. 217.

the mechanical salvation by church and sacraments, further strengthened itself by allying, or absorbing, the intellectual revolt against the Church as teacher, which we may designate as the Renaissance. But a moral effort soon gave place to controversy on dogma. From enforcing justification by faith, the Reformers soon began to think the mode of stating the doctrine the all-important point. The intellectual was no longer for the sake of the moral. The Reformation impulse was fast dying out in dispute on symbol and dogma, as little sanctifying in the production of character, as the scholastic pedantry of Roman theology. The effort of the Protestant teachers was beginning to be directed to the propagation of theological opinions. The old idea of orthodoxy remained unshaken, only that the particular opinions qualified as orthodox were slightly varied.

The Protestant movement was saved from being sunk in the quicksands of doctrinal dispute, chiefly by the new moral direction given to it in Geneva. The religious instinct of Calvin discerned the crying need of human nature to be a social discipline, rather than a metaphysical correctness. The scheme of polity which he contrived, however mixed with the erroneous notions of his day, enforced at least the two cardinal laws of human society; viz., self-control as the foundation of virtue; self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal. His legislation did not create, but it concentrated and directed, this moral force. We are tempted to laugh at the record of the day by day enforcement of his code. Let us remember the axioms of the schools that, "All actions are in singulars," and that only in single instances is the practice of rules possible. Had Calvin, like Plato, left only a paper-sketch of a republic, in glowing language and magnificent imagery, how much more would he have been admired by the world! He did how much more than describe a virtuous society—he created one! Calvin's ideal is, doubtless, vastly inferior to that of Plato but it is under the disadvantage of having been worked in practice. With what surprising effect it worked, the whole history of Protestant Europe is witness. It was a rude attempt, indeed, but then it was the first which modern times had seen, to combine individual and equal freedom with strict self-imposed law; to found society on the common endeavor after moral

perfection. The Christianity of the middle ages had preached the base and demoralizing surrender of the individual; the surrender of his understanding to the church; of his conscience to the priest; of his will to the prince. Protestantism, as an insurrection against this subjugation, labored under the same weakness as all other revolutions. It threw off a yoke and got rid of an exterior control, but it was destitute of any basis of interior life. True freedom can only be founded on a strong sense of personality; the conscious possession of a moral force, from which the outward actions flow. Mere emancipation from the tutelage of a church or a government will not convey this basis of self-reliance. The will is not free, merely because it is relieved from outward restraint. But this is all that any revolution does; to destroy impediments to free agency, not to regenerate the forces of action.

The polity of Calvin was a vigorous effort to supply that which the revolutionary movement wanted,—a positive education of the individual soul. Crushed under the weight of a spiritual aristocracy on the one side, and ground down by the huge machine of administrative monarchy on the other, all personal freedom, all moral attributes, had nearly disappeared among the people on whom this superincumbent mass pressed. To raise up the enfeebled will, to stir the individual conscience, to incite the soul not only to reclaim its rights, but to feel its obligations; to substitute free obedience for passive submission,—this was the lofty aim of the simple, not to say barbarous, legislation of Calvin. The inquisitorial rigors of the Consistory encouraged, instead of humbling, independence. Government at Geneva was not police, but education; self-government mutually enforced by equals on each other. The power thus generated was too expansive to be confined to Geneva. It went forth into all countries. From every part of Protestant Europe, eager hearts flocked hither to catch something of the inspiration. The Reformed Communions, which doctrinal discussion was fast splitting up into ever-multiplying sects, began to feel in this moral sympathy a new centre of union. This, and this alone, enabled the Reformation to make head against the terrible repressive forces brought to bear by Spain,—the Inquisition and the Jesuits. Sparta against Persia was not such odds as Geneva against Spain.

Calvinism saved Europe. The rugged and grotesque discipline of Calvin raised up, from St. Andrew's to Geneva, that little band, not very polished, not very refined, but free-men !

"That which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Such is the admirable force upon the human conscience of the simple virtues of sincerity and self-denial. Where they are exhibited in a distinct and recognizable form, they never fail to conquer, and spread themselves. Henceforward Calvinism tended to take up into itself all the moral worth existing anywhere in Protestantism. As the Humanistic movement had been absorbed into the Protestant, so the first, or Lutheran, reform was gradually overborne by the Calvinistic, save where State interests interfered to prevent it. Such is the law of all great movements. The truly great exert a magical influence. Character is more powerful than intellect. The lesser stream empties itself into the greater. Lutheranism was incapable of propagating itself. Calvinism reappeared again and again, with no less vitality than at first. It animated the Cameronians of Cleland, no less than the Independents of Cromwell or the defenders of La Rochelle.

It is necessary to dwell on the services rendered by Calvin to human liberty, for his sins against it were of the deepest dye. These may be brought under two heads:—1. His political intolerance shows itself in the suppression of the Libertine party in 1555. 2. His theological intolerance, as shown by the cruel execution of Servetus and of Gruet, and his conduct to Bolzec, Castaillon, Gentilis, &c.

1. For the overthrow of the *Libertins* in 1555, Calvin will be acquitted by history. The necessities of his position may be held to excuse him. It was a struggle *à l'outrance* for power in Geneva. Not, on Calvin's part, for selfish power, but for the maintenance of that system which was unmistakably working for the best interests of the city, and which was, besides, acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants.

The Libertine party, who had triumphed in the expulsion of Calvin and Farel in 1538, and had again succumbed to the restoration of the former in 1541, slowly and steadily regained their lost ground. The severity and

painfulness of the discipline galled the weak brethren and the "outsiders." Though Calvin never lost the steady support of the thorough-going men, a formidable amount of unpopularity gradually accumulated against him. The young men of the *Liberal* party gave the tone. It was eagerly adopted. Calvin was not safe from insult in the street; they hissed him as he passed along. The children were encouraged to make faces at him. They turned his name into Cain. The opposition succeeded in penetrating into the Councils; and at the elections of 1549, Amied Perrin, the leader of the Liberals, was chosen First Syndic.

Amied Perrin, captain-general of the republic, had married into the family of Favre, one of the leaders in the liberation of Geneva. Old François Favre, the father-in-law, retained all the fiery spirit of the *Eidgnoss*. His son-in-law, Amied, equally chivalrous and patriotic, had much less sense and bal-last. A man of fine commanding figure, who dressed with elegance, wore his sword well, and conversed with the skill of a French courtier, but vainglorious, full of himself, unable to control his loquacious vanity at table, or in the council, he was particularly exposed to the sarcasms of the grave and censorious citizens of the new stamp. The hatred that grew up between this man and the Reformer was one of those intense, immortal hates which a character like Calvin's is alone capable of provoking and sustaining. On Calvin's side it was only slightly relieved by the contempt which he felt for the "Stage Cæsar," as he called Amied. But in describing his wife Françoise, and his father-in-law Favre, Calvin has withheld none of the colors of religious malignity. With this family his struggle was long; it ran through several years, with alternating success. Perrin was no match for Calvin face to face before the Council. But he was sustained by his party, and by the secret inclinations of the people, who, while they lamented his principles, conceded some latitude of speech and conduct to the gallant soldier. Once Calvin succeeded in getting him dismissed from his employments, expelled from the Council, and imprisoned. But he soon recovered his liberty, his office, and the public favor. More than once, during the struggle, the Liberal party seemed on the point of triumphing, and Calvin was expecting a second exile. Thus, he has been

compared * to one of those middle-age Popes who, while Europe trembled at their frown, were themselves ever on the point of being driven out of their own capital. Sometimes the parties broke out into open violence. But to the credit of the republic it may be observed that wherever Calvin appeared on the scene, a certain degree of respect and forbearance was shown him.

The sort of feeling with which he was regarded may be gathered from one of these incidents. Viret happened to be on a visit in Geneva. A personal enemy of Calvin succeeded in getting into his hands, through Viret's servant, some of Calvin's letters; Viret, who was minister at Lausanne, being one of the persons with whom Calvin maintained a confidential correspondence. In one of these letters Calvin had said, in his usual style, severe things of the Genevese. One passage was—"The people here assume the name of Christ, but they desire to live without him. I have to wage an incessant war with this hypocrisy." This letter was handed about in the town, where it excited the greatest indignation, and finally was made a charge against Calvin before the Council. He had added in the same letter, "I expect little of the syndics of this year." On this the accusation of "defaming the Government" was founded. Calvin's answer was obvious. "A confidential letter to a friend was not a published opinion at all. Besides, the expressions referred to events now three years old; and he was ready to uphold their truth." After Calvin had been heard, and had withdrawn, Farel, who happened to be present, said—"Troth, sirs, but ye ought to handle more tenderly with a man such as is Calvin, a man who hath not his equal in knowledge or in repute throughout all the churches. His censures be something rough, but ye should not be so delicate. He hath not spared Luther or Melancthon, and they have borne it meekly. Nor is it meet that magistrates should be thus occupying themselves with the scandal of the taverns." The Council felt the justice of these remarks, and the matter was let drop.

At length in 1555 the crisis came. The *dénouement* was simple enough, and the victory was complete. The leaders of the Liberal party were either exiled or beheaded, their property confiscated, and to propose

their recall was made a capital offence. But what exactly the nature of the treason in which they were implicated, whether it was political or ecclesiastical, whether it was plot, riot, or armed insurrection, we try in vain to make out from the confused and contradictory statements of the historians and biographers. The defeat of the Libertines is almost as great an historical enigma as the conspiracy of Catiline. It is not that there is a lack of original evidence. But this is so overlaid by the partisan statements of controversial or apologetic biographers, that it will require the careful and tedious process of a thoroughly critical sifting before any notion can be formed of the real character of these transactions. No life has been more written and re-written than that of Calvin. None stands in greater need of a really critical biographer. The letters of Calvin, which have as yet been only very partially published, are in process of collection by M. Bonnet. The "*Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie*" of Geneva, in publishing some of the remains of Bonivard, and the "*Société de l'Histoire Protestante*" of France, have done useful service in preparing original material. But what is above all wanted is the publication, in their integrity, of the Registers of the Councils and the Consistory. Without these before him, the writer of history can only be misled by the partial and garbled extracts which are scattered up and down the various books which treat this period of the annals of Geneva. The most complete selection which has as yet been printed comprehends no more than the five years from 1532 to 1536. This, which is annexed to M. Gustave Revilliod's edition of "*Froment*," is only an extract, and omits those extracts which had previously been printed by Baron Grénus: an omission which detracts considerably from the utility, as well as the authenticity of the volume. M. Revilliod promises a continuation of his labors. It were much to be wished that, in that part which covers the early history of Calvinism, the most faithful reproduction of the original documents should be made the rule of editing.

In the case of the Libertines, the accusation against Calvin is, that the men who had founded the liberties of their country were put to death, exiled, ruined to make way for the establishment of his own authority. This charge is only partially met by M. Gaberel's

* Lerminier, "*Revue d. d. Mondes*," 1842.

list of names.* He shows by a tabular comparison of the *Eidgnoss* of 1519—1530 with the *Libertines* of 1555, that only five of the latter are included among the former. This is true. But, though the older liberators had been removed by death in the interval, it is undeniable that the Libertines of 1555 were the true political representatives of the patriots of 1530. In many cases they were their sons, nephews, or otherwise related. But what if they were, if they refused to submit to the institutions established by the free choice of the free community? Calvin argued that previous merit only enhanced the guilt of lawlessness. He would not have admitted the plea of Tancred for Rinaldo—

“Ti sovvegna

Saggio Signor, chi sia Rinaldo, e quale;

Non del chi regna

Nel castigo con tutti esser uguale.”

Neither, again, must we be misled by the historians who blacken the moral character of the Libertines, and adopt, in their ordinary sense, the epithets “vicious, dissolute, debauched,” which the Calvinists applied to their opponents. The Libertines wished to live as other people live, not more. What they opposed was, judicial cognizance of offences against morals, which were not also offences against society. The name which the Calvinists succeeded in imposing on their adversaries has prejudged their case. The term “Libertin” was transferred to the Liberal party in Geneva, the remnant of the old Liberators, from an Anabaptist sect which had arisen in the Low Countries. The antinomian doctrines of Quentin and Cop, the Spiritual Libertines, were never adopted by the Genevese patriots, who were neither theologians nor metaphysicians. They were no systematic defenders of sensuality; but claimed, as Michel Roset reports their own words—“vivre en liberté, et ne vouloir être contraints au dire des prêcheurs.” They did not theoretically deny the obligation of morality; but they thought it too much to be obliged to swear that they would keep the Ten Commandments.

The historian must never consider himself the apologist of his characters, nor think that his business is to obtain a verdict. But if the view we have taken of Calvin's enterprise be at all correct, we see that the success of that enterprise involved the fall of the Libertines.

* Gaberel, i. 303.

To submit or to withdraw from the city was the only alternative that could be offered them. Neither had Calvin any choice. Either he must destroy them, or they would destroy—not himself, but his work, which he believed to be the work of God. His fight with the Libertines was not persecution of opinion, or an attempt to bring dissidents into the Church by force. The Libertines never alleged that their consciences were violated, but only that they did not like the constraint. If they were compelled, it is only as any recalcitrant minority is compelled, in every free State, by the majority. Such a minority can only claim our sympathy for their resistance, either when they suffer for conscience' sake, or for some noble cause. In this case no ground of conscience was or could be alleged. The Libertines had reasons and a good cause, but their opponents had better.

There is, indeed, a seeming paradox in the situation, when the Liberal party appear as the enemies of freedom. But this is not the solitary instance in history of the same phenomenon. It may easily happen that Liberalism may be found on one side and Liberty on the other. For Liberalism is only the irreflective desire to be quit of constraint; the natural instinct of the freeman, but nothing more. It is not till that instinct has been deepened into consciousness, till the impulse has been educated into spontaneity, that the liberty of a truly free will begins to be exercised. The roving savage and the citizens of a Republic are both free, but in a different sort. Any anarchy has in it more opportunity for manly virtue, than the strait-waistcoat of “order” imposed by the political keeper. But true liberty is only realized through self-control, when “the weight of chance desires” has been felt, and been shaken off by an effort of the will. The modern State, a mere engine of police and property, is wholly incapable of conferring freedom on the individual. It only attains its end by encroaching on the individual. To this policed society the old social contract theory strictly applied, when it represented each as sacrificing some of his own liberty for the benefit of all. Law is conceived as so much surrender of right, and justice as “the good of others.” “In pessimâ Republicâ plurimæ leges.” But in the pure State, which is founded on virtue, or “the law of Christ,” restraint is not imposed

from without, but issues from within. The state of salvation within which the elect is placed, is the "kingdom of Heaven," in which he has no superior but God, and is himself the only aristocrat. Holiness, or strictness of life, becomes his point of honor. The inward "assurance" of his election elevates the "saint" above the difficulties of virtue. Morality is to him not a law which he is under the disagreeable necessity of obeying, but the only sphere in which he can exhibit the energies of his spiritual character. The will is the man. "Il peut tout en étant soi; il ne peut rien sans l'être. De la vérité et l'originalité de l'âme procède la puissance."*

2. The political intolerance of Calvin was his strength; and the tyranny of the discipline became the cradle of liberty. It was very different with his intolerance of opinion. We must side with Calvin as against the Libertines. Every philosophic mind will say with Gibbon—"I am more scandalized by the burning of Servetus than by the whole hecatombs of human beings immolated in the *auto da fés* of Spain and Portugal." But it has been our intention in this paper to consider Calvin in his political action only. His doctrinal and philosophical views form a separate subject. Suffice it to say that

* Sayous, "Etudes sur les Ecrivains Français."

though Calvinism was an advance on the earlier Protestantism, in endowing it with the idea of the Church, as the society of the Believers, it did not make a step beyond it in the direction of emancipating Reason. Calvinism conferred on the human will its true freedom of action through restraint. His own powerful will impelled him to modify the ethics of Protestantism. But intensity of will is ever in an inverse ratio to breadth of intelligence. Calvin had a passionate desire to live as a free man under the law of God. He felt no corresponding necessity for intellectual emancipation. His mind had not compassed the idea of truths of reason. He knew only traditional dogma. And, to save the good character of Protestantism, it was desirable that the world should understand that religious Protestants repudiated all idea of touching the dogma as much as the Catholics themselves. The punishment of Servetus was a stroke of policy. Calvin gained in character with his contemporaries by it. He had justified his faith by his acts, and not left the Church of Rome the sole glory of taking vengeance on the enemies of Christ. All the Protestants approved; Melancthon emphatically so. Calvin never repented it. Greatly as the Calvinistic Churches have served the cause of political liberty, they have contributed nothing to the progress of knowledge.

THE RYE HOUSE.—The *Essex Standard* gives an account of a very interesting exploration which has recently been made by Mr. Teale under the ancient gate-way of the Rye House, Hoddesdon. A tradition has been handed down that a subterranean passage extended from the Rye-house to Nether Hall in this county. Mr. Teale determined on ascertaining somewhat respecting the truth of the story, and accordingly a few weeks since he commenced excavating under the brick staircase of the tower. After clearing out several cart-loads of earth a passage was discovered descending round the central foundation of the staircase. After going to a considerable depth there was found a huge stone, which might have served for a coffin, but which, from the position in which it was placed, had probably served as a living prison. A passage was next found leading off westerly from the tower, and after proceeding some yards a cell was discovered, with huge iron door and grating; inside this cell is a seat of brickwork, running

whole length of the interior eight or ten feet. A faint ray of light glimmers in from above, but on viewing it through the grating all seems profound darkness. A passage branching off north under an arched doorway near the cell grating has been blocked up for the present; another leading south was cleared out and explored, and an entrance has been made from it into the garden south of the tower. Some curious specimens of antiquity were found; coins, some Roman, others of Henry II.'s time, a sword, a very remarkable spear, richly and elaborately ornamented, and other weapons of warfare; but no remains of human bodies have at present been brought to light. The roof of the passage near the cell presents a remarkable appearance; huge stalactites of a dingy gray cast hang from the top, some of immense size, and the action of which has caused the sides of the gloomy passage to present a crystalline appearance. The result of the excavation will, of course, induce Mr. Teale to continue his researches.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BUT I don't see how my lady could think it was over-education that made Harry Gregson break his thigh, for the manner in which he met with the accident was this :

Mr. Horner, who had fallen sadly out of health since his wife's death, had attached himself greatly to Harry Gregson. Now Mr. Horner had a cold manner to every one, and never spoke more than was necessary at the best of times. And, latterly, it had not been the best of times with him. I dare say he had had some causes for anxiety (of which I knew nothing) about my lady's affairs ; and he was evidently annoyed by my lady's whim (as he once inadvertently called it) of placing Miss Galindo under him in the position of a clerk. Yet he had always been friends, in his quiet way, with Miss Galindo, and she devoted herself to her new occupation with diligence and punctuality, although more than once she had moaned to me over the orders for needlework which had been sent to her, and which, owing to her occupation in the service of Lady Ludlow, she had been unable to fulfil.

The only living creature to whom the staid Mr. Horner could be said to be attached was Harry Gregson. To my lady he was a faithful and devoted servant, looking keenly after her interests, and anxious to forward them at any cost of trouble to himself. But the more shrewd Mr. Horner was, the more probability was there of his being annoyed at certain peculiarities of opinion which my lady held with a quiet, gentle pertinacity ; against which no arguments, based on mere worldly and business calculations, made any way. This frequent opposition to views which Mr. Horner entertained, although it did not interfere with the sincere respect which the lady and the steward felt for each other, yet prevented any warmer feeling of affection from coming in. It seems strange to say it, but I must repeat it ; the only person for whom, since his wife's death, Mr. Horner seemed to feel any love, was the little imp, Harry Gregson, with his bright, watchful eyes, his tangled hair hanging right down to his eyebrows, for all the world like a Skye terrier. This lad, half gipsy, and whole poacher, as many people esteemed him, hung about the silent, respectable, staid Mr. Horner, and followed his steps with something of the affectionate fidelity of the dog whom he resembled. I suspect this demonstration of attachment to his

person on Harry Gregson's part was what won Mr. Horner's regard. In the first instance, the steward had only chosen the lad out as the cleverest instrument he could find for his purpose ; and I don't mean to say that if Harry had not been almost as shrewd as Mr. Horner himself was, both by original disposition and subsequent experience, the steward would have taken to him as he did, let the lad have shown ever so much affection for him.

But even to Harry Mr. Horner was silent. Still it was pleasant to find himself in many ways so readily understood ; to perceive that the crumbs of knowledge he let fall were picked up by his little follower, and hoarded like gold ; that there was one to hate the persons and things whom Mr. Horner coldly disliked, and to reverence and admire all those for whom he had any regard. Mr. Horner had never had a child, and unconsciously, I suppose, something of the paternal feeling had begun to develop itself in him towards Harry Gregson. I heard one or two things from different people which have always made me fancy that Mr. Horner secretly and almost unconsciously hoped that Harry Gregson might be trained so as to be first his clerk, and next his assistant, and finally his successor in his stewardship to the Hanbury estates.

Harry's disgrace with my lady in consequence of his reading the letter, was a deeper blow to Mr. Horner than his quiet manner would ever have led any one to suppose, or than Lady Ludlow ever dreamed of inflicting, I am sure.

Probably Harry had a short, stern rebuke from Mr. Horner at the time, for his manner was always hard even to those he cared for the most. But Harry's love was not to be daunted or quelled by a few sharp words. I dare say from what I heard of them afterwards, that Harry accompanied Mr. Horner in his walk over the farm the very day of the rebuke ; his presence apparently unnoticed by the agent, by whom his absence would have been painfully felt nevertheless. That was the way of it, as I have been told. Mr. Horner never bade Harry go with him ; never thanked him for going, or being at his heels ready to run on any errands, straight as the crow flies to his point, and back to beel in as short a time as possible. Yet, if Harry were away, Mr. Horner never inquired the reason from any of the men who might be supposed

to know if he were detained by his father, or otherwise engaged; he never asked Harry himself where he had been. But Miss Galindo said that those laborers who knew Mr. Horner well told her that he was always more quick-eyed to short-comings, more savage-like in fault-finding on those days when the lad was absent.

Miss Galindo was, indeed, my great authority for most of the village news which I heard. She it was who gave me the particulars of poor Harry's accident.

"You see, my dear," she said, "the little poacher has taken some unaccountable fancy to my master." (This was the name by which Miss Galindo always spoke of Mr. Horner to me, ever since she had been, as she called it, appointed his clerk.)

"Now if I had twenty hearts to lose, I never could spare a bit of one of them for that good, grey, square, severe man. But different people have different tastes, and here is that little imp of a gipsy-tinker ready to turn slave for my master; and, odd enough, my master,—who, I should have said beforehand, would have made short work of imp, and imp's family, and would have sent Hall, the Bang-Beggar after them in no time—my master, as they tell me, is in his way quite fond of the lad, and if he could, without vexing my lady too much, he would have made him what the folks here call a Latiner. However, last night it seems that there was a letter of some importance forgotten (I can't tell you what it was about, my dear, though I know perfectly well, but 'service oblige,' as well as 'noblesse,' and you must take my word for it that it was important, and one that I'm surprised my master could forget), till too late for the post. (The poor, good, orderly man is not what he was before his wife's death.) Well, it seems that he was sore annoyed by his forgetfulness, and well he might be. And it was all the more vexatious as he had no one to blame but himself. As for that matter, I always scold somebody else when I'm in fault; but I suppose my master would never think of doing that, else it's a mighty relief. However, he could eat no tea, and was altogether put out and gloomy. And the little faithful imp-lad, perceiving all this I suppose, got up like a page in an old ballad, and said he would run for his life across country to Comberford, and see if he could not get there before the bags were

made up. So my master gave him the letter, and nothing more was heard of the poor fellow till this morning, for the father thought his son was sleeping in Mr. Horner's barn, as he does occasionally it seems, and my master, as was very natural, that he had gone to his father's."

"And he had fallen down the old stone quarry, had he not?"

"Yes, sure enough. Mr. Gray had been up here, fretting my lady with some of his new-fangled schemes, and because the young man could not have it all his own way, from what I understand, he was put out, and thought he would go home by the back lane, instead of through the village, where the folks would notice if the parson looked glum. But, however, it was a mercy, and I don't mind saying so, ay, and meaning it too, though it may be like methodism, for as Mr. Gray walked by the quarry he heard a groan, and at first he thought it was a lamb fallen down; and he stood still, and then he heard it again; and then I suppose he looked down and saw Harry. So he let himself down by the boughs of the trees to the ledge where Harry lay half dead, and with his poor thigh broken. There he had lain ever since the night before; he had been returning to tell the master that he had safely posted the letter, and the first words he said when they recovered him from the exhausted state he was in, were" (Miss Galindo tried hard not to whimper as she said it), "'It was in time, sir. I see'd it put in the bag with my own eyes.'"

"But where is he?" asked I. "How did Mr. Gray get him out?"

"Ay! there it is, you see. Why the old gentleman (I darn't say Devil in Lady Ludlow's house), is not so black as he is painted; and Mr. Gray must have a deal of good in him, as I say at times; and then at others, when he has gone against me, I can't bear him, and think hanging too good for him. But he lifted the poor lad as if he had been a baby, I suppose, and carried him up the great ledges that were formerly used for steps; and laid him soft and easy on the wayside grass, and ran home and got help and a door, and had him carried to his house and laid on his bed; and then somehow, for the first time either he or any one else perceived it, he himself was all over blood—his own blood—he had broken a blood-vessel and there he lies in the little dressing-room, as

white and as still as if he were dead ; and the little imp in Mr. Gray's own bed, sound asleep, now his leg is set, just as if linen sheets and a feather bed were his native element, as one may say. Really now he is doing so well, I've no patience with him lying there where Mr. Gray ought to be. It is just what my lady always prophesied would come to pass, if there was any confusion of ranks."

"Poor Mr. Gray!" said I, thinking of his flushed face, and his feverish, restless ways when he had been calling on my lady not an hour before his exertions on Harry's behalf. And I told Miss Galindo how ill I had thought him.

"Yes," said she. "And that was the reason my lady had sent for Doctor Trevor. Well, it has fallen out admirably, for he looked well after that old donkey of a Prince, and saw that he made no blunders."

Now, "that old donkey of a Prince" meant the village surgeon, Mr. Prince, between whom and Miss Galindo there was war to the knife, as they often met in the cottages, when there was illness, and she had her queer, odd recipes, which he, with his grand pharmacopœia, held in infinite contempt, and the consequence of their squabbling had been, not long before this very time, that he had established a kind of rule, that into whatever sick room Miss Galindo was admitted there he refused to visit. But Miss Galindo's prescriptions and visits cost nothing, and were often backed by kitchen-physics; so, though it was true that she never came but she scolded about something or other, she was generally preferred as medical attendant to Mr. Prince.

"Yes, the old donkey is obliged to tolerate me, and be civil to me; for you see I got there first, and had possession as it were, and yet my lord the donkey likes the credit of attending the parson, and being in consultation with as grand a county-town doctor as Doctor Trevor. And Doctor Trevor is an old friend of mine" (she sighed a little, some time I may tell you why), "and treats me with infinite bowing and respect; so the donkey, not to be out of medical fashion, bows too, though it is sadly against the grain: and he pulled a face as if he had heard a slate-pencil gritting against a slate, when I told Doctor Trevor I meant to sit up with the two lads, for I call Mr. Gray little more than a lad, and a pretty conceited one, too, at times."

"But why should you sit up, Miss Galindo? It will tire you sadly."

"Not it. You see there is Gregson's mother to keep quiet; for she sits by her lad fretting and sobbing, so that I'm afraid of her disturbing Mr. Gray; and there's Mr. Gray to keep quiet, for Doctor Trevor says his life depends on it; and there is medicine to be given to the one, and bandages to be attended to for the other; and the wild horde of gipsy brothers and sisters to be turned out, and the father to be held in from showing too much gratitude to Mr. Gray, who can't bear it, and who is to do it all, but me? The only servant is old lame Betty, who once lived with me, and would leave me because she said I was always bothering—(there was a good deal of truth in what she said, I grant, but she need not have said it; a good deal of truth is best let alone at the bottom of the well), and what can she do,—deaf as ever she can be, too?"

So Miss Galindo went her ways; but not the less was she at her post in the morning; a little crosser and more silent than usual; but the first was not to be wondered at, and the last was rather a blessing.

Lady Ludlow had been extremely anxious both about Mr. Gray and Harry Gregson. Kind and thoughtful in any case of illness and accident, she always was; but somehow, in this, the feeling that she was not quite—what shall I call it?—"friends" seems hardly the right word to use as to the possible feelings between the Countess Ludlow and the little vagabond messenger, who had only once been in her presence,—that she had hardly parted from either as she could have wished to do, had death been near, made her more than usually anxious. Doctor Trevor was not to spare obtaining the best medical advice the county could afford; whatever he ordered in the way of diet was to be prepared under Mrs. Medicott's own eye, and sent down from the hall to the parsonage. As Mr. Horner had given somewhat similar directions, in the case of Harry Gregson at least, there was rather a multiplicity of counsellors and dainties, than any lack of them. And the second night Mr. Horner insisted on taking the superintendence of the nursing himself, and sate and snored by Harry's bedside, while the poor, exhausted mother lay by her child,—thinking that she watched him, but in reality fast asleep, as Miss Galindo

told us; for, distrusting any one's powers of watching and nursing but her own, she had stolen across the quiet village street in cloak and dressing-gown, and found Mr. Gray in vain trying to reach the cup of barley-water which Mr. Horner had placed just beyond his reach.

In consequence of Mr. Gray's illness, we had to have a strange curate to do duty; a man who dropped his h's and hurried through the service, and yet had time enough to stand in my lady's way, bowing to her as she came out of church, and so subservient in manner, that I believe that sooner than remain unnoticed by a countess, he would have preferred being scolded or even cuffed. Now I found out, that great as was my lady's liking and approval of respect, nay, even reverence, being paid to her as a person of quality,—a sort of tribute to her Order, which she had no individual right to remit, or, indeed, not to exact,—yet she, being personally simple, sincere, and holding herself in low esteem, could not endure any thing like the servility of Mr. Crosse, the temporary curate. She grew absolutely to loathe his perpetual smiling and bowing; his instant agreement with the slightest opinion she uttered; his veering round as she blew the wind. I have often said that my lady did not talk much, as she might have done had she lived among her equals. But we all loved her so much, that we had learnt to interpret all her little ways pretty truly; and I knew what particular turns of her head, and contractions of her delicate fingers meant, as well as if she had expressed herself in words. I began to suspect that my lady would be very thankful to have Mr. Gray about again, and doing his duty even with a conscientiousness that might amount to worrying himself, and fidgeting others; and, although Mr. Gray might hold her opinions in as little esteem as those of any simple gentlewoman, she was too sensible not to feel how much flavor there was in his conversation, compared to that of Mr. Crosse, who was only her tasteless echo.

As for Miss Galindo, she was utterly and entirely a partisan of Mr. Gray's, almost ever since she had begun to nurse him during his illness.

"You know I never set up for reasonableness, my lady. So I don't pretend to say, as I might do if I were a sensible woman and all that,—that I am convinced by Mr. Gray's

arguments of this thing or t'other. For one thing, you see, poor fellow! he has never been able to argue, or hardly indeed to speak, for Doctor Trevor has been very peremptory. So there's been no scope for arguing! But what I mean is this:—When I see a sick man thinking always of others, and never of himself; patient, humble—a trifle too much at times, for I've caught him praying to be forgiven for having neglected his work as a parish priest." (Miss Galindo was making horrible faces, to keep back tears, squeezing up her eyes in a way which would have amused me at any other time, but when she was speaking of Mr. Gray); "when I see a down-right, good, religious man, I'm apt to think he's got hold of the right clue, and that I can do no better than hold on by the tails of his coat and shut my eyes, if we've got to go over doubtful places on our road to Heaven. So, my lady, you must excuse me, if, when he gets about again, he is all agog about a Sunday school, for if he is, I shall be agog too, and perhaps twice as bad as him, for, you see, I've a strong constitution compared to his, and strong ways of speaking and acting. And I tell your ladyship this now, because I think from your rank—and still more, if I may say so, for all your kindness to me long ago, down to this very day—you've a right to be first told of any thing about me. Change of opinion I can't exactly call it, for I don't see the good of schools and teaching A B C, any more than I did before, only Mr. Gray does, so I'm to shut my eyes, and leap over the ditch to the side of education. I've told Sally already, that if she does not mind her work, but stands gossiping with Nelly Mather, I'll teach her her lessons; and I've never caught her with old Nelly since."

I think Miss Galindo's desertion to Mr. Gray's opinions in this matter hurt my lady just a little bit; but she only said:

"Of course, if the parishioners wish for it, Mr. Gray must have his Sunday-school. I shall, in that case, withdraw my opposition. I am sorry I cannot change my opinions as easily as you."

My lady made herself smile as she said this. Miss Galindo saw it was an effort to do so. She thought a minute before she spoke again."

"Your ladyship has not seen Mr. Gray as intimately as I have done. That's one thing. But, as for the parishioners, they will follow

your ladyship's lead in every thing; so there is no chance of their wishing for a Sunday-school."

"I have never done any thing to make them follow my lead, as you call it, Miss Galindo," said my lady, gravely.

"Yes, you have," replied Miss Galindo, bluntly; and then, correcting herself, she said, "Begging your ladyship's pardon, you have. Your ancestors have lived here time out of mind, and have owned the land on which their forefathers have lived ever since there were forefathers. You yourself were born amongst them, and have been like a little queen to them ever since. I might say, and they've never known your ladyship do any thing but what was kind and gentle: but I'll leave fine speeches about your ladyship to Mr. Crosse. Only you, my lady, lead the thoughts of the parish; and save some of them a world of trouble, for they could never tell what was right if they had to think for themselves. It's all quite right that they should be guided by you, my lady,—if only you would agree with Mr. Gray."

"Well," said my lady, "I told him only the last day that he was here, that I would think about it. I do believe I could make up my mind on certain subjects better if I were left alone, than while being constantly talked to about them."

My lady said this in her usual soft tones; but the words had a tinge of impatience about them; indeed, she was more ruffled than I had often seen her; but, checking herself in an instant, she said:

"You don't know how Mr. Horner drags in this subject of education apropos of every thing. Not that he says much about it at any time: it is not his way. But he cannot let the thing alone."

"I know why, my lady," said Miss Galindo. "That poor lad, Harry Gregson, will never be able to earn his livelihood in any active way, but will be lame for life. Now, Mr. Horner thinks more of Harry than of any one else in the world,—except, perhaps, your ladyship." Was it not a pretty companionship for my lady? "And he has schemes of his own for teaching Harry; and if Mr. Gray could but have his school, Mr. Horner and he think Harry might be school-master, as your ladyship would not like to have him coming to you as steward's clerk. I wish your ladyship

would fall into this plan; Mr. Gray has it so at heart."

Miss Galindo looked wistfully at my lady as she said this. But my lady only said, drily, and rising at the same time, as if to end the conversation:

"So! Mr. Horner and Mr. Gray seem to have gone a long way in advance of my consent to their plans."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Galindo, as my lady left the room, with an apology for going away; "I have gone and done mischief with my long, stupid tongue. To be sure, people plan a long way a-head of to-day; more especially when one is a sick man, lying all through the weary day on the sofa."

"My lady will soon get over her annoyance," said I, as it were apologetically. I only stopped Miss Galindo's self-reproaches to draw down her wrath upon myself.

"And has not she a right to be annoyed with me, if she likes, and to keep annoyed as long as she likes? Am I complaining of her, that you need tell me that? Let me tell you, I have known my lady this thirty years; and if she were to take me by the shoulders, and turn me out of the house, I should only love her the more. So don't you think to come between us with any little mincing, peace-making speeches. I have been a mischief-making parrot, and I like her the better for being vexed with me. So good-by to you, Miss; and wait till you know Lady Ludlow as well as I do, before you next think of telling me she will soon get over her annoyance!" And off Miss Galindo went.

I could not exactly tell what I had done wrong; but I took care never again to come in between my lady and her by any remark about the one to the other; for I saw that some most powerful bond of grateful affection made Miss Galindo almost worship my lady.

Meanwhile, Harry Gregson was limping a little about in the village, still finding his home in Mr. Gray's house; for there he could most conveniently be kept under the doctor's eye, and receive the requisite care, and enjoy the requisite nourishment. As soon as he was a little better, he was to go to Mr. Horner's house; but, as the steward lived some distance out of the way, and was much from home, he had agreed to leave Harry at the house to which he had first been taken, until

he was quite strong again; and the more willingly, I suspect, from what I heard afterwards, because Mr. Gray gave up all the little strength of speaking which he had, to teach Harry in the very manner which Mr. Horner most desired.

As for Gregson the father—he—wild man of the woods, poacher, tinker, jack-of-all-trades—was getting tamed by this kindness to his child. Hitherto his hand had been against every man, as every man's had been against him. That affair before the justice, which I told you about, when Mr. Gray and even my lady had interested themselves to get him released from unjust imprisonment, was the first bit of justice he had ever met with; it attracted him to the people, and attached him to the spot on which he had but squatted for a time. I am not sure if any of the villagers were grateful to him for remaining in their neighborhood, instead of decamping as he had often done before, for good reasons, doubtless of personal safety. Harry was only one out of a brood of ten or twelve children, some of whom had earned for themselves no good character in service: one, indeed, had been actually transported for a robbery committed in a distant part of the county; and the tale was yet told in the village of how Gregson the father came back from the trial in a state of wild rage, striding through the place, and uttering oaths of vengeance to himself, his great black eyes gleaming out of his matted hair, and his arms working by his side, and now and then tossed up in his impotent despair. As I heard the account, his wife followed him, child-laden and weeping. After this they had vanished from the country for a time, leaving their mud hovel locked up, and the door-key, as the neighbors said, buried in a hedge bank. The Gregsons had reappeared much about the same time that Mr. Gray came to Hanbury. He had either never heard of their evil character, or considered that it gave them all the more claims upon his Christian care, and the end of it was that this rough, untamed, strong giant of a heathen was loyal slave to the weak, hectic, nervous, self-distrustful person. Gregson had also a kind of grumbling respect for Mr. Horner; he did not, quite like the steward's monopoly of his Harry; the mother submitted to that with a better grace, swallowing down her maternal jealousy in the prospect of her child's advance-

ment to a better and more respectable position than that in which his parents had struggled through life. But Mr. Horner, the steward, and Gregson, the poacher and squatter, had come into disagreeable contact too often in former days for them to be perfectly cordial at any future time. Even now, when there was no immediate cause for any thing but gratitude for his child's sake on Gregson's part, he would skulk out of Mr. Horner's way, if he saw him coming; and it took all Mr. Horner's natural reserve and acquired self-constraint to keep him from occasionally holding up his father's life as a warning to Harry. Now Gregson had nothing of this desire for avoidance with regard to Mr. Gray. The poacher had a feeling of physical protection towards the parson; while the latter had shown the moral courage, without which Gregson would never have respected him, in coming right down upon him more than once in the exercise of unlawful pursuits, and simply and boldly telling him he was doing wrong, with such a quiet reliance upon Gregson's better feeling, at the same time, that the strong poacher could not have lifted a finger against Mr. Gray, though it had been to save himself from being apprehended and taken to the lock-ups the very next hour. He had rather listened to the parson's bold words with an approving smile, much as Mr. Gulliver might have hearkened to a lecture from a Lilliputian. But when brave words passed into kind deeds, Gregson's heart mutely acknowledged its master and keeper. And the beauty of it all was, that Mr. Gray knew nothing of the good work he had done, or recognized himself as the instrument which God had employed. He thanked God, it is true, fervently and often, that the work was done; and loved the wild man for his rough gratitude; but it never occurred to the poor young clergyman, lying on his sick-bed, and praying, as Miss Galindo had told us he did, to be forgiven for his unprofitable life, to think of Gregson's reclaimed soul as any thing with which he had to do. It was now more than three months since Mr. Gray had been at Hanbury Court. During all that time he had been confined to his house, if not to his sick-bed, and he and my lady had never met since their last discussion and difference about Farmer Hale's barn.

This was not my dear lady's fault; no one could have been more attentive in every way

to the slightest possible want of either of the invalids, especially of Mr. Gray. And she would have gone to see him at his own house, as she sent him word, but that her foot had slipped upon the polished oak staircase, and her ankle had been sprained.

So we had never seen Mr. Gray since his illness, when one November day he was announced as wishing to speak to my lady. She was sitting in her room—the room in which I lay now pretty constantly—and I remember she looked startled when word was brought to her of Mr. Gray's being at the Hall.

She could not go to him, she was too lame for that, so she bade him be shown into where she sate.

"Such a day for him to go out!" she exclaimed, looking at the fog which had crept up to the windows, and was sapping the little remaining life in the brilliant Virginian creeper leaves that draperied the house on the terrace side.

He came in white, trembling, his large eyes wild and dilated. He hastened up to Lady Ludlow's chair, and, to my surprise, took one of her hands and kissed it, without speaking, yet shaking all over.

"Mr. Gray!" said she quickly, with sharp, tremulous apprehension of some unknown evil. "What is it? There is something unusual about you."

"Something unusual has occurred," replied he, forcing his words to be calm, as with a great effort. "A gentleman came to my house, not half-an-hour ago—a Mr. Howard. He came straight from Vienna."

"My son!" said my dear lady, stretching out her arms in dumb questioning attitude.

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

But my poor lady could not echo the words. He was the last remaining child. And once she had been the joyful mother of nine.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

I AM ashamed to say what feeling became strongest in my mind about this time. Next to the sympathy we all of us felt for my dear lady in her deep sorrow, I mean. For that was greater and stronger than any thing else, however contradictory you may think it, when you hear all.

It might arise from my being so far from well at the time, which produced a diseased

mind in a diseased body; but I was absolutely jealous for my father's memory, when I saw how many signs of grief there were for my lord's death, he having done next to nothing for the village and parish, which now changed, as it were, its daily course of life, because his lordship died in a far-off city. My father had spent the best years of his manhood in laboring hard, body and soul, for the people amongst whom he lived. His family, of course, claimed the first place in his heart; he would have been good for little, even in the way of benevolence, if they had not. But close after them he cared for his parishoners and neighbors. And yet, when he died, though the church-bells tolled, and smote upon our hearts with hard, fresh pain at every beat; yet the sounds of every day life went on, close pressing around us,—carts and carriages, street-cries, distant barrel-organs (the kindly neighbors kept them out of our street), life, active, noisy life, pressed on our acute consciousness of Death, and jarred upon it as on a quick nerve.

And when we went to church,—my father's own church—though the pulpit cushions were black, and many of the congregation had put on some humble symbol of mourning, yet it did not alter the whole material aspect of the place. And yet what was Lord Ludlow's relation to Hanbury, compared to my father's work and place in—?

O! it was very wicked in me! I think if I had seen my lady,—if I had dared to ask to go to her, I should not have felt so miserable, so discontented. But she sate in her own room, hung with black, all, even over the shutters. She saw no light but that which was artificial; candles, lamps, and the like, for more than a month. Only Adams went near her. Mr. Gray was not admitted, though he called daily. Even Mrs. Medicott did not see her for near a fortnight. The sight of my lady's griefs, or rather the recollection of it, made Mrs. Medicott talk far more than was her wont. She told us, with many tears, and much gesticulation, even speaking German at times, when her English would not flow, that my lady sate there, a white figure in the middle of the darkened room; a shaded lamp near her, the light of which fell on an opened Bible,—the great family Bible. It was not opened at any chapter, nor consoling verse. It lay open at the page whereon was marked the births of her nine children.

Five had died in infancy,—sacrificed to the cruel system which forbade the mother to suckle her babies. Four had lived longer; Urian had been the first to die, Ughtred-Mortimer, Earl Ludlow, the last.

My lady did not cry, Mrs. Medicott said. She was quite composed; very still, very silent. She put aside every thing that savored of mere business; sent them to Mr. Horner for that. But she was proudly alive to every possible form which might do honor to the last of her race.

In those days, expresses were slow things; and forms still slower. Before my lady's directions could reach Vienna, my lord was buried. There was some talk (so Mrs. Medicott said) about taking the body up, and bringing him to Hanbury. But his executors,—connections on the Ludlow side,—demurred at this. If he were removed to England, he must be carried on to Scotland, and interred with his Monkshaven forefathers. My lady, deeply hurt, withdrew from the discussion before it degenerated to an unseemly contest. But all the more, for this understood mortification of my lady's, did the whole village and estate of Hanbury assume every outward sign of mourning. The church-bells tolled morning and evening. The church itself was draped in black inside. Hatchments were placed everywhere, where hatchments could be put. All the tenantry spoke in hushed voices for more than a week, scarcely daring to observe that all flesh, even that of an Earl Ludlow, and the last of the Hanburys, was but grass after all. The very Fighting Lion closed its front door, front shutters it had none, and those who needed drink stole in at the back, and were silent and maudlin over their cups, instead of riotous and noisy. Miss Galindo's eyes were swollen up with crying, and she told me, with a fresh burst of tears, that even humpbacked Sally had been found sobbing over her Bible, and using a pocket-handkerchief for the first time in her life; her aprons having hitherto stood her in the necessary stead, but not being sufficiently in accordance with etiquette, to be used when mourning over an earl's premature decease.

If it was in this way out of the Hall, "you might work it by the rule of three," as Miss Galindo used to say, and judge what it was in the Hall. We none of us spoke but in a whisper; we tried not to eat, and indeed the shock had been so really great, and we did

really care for my lady so much, that for some days we had but little appetite. But after that, I fear our sympathy grew weaker, while our flesh grew stronger. But we still spoke low, and our hearts ached whenever we thought of my lady sitting there alone in the darkened room, with the light ever falling on that one solemn page.

We wished,—oh how I wished that she would see Mr. Gray! But Adams said she thought my lady ought to have a bishop come to see her. Still no one had authority enough to send for one.

Mr. Horner all this time was suffering as much as any one. He was too faithful a servant of the great Hanbury family, although now the family had dwindled down to a fragile old lady, not to mourn acutely over its probable extinction. He had, besides, a deeper sympathy and reverence with, and for, my lady in all things, than probably he ever cared to show, for his manners were always measured and cold. He suffered from sorrow. He also suffered from wrong. My lord's executors kept writing to him continually. My lady refused to listen to mere business, saying she entrusted all to him. But the all was more complicated than I ever thoroughly understood. As far as I comprehended the case, it was something of this kind. There had been a mortgage raised on my lady's property of Hanbury, to enable my lord, her husband, to spend money in cultivating his Scotch estates, after some new fashion that required capital. As long as my lord, her son, lived, who was to succeed to both the estates after her death, this did not signify; so she had said and felt; and she had refused to take any steps to secure the repayment of capital, or even the payment of the interest of the mortgage from the possible representatives and possessors of the Scotch estates, to the possible owner of the Hanbury property; saying it ill became her to calculate on the contingency of her son's death.

But he had died, childless, unmarried. The heirs of both estates were, in the case of the Monkshaven property, an Edinburgh advocate, a far-away kinsman of my lord's: the Hanbury property would go to the descendants of a third son of the Squire Hanbury in the days of Queen Anne.

This complication of affairs was most grievous to Mr. Horner. He had always been opposed to the mortgage; had hated the pay-

ment of the interest, as obliging my lady to practice certain economies, which, though she took care to make them as personal as possible, he disliked as derogatory to the family. Poor Mr. Horner! He was so cold and hard in his manner, so curt and decisive in his speech, that I don't think we any of us did him justice. Miss Galindo was almost the first, at this time, to speak a kind word of him, or to take thought of him at all, any farther than to get out of his way when we saw him approaching.

"I don't think Mr. Horner is well," she said one day, about three weeks after we had heard of my lord's death. "He sits resting his head on his hand, and hardly hears me when I speak to him."

But I thought no more of it, as Miss Galindo did not name it again. My lady came amongst us once more. From elderly she had become old; a little, frail, old lady, in heavy black drapery, never speaking about or alluding to her great sorrow; quieter, gentler, paler than ever before; and her eyes dim with much weeping, never witnessed by mortal.

She had seen Mr. Gray at the expiration of the month of deep retirement. But I do not think that even to him she had said one word of her own particular individual sorrow. All mention of it seemed buried deep for evermore. One day Mr. Horner sent word that he was too much indisposed to attend to his usual business at the Hall; but he wrote down some directions and requests to Miss Galindo, saying that he would be at his office early the next morning. The next morning he was dead!

Miss Galindo told my lady. Miss Galindo herself cried plentifully, but my lady, although very much distressed, could not cry. It seemed a physical impossibility, as if she had shed all the tears in her power. Moreover, I almost think her wonder was far greater that she herself lived than that Mr. Horner died. It was almost-natural that so faithful a servant should break his heart when the family he belonged to lost their stay, their heir, and their last hope.

Yes! Mr. Horner was a faithful servant. I do not think there are many so faithful now; but, perhaps, that is an old woman's fancy of mine. When his will came to be examined, it was discovered that soon after Harry Gregson's accident Mr. Horner had

left the few thousands (three, I think) of which he was possessed, in trust for Harry's benefit, desiring his executors to see that the lad was well educated in certain things, for which Mr. Horner had thought that he had shown especial aptitude; and there was a kind of implied apology to my lady in one sentence, where he stated that Harry's lameness would prevent his being ever able to gain his living by the exercise of any mere bodily faculties, "as had been wished by a lady whose wishes he, the testator, was bound to regard."

But there was a codicil to the will, dated since Lord Ludlow's death—feebly written by Mr. Horner himself, as if in preparation only for some more formal manner of bequest; or, perhaps, only as a mere temporary arrangement till he could see a lawyer, and have a fresh will made. In this he revoked his previous bequest to Harry Gregson. He only left two hundred pounds to Mr. Gray to be used, as that gentleman thought best, for Henry Gregson's benefit. With this one exception, he bequeathed all the rest of his savings to my lady, with a hope that they might form a nest-egg, as it were, towards the paying off of the mortgage which had been such a grief to him during his life. I may not repeat all this in lawyer's phrase; I heard it through Miss Galindo, and she might make mistakes. Though, indeed, she was very clear-headed, and soon earned the respect of Mr. Smithson, my lady's lawyer from Warwick. Mr. Smithson knew Miss Galindo a little before, both personally and by reputation; but I don't think he was prepared to find her installed as steward's clerk, and, at first, he was inclined to treat her, in that capacity, with polite contempt. But Miss Galindo was both a lady and a spirited, sensible woman, and she could put aside her self-indulgence in eccentricity of speech and manner whenever she chose. Nay more; she was usually so talkative, that if she had not been amusing and warm-hearted, one might have thought her wearisome occasionally. But, to meet Mr. Smithson, she came out daily in her Sunday gown; she said no more than was required in answer to his questions; her books and papers were in thorough order and methodically kept; her statements of matters-of-fact accurate, and to be relied on. She was amusingly conscious of her victory over his contempt of a woman-clerk and his

pre-conceived opinion of her unpractical eccentricity.

"Let me alone," said she, one day when she came in to sit awhile with me. "That man is a good man—a sensible man—and, I have no doubt, he is a good lawyer; but he can't fathom women yet. I make no doubt he'll go back to Warwick, and never give credit again to those people who made him think me half-cracked to begin with. O, my dear, he did! He showed it twenty times worse than my poor dear master ever did. It was a form to be gone through to please my lady, and, for her sake, he would hear my statements and see my books. It was keeping a woman out of harm's way at any rate to let her fancy herself useful. I read the man. And, I am thankful to say, he cannot read me. At least only one side of me. When I see an end to be gained, I can behave myself accordingly. Here was a man who thought that a woman in a black silk gown was a respectable, orderly kind of person; and I was a woman in a black silk gown. He believed that a woman could not write straight lines, and required a man to tell her that two and two made four. I was not above ruling my books, and had Cocker a little more at my fingers' ends than he had. But my greatest triumph has been holding my tongue. He would have thought nothing of my books, or my sums, or my black silk gown, if I had spoken unasked. So I have buried more sense in my bosom these ten days than ever I have uttered in the whole course of my life before. I have been so curt, so abrupt, so abominably dull, that I'll answer for it he thinks me worthy to be a man. But I must go 'back to him, my dear, so good-by to conversation and you."

But though Mr. Smithson might be satisfied with Miss Galindo, I am afraid she was the only part of the affair with which he was content. Every thing else went wrong. I could not say who told me so—but the conviction of this seemed to pervade the house. I never knew how much we had all looked up to the silent, gruff Mr. Horner for decisions until he was gone. My lady herself was a pretty good woman of business, as women of business go. Her father, seeing that she would be the heiress of the Hanbury property, had given her a training which was thought unusual in those days, and she liked to feel herself queen regnant, and to have to

decide in all cases between herself and her tenantry. But, perhaps, Mr. Horner would have done it more wisely; not but what she always attended to him at last. She would begin by saying pretty clearly and promptly what she would have done, and what she would not have done. If Mr. Horner approved of it, he bowed, and set about obeying her directly; if he disapproved of it, he bowed, and lingered so long before he obeyed her, that she forced his opinion out of him with her "Well, Mr. Horner! and what have you to say against it?" For she always understood his silence as well as if he had spoken. But the estate was pressed for ready money, and Mr. Horner had grown gloomy and languid since the death of his wife, and even his own personal affairs were not in the order in which they had been a year or two before, for his old clerk had gradually become superannuated, or, at any rate, unable by the superfluity of his own energy and wit to supply the spirit that was wanting in Mr. Horner.

Day after day Mr. Smithson seemed to grow more fidgety, more annoyed at the state of affairs. Like every one else employed by Lady Ludlow, as far as I could learn, he had an hereditary tie to the Hanbury family. As long as the Smithsons had been lawyers, they had been lawyers to the Hanburys; always coming in on all great family occasions, and better able to understand the characters, and connect the links of what had once been a large and scattered family, than any individual thereof had ever been.

As long as a man was at the head of the Hanburys, the lawyers had simply acted as servants, and had only given their advice when it was required. But they had assumed a different position on the memorable occasion of the mortgage: they had remonstrated against it. My lady had resented this remonstrance, and a slight, unspoken coolness had existed between her and the father of this Mr. Smithson ever since.

I was very sorry for my lady. Mr. Smithson was inclined to blame Mr. Horner for the disorderly state in which he found some of the outlying farms, and for the deficiencies in the annual payment of rents. Mr. Smithson had too much good feeling to put this blame into words; but my lady's quick instinct led her to reply to a thought, the exist-

ence of which she perceived; and she quietly told the truth, and explained how she had interfered repeatedly to prevent Mr. Horner from taking certain desirable steps, which were discordant to her hereditary sense of right and wrong between landlord and tenant. She also spoke of the want of ready money as a misfortune that could be remedied by more economical personal expenditure on her own part; by which individual saving it was possible that a reduction of fifty pounds a year might have been accomplished. But as soon as Mr. Smithson touched on larger economies, such as either affected the welfare of others, or the honor and standing of the great House of Hanbury, she was inflexible. Her establishment consisted of somewhere about forty servants, of whom nearly as many as twenty were unable to perform their work properly, and yet would have been hurt if they had been dismissed; so they had the credit of fulfilling duties, while my lady paid and kept their substitutes. Mr. Smithson made a calculation, and would have saved some hundreds a-year by pensioning these old servants off. But my lady would not hear of it. Then, again, I know privately that he urged her to allow some of us to return to our homes. Bitterly we should have regretted the separation from Lady Ludlow; but we would have gone back gladly, had we known at the time that her circumstances required it. But she would not listen to the proposal for a moment.

"If I cannot act justly towards every one, I will give up a plan which has been a source of much satisfaction; at least, I will not carry it out to such an extent in future. But to these young ladies, who do me the favor to live with me at present, I stand pledged. I cannot go back from my word, Mr. Smithson. We had better talk no more of this."

As she spoke, she entered the room where I lay. She and Mr. Smithson were coming for some papers contained in the bureau. They did not know I was there, and Mr. Smithson started a little when he saw me, as he must have been aware that I had overheard something. But my lady did not change a muscle of her face. All the world might overhear her kind, just, pure sayings, and she had no fear of their misconstruction. She came up to me, and kissed me on the forehead, and then went to search for the required papers.

"I rode over the Conington farms yesterday, my lady. I must say I was quite grieved to see the condition they are in; all the land that is not waste is utterly exhausted with working successive white crops. Not a pinch of manure laid on the ground for years. I must say that a greater contrast could never have been presented than that between Harding's farm and the next fields—fences in perfect order, rotation crops, sheep eating down the turnips on the waste lands—every thing that could be desired."

"Whose farm is that?" asked my lady.

"Why, I am sorry to say, it was on none of your ladyship's that I saw such good methods adopted. I hoped it was. I stopped my horse to inquire. A queer-looking man, sitting on his horse like a tailor, watching his men with a couple of the sharpest eyes I ever saw, and dropping his h's at every word, answered my question, and told me it was his. I could not go on asking him who he was; but I fell into conversation with him, and I gathered that he had earned some money in trade in Birmingham, and had bought the estate (five hundred acres, I think he said,) on which he was born, and now was setting himself to cultivate it in downright earnest, going to Holkham and Woburn, and half the country over, to get himself up on the subject."

"It would be Brookes, that dissenting baker from Birmingham," said my lady, in her most icy tone. "Mr. Smithson, I am sorry I have been detaining you so long, but I think these are the letters you wished to see."

If her ladyship thought by this speech to quench Mr. Smithson she was mistaken. Mr. Smithson just looked at the letters, and went on with the old subject.

"Now, my lady, it struck me that if you had such a man to take poor Horner's place, he would work the rents and the land round most satisfactorily. I should not despair of inducing this very man to undertake the work. I should not mind speaking to him myself on the subject, for we got capital friends over a snack of luncheon that he asked me to share with him."

Lady Ludlow fixed her eyes on Mr. Smithson as he spoke, and never took them off his face until he had ended. She was silent a minute before she spoke.

"You are very good, Mr. Smithson, but I

need not trouble you with any such arrangements. I am going to write this afternoon to Captain James, a friend of one of my sons, who has, I hear, been severely wounded at Trafalgar, to request him to honor me by accepting Mr. Horner's situation."

"A Captain James! A captain in the navy! going to manage your ladyship's estate!"

"If he will be so kind. I shall esteem it a condescension on his part; but I hear that he will have to resign his profession, his state of health is so bad, and a country life is especially prescribed for him. I am in some hopes of tempting him here, as I learn he has but little to depend on if he gives up his profession."

"A Captain James; an invalid captain!"

"You think I am asking too great a favor," continued my lady. (I never could tell how far it was simplicity, or how far a kind of innocent malice, that made her misinterpret Mr. Smithson's words and looks as she did.) "But he is not a post-captain, only a commander, and his pension will be but small. I may be able, by offering him country air and a healthy occupation, to restore him to health."

"Occupation! My lady, may I ask how a sailor is to manage land? Why, your tenants will laugh him to scorn."

"My tenants, I trust, will not behave so ill as to laugh at any one I choose to set over them. Captain James has had experience in managing men. He has remarkable practical talents, and great common sense, as I hear from every one. But, whatever he may be, the affair rests between him and myself. I can only say I shall esteem myself fortunate if he comes."

There was no more to be said, after my lady spoke in this manner. I had heard her mention Captain James before, as a middy who had been very kind to her son Urian. I thought I remembered then, that she had mentioned that his family circumstances were not very prosperous. But, I confess, that little as I knew of the management of land, I quite sided with Mr. Smithson. He, silently prohibited from again speaking to my lady on the subject, opened his mind to Miss Galindo, from whom I was pretty sure to hear all the opinions and news of the household and village. She had taken a great fancy to me, because she said I talked so

agreeably. I believe it was because I listened so well.

"Well, have you heard the news," she began, "about this Captain James? A sailor,—with a wooden leg, I have no doubt. What would the poor, dear deceased master have said to it, if he had known who was to be his successor? My dear, I have often thought of the postman's bringing me a letter as one of the pleasures I shall miss heaven. But, really, I think Mr. Horner may be thankful he has got out of the reach of news; or else he would hear of Mr. Smithson's having made up to the Birmingham baker, and of this one-legged Captain, coming to dot-and-go-one over the estate. I suppose he will look after the laborers through a spy-glass. I only hope he won't stick in the mud with his wooden leg; for I, for one, won't help him out. Yes, I would," said she, correcting herself; "I would, for my lady's sake."

"But are you sure he has a wooden leg?" asked I. "I heard Lady Ludlow tell Mr. Smithson about him, and she only spoke of him as wounded."

"Well, sailors are almost always wounded in the leg. Look at Greenwich Hospital! I should say there were twenty one-legged pensioners to one without an arm there. But say he has got half-a-dozen legs, what is he to do with managing land? I shall think him very impudent if he comes, taking advantage of my lady's kind heart."

However, come he did. In a month from that time the carriage was sent to meet Captain James; just as three years before it had been sent to meet me. His coming had been so much talked about that we were all as curious as possible to see him, and to know how so unusual an experiment, as it seemed to us, would answer. But, before I tell you any thing about our new agent, I must speak of something quite as interesting, and I really think quite as important. And this was my lady's making friends with Harry Gregson. I do believe she did it for Mr. Horner's sake; but of course I can only conjecture why my lady did any thing. But I heard one day from Mary Legard that my lady had sent for Harry to come and see her, if he was well enough to walk so far; and the next day he was shown into the room he had been in once before under such unlucky circumstances.

The lad looked pale enough, as he stood

propping himself on his crutch, and the instant my lady saw him she bade John Footman place a stool for him to sit down upon while she spoke to him. It might be his paleness that gave his whole face a more refined and gentle look; but I suspect it was that the boy was apt to take impressions, and that Mr. Horner's grave, dignified ways, Mr. Gray's tender and quiet manners, had altered him; and then the thoughts of illness and death seem to turn many of us into gentlemen and gentlewomen, as long as such thoughts are in our minds. We cannot speak loudly or angrily at such times; we are not apt to be eager about mere worldly things, for our very awe at our quickened sense of the nearness of the invisible world, makes us calm and serene about the petty trifles of to-day. At least, I know that was the explanation Mr. Gray once gave me of what we all thought the great improvement in Harry Gregson's way of behaving.

My lady hesitated so long about what she had best say, that Harry grew a little frightened at her silence. A few months ago it would have surprised me more than it did now; but since my lord her son's death, she had seemed altered in many ways,—more uncertain and distrustful of herself, as it were.

At last she said, and I think the tears were in her eyes: "My poor little fellow, you have had a narrow escape with your life since I saw you last."

To this there was nothing to be said but "Yes;" and again there was silence.

"And you have lost a good, kind friend, in Mr. Horner."

The boy's lips worked, and I think he said, "Please, don't." But I can't be sure; at any rate, my lady went on:

"And so have I,—a good, kind friend, he was to both of us; and to you he wished to show his kindness in even a more generous way than he has done. Mr. Gray, has told you about his legacy to you, has he not?"

There was no sign of eager joy on the lad's face, as if he realized the power and pleasure of having what to him must have seemed like a fortune.

"Mr. Gray said as how he left me a matter of money."

"Yes he has left you two hundred pounds."

"But I would rather have had him alive,

my lady," he broke out, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My lad, I believe you. We would rather have had our dead alive,—would we not? and there is nothing in money that can comfort us of their loss. But you know—Mr. Gray has told you—who has appointed us all our times to die. Mr. Horner was a good, just man; and done well and kindly, both by me and you. You perhaps do not know" (and now I understood what my lady had been making up her mind to say to Harry, all the time she was hesitating how to begin) "that Mr. Horner, at one time, meant to leave you a great deal more; probably all he had, with the exception of a legacy to his old clerk, Morrison. But he knew that this estate—on which my forefathers had lived for six hundred years—was in debt, and that I had no immediate chance of paying off this debt; and yet he felt that it was a very sad thing for an old property like this to belong in part to those other men, who had lent the money. You understand me, I think, my little man?" said she, questioning Harry's face.

He had left off crying, and was trying to understand with all his might and main; and I think he had got a pretty good general idea of the state of affairs; though probably he was puzzled by the term "the estate being in debt." But he was sufficiently interested to want my lady to go on; and he nodded his head at her, to signify this to her.

"So Mr. Horner took the money which he once meant to be yours, and has left the greater part of it to me, with the intention of helping me to pay off this debt I have told you about. It will go a long way, and I shall try hard to save the rest, and then I shall die happy in leaving the land free from debt." She paused. "But I shall not die happy in thinking of you. I do not know if having money, or even having a great estate and much honor, it a good thing for any of us. But God sees fit that some of us should be called to this condition, and it is our duty then to stand by our posts, like brave soldiers. Now, Mr. Horner intended you to have this money first. I shall only call it borrowing it from you, Harry Gregson, if I take it and use it to pay off the debt. I shall pay Mr. Gray interest on this money, because he is to stand as your guardian, as it were, till you come of age; and he must fix what ought to be done

with it, so as to fit you for spending the principal rightly when the estate can repay it you. I suppose, now, it will be right for you to be educated. That will be another snare that will come with your money. But have courage, Harry. Both education and money may be used rightly, if we only pray against the temptations they bring with them."

Harry could make no answer, though I am sure he understood it all. My lady wanted to get him to talk to her a little, by way of becoming acquainted with what was passing in his mind; and she asked him what he would like to have done with his money, if he could have part of it now? To such a simple question, involving no talk about feelings, his answer came readily enough.

"Build a cottage for father with stairs in it, and give Mr. Gray a school-house. Oh, father does so want Mr. Gray for to have his wish. Father saw all the stones lying quarried and hewn on Farmer Hale's land; Mr. Gray had paid for them all himself. And father said he would work night and day, and little Tommy should carry mortar, if the parson would let him, sooner than that he should be fretted and frabbed as he was, with no one giving him a helping hand or a kind word."

Harry knew nothing of my lady's part in the affair; that was very clear. My lady kept silence.

"If I might have a piece of my money, I would buy land from Mr. Brookes, he has got a bit to sell just at the corner of Hendon Lane, and I would give it to Mr. Gray; and, perhaps, if your ladyship thinks I may be learned again, I might grow up into the schoolmaster."

"You are a good boy," said my lady. "But there are more things to be thought of in carrying out such a plan than you are aware of. However, it shall be tried."

"The school, my lady?" I exclaimed, almost thinking she did not know what she was saying.

"Yes, the school. For Mr. Horner's sake, for Mr. Gray's sake, and last, not least, for this lad's sake, I will give the new plan a trial. Ask Mr. Gray to come up to me this afternoon about the land he wants. He need not go to a dissenter for it. And tell your father he shall have a good share in the building of it, and Tommy shall carry the mortar."

"And I may be schoolmaster?" asked Harry, eagerly.

"We'll see about that," said my lady, amused. "It will be some time before that plan comes to pass, my little fellow."

And now to return to Captain James. My first account of him was from Miss Galindo.

"He's not above thirty; and I must just pack up my pens and my paper, and be off; for it would be the height of impropriety for me to be staying here as his clerk. It was all very well in the old master's days. But here am I, not fifty till next May, and this young, unmarried man, who is not even a widower! Oh, there would be no end of gossip. Besides, he looks as askance at me as I do at him. My black silk gown had no effect. He's afraid I shall marry him. But I won't; he may feel himself quite safe from that. And Mr. Smithson has been recommending a clerk to my lady. She would far rather keep me on; but I can't stop. I really could not think it proper."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Short, and brown, and sunburnt. I did not think it became me to look at him. Well, now for the night-caps. I should have grudged any one else doing them, for I have got such a pretty pattern?"

But, when it came to Miss Galindo's leaving, there was a great misunderstanding between her and my lady. Miss Galindo had imagined that my lady had asked her as a favor to copy the letters, and enter the accounts, and had agreed to do the work without a notion of being paid for so doing. She had now and then grieved over a very profitable order for needlework passing out of her hands without her having time to do it, because of her occupation at the Hall; but she had never hinted this to my lady, but gone on cheerfully at her writing as long as her clerkship was required. My lady was annoyed that she had not made her intention of paying Miss Galindo more clear in the first conversation she had had with her; but I suppose that she had been too delicate to be very explicit with regard to money matters; and now Miss Galindo was quite hurt at my lady's wanting to pay her for what she had done in such right-down good-will.

"No," Miss Galindo said; "my own dear lady, you may be as angry with me as you

like, but don't offer me money. Think of six-and-twenty years ago, and poor Arthur, and as you were to me then! Besides, I wanted money—I don't disguise it—for a particular purpose; and when I found that (God bless you for asking me!) I could do you a service, I turned it over in my mind and I gave up one plan and took up another, and it's all settled now. Bessy is to leave school and come and live with me. Don't, please, offer me money again. You don't know how glad I have been to do any thing for you. Have not I, Margaret Dawson? Did you not hear me say, one day, I would cut off my hand for my lady; for am I a stock or a stone, that I should forget kindness? Oh, I have been so glad to work for

you. And now Bessy is coming here; and no one knows any thing about her, as if she had done any thing wrong, poor child."

"Dear Miss Galindo," replied my lady, "I will never ask you to take money again. Only I thought it was quite understood between us. And, you know you have taken money for a set of morning wrappers, before now."

"Yes, my lady; but that was not confidential. Now I was so proud to have something to do for you confidentially,"

"But who is Bessy?" asked my lady. "I do not understand who she is, or why she is to come and live with you. Dear Miss Galindo, you must honor me by being confidential with me in your turn!"

DISPATCHES FROM THE ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.—No. III.—I learned the termination of the match between Messrs. Morphy and Lowenthal just too late to insert the result in your columns. As I had anticipated, it was a hollow thing—nine games to three, and two drawn. Mr. Morphy, however, though he won his match, lost the bet which I spoke of in my last as, "un peu fort." His antagonist won a game, on taking the field again after a short indisposition.

I had thought of giving you a short review of the games when concluded; but they have disappointed me. They do not do justice to the powers of either party. Mr. Lowenthal is known to be, from temperament, a bad match-player, but did on this occasion worse than could have been apprehended. He lost two games which were easily won, from a perfectly simple position; and as often refused to draw a game which he subsequently threw away. Mr. Morphy, on the other hand, played sundry games below his strength. His games with Mr. Bird (whom he defeated more easily than I could have deemed possible) were of a far higher order. My belief is, that Staunton and Anderson are the only two men who can compete with Mr. Morphy. Of his coming match with the former you shall have full information. That he may encounter the latter is more to be wished for than expected.

St. George's Chess Club, Friday, August 27.

—*The Press.*

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR FROM THE POTATO.—It is not known to how great an extent the manufacture of sugar from fecula, or starch,

is carried on in France. The mode of proceeding is to have large leaden boilers, in which is one ton of water heated to a boiling point, and to this twenty-two pounds of sulphuric acid at sixty degrees, diluted with twice its weight of water, is added. The vessel is provided with a wooden cover coated with copper, which has a small opening to allow the liquor to be stirred with a wooden rod. After the liquor begins to boil eight hundred weight of starch flour is gradually sifted into it, care being taken to prevent the formation of lumps and to have the boiling uniform. In some of the factories the starch is first mixed with water, and placed in a vessel above the water, and made to flow into the boiling acid in a uniform stream by a tube. The boiling is continued about fifteen minutes after the starch is put in, and then the fire is so regulated that the liquor ceases to boil, after which twenty-two pounds of chalk are added to neutralize the free acid; this, however, being put in very slowly, on account of the violent evolution of the carbonic acid set free by the new combination, which produces sulphate of lime. The liquor is then strained through coarsely pulverized bones spread on straining-cloths. The filtered liquor is gradually brought into flat pans and evaporated till it is reduced to half its volume, when it is a second time boiled with charcoal and bullocks' blood, and then refined and filtered.—*National Intelligencer.*

FRIENDSHIP.—There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

From Chambers's Journal.

THE HAIR-HARVEST.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY considered, there appears to be no essential difference between the hair and the skin, between the skin and horn, between horn and scales, and between scales and feathers; all five are mere modifications of the same thing. Hence, the most charming of our lady-readers, when she disentangles her luxuriant tresses with a comb, is acting on the same chemically composed material with the same chemically composed instrument as the bird when he sets right some erring feather with his beak. Anatomically viewed, again, the hair is made up of a vast number of thorny laminae filled with a pigment which shows through its cortical integument in the same manner as it does through the epidermis of a negro. The bulb or root of the hair rests upon a reticulated bed of capillary vessels, into which the coloring matter passes directly from the blood, while the horny matter is secreted by the capillaries themselves. This coloring matter has been analyzed by Liebig, from whose researches it would appear that it is to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen on the one hand, and to a deficiency of carbon and an excess of sulphur and oxygen on the other, that the blue-black locks of the North American squaw, and the beautiful golden tresses of the Saxon girl respectively owe their jetty aspect and their brightness. An oxide of iron has also been traced by Vauquelin in the pigment-cells of the dark-haired races.

The astounding labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors—blonde, brown, black, and red—has been successfully performed by another German *savant*, who thus tabularises the results: blonde, 140,400; brown, 109,440; black, 102,962; red, 88,740. The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight; and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.

Few things in nature are less perishable than hair after its removal from the body. Hair shut up for a thousand years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect preservation, as regards both strength and color. It is not, however, so durable during life. "It is generally stated," says Mr. Hassell, "as

an undoubted fact, that the hair may become white, or turn colorless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to; can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind."

Amongst other ethnological peculiarities, the color and the texture of the hair are determined by race; latitude and climate affect them little, if at all. Dr. Prichard, our best authority on this subject, apportions the greater part of the habitable globe to the melanic or dark-haired races. The xanthocomic, or fair-haired tribes, are almost, on the other hand, confined to the limits of Europe, and, within those limits, to certain degrees of north latitude.

The forty-eighth parallel, which cuts off England, Belgium, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and the greater part of Russia from the ethnological map of Europe, may be taken, with considerable accuracy, as the great southern boundary of the fair-haired races. Between the forty-eighth and the forty-fifth parallels, again, there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair, in which France, Switzerland, part of Piedmont, Bohemia, and part of Austria Proper, nearly the whole of Hungary, and the Asiatic dominions of the czar to the north of the Circassian line, fall to be included. Spain, Naples, and Turkey are the seats of the genuine dark-haired races; "so that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the color of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores." * Not but there are many exceptions to these limits. The Celtic and Cymric races of Ireland and the Welsh and Scottish mountains, have black hair in spite of their northern position. The Normans, too, in whatever proportion they were originally dark, now rank decidedly amongst the black-haired races; while the Venetian *donne* still glory in those luxuriant locks whose golden beauty has been immortalized

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 184, p. 307: an interesting and comprehensive article to which we are indebted for some of the facts here brought forward.

by Titian. Nevertheless, the general rule, as we shall presently see, is sufficiently exact to have a practical significance in the eyes of the hair-dealer.

Few persons are probably aware of the extent to which the traffic in human hair is carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair-merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for pale brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favorite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver. The rich and silk-like texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. "Shakspeare especially," says one of our authorities, "seems to have delighted in golden hair." "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece;" so Bassanio describes Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself: "Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow."

Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets, old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head amongst them."

But all this has passed away: the dark-

brown hair of France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the color of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinized, that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone; nay, he even claims the power, "when his nose is in," of distinguishing accurately between the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch commodities. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair "raised" in two districts of Central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned of our naturalists and physiologists.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops—we scorn the imputation of a pun—harvested by these firms, amount yearly to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds' weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom rising above a pound, and seldom falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds, with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike travellers more than any thing else which meets their notice. "In various parts of the motley crowd," says one who had stopped to stare his fill at one of the Breton fairs, "there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant-girls," who seem, indeed, to bring the article to market as regularly as peas or cabbages. "They have particularly fine hair," he continues, "and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent.

But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown.* As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the *chevelure* from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the perukeiers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

The peruke itself is at least as old as the Pharaohs. A wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, is one of the Egyptian trophies of our national Museum. Nor, to judge from the bewigged busts and statues of the Vatican, would this triumph of the tonsor's art seem to have been unknown to the luxurious Romans of the Empire. But before tracing its after-history, we may turn aside a little to glance at the coiffures of generations somewhat less sophisticated than those which anticipated the greatest glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque.

The Assyrians, as might have been expected from the eloquent denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, were dandies of the first-water. A single glance at the engravings in Mr. Layard's volumes will show how exquisite were the bossings, the plaitings, and the curlings which they lavished on their hair and beards, and how unmistakably they "exceeded in dyed attire upon their heads." The Greek's innate love of beauty saved him from such ostentatious devices. The Greek lady

allowed her hair to fall from the forehead in a graceful sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, gathering it up behind into a bow-like ornament called the *χρόμβος*. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed amongst the men; but their gods they distinguished by characteristic variations of the coiffure. "Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own sea-weed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth: and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus, denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus."*

The hair of the Roman men was worn short and crisp until the decadence of the Empire, when Commodus set the fashion of wearing it long, and powdering it with gold or mica dust. In the provinces, it was worn long by all but slaves at least as early as the time of Cæsar. The head-dress of the Roman women was only exceeded in elaborate absurdity by that of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who invented a coiffure in which were represented "hills and enamelled meadows"—we translate the description for the edification of our lady-readers—"silvery rills and foaming torrents, the well-trimmed garden and the English park!" Long hair continued to be the fashion throughout the middle ages, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. Serlo, a Norman prelate of the reign of Henry II, seems, however, to have been wiser in his generation than the rest of his brethren. He could act as well as talk. Having on one occasion brought the king and his court to a due sense of the iniquity of wearing long locks, the crafty churchman secured his victory on the spot by pulling a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Still, the "abomination" continued so much the mode, that, in the reign of Richard II., the hair of both sexes was confined over the brow by a fillet. Accident at length effected what threats of excommunication had failed to bring about. A wound in the head received

* *A Summer in Brittany.* By Francis Trollope.

* *Quarterly Review, ut supra.*

at a tournament compelled Francis I. to have his hair cropped. The king's example was followed by his courtiers; and soon extended itself to England. Close cropping became the rage; and, as Holbein's portraits show, was adopted by women as well as men.

But as the hair was shortened, the beard was suffered to grow long. The end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, indeed, comprise *par excellence* the period of magnificent beards. Henry's own was so large and profuse that it has been celebrated in song; * and who does not remember "the great round beard like a glover's paring-knife," and the debate on the attire of Bottom?

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars. The cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. reintroduced love-locks; whilst the Puritans, to mark their sense of the "loathsomenesse of long hair," polled even closer than before. But as the hair lengthened, the beard in its turn was shortened. Peaked beards and moustaches became common, and continued popular with all save the strictest sectaries till the Restoration gave a blow to the cause, from which it never recovered.

This was the era of the reinvention of the peruke. Louis XIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors without a beard, but with hair which had never been polled from his childhood. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king's long locks, would look upon their own as too short; and the conjecture proved correct. Nature could be imitated if it could not be forced, and the manipulations of the barber became a science. For a time the people refused to follow the dangerous example; but the peruke-fever at length became so universal that, in 1663, we find it raging in full fury in England. An entry in *Pepy's Diary* marks the date when the epidemic had spread to the middle classes of society: "November 3 [1663]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my periwig on, I paid him £3, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and by went

abroad after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Besse."

Perukes grew so large during the reign of Louis XIV., and so numerous in size and form, that "the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair," and a technical vocabulary was framed to guide the uninitiated in their choice. The most erudite of modern *coiffeurs* might well be puzzled by such items as these: "Perukes great and little; in folio, in quarto, in thirty-twos; round, square, and pointed perukes; pudding perukes; butterfly perukes; perukes à deux et trois marteaux," &c. Even children were not exempted from the infliction of wearing these manifold monstrosities.

If the ladies were loath to follow the men's example, and exchange their natural for artificial tresses, they at all events succeeded, by means of frizzing and piles of lace and ribbons, in building up a coiffure of such prodigious altitude as to intercept the view of spectators at the opera, and compel the manager to refuse admittance to all who wore such immoderate head-gear. So intricate, too, were its details, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day; and, when engaged to attend *ridottos* on succeeding evenings, were forced to sleep in arm-chairs for fear of endangering its finish!

Pigtails succeeded perukes in the early part of the reign of George III., but fell, in the last decade of the century, before the Gallo-mania and Pitt's tax on hair-powder. They continued, however, to be the bugbear of the soldier till 1808, when an order for their extermination was issued. The very next day, indeed, it was countermanded; but, to the great joy of the rank and file, it was then too late. The author of the *Costume of the British Soldier* relates that, on one occasion at Gibraltar, while this absurd fashion was at its height, a field-day was ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors were compelled to have their heads dressed overnight, and, so pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, to sleep as well as they could on their faces! "Such was the rigidity with which certain *modes* were enforced in the army about this period, that

* See Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, edited for the Percy Society.

there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer."

The white peruke of the early Georgian era has now completely vanished even from the right reverend bench, and is only to be seen in our courts of law. Hair-powder has been banished to the servants-hall; the alpine

elevation of ladies' head-dress has dwindled into "bands;" and the thick and flowing locks of Lawrence's early portraits have shrunk, in the man, to a coiffure, whose simplicity, if not exactly after the model of "the curled Antony," stands at least in advantageous contrast to the hideous devices even of sixty years since.

PECULIAR TREATMENT OF CAST-STEEL.—A New York inventor proposes a new mode of treating cast-steel while it is passing from the molten state into that of being hardened or tempered, so as to obtain an article of a peculiarly soft, tough, malleable quality. To this end moulds are first prepared of a quality adapted to stand the most intense heat. These moulds are then heated to a degree nearly equal to that at which the steel melts, and in this state of the moulds the melted metal is poured into them. It is kept in the moulds heated to this high degree, and in the oven or furnace a considerable time, say from six to eight hours; after which the heat of the moulds is allowed gradually to subside until the steel in them has fairly congealed and is at a cherry red heat; the steel is then removed expeditiously from the moulds and immersed at once in a cistern of olive or whale oil heated to from six hundred to seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit. If the ingots or bars are more than one inch in thickness the oil is kept at that high degree of heat for several hours, and then permitted to become gradually quite cool; if less than an inch in thickness, a less time in the oil is allowed. By this process a very great degree of toughness, softness, and ductibility is imparted to the steel.—*National Intelligencer*.

EASY WAY OF RAISING WATER IN INDIA.—It is pleasant to see with what ease a large quantity of water is raised in some parts of India; a palmira or cocoa tree being scooped out, and the butt-end closed with a board, &c., is fixed on a pivot on a level with the place to which the water is to be raised; a man having a pole to sustain him, throws his weight towards the butt-end, which thus sinks into the water, when the balance being again changed to the other end, the water is raised as the butt-end ascends, and shoots into a channel or reservoir made for the purpose. The quickest method, however, is by means of an osier scoop, about three feet square, and having a raised ledge on every side, except that which is immersed into the water.

Two men place themselves on the opposite sides of the reservoir, whence the water is to be raised, and by means of four ropes, one at each corner of the scoop, and passing to the men's hands respectively, the water is raised by a swinging motion to about four or five feet above its former level.

All these methods are excellent. They lift immense quantities, and are exempt from the expenses attendant on all machinery.—*Oriental Sports*.

MILL FOR GRINDING WHEAT.—A new mill for grinding wheat, introduced in England, has the peculiarity of combining in one mill steel and stone grinding surfaces. The first and upper grinding surface is formed of a vertical steel cone which revolves in a correspondingly shaped fixed cone, and below these cones ordinary grinding stones are fitted horizontally. The corn or other grain is fed into and between the steel cones from a hopper, and in its passage through them becomes very quickly bruised and converted into meal, for which purpose it is well known that steel mills are better adapted than stones. After being so converted the meal falls between horizontal grindstones, which reduce the meal into flour. The great advantage pertaining to this arrangement consists in apportioning each of the grinding surfaces to perform the portions of the grinding operations to which they are best adapted—the steel for converting the grain into meal and the stones the meal into flour.—*National Intelligencer*.

NABOB—THE MEANING OF.—The Persian word *Nāwāb*, which the English have corrupted to Nabob, is, grammatically speaking, the plural of *Nāib*, which signifies a deputy or lieutenant-governor; an officer in rank and consequence inferior to the *subadar*, and subordinate to him. But *Nāwāb* or *Nabob*, the plural of this term, is likewise an hereditary title of honor, which was always conferred on the *subadars*, frequently on the *nāibs*, and sometimes on the *emirs* or nobles of the empire, as the reward of eminent public service, or as a signal mark of royal favor.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HINTS FOR VAGABONDS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE EIFEL.

"O Wandern, O Wandern, du freie Burschen-lust!

Da wehet Gottes Odem so frisch in die Brust,
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz im Himmel-
szelt:

Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite
welt?"

Student's Song.

It must be a very pleasant thing for E. Moses and Son, and other gentlemen of their persuasion, to sit in the dentist's easy chair and reflect that every single or double tooth in their jaws is perfectly safe, unless they choose to pay for its removal; and no doubt Mrs. Sycorax is not above feeling a thrill of secret satisfaction when she passes the village pond and thinks that she will not be thrown in, with the option of burning if she has not the good sense to drown quietly. We too, in our way, have reason to rejoice that persecution has had its day. There was a time when the curse of Cain still hung over our profession, and public opinion saw in each of us a possible fratricide, if not something worse. The civil law, humorously so called, expelled us from the city, and Justice Shallow committed us for being in the country. The old statutes with savage earnestness accused us of being "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." But in time, society came to take a milder view of the enormity of these offences. It was found that waking on the night did not argue much moral depravity, and that even legislators were sometimes given to the practice. The strict attention to business and other virtues of Messrs. Quartermaine, Lovegrove, Ellis, &c., made the haunting of customable taverns a popular, not to say venial vice. The despotic institution of the continental passport showed clearly that every Briton who would never be a slave should rally round the right to travel no man wot whence or whither. Thus one by one vanished all the difficulties in the way of vagabond emancipation. It may have been that society wished to vagabondize itself, and certainly a large portion of it exhibits a leaning that way every year. In Chaucer's time the fit came on when

"April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the
rote."

Now it is in Autumn, when the heat hath made the Thames to smell more strong than sweet; when West-end windows show the holland blind, and callers get for answer, "On the Rhind;" when small M. P.s begin to come out strong that sat in silence all the session long, and push their bills through the remaining stages, "Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." But with this sort of folk the vagabond has as little in common as with the pious Canterbury Pilgrims. He has no part or lot with the luggage-ridden, courier-led traveller. Lafen, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, was quite right in drawing the distinction when he called Parolles "a vagabond and no true traveller;" for the vagabond, though he may go five thousand miles from home, never travels. He is made up of contradictions. Energetic and yet lazy, so as to enjoy the bliss of perfect idleness upon occasion: like Catiline, *patiens, inedæ, vigiliæ, alioris*, yet enough of a voluptuary to appreciate good fare and comfortable quarters when he gets them; a sturdy walker, but not above taking advantage of rail, coach, or boat, if it suits him. The great difference, however, between him and the "true traveller" lies in this, that the one goes to "do" something, the Rhine, or the Rubenses, or the Rigi; the other goes to do nothing.

Simple as this may appear, it is not always so easy in practice. It is difficult in this country, next to impossible on the Continent, to find a place where there is not something to be done, a castle, or abbey, or church to be stumped through, or a picture which a chattering commissioner tells you reproachfully is considered very fine. You can, of course, if gifted with sufficient strength of character, resolutely refrain from looking at such objects. But if you do, you are sure to be met with on your return home by some inquiring mind that knows the ground thoroughly, and, curiously enough, it always happens that just what you did not see is the best worth seeing thing in the world. On the whole, the safest plan in this as in all similar cases, is to go where temptation is least likely to assail you, reserving to yourself the right of meeting it like a man, and yielding to it when it comes. The choice is not perhaps a very wide one, but still cosy little Goshens where the vagabond

may sojourn without being plagued to any serious extent, are to be found even on the Continent: and to the Continent be it observed, the vagabond will generally direct his steps. The passport is no bugbear to him, for he knows that after all it only requires common care to keep it always *en règle*; and then he can enjoy himself on one-third of the sum that would be necessary at home. For instance, there is the Eifel. Possibly some readers, even general readers, may never have heard of such a place, or having heard of it, may have only indistinct notions as to its position. It will be just as well, therefore, to premise that the Eifel is a portion of Rhenish Prussia lying in the triangle formed by the Rhine, the Moselle, and the old Roman road from Treves to Cologne. When it was discovered is a question still involved in obscurity. To hazard a wide solution, it may have been by some officers of the Tenth, who, when that legion was quartered at Zülpich or Bittsburg, got leave of absence for a day or two at the wild boars, and came back with, *mehercle!* such stories about the bag they had made among its hills; or perhaps in the Middle Ages, by a party of pilgrims in quest of the Holy Coat, who mislaid their Murray's *hand-book*, and thought to invent a new route to Treves. But a more probable theory is, that the discovery is due to some Rhine-going vagabond flying from a steamerful of tourists at Andernach or Sinzig. It is just the sort of district to attract a vagabond. There is nothing grand or imposing about it; no mighty mountain ranges or gloomy gorges to take away your breath with their sublimity; no vast panoramas of varied scenery to cloy you with their richness. Quaint is the word which best expresses the character of an Eifel landscape. They say that once in its hot youth it was a volcanic region, and on the face of the country there is abundant evidence of its early excesses. It has long since reformed and settled down for good; but still, as is often the case with a steadied rake, it seems to smile half regretfully, half complacently, over the recollection of its youthful freaks. Little streams come trickling down its hilly cheeks with a gurgling chuckle, as if they enjoyed the thought of the jolly times when they were lava; while in the valley below there is a long sigh among the beechwoods that sounds like the echo of Master Shallow's "Oh! the mad days that I have spent." Each

of those angular monticles is the record of some juvenile escapade in the way of an eruption, and even still from a distance they have a defiant perky look. But if you ascend one of them, instead of a savage chasm ready to heave hot stones in your face, you find nothing but a sort of earthen bowl, from the bottom of which an Eifel ploughman and a pair of cows yoked by the horns look up at you with a mild wonder; or in some cases a deep, blue lakelet, laughing itself into ripples at the surprise it has given you. There is a good deal of mock modesty about these sly little tarns: with a perfect consciousness of their own beauty, they affect a certain humility, and seem to say, "Ah! you should have seen me when I was an active young crater."

Next to the lakes, the beechwoods form the pleasantest feature in the landscape; indeed, the former can scarcely be said to enter into the landscape at all, for you never see one until you are on the point of tumbling into it. In some places these woods lie in compact masses on the hill side, in others they run straggling over hill and dale like schoolboys out on a holiday; and there are worse ways of spending a summer afternoon than lying in the soft grass or among the broom on the shady side of an Eifel bluff, and letting the eye, tired of an "endless meal of brick," batten on one of those rich stretches of tender green. It is a pastime precisely suited to a vagabond temperament to watch the shadows of the clouds chasing one another across the country; now down the slope, mixing themselves with respectable sedentary shadow that have never left their native valley: then up the sunny brow opposite, changing the golden into sap-green, and on, over the hills and far away into the distance, where trees, and rocks, and sky all run together in a Turneresque haze: now stopping for a moment to cool the grey head of some old volcano retired from business; again hanging inquisitively about some nook where a thin blue spiral of smoke indicates, as a matter of fact, a charcoal-burner's hut, but, as a matter of fancy, a lazy recumbent gnome enjoying his after-dinner cigar at the mouth of his cave. Pleasant, too, for the lover of silence, is the lying in these woods on the crisp, dry leaves, without a sound to disturb your lucubrations, except perhaps the chattering courtship of a pair of blue jays over your head, or the groaning from the cart-wheels of some home-

ward bound wood-cutter, who ever and anon addresses exhortations in stentorian German to his intelligent team. To lie down in one of these retreats is fatal to action for the rest of the day. The shadows may deepen about you, the tip of your cigar may change from ashy grey to cherry red, but there you remain, still lolling luxuriously, till a rustle in the dead leaves behind you makes you look round and perceive a gaunt quadruped examining you. "The region of the Eifel is still the haunt of wolves," says the voracious Murray, so you jump up to avoid being eaten while in an absurd and inelegant position. This discomforts the other party, who dashes off with a savage grunt, followed by a symphony of squeaking piglings, and now that you are safe you half regret that your wolf should have turned out to be only an Eifel pig. The adventure has produced one good result, however; it has got you on your legs, and as it is now less trouble to walk than to lie down again, you adjust your knapsack and go, comforted by the recollection that Niedernochenstein, where you mean to put up for the night, is by the last account some two "strong hours" off. But, lo, as you clear the wood, a light twinkles in the hollow below. There is a village there, with perhaps a gasthaus, at any rate a weinwirthschaft, where you can get a bed, and possibly kalbsbraten, probably schinken und eier, certainly wurst and a bottle of wine from the Moselle that, blessings on it, runs only a few miles away to the southward. These little villages should be studied; it is right to familiarize yourself with life in all its aspects, from the humble to the lofty; perhaps Herr Pastor will drop in for a chat, and, finding you are "aus London," will inquire after your intimate acquaintances and his near relatives, the Prince Albert, Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family. All these considerations make Niedernochenstein a place of no account in your eyes; besides, you can start early, and get there for breakfast, at least so you say overnight, and the question being settled, you tramp up the little dorfehen, with a "t'n dagh,"—the Eifel for "good day"—from the villagers you meet, who conclude from you knapsack that you are either a bagman, or else Mr. Overpost-roads-director. And thus, again and again will end a vagabond's day in the Eifel.

To get to this stroller's paradise, start for

Antwerp per the *Baron Oey*—that is, if you do not object to travelling on Sunday, for the dear old heathen just named adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's principles as little as the buoy at the Nore, and makes a point of sailing on the Sabbath. At Antwerp, some three or four hours will be allowed for refreshment, relative to which a couple of hints may not be amiss. First, don't omit a visit to the small room at the end of the museum gallery, where a cluster of little Van Eycks and Hemlings, awaits your inspection; and secondly, don't go up the spire of the Cathedral. If you want to admire and respect it, take a seat upon one of the benches in the Place Verte, and examine its proportions for half an hour; but why seek to probe the mystery of that masterpiece of Gothic, and that too at the cost of mounting a spiral stair until your legs feel like paviers' rammers, and your head has a sensation as if it was training to start in business as a coffee mill? Three to four hours' rail will bring you to Pepinster through Liège, and half an hour more to Spa, where you can make yourself comfortable at the Hôtel de Flandre, and in one evening see quite enough of a town which is a combination of Tunbridge Wells and Wiesbaden, but not half so pleasant as the one or so pretty as the other. A vehicle, called by courtesy a diligence, will take you from Spa across the frontier to Malmedy.

A wonderful affair it is, this frontier. You half expect to see something like the Wall of China, with brazen gates and pacing sentinels, and that sort of thing, and are keeping a sharp look-out, when the break is put on, the driver swears the horses down a short hill and over a bridge, and a post striped black and white tells you it is all over, and you are in Prussia. Positively these two mighty kingdoms have nothing better to divide them than a stream for which no mill-wheel with a particle of self-respect would stir an inch. Suppose that stream were to go wrong, or worse still, refuse to go at all. Gracious powers! the mind almost refuses to contemplate the results, the notes, and ultimatus, and protocols, and protoplasts, and other diplomatic engines with which the advisers of Kings Frederick William and Leopold would set to work. Going up the first hill in Prussia, you perceive what appears to be a large fishing-rod that has caught a house, but on closer inspection the fishing-rod

turns out to be a bar capable of being lowered across the road, and from the house there comes a gentleman in uniform with a pipe in his mouth, who somewhat contemptuously waives the right to undo the straps of your knapsack, contenting himself with gravely poking it with his finger, while he takes a savage delight in opening all boxes that are secured with double-knotted cordage or nails. From Malmedy to Prüm the walk is long and stupid, so it will be just as well to take the *schnellwagen*, a conveyance so called because it goes at the rate of three and a half miles per hour. Some persons however read *smellwagen*, on account of the internal odors of the vehicle, but philology does not recognize the derivation. Prüm may be considered the capital of the country you are about to explore, but except for this fact, and that it is a good starting-point, it does not demand much consideration at your hands; and *au fait*, what has a vagabond to do with a capital without interest? The Eifel is all before you where to choose. An easy walk will take you to Hillesheim or Gerolstein, from which points your own fancy and Heer Heymann's pocket-map will be your best guides. But if, as sometimes happens, a garrison ball is about to come off at Prüm, by all means stop and see it, for your patriotic feelings will be gratified thereby.

Fancy Captain Pegtop of the Heavies, or young Drawley of the Guards, actually enjoying themselves, and showing their enjoyment in the most unmistakable manner, at a ball in the hotel at Skibbereen. Fancy them sitting down to a supper at a shilling a-head, and going back to their quarters to bed at the immoral hour of half-past twelve. Fancy all this, and you will at once perceive that the Prussian military system must be vastly inferior to ours, since Prussian officers are simple-minded enough to take pleasure in such amusements.

Another and perhaps better way of approaching the Eifel is to ascend the Rhine as far as Remagen, and striking across the hills to Ahrweiler, follow the valley of the Ahr up to Altenahr. By adopting this route you reach one of the most delightful little towns in Rhineland through one of the most delightful valleys in the world. The Ahrthal is a model Eifel valley. The little Ahr is one of those streams that never know their own mind for ten consecutive yards: if it trots

along quietly one moment, it is sure the next to turn savagely on the mountain by its side, and insist upon going through him. In most cases the mountain good-naturedly complies, and makes way for the impetuous little brawler with a polite *Comme vous voulez, Monsieur*, air. Sometimes he resists, on which the river resolves into a miniature Maelstrom, and the whole glen echoes with its complaints at the grievance. In one or two spots the poor fellow, anxious for a quiet life, retires from the contest altogether, and leaves a clear stage to his tormentor; but the wayward river soon tires over the flat, and presently comes sidling up to the mountain in a coaxing way, and the quarrel begins again *da capo*. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the thirsty soul will rejoice in these bickerings, inasmuch as owing to them five miles of valley give some ten of vineyards, and those the vineyards which yield the Ahrbleichart and the Walporzheimer. If there is a place in Germany where you make what Izaak calls "a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast," it is at Ulrich's inn at Altenahr. While they are making ready, you will probably climb up to the old castle that hangs over the town. Here it was that the last knight of the Ahrburg, when his garrison lay dead round him, defied his enemy from the battlements, and driving the spurs into his good horse went crashing down upon the rocks below. These scenes of legendary romance sharpen the appetite curiously, especially when they entail a climb of four hundred feet, and are followed by such trout as one gets at Altenahr, sent up in a light summer paletot of delicately browned meal that eats like farinaceous crackling. If you can tear yourself away from Altenahr and its old castle, from Ulrich's inn and its accompaniments, the trout, the Walporzheimer, the pipes on the garden benches, you had better make for Laach, turning southwards. The Laacher See and the abbey are so elegantly described in the works of Murray, Baedeker, and other Rhine guides, that their beauties need not be dwelt upon here. When you have satisfied yourself as to the statements of these authorities, as good a line as you can take will be the road to Münstermayfeld, and so to Karden on the Moselle, not forgetting a look at the Schloss Elz on the way. The castle of Elz and its pedestal remind one of Colonel Crockett's dog, "who puzzled people to decide whether he was

made expressly to hunt bars or bars were made expressly for him to hunt." Whether the castle was built to suit the rock or the rock accommodated itself to the requirements of the castle, would be hard to say; but between them they have produced the quaintest effect ever realized in stone and mortar. Strange wings and buttresses jut out from the central building, for no apparent purpose except to cover some square feet of the rock's surface; while, not to be outdone, the rock itself here and there runs up the wall to meet and support some loopholed excrescence that would otherwise infallibly tumble into the bed of the Elz below; so that the whole concern looks like an architectural banyan tree sending out supernumerary stems, and taking hold of every spare inch of ground about it. Let all this be topped by a well-selected assortment of roofs, gabled, peaked, and conical, but no two alike, and all perforated from eave to weathercock by little windows suggestive of attic accommodation for all the ghosts in North Germany; throw in the little stream winding round about nineteen of the five-and-twenty sides of the edifice, and add a steep background of beechwoods, and you have the castle of Elz, a subject that the whole Society of Painters in Water Colors might sketch from different points of view, without any two results having the least resemblance.

Karden is a good halting-place, being a pretty little town, well situated for making raids from, full of curious bits of Romanesque architecture, and further possessing one of the snuggest inns on the Moselle. The latter is a consideration which should have due weight in every case. Some stoics pride themselves on roughing it, but the vagabond will, when practicable, take his ease in his inn, knowing that corporeal comfort has a good deal to do with the activity of the æsthetic faculty, and that perfect mental serenity is incompatible with bodily inconvenience. In Kochem, the very next town to Karden, a half hour's sojourn at the sign of the "Römischer König" produced in the present vagabond a mental prostration which could only relieve itself by the following

ARGUMENT.

*The vagabond's found at an inn, weather-bound;
The rain, if he stirs out, will soak him—will soak him;*

And so to kill time, he composes the rhyme

Of
"THE RÖMISCHER KÖNIG AT KOCHEM"—at Kochem.

Sing heavenly muse, to a man in the blues,
(For the place is enough to provoke 'em—provoke 'em,)

And say how it came by this singular name—
The Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem.

Was it Tarquin the proud who his title allowed,
The hostel's shortcomings to cloak 'em—to cloak 'em?

Or was Numa Pompilius ever so silly as
To set up as König at Kochem—at Kochem?

Whate'er his cognomen, I pity that Roman,
Whom fortune sent hither to joke him—to joke him;

I'd prefer of the two to be Bamfylde Carew,
Then Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem.

And say, did he dine on this sourest of wine,
This Kalbsbraten as stringy as oakum—as oakum?

Did that weird compound smell then pervade
the hotel

Of the Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem?

A scent which explains the existence of drains,
And that something has happened to choke 'em
—to choke 'em;

And flavored by whiffs of strange soupy sniffs
From the Römischer kitchen at Kochem—at Kochem.

Did the boors call for swipes and produce awful
pipes,

And, regardless of royalty, smoke 'em—and
smoke 'em?

Was the Kellner B. C. any cleaner than he
Of the Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem?

But, hurrah! peeping through the clouds there's
some blue,

Where the sun, blessings on him, has broke 'em
—has broke 'em.

What's grammar to me at the moment I'm free
From the Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem?

Still, little Kochem is not without its attractions. Unsavoury as its streets are, they are picturesque and full of old-world houses, with projecting gables, and latticed windows, and black beams crossing and recrossing each other in the whitewashed walls, giving the streets the appearance of wearing a complete suit of shepherd's plaid.

Within a march of Kochem is Daun, which you may make your head-quarters if you wish to enjoy the Eifel lakes thoroughly. There are three of them on the hill just over the town. There is one at Uelmen, and another at Manderscheid (with an old castle into the bargain), each within an easy walk. But the

loveliest of them all is the Pulvermaar, near Gillenfeld, some five or six miles off. Der Herr cannot err; he has but to take the path (links) on the height. So every one will tell you, but for all that the finding of the Pulvermaar is not an easy matter. You may be within ten yards of it without suspecting its proximity, so cunningly devised is the basin in which the lake lies. For at least half an hour, in all probability, you will go stumbling about among the soft, sandy furrows, panting up stiff little hills, peering into bosky hollows, until you begin to think that the Pulvermaar is a myth; or else that it has given up being a lake, and gone into the turnip and corn business, like the rest of the country; or else that you have gone wrong, and on this supposition you try to remember every "links" and "rechts" you have taken since starting. When suddenly the ground opens beneath your feet, and you are aware of a perfectly circular bowl two or three hundred yards across, and thickly-wooded down to the edge of the bluest, roundest, and stillest tarn you ever saw. Once only is it known to have been excited: when the peasants in the neighborhood forgot their annual procession and hymn in its honor. Then they say the lake rose in its wrath, and was about to leave its bed, and rush down upon the lazy villagers of the valley; but a pious shepherd who tended his flock hard by, sang the customary chant, and followed by his sheep, performed the procession round the edge of the kessel, and the lake was appeased. To look at it one would never suppose it to be capable of such transports. Sleepy Hollow could not preserve a stillness more complete. Not a leaf moves on the very beech-trees that stretch their arms out over the placid mere as if they were jealous of the intruder, and suspected some sinister design in his admiration. Nothing stirs, unless it be the tall reeds bowing an acknowledgement to some passing breeze that has failed to raise a curl upon the lake, or some great dragon-fly that shoots across to see what the Engländer with the pipe in his mouth is doing, and settles himself on the juniper at your feet to stare you out of countenance with his solemn eyes. But if you would view the Pulvermaar aright, go visit it by the pale moonlight, when one half of the hollow is black, velvety shadow, the other frosty silver, and the moon floats like a spectral lily on the water below. Fair as the scene is, it is not, like Melrose, sad; and in aftertimes, when the roar of Piccadilly is loud

in your ears, you will like to think of that beautiful Pulvermaar sleeping tranquilly far away among the Eifel hill, while the, same pale planet looks down on it from her post right over the Horse Guards clock.

If you are a geologist you should make for Gerolstein, about twelve miles from Daun, on the road Prüm. Indeed, whatever your taste may be, you will not do wrong in going, for besides other objects of interest there is an inn there where they keep Seltzer water on draught, and bring it up to you cold and hissing in their own jugs from a spring in the garden. There is good rambling ground too about Gerolstein and the old castle is situated favorably for the enjoyment of after-breakfast tobacco, commanding as it does not only the valley and the country round for miles, but also the single street of the little town in its length and breadth. To watch the goings on below is a pastime which harmonizes surprisingly with the immoral practice just referred to. When a man is stretched at full length, with a pipe in his mouth, it is wonderful what an interest he takes in common objects, and how the tendency to philosophize is promoted by the disinclination to move. Herr Bürgermeister opposite, who is smoking *his* pipe at his door, becomes interesting in your eyes. Why is he the Bürgermeister, and when that is settled, what is a Bürgermeister? Who was his father? who was his mother? Has he a sister? has he a brother? A little way down is a group of men who are shoeing a cow in a sort of pillory; and as you contemplate the operation it seems to throw a new light on German character. Only work them out fairly, and there is no knowing what close analogies may be found between you cowsmith and every illustrious German, from Martin Luther to Goethe. But a cracked bell hard by sets up a clonk, clonk, and the villagers begin to stream up the street and into the little church, and suddenly, with a twitch of conscience, you recollect that it is Sunday. One gets sadly out of one's reckoning when vagabondism sets in severely. Suppose you go down and join the crowd. Exeter Hall, to be sure, will call it bowing yourself in the house of Rimmon, without even the excuse of Naaman the Syrian; and no doubt the candles and dauby pictures of this Eifel-peasants' church are idolatries and abominations as compared with the drab respectability of the Little Horeb Chapel, Clapham. But you will not take much harm by mixing for an hour with these simple folk; the sermon of Herr Pastor can scarcely undermine your sound Protestant principles, and on the whole you will be none the worse fitted for encountering the walk to Prüm, where your Eifel experiences would have commenced had you adopted the line from Spa as first suggested.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.
E. FELICE FORESTI.

E. FELICE FORESTI, an Italian exile, well known to our citizens as the patriotic co-sufferer with Silvio Pellico in the dungeons of Austria, where he spent twenty years of his life, and who received from the President an appointment acceptable to all parties, that of Consul to Genoa, died recently at that port. More than five thousand persons are said to have been present at his funeral, among whom were the officers and crew of the United States frigate Wabash. It is intended by his fellow countrymen to open a subscription for the erection of a marble monument to the deceased.

From an interesting biographical sketch written by Prof. Foresti himself, and published a little more than two years ago in the *Watchman and Crusader*, entitled "Twenty Years in the Dungeons of Austria," we gather the following particulars of that period of his eventful life.

On the 7th of January, 1819, instigated by the Austrian government, the Chief of Police of Venice, arrested many youthful adherents of Carbonarism. Foresti was among the number. He says:

"We were conducted to Venice—some were shut up in the prisons called 'The Piombi,' and some in the Monastery of the Island of San Michael of Murano—severe imprisonment, no correspondence, no intercourse with our families. While prisoners there the revolutions of Piedmont and Naples burst forth, as I before said, another cause of vexation and rigor towards us. The investigations of the police were incessant, both by day and by night. A solitary prison and bread and water to those who refused to answer."

The Emperor appointed two special courts to proceed against them, entrusting the prosecution to their worst enemies.

"The prosecution lasted more than a year, and it is impossible to describe the miseries and sufferings of the poor prosecuted ones. Those in the prisons of Venice had almost all lost their hair. The judges were adepts in the art of torture—the jailors severe, rough, and inflexible. Our families could not console us, even for one moment, by their presence."

"Among the prosecuted, some were weak and confessed all; a few were traitors; the greater part remained firm, resisting, and silent. There was more courage and virtue in the youths than in those of maturer years

—more strength of soul and loyalty in those from the country than among those of the great cities.

"The sentence of the commission was kept concealed from us for a long time."

In November, 1821, the final decision of the Emperor arrived at Venice. Foresti at that time was in the prison of the Piombi. One midnight he was led out by six armed soldiers through the long line of magnificent rooms of the Ducal Palace to the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the criminal prisons with the palace to one of the prisons of the State Inquisition. As soon as left alone, and feeling that, as a Judge and one of the first to introduce Carbonarism into the Imperial States, his punishment would be the most cruel, he attempted to commit suicide. These are his own words:

"I had for a long time kept a little pen knife concealed in the collar of the coat that I wore in prison. I took out this little weapon; I uncovered my bosom, and, after an aspiration of love, and a prayer for forgiveness to my Creator, I plunged the knife with force into my bosom. The blow was so powerful that the blade snapped in two, part only remained in the flesh, and the wound did not prove mortal, although I have yet the scar of it remaining. The blood flowed: I was in a fury of anger and desperation; and still wishing to put an end to my life, I hastily broke the glass bottle which contained the wine, and began swallowing the little sharp pieces of it, and trying to cut the arteries in the arm. The immense loss of blood had exhausted my strength. I lay stretched as one dead upon my bed."

The officers of the prison found him in this condition, and the physicians pronounced the wounds dangerous, though not mortal. Cavalier Mazzetti endeavored to induce him to retract, promising him his life, though forfeited in the sentences of three legitimate tribunals, but Foresti remained immovable. The Secretary therefore read his sentence:

"That all those accused of Carbonarism by the process of Venice, of the grade of Master and above it, were condemned to death. That still His Majesty granted life to all except the Judges Solera, Foresti and Count Munari, who should be executed, with all the rigor and formalities of the law, in the Public Square of Venice." Then was read a note under the own hand of the Emperor, in which he said that he would even give their lives to Solera, Foresti and Munari, if they should make any spontaneous revelation of importance to the great political views of his

majesty. I was sent back to my prison; two guards were placed to watch over me day and night. I was deprived of the use of the knife and fork, and obliged to eat with my hands. The doctor attended me with much kindness; my wounds took a favorable turn, and I was left there, condemned to death and uncertain whether or not the sentence would be executed."

"On Christmas Eve, 1821, all the condemned were led chained two by two, to a scaffold on the square of St. Mark, in Venice. It was about 12 at noon. The square—the windows—the roofs were covered with people! The whole Austrian garrison of Venice was under arms; in bands, in the squares and streets. The cannons placed between the two columns Todere and St. Mark. The Viceroy—brother of the Emperor—was on the great balcony of the Imperial Palace. Unbroken silence prevailed; one of the judges read in a loud voice the sentence of condemnation; at the word *death*, there was a shudder of horror; at the words *life granted*, there was a cry of joy. All were saved from death, but all condemned to irons (*carcere duro*) in the Spielberg and the Castle of Lubiana—some for ten, fifteen, some for twenty years. I was among the latter. They said that my youth saved me from death. Meanwhile we were conducted to the Island of St. Michael. Ladies and gentlemen followed us in gondolas, waving white handkerchiefs and calling to us, 'Courage, courage, brave patriots.' At night a great serenade was given us, from the Lagoon, and pieces of poetry recited, which from the great distance, we could not understand. A few months afterwards, at Milan and Venice, were published other similar sentences, and all under the title of high treason, and all condemned to Spielberg."

Silvio Pellico was among his fellow-prisoners, many of whom died. On the 12th of January, 1822, the officers set out with their prisoners for Spielberg. The journey lasted about a month—a terrible journey over the Alps of Corinthia and Syria, amid snows and intense winter cold—the prisoners chained together, two by two. Spielberg is a moun-

tain which rises above the city of Brunn, the capital of Moravia. The vaults of a fortress, erected by the Emperor Charles V., were changed into a penitentiary, and here, with assassins and highway robbers, incendiaries and villains of all kinds, numbering generally from 800 to 900 men and women, the Italians were left to drag out their miserable days.

"To each of us was assigned a prison, twelve feet in length and eight in breadth, with a small window, with double rows of iron bars. For bed, a plain wooden plank, straw mattress and blanket, a long iron chair fastened in the wall, an earthen jug for water; this was all the furniture. We were allowed no knife and fork, but only a wooden spoon. Morning and evening, broth of burnt flour, and bacon put in warm water; at noon, a dumpling and a little piece of meat, which produced vomiting, and a small portion of bread. This food was given in a dirty, rusty iron vessel."

Silvio Pellico's "My Prisons," has made American readers familiar with the cruelties and hardships to which they were subjected at Spielberg, and it hardly needs that Foresti's thrilling account should be repeated here. Some died, many were reduced to sickness and attenuation, several became insane, and all suffered a stupefaction of mental faculties. Fourteen years were passed by Foresti in this death in life.

The Emperor died in 1835, and his son Ferdinand ascending the throne, immediately passed a decree liberating the Italian patriots, but condemning them to a perpetual exile in America. On the first of August, 1836, Foresti, with the other prisoners, was transported by night to Trieste, whence, on the third, they sailed for America in the very same brig—the *Usello*—from which Koszta in Smyrna was dragged. Immediately upon their arrival here they were received with much consideration by prominent citizens, and a week later their fellow countrymen gave them a banquet at Delmonico's.

LUXURY OF COLD WATER IN INDIA.—
"The greatest luxury I enjoyed during this sultry season was a visit to the English factory, where the resident had one room dark and cool, set apart entirely for the porous earthen vessels containing the water for drinking; which were disposed with as much care and regularity as the milk-pans in an English dairy; on the surface of each water-jar were scattered a few leaves

of the Damascus rose; not enough to communicate the flavor of the flower, but to convey an idea of fragrant coolness when entering this delightful spectacle: to me a draught of this water was far more grateful than the choicest wines of Schiraz, and the delicious sensations from the sudden transition of heat, altogether indescribable."

From The Spectator.

DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.*

At length the great contemporary African explorer has completed the record of his labors and discoveries, in five most ample volumes. The first three, published some fifteen months since,† conducted the reader from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Benuwe, or southern branch of the Niger, in about nine degrees of north latitude and twelve of East longitude. The narrative also brought the traveller back again to his head quarters at Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, and left him recovering from troubles in mind, body, and estate. His grief was caused by news of the death of his friend and companion Mr. Overweg; his bodily sufferings by a severe attack of country fever; his worldly annoyance by debts which, though contemptible to a London speculator, were large for Central Africa; the Doctor owing his friend the Vizier of Bornu 500 dollars, besides little matters to other creditors. The debts an official remittance enabled him to discharge, as well as to prepare for the exploration narrated in the two volumes before us. This extended from Kukawa in thirteen degrees of north latitude to Say, a sort of market on the Niger in nearly the same parallel; the traveller's route running somewhat in a straight line westerly from Kukawa, allowance being made for deviations on either side of the line for natural obstacles or dangers in a direct road. At Say, Dr. Barth's striking discoveries really began; for the greater part of the country previously traversed had been visited by Denham, Clapperton, or Lander. Beyond the Niger, and on the return journey, along the course of that mighty and mysterious river from Timbuctoo to Say, no European had travelled, or at least lived to record his travels; though the greatest of African explorers, Mungo Park, descended the river itself, not merely travelling, like Dr. Barth, along its banks. Our author's land journey from Say to Timbuctoo was, as regards the course of the river, something like traversing the string of a bow, instead of

the bow itself. At Timbuctoo, he was detained for upwards of six months, through a variety of circumstances. A leading cause according to the Doctor was the procrastinating character of his protector Sheikh El Bakay. Another was the fact that religious-political disputes ran high, and the Sheikh's opponents insisted on the Doctor's expulsion, which the Sheikh's faction resisted as a point of honor. The delay was tedious, especially as prudential reasons prevented the traveller from going much about the town, while the floods limited his excursions in the neighborhood. There was also the terror of "war's alarms;" though the danger, perhaps, was not so great as the Doctor supposes, since no man can know better than himself that the boasts and threats of Arabs and negroes far exceed their realizations. At last, in March 1854 (having arrived in the previous September), our author was allowed to quit Timbuctoo. The fact that he was accompanied by the Sheikh to Gogo on the Niger, about half-way on his return to Say, and was then dismissed with an escort to Bornu, seems to indicate that the reasons occasionally assigned for the delay at Timbuctoo had more force than the worn-out and impatient German recognized. The remainder of his journey along the river to Say, is important for the information it furnishes as to the character of the Niger and the country along its banks. His return journey to Kukawa for the most part on the route by which he advanced, and from the capital of Bornu across the great desert to Tripoli have no generic novelty. They possess of course the interest which arises from novel scenery, peoples, characters and manners, and the risk which ever attends such explorations if only from the climate.

In the literary scheme of the volumes necessity or design has effected some improvement. The progress of the story is not delayed by so many interrupting topics as in the former volumes. There were of course on this occasion no classical antiquities, or traces of Roman occupation in the Sahara to divert attention from the true subject—the incidents of the journey and the observations of the traveller. The mere tribes met with during the present explorations are perhaps not so numerous as in the journey from the Mediterranean to Bornu, including the expeditions to the south-eastward of Lake Tchad and the River Benuwe. The species or varie-

* *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1856. By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c. &c. In five volumes. Volumes IV. and V. Published by Longman and Co.

† *Spectator*, for 1857, page 523.

ties of the *genus homo* are clearly not so numerous. There is, therefore, less of philology, ethnology, and history. Our German Doctor, however, omits no opportunity of introducing matters that are better adapted to the pages of a special society's "Transactions," or which should be relegated to an appendix, if they must appear in a popular work.

The narrative itself is still extremely slow, arising from the same cause as induced the former volumes to drag heavily, namely, a too full journalizing *en route*, without regard to the character of the things described. No doubt every particular connected with the Niger and the country south of it is, geographically important; indeed the same may be said of the whole journey; but geographical discoveries are really best displayed by maps on a large scale with brief descriptive notes, like the two which illustrate Dr. Barth's principal journey. If fuller details were deemed necessary, the mere route should take the form of an itinerary, confining the general narrative to incidents, characters, sketches of landscape, and the like, which exhibit the life and soul, as it were, of travel and discovery. It is true that all the author's accounts are very real; still even reality may approach tedium. It is traits such as the last named that render the more important part of Dr. Barth's journey as regards discovery, also the most interesting to the general reader, from its incident, adventure, characters, and natural features. The country beyond Say, where our author left the Niger in his land route for Timbuctoo, is not very remarkable for some four degrees of latitude, and about as many of longitude; being thinly inhabited, rather poor in production, with a soil occasionally approaching the desert in character, and the whole country indeed not generally differing from other parts already traversed. The Hombori mountains give an air of singularity to the plain, from which they arise abruptly; but the region has nothing very striking till within some sixty or seventy miles of Timbuctoo. As the Niger approaches that capital from the southward, the volume of its waters and a peculiar formation of the land creates a backwater which extends over a degree of latitude, forming a species of lake in the rainy season, and numerous intricate channels in the dry, during part of which navigation is greatly, if not wholly, interrupted. Still the busy air which water com-

munication induces is visible here, though Dr. Barth embarked for Timbuctoo at the very commencement of the rainy season when the channels were just passable for a craft of the magnitude he had chartered. Elation at floating on the water of the Niger; joy at approaching Timbuctoo the object of his expedition; the contrast which the rich and busy scene around him compared with the barrenness or stagnation of his route afforded, probably combined to color the Doctor's picture of his voyage. Perhaps the reader of his book is animated by similar feelings—the relief is so striking from almost constant desolation or beggary.

"After a short delay, we set out again on our zigzag voyage, while one of our boatmen, his harpoon in hand, proceeded on a fishing expedition. From a wide open water we soon got into a narrow channel, while the grassy expanse spread out on each side to a great extent; and, making our way with great difficulty, we emerged into a wide open branch, much more considerable than the one along which our course had lain, it being the principal trunk of the westerly watercourse of Sarayamo. As soon as we had entered it, some large specimens of the aligator tribe afforded proofs of a more extensive sheet of water, while the current, which at first was running against us, was so considerable that we advanced rather slowly. The whole breadth of the river or channel, forming one large unbroken sheet of water, was certainly not less than from 600 to 700 yards, while the depth in the midst of the channel, at least as far as I had an opportunity of judging from the poles of our boatmen, measured fourteen feet and a half, and at times even as much as eighteen, and probably more. The banks were enlivened by men and horses, and we passed an encampment of herdsmen with their cattle. The western shore especially was adorned with a profusion of dum-palms, besides fine tamarind trees, sarakakaya, and others of unknown species. Thus repeatedly delayed by shifting sands obstructing the channel of the river, we moved on in a tolerably direct northerly course, till we reached the village of Menesengay, situated on sandy downs about twenty feet high, beyond a deep gulf of the westerly shore. The low grassy ground on the eastern side formed the place of resort for numbers of pelicans, and the lower ground emerging at present only three feet out of the water, was enlivened by numbers of water-birds, which were looking out greedily for their prey.

"Here we again changed our course, following a great many windings, but proceeding generally in an easterly direction. But now

the watercourse began to exhibit more and more the character of a noble river, bordered by strongly-marked banks, clad with fine timber, chiefly tamarind and kana trees, and occasionally enlivened by cattle. Our voyage was very delightful, gliding, as we were, smoothly along the surface of the water, and keeping mostly in the middle of the noble stream, our boatmen only changing their course once to touch at the northern shore, in order to procure for a few shells the luxury of some kola nuts, of which even these poor people were by no means insensible. At length, having passed between the villages of Haibongu on the northern and Dara-kaina on the southern shore, we again exchanged our south-easterly direction for a more northerly one, proceeding along a very broad watercourse; but after a while, the open water was broken by a broad grassy island, which left only a small channel on the west side, while that on the east was of tolerable width. Meanwhile the evening was approaching, and we met with several delays, once in order to buy some fish, and another time on account of our boatmen having lost their harpoon, with which they occasionally endeavored to catch some large species of fish which were swimming alongside our boat. They were very dexterous in diving, although it required some time for them to ascertain the spot where the slender instrument had been fixed in the bottom. This harpoon was exactly similar to the double spear used by some divisions of the Batta, one of the tribes of Adamawa, such as the Bagele, and even of some of the inhabitants of Bornu.

"We had now entered a splendid reach of the river, which, almost free from reeds, extended in an easterly direction, and we glided pleasantly along the smooth water at a short distance from the northern bank, which was thickly clad with trees; till at length, darkness setting in, we struck right across the whole breadth of the river, which now, in the quiet of the evening, spread out its smooth unrippled surface like a beautiful mirror, and which at this place was certainly not less than a thousand yards broad, straight for the evening fires of the village Banay, which was situated on the opposite bank, and we moored our vessel at the north-easterly bend of the gulf round which the town is situated. Most of our party slept on shore, while others made themselves as comfortable as possible in the boat and on the top of the matting which formed the cabins."

The journey to Timbuctoo was also distinguished by a dramatic disguise. For the latter part of the time the route lay through a district whose chief was a bigoted and fanatical Mussulman. Death probably, detention

or expulsion certainly, would have attended the powerless Christian who attempted to penetrate his dominions. It was suggested by an Arab guide or companion, charged by the Doctor with various frauds and conspiracies, but who preserved his secret and probably his life, that he, the Doctor, should assume the character of a Syrian sherif and pass as a saint and pilgrim. This gave rise to occurrences of a comic character, of which the following is one.

"I had scarcely returned to my quarters, when the governor, or emir, of the place [Sarayamo] came to pay me a visit. This man, whose name was Othman, was a cheerful kind of person. He stands in direct subjection to the chief of Hamda-Allahi, without being dependent upon any other governor; and his province comprises some other places in the neighborhood, such as Fatta, Horesena, and Kabeka. Having made strict inquiries with regard to the present state of affairs in Stambul, and having asked the news respecting the countries of the east in general, he left me, but returned again in the course of the afternoon, accompanied by the chief persons in the town, in order to solicit my aid in procuring rain. After a long conversation about the rainy season, the quantity of rain which falls in different countries, and the tropical regions especially, I felt myself obliged to say before them the 'fat-ha,' or opening prayer of the Kuran; and, to their great amusement and delight, concluded the Arabic prayer with a form in their own language,—'Alla hokki ndiam,'—which, although meaning originally 'God may give water,' has become quite a complimentary phrase, so that the original meaning has been almost lost, few people only being conscious of it. It so happened that the ensuing night a heavy thunder-storm gathered from the east, bringing a considerable quantity of rain, which even found its way into my badly thatched hut. This apparent efficacy of my prayer induced the inhabitants to return the following day, to solicit from me a repetition of my performance; but I succeeded in evading their request by exhorting them to patience. But, on the other hand, I was obliged, in addition to a strong dose of emetic, to give the governor my blessing, as he was going to the capital, and was rather afraid of his liege lord the young prince Ahmedu, while at the same time his overbearing neighbors the Tawarek inspired him with a great deal of fear. In the sequel, he was very well received in the capital, and therefore could not complain of the inefficacy of my inspiration; but nevertheless, not having had the slightest suspicion that I was not what I represented myself to

be, he was much shocked when he afterwards learned that I was a Christian, to the great amusement of the Shiekh el Bakay, who wrote to him repeatedly to the effect that he ought to be well pleased that so wicked a person as a Christian had procured him, not only rain, but even a good reception from his superior."

Once housed at Timbuctoo Dr. Barth threw off the character of a Mahometan and became a Christian again. For reasons already mentioned, his original information respecting this mysterious city, is not so full as might have been wished; but this could not be helped. A man whose appearance in the streets might lead to his murder, does quite right to keep the house. He has collected particulars as to the general commerce of this African emporium (whose trade does not seem to be much), as well as with reference to the nature and extent of the river inundation, which is very considerable. The prices of provisions he learned by experiment and found them cheap, in comparison with parts of Negroland. This was his style of living.

"The course of my material existence went on very uniformly, with only slight variations. My daily food, when I was in the town, consisted of some milk and bread in the morning, a little kuskus, which the sheikh used to send, about two in the afternoon, and a dish of negro millet, containing a little meat, or seasoned with the sauce of the kobewa, or *curcurbita melopepo*, after sunset. The meat of Timbuktu, at least during the cold season, agreed with me infinitely better than that of any other part of Negroland; but this was not the case with the *melopepo*, although it is an excellent and palatable vegetable. In the beginning of my stay I had consumed a great many young pigeons, which form a favorite dainty in this city. They are sold at the almost incredibly cheap rate of ten shells each, or at the rate of three hundred for a dollar; but the poor little things were used for culinary purposes so soon after breaking the shell as to be almost tasteless. A very rare dainty was formed by an ostrich egg, which was one day brought to me. This article is more easily to be obtained in the desert than in the towns, and such strong food, moreover, is not well adapted to the stomach of a resident. The sheikh used also to send me a dish late at night, sometimes long after midnight; but, on account of the late hour, I never touched it, and left it to my servants."

The principal incidents at Timbuctoo sprung out of the diplomatic contest respecting Dr. Barth's departure: if indeed they ought to be

called incidents, seeing that action bore no sort of proportion to talk and protocols; for both Arabs and Negroes can rival any European diplomatist in saying much and settling nothing. At first, the meetings, and discussions, and reports, and stipulations, have an interest; but frequent repetition renders them as tedious to the reader as they were terrible to Dr. Barth. The pictures of social and domestic life, as seen through the friendship of his protector, El Bakay, are attractive. Upon the whole, they represent the inhabitants of Timbuctoo in a fair and creditable aspect; though there were bad and bigoted men in the place, and the mass might readily be stirred to fanaticism. The Sheik, whose eminence as a holy man gave him power in Timbuctoo, and influence, as well as celebrity, through a large part of Africa, was possessed of great liberality. Arguments were frequently held with him and others on religious subjects, people being anxious to convert our traveller; but the German Doctor of Philosophy and Laws was a match for the Mahometan casuists, though at times he adopted odd lines of argument.

"Meanwhile Sidi Mohammed had made a serious attack upon my religion, and called me always a Kafir. But I told him that I was a real Moslim, the pure Islam, the true worship of the one God, dating from the time of Adam, and not from the time of Mohammed; and that thus, while adhering to the principle of the unity, and the most spiritual and sublime nature, of the Divine Being, I was a Moslim, professing the real Islam, although not adopting the worldly statutes of Mohammed, who, in every thing that contained a general truth, only followed the principles established long before his time. I likewise added, that even they themselves regarded Plato and Aristotle as Moslemin, and that thus I myself was to be regarded as a Moslim, in a much stricter sense than these two Pagan philosophers. I concluded by stating that the greater part of those who called themselves Moslemin did not deserve that name at all, but ought rather to be called Mohammedan, such as we named them, because they had raised their prophet above the Deity itself.

"Being rather irritated and exasperated by the frequent attacks of Sidi Mohammed and Alawate, I delivered my speech with great fervor and animation; and when I had concluded, Sidi Mohammed, who could not deny that the Kuran itself states that Islam dates from the creation of mankind, was not able to say a word in his defence. As for El Bakay,

he was greatly delighted at this clear exposition of my religious principles, but his younger brother, who certainly possessed a considerable degree of knowledge in religious matters, stated, in opposition to my argument, that the Caliphs El Harun and Mamun, who had the books of Plato and Aristotle translated into Arabic, were Metazila, that is to say, heretics, and not true Moslem; but this assertion of course I did not admit, although much might be said in favor of my opponent."

This was the north wind of the fable. The sun of the Sheikh El Bakay, was more influential, and touched the Doctor through aesthetic principles.

"On the 21st December, we again went in the afternoon to the tents. For the first time since my arrival in this town I rode my own stately charger, which, having remained so many months in the stable, feeding upon the nutritive grass of the byrgu, had so completely recruited his strength that in my desperately weak state I was scarcely able to manage him. The desert presented a highly interesting spectacle. A considerable stream, formed by the river, poured its waters with great force into the valleys and depressions of this sandy region, and gave an appearance of truth to the fabulous statement of thirty-six rivers flowing through this tract. After a few hours' repose, I was able to keep up a long conversation with the sheikh in the evening about Paradise and the divine character of the Kuran. This time our stay at the tents afforded more opportunity than usual for interesting conversation, and bore altogether a more religious character, my protector being anxious to convince his friends and followers of the depth of the faith of the Christians; and I really lamented that circumstances did not allow me to enter so freely into the details of the creed of these people, and to make myself acquainted with all its characteristics, as I should have liked.

"Part of the day the sheikh read and recited to his pupils chapters from the hadith of Bokhari, while his young son repeated his lesson aloud from the Kuran, and in the evening several surat or chapters of the holy book were beautifully chanted by the pupils till a late hour of the night. There was nothing more charming to me than to hear these beautiful verses chanted by sonorous voices in this open desert country, round the evening fire, with nothing to disturb the sound, which softly reverberated from the slope of the sandy downs opposite. A Christian must have been a witness to such scenes in order to treat with justice the Mohammedans and their creed."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." It is somewhat similar with books. Here are two strange instances of English publications travelling through the centre of Africa, though the life of Bruce was not found at Timbuctoo, but well down the Niger on the homeward journey.

"At other times again, [El Bakay] taking out of his small library the Arabic version of Hippocrates, which he valued extremely, he was very anxious for information as to the identity of the plants mentioned by the Arab authors. This volume of Hippocrates had been a present from Captain Clapperton to Sultan Bello of Sokoto, from whom my friend had received it among other articles as an acknowledgment of his learning. I may assert, with full confidence, that those few books taken by the gallant Scotch Captain into Central Africa, have had a greater effect in reconciling the men of authority in Africa to the character of Europeans, than the most costly present ever made to them; and I hope, therefore, that gifts like these may not be looked upon grudgingly by people who would otherwise object to do any thing which might seem to favor Mohammedanism.

"I even, to my great astonishment, found here, with one of the Kel e' Suk, the life of Bruce, published by Murray in 1835, and which most probably had been the property of Davidson, the Kel e' Suk having brought it from Azawad, where it had been taken by Hamma, a younger brother of El Bakay, who, about the time of Davidson's journey, had paid a visit to Tawat and the country of the Arif. It was almost complete, only ten leaves being wanting, and I bought it for three benaig, or strips of indigo-dyed cotton. It had been used as a talisman, an Arabic charm having been added to it."

Notwithstanding the bulk of Dr. Barth's book, he is not really to be considered as an author or even a narrator; but as a traveller and discoverer. In the first character he is entitled to the very highest praise for his patient firmness and resolute perseverance under the numerous forms of difficulty which even now beset the African explorer. From the constant danger of wanton murder which attended the earlier adventurers he might be free. The English influence at Tripoli—the fame of European power and prowess operating across the desert have rendered the chiefs of Central Africa fearful of offending they know not what, and disposed them to

furnish such protection as they can; but the risk of ignorant and fanatical violence still remains. The sufferings from climate and its diseases no power can guard against; hardships, fatigue, poor and scanty fare, with the want of all stimulants and often of all condiments, even to salt, as well as the depressing sense of solitude and isolation that come over the lonely traveller, will have to be submitted to till philanthropy has civilized Central Africa. All these things were borne by Dr. Barth, not so much bravely or unrepiningly, but as things of course—"as one in suffering all that suffers nothing." We hear of heat, or hunger, or thirst, as facts; we are told he is stricken down by fever, but we have no lamentations over his pains. If his patience gives way with ignorance, weakness of purpose, loss of time where the value of time is utterly unknown, it is towards the close of his journey, when one of his great objects was accomplished, and he was naturally chafed by petty impediments to his return.

As a discoverer Dr. Barth is rather to be ranked as an elucidator of what was already conjectured than a finder out of the unknown. The general course of the Niger between Timbuctoo and Rabbah ($9^{\circ} 13'$ of north latitude $4^{\circ} 58'$ of east longitude), to which Macgregor Laird's Expedition, ascended nearly five and twenty years ago, was pretty correctly inferred, though it could not be laid down with the accuracy of our present knowledge. The existence of the great southern branch of the Niger—the Tchada, Shary, Benuwe, or whatever name you call it was well known. Lander had struck it; Macgregor Laird ascended it; what Dr. Barth did was to ascertain its course more accurately; though much still remains to be done in settling the nature of the African waters between the 8th and 12th degrees of north latitude. Dr. Barth's most original discoveries extend to the south and east of Lake Tchad; but his mode of travel (with a slave-hunting force) necessarily rendered his observations general if not vague. We do not entertain so favorable an opinion of the practical results to commerce and African civilization that are to spring from these discoveries as Dr. Barth

and many people. The capacity of a country to produce, and the actual extent of its productions, are two very different things. The last depends upon habits of labor, steady industry, some skill and some capital. All these are very deficient along the region of the Niger, and more or less so in Central Negroland. What is worse, there is neither peace, nor security for property and life, or even the prospect of them. Forty years ago Timbuctoo seems to have been under a government, irregular and tyrannical, but still a government. About the same time Denham and Capperon found the two great kingdoms of Bornu and Sakato under powerful rulers, who maintained a sort of order and justice whence sprung a certain degree of prosperity. Now all has vanished. Timbuctoo has no ruler; two chiefs of feeble character and shorn power nominally represent the Sultans of Sakato and Bornu; but districts have coolly withdrawn their allegiance, or are in open revolt; while every man with influence to raise a following sets out on a marauding or slave-hunting expedition. In fact it is the regular resource for a "gentleman in diffa." A friend of Dr. Barth's—an excellent man, was compelled to plan a slave-hunt to pay his *just* debts. In such a state commerce has declined or dwindled away, poverty and often misery extensively increased. We are not opposed to another attempt to ascend the Niger as a matter of geographical exploration, and with a view to open up further trade; but any large results in this last direction will be we fear of slow growth.

The present like the former volumes contains plates which by form and color at all events convey to the eye an idea of some of the more striking scenery that the traveller met with. Maps exhibit Dr. Barth's discoveries in detail, as well as the region of Africa in which his explorations were carried on. An appendix to each volume contains a variety of special subjects including an Arabic poem of the author's protector, Sheikh El Bokay, uttered in his defence when he was threatened by the Fulan of Masina, and a translation.

From The Times, 22 September.

MEMORIAL TO SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS BY LORD BROUGHAM.

GRANTHAM, Tuesday, September, 21, 1858. —Lincolnshire enjoys the proud distinction of having given to the world the illustrious mathematician and philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton—justly described as “the greatest genius of the human race”—who was born at the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, a hamlet eight miles from this town, on Christmas Day, 1642. Sir Isaac was a posthumous child, his father having died, at a comparatively early age, some three months before the birth of a son whose reputation will endure “to the last syllable of recorded time.” Mrs. Newton re-married, and the embryo philosopher seems to have remained under the care of his maternal grandmother and uncle until he attained the age of twelve, when he was sent to the grammar-school at Grantham. While at school he displayed an extraordinary inclination for mechanics, and busied himself, during the time devoted by his schoolmates to play, in making models of various kinds, chiefly clocks and sundials, one of the latter of which is still to be seen carved upon the walls of the old manor-house at Woolsthorpe. He was entered, in 1661, at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was fortunate enough to secure the friendship of the learned Dr. Isaac Barrow, who had been elected Greek Professor in 1660, and who became Lucasian Professor in 1663. In the autumn of 1667 Newton was elected a minor fellow; on the 16th of March, 1668, he was elected a major fellow; and on the 29th of October, 1669, he was appointed Lucasian Professor, in the room of Dr. Barrow, who is said to have resigned with a view to his appointment, and from this period may be dated the development of those wonderful scientific discoveries which have given him a world-wide and time-enduring reputation. It is unnecessary to trace further the career of this great philosopher, over whose giant intellect a sad cloud subsequently passed, but who died at a green old age, in his 85th year, but un-married, on the 20th of March, 1727.

The relations of Sir Isaac, who inherited his personal estate, devoted the sum of £500 to the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, but in his case the proverb that a prophet is honored every-

where save in his own country and among his own people, has, until recently, been verified. Some three or four years ago, however, the inhabitants, or the Town Council, of Grantham, bethought themselves that some ornament was required for a vacant space of ground which is styled St. Peter's Hill, though it seems to be little, if at all, above the dead level of the Lincolnshire fens. It was suggested, and the suggestion was favorably received, that the most appropriate ornament would be a monument to the memory of a man whose early career was so closely identified with the town and neighborhood, and whose researches had conferred an eternal benefit upon mankind. A committee was formed to carry out this object, and Mr. Thomas Winter, a member of the Town Council—to whose untiring zeal and energy its successful accomplishment is, we believe, mainly attributable—undertook to act as the honorary secretary. Mr. Winter at once placed himself in communication with Lord Rosse, Lord Brougham, and other gentlemen of distinction in the literary and scientific world, who evinced a warm interest in the success of the scheme. Under these auspices the project received the sanction of the Royal Society, and the patronage of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who aided the fund by a subscription of £100. A general meeting of the subscribers was held in 1854, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, during the *séance* in that town of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, when it was resolved that the memorial should be a bronze statue, and its execution was intrusted by the Committee of Selection to Mr. William Theed, the result of whose labors is not only creditable to himself, but not unworthy of the great philosopher whose memory it perpetuates. A detailed description of the statue appeared in the *Times* of Thursday last. The likeness of Sir Isaac is copied from the mask of his face taken after death, and from a portrait bust by Roubilliac. It represents him in the costume of the period, and in the gown of a Master of Arts, in the act of lecturing. The figure is nearly thirteen feet high, weighing upwards of two tons, and about half the quantity of the material of which it is composed was presented in the shape of old gun metal, by her Majesty's government. The statue was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Robinson & Cottam,

of Pimlico, and as a specimen of clean casting, with sharp outline, does them high credit. The figure stands upon a pedestal of Anglesey marble, designed by Mr. Theed, and cut by Mr. Rogers, of Park Hill. The total height of the pedestal and figure is twenty-seven feet, and its cost is £1,630, of which £600 was contributed by the inhabitants of Grantham and the neighborhood.

From an early hour this morning visitors poured into the town to witness the inauguration of the statue. The interest which such a ceremony would have excited under ordinary circumstances was increased by the announcement that the inaugural address would be delivered by Lord Brougham, whose devotion to philosophical investigations especially qualified him for such an important duty. The noble and learned lord, who has just completed his 80th year, and upon whose physical vigor time has made comparatively slight inroads, while his mental energy, as will be evident to those who peruse his address, remains unimpaired, arrived at Grantham early in the morning, and was received at the Grammar-school by the Mayor (Mr. J. L. Ostler), the Recorder (Mr. W. H. Roberts), the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. M. Milnes, M. P., Sir J. Trollope, M. P., Mr. A. Wilson, M. P., the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (Dr. Whewell), Professor Owen, Mr. W. Fairbairn, Dr. Lee, Sir E. Cust, Sir J. Rennie, Sir B. Brodie, Mr. C. Turner, Colonel Fane, Major Moore, Sir J. Thorold, the members of the Corporation, and other gentlemen. A procession was then formed, headed by the band of the South Lincolnshire militia, which proceeded through Church Terrace, Vine street and High street, to St. Peter's Hill, where a vast crowd of spectators was assembled—the privileged visitors occupying seats upon platforms erected on the open space surrounding the statue. Lord Brougham—for whom a chair, formerly belonging to Sir I. Newton, was placed upon a *dais* in front of the statue—was greeted with loud and reiterated applause. At a signal from Mr. Winter the veil which concealed the statue from public view was withdrawn, amid general cheering, and the band played the National Anthem, all the Company standing.

Lord Brougham then delivered the following address, which was listened to with marked attention, and was frequently applauded :

THE ADDRESS OF LORD BROUGHAM.

To record the names and preserve the memory of those whose great achievements in science, in arts, or in arms, have conferred benefits and lustre upon our kind, has in all ages been regarded as a duty and felt as a gratification by wise and reflecting men. The desire of inspiring an ambition to emulate such examples generally mingles itself with these sentiments; but they cease not to operate even in the rare instances of transcendent merit, where matchless genius excludes all possibility of imitation, and nothing remains but wonder in those who contemplate its triumphs at a distance that forbids all attempts to approach. We are this day assembled to commemorate him of whom the consent of nations has declared that he is chargeable with nothing like a follower's exaggeration or local partiality, who pronounces the name of Newton as that of the greatest genius ever bestowed by the bounty of Providence for instructing mankind on the frame of the universe, and the laws by which it is governed :

" Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes

Restinxit; stellas exortus uti ætherius sol."

—Luc.

" In genius, who surpassed mankind as far
As does the mid-day sun the midnight star."

—Dryden.

But, though scaling these lofty heights be hopeless, yet there is some use and much gratification in contemplating by what steps he ascended. Tracing his course of action may help others to gain the lower eminences lying within their reach, while admiration excited and curiosity satisfied are frames of mind both wholesome and pleasing. Nothing new, it is true, can be given in narrative, hardly any thing in reflection, less still perhaps in comment or illustration; but it is well to assemble in one view various parts of the vast subject, with the surrounding circumstances, whether accidental or intrinsic, and to mark in passing the misconceptions raised by individual ignorance or national prejudice, which the historian of science occasionally finds crossing the path. The remark is common and is obvious, that the genius of Newton did not manifest itself at a very early age. His faculties were not, like those of some great and many ordinary individuals, precociously developed. Among the former, Clairant stand preëminent, who at nineteen

years of age presented to the Royal Academy a memoir of great originality upon a difficult subject in the higher geometry, and at eighteen published his great work on curves of double curvature, composed during the two preceding years. Pascal, too, at sixteen, wrote an excellent treatise on conic sections. That Newton cannot be ranked in this respect with those extraordinary persons is owing to the accidents which prevented him from entering upon mathematical study before his eighteenth year; and then a much greater marvel was wrought than even the Clairants and the Pascals displayed. His earliest history is involved in some obscurity, and the most celebrated of men has, in this particular, been compared to the most celebrated of rivers (the Nile), as if the course of both in its feeble state had been concealed from mortal eyes. We have it, however, well ascertained that within four years, between the ages eighteen and twenty-two, he had begun to study mathematic science, and had taken his place among its greatest masters; learnt for the first time the elements of geometry and analysis, and discovered a calculus which entirely changed the face of the science, effecting a complete revolution in that and in every branch of philosophy connected with it. Before 1661 he had not read *Euclid*; in 1665 he had committed to writing the method of fluxions. At twenty-five years of age he had discovered the law of gravitation, and laid the foundation of celestial dynamics, the science created by him. Before ten years had elapsed he added to his discoveries that of the fundamental properties of light. So brilliant a course of discovery in so short a time, changing and reconstructing analytical, astronomical, and optical science, almost defies belief. The statement could only be deemed possible by an appeal to the incontestable evidence that proves it strictly true. By a rare felicity these doctrines gained the universal assent of mankind as soon as they were clearly understood; and their originality has never been seriously called in question. Some doubts having been raised respecting his inventing the calculus—doubts raised in consequence of his so long withholding the publication of his method—no sooner was the inquiry instituted than the evidence produced proved so decisive that all men in all countries acknowledged him to have been by several years the earliest inventor, and Leibnitz,

at the utmost, the first publisher, the only questions raised being, first, whether or not he had borrowed from Newton; and next, whether, as second inventor, he could have any merit at all,—both which questions have long since been decided in favor of Leibnitz. But undeniable though it be that Newton made the great steps of this progress, and made them without any anticipation or participation by others, it is equally certain that there had been approaches in former times by preceding philosophers to the same discoveries. Cavalleri, by his *Geometry of Indivisibles* (1635), Roberval, by his *Method of Tangents* (1367), had both given solutions which Descartes could not attempt; and it is remarkable that Cavalleri regarded curves as polygons, surfaces as composed of lines, while Roberval viewed geometrical quantities as generated by motion; so that the one approached to the differential calculus, the other to fluxions; and Fermat, in the interval between them, comes still nearer the great discovery by his determination of *maxima* and *minima*, and his drawing of tangents. More recently Hudden had made public similar methods invented by Schœtin; and what is material, treating the subject algebraically, while those just now mentioned had rather dealt with it geometrically. It is thus easy to perceive how near an approach had been made to the calculus before the great event of its final discovery. There had in like manner been approaches made to the law of gravitation, and the dynamical system of the universe. Galileo's important propositions on motion, especially on the curvilinear motion, and Kepler's laws upon the elliptical form of the planetary orbits, the proportion of the areas to the times, and of the periodic times to the mean distances; and Huygens's theorems on centrifugal forces had been followed by still nearer approaches to the doctrine of attraction. Borelli had distinctly ascribed the motion of the satellites to their being drawn towards the principal planets, and thus prevented from flying off by the centrifugal force. Even the composition of white light, and the different action of bodies upon its component parts, had been vaguely conjectured by Ant. de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, at the beginning, and more precisely in the middle of the seventeenth century by Marcus (Kronland, of Prague), unknown to Newton, who only refers to the

Archbishop's work; while the treatise of Huygenon light, Grimaldi's observation on colors by inflexion, as well as on the elongation of the image in the prismatic spectrum, had been brought to his attention, although much less near to his own great discovery than Marcus's experiment. But all this only shows that the discoveries of Newton, great and rapid as were the steps by which they advanced our knowledge, yet obeyed the law of continuity, or rather of gradual progress, which governs all human approaches towards perfection. The limited nature of man's faculties precludes the possibility of his ever reaching at once the utmost excellence of which they are capable. Survey the whole circle of the sciences, and trace the history of our progress in each, you find this is to be the universal rule. In chymical philosophy the dreams of the Alchemists prepared the way for the more rational, though erroneous, theory of Stahl; and it was by repeated improvements that his errors, so long prevalent, were at length exploded, giving place to the sound doctrine which is now established. The great discoveries of Black and Priestly, on heat and aeriform fluids, had been preceded by the happy conjectures of Newton and the experiments of others. Nay, Voltaire had well nigh discovered the absorption of heat, the constitution of the atmosphere, and the oxidation of metals; and by a few more trials might have ascertained it. Cuvier had been preceded by inquirers who took sound views of fossil osteology, among whom the truly original genius of Hunter fills the foremost place. The inductive system of Bacon had been at least in its practice, known to his predecessors. Observations and even experiments were not unknown to the ancient philosophers, though mingled with gross errors; in early times, almost in the dark ages, experimental inquiries had been carried on with success by Friar Bacon, and that method actually recommended in a treatise, as it was two centuries later by Leonardo da Vinci, and at the latter end of the next century Gilbert examined the whole subject of magnetic action entirely by experiments. So that Lord Bacon's claim to be regarded as the father of modern philosophy rests upon the important, the invaluable step of reducing to a system the method of investigation adopted by those eminent men, generalizing it, and extending its application to all matters of contingent

truth, exploding the errors, the absurd dogmas, and fantastic subtleties of the ancient schools, above all, confining the subject of our inquiry, and the manner of conducting it, within the limits which our faculties prescribe.

Nor is this great law of gradual progress confined to the physical sciences; in the moral it equally governs. Before the foundations of political economy were laid by Hume and Smith a great step had been made by the French philosophers, disciples of Quesnai; but a nearer approach to sound principles had signalized the labors of Gournay, and those labors had been shared and his doctrines patronized by Turgôt when Chief Minister. Again, in constitutional policy, see by what slow degrees, from its first rude elements, the attendance of feudal tenants at their lord's court, and the summons of burghers to grant supplies of money, the great discovery of modern times in the science of practical politics has been effected, the representative scheme which enables states of any extent to enjoy popular government and allows mixed monarchy to be established, combining freedom with order—a plan pronounced by the statesmen and writers of antiquity to be of hardly possible formation, and wholly impossible continuance. The globe itself, as well as the science of its inhabitants, has been explored according to the law which forbids a sudden and rapid leaning forward, and decrees that each successive step, prepared by the last, shall facilitate the next. Even Columbus followed several successful discoverers on a smaller scale, and is by some believed to have had, unknown to him, a predecessor in the great exploit by which he pierced the night of ages, and unfolded a new world to the eyes of the old. The arts afford no exception to the general law. Demosthenes had eminent forerunners, Pericles the last of them. Homer must have had predecessors of great merit, though doubtless as far surpassed by him as Fra Bartolomeo and Pietro Perugino were by Michael Angelo and Raphael. Dantes owed much to Virgil; he may be allowed to have owed, through his Latin Mentor, not a little to the old Grecian; and Milton had both the orators and the poets of the ancient world for his predecessors and his masters. The art of war itself is no exception to the rule. The plan of bringing an overpowering force to bear on a given point had been tried occa-

tionally before Frederick II. reduced it to a system; and the Wellingtons and Napoleons of our own day made it the foundation of their strategy as it had also been previously the mainspring of our naval tactics. It has oftentimes been held that the invention of logarithms stands alone in the history of science, as having been proceeded by no step leading towards the discovery. There is, however, great inaccuracy in this statement, for not only was the doctrine of infinitesimals familiar to its illustrious author, and the relation of geometrical to arithmetical series well known, but he had himself struck out several methods of great ingenuity and utility (as that known by the name of Napier's Bones)—methods that are now forgotten, eclipsed as they were by the consummation which has immortalized his name. So the inventive powers of Watt, preceded as he was by Worcester and Newcomen, but far more materially by Caus and Papin, had been exercised on some admirable contrivances, now forgotten, before he made the step which created the steam-engine anew—not only the parallel motion, possibly a corollary to the proposition on circular motion in the *Principia*, but the separate condensation, and above all, the governor, perhaps the most exquisite of mechanical inventions; and now we have those here present who apply the like principle to the diffusion of knowledge, aware, as they must be, that its expansion has the same happy effect naturally preventing mischief from its excess which the skill of the great mechanist gave artificially to steam, thus rendering his engine as safe as it is powerful. The grand difference, then, between one discovery or invention and another is in degree rather than in kind; the degree in which a person, while he outstrips those whom he comes after, also lives, as it were, before his age. Nor can any doubt exist that, in this respect, Newton stands at the head of all who have extended the bounds of knowledge. The sciences of dynamics and of optics are especially to be regarded in this point of view; but the former in particular, and the completeness of the system which he unfolded, its having been at first celebrated and given in perfection, its having, however new, stood the test of time, and survived, nay gained by, the most rigorous scrutiny, can be predicated of this system alone, at least in the same degree. That the calculus, and those parts of dynamics

which are purely mathematical, should thus endure forever is a matter of course. But his system of the universe rests partly upon contingent truths, and might have yielded to new experiments and more extended observation. Nay, at times it has been thought to fail, and further investigation was deemed requisite to ascertain if any error had been introduced—if any circumstance had escaped the notice of the great founder. The most memorable instance of this kind is the discrepancy supposed to have been found between the theory and the fact in the motion of the lunar apsides, which about the middle of the last century occupied the three first analysts of the age. The error was discovered by themselves to have been their own in the process of their investigation; and this, like all the other doubts that were ever momentarily entertained, only led in each instance to new and more brilliant triumphs of the system. The prodigious superiority in this cardinal point of the Newtonian to other discoveries, appears manifest upon examining almost any of the chapters in the history of science. Successive improvements have, by extending our views, constantly displaced the system that appeared firmly established. To take a familiar instance, how little remains of Lavoisier's doctrine of combustion and acidification, except the negative positions, the subversion of the system of Stahl! The substance having most eminently the properties of an acid (chlorine) is found to have no oxygen at all, while many substances abounding in oxygen, including alkalis themselves, have no acid property whatever; and without the access of oxygenous or of any other gas heat and flame are produced in excess. The doctrines of free trade had not long been promulgated by Smith before Bentham demonstrated that his exception of usury was groundless; and his theory has been repeatedly proved erroneous on colonial establishments, as well as his exception to it on the navigation laws; and the imperfection of his views on the nature of rent is undeniable, as well as on the principle of population. In these and such instances as these it would not be easy to find in the original doctrines the means of correcting subsequent errors, or the germs of extended discovery. But even if philosophers finally adopt the undulatory theory of light instead of the atomic, it must be borne in mind that Newton gave the first elements of it by

the well-known proposition in the 8th section of the Second Book of the *Principia*, the scholium to that section also indicating his expectation that it would be applied to optical science; while M. Brot has shown how the doctrine of fits of reflection and transmission tallies with polarization, if not with undulation also.

But the most marvellous attribute of Newton's discoveries is that in which they stand out prominent among all the other feats of scientific research, stamped with the peculiarity of his intellectual character; they were, their great author lived before his age, anticipating in part what was long after wholly accomplished, and thus unfolding some things which at the time could be but imperfectly, others not at all comprehended, and not rarely pointing out the path and affording the means of treading it, to the ascertainment of truths then veiled in darkness. He not only enlarged the actual dominion of knowledge, penetrating to regions never before explored, and taken with a firm hand undisputed possession; but he showed how the bounds of the visible horizon might be yet further extended, and enabled his successors to occupy what he could only descry; as the illustrious discoverer of the new world made the inhabitants of the old cast their eyes over lands and seas far distant from those he had traversed, lands and seas of which they could form to themselves no conception, any more than they had been able to comprehend the course by which he led them on his grand enterprise. In this achievement, and in the qualities which alone made it possible, inexhaustible fertility of resources, patience unsubdued, close meditation that would suffer no distraction, steady determination to pursue paths that seemed all but hopeless, and unflinching courage to declare the truths they led to, how far soever removed from ordinary apprehension—in these characteristics of high and original genius we may be permitted to compare the career of those great men. But Columbus did not invent the mariner's compass as Newton did the instrument which guided his course and enabled him to make his discoveries, and his successors to extend them by closely following his directions in using it. Nor did the compass suffice to the great navigator without making any observations, though he dared to steer without a chart; while it is certain that by the philosopher's instrument his discover-

ies were extended over the whole system of the universe, determining the masses, the forms and the motions of all parts by the mere inspection of abstract calculations and formulas analytically deduced. The two great improvements in this instrument which have been made—the calculus of variations by Euler and Lagrange, the method of partial differences by d'Alembert—we have every reason to believe were known at least in part to Newton himself. His having solved an isoperimetrical problem (finding the line whose revolution forms the solid of least resistance) shows clearly that he must have made the co-ordinates of the generating curve vary, and his construction agrees exactly with the equation given by that calculus. That he must have tried the process of integrating by parts in attempting to generalize the universe problem of central forces before he had recourse to the geometrical approximation which he has given, and also when he sought the means of ascertaining the comet's path, which he has termed by ~~far~~ the most difficult of problems, is eminently probable, when we consider how naturally that method flows from the ordinary process for differentiating compound quantities; by supposing each variable in succession constant; in short, differentiating by parts. As to the calculus of variations having substantially been known to him no doubt can be entertained. Again: in estimating the ellipticity of the earth, he proceeded upon the assumption of a proposition, of which he gave no demonstration, (any more than he had done of the isoperimetrical problem,) that the ratio of the centrifugal force to gravitation determines the ellipticity. Half a century later, that which no one before knew to be true, which many probably considered to be erroneous, was examined by one of his most distinguished followers, Maclaurin, and demonstrated most satisfactorily to be true. Newton had not failed to perceive the necessary effects of gravitation in producing other phenomena besides the regular motion of the planets and their satellites in their course round their several centres of attraction. One of these phenomena, wholly unsuspected before the discovery of the general law, is the alternate movement to and fro of the earth's axes, in consequence of the solar (and also of the lunar) attraction combined with the earth's motion. This libration, or nutation, distinctly announced by him as the result of the

theory, was not found by actual observation to exist till fifty years and upwards had elapsed, when Bradly proved the fact. The great discoveries which have been made by Lagrange and La Place upon the results of disturbing forces have established the law of periodical variation of orbits, which secures the stability of the system by prescribing a *maximum* and *minimum* amount of deviation; and this is not a contingent, but a necessary truth, by rigorous demonstration, the inevitable result undoubted *data* in point of fact, the eccentricities of the orbits, the directions of the motions, and the movement in one plane of a certain position.

That wonderful proposition of Newton, which, with its corollaries, may be said to give the whole doctrine of disturbing forces, has been little more than applied and extended by the labors of succeeding geometers. Indeed, La Place, struck with wonder at one of his comprehensive general statements in disturbing forces in another proposition, has not hesitated to assert that it contains the germs of Lagrange's celebrated inquiry exactly a century after the *Principia* was given to the world. The wonderful powers of generalization, combined with the boldness of never shrinking from a conclusion that seemed the legitimate result of his investigations—how new and even startling soever it might appear—was strikingly shown in that memorable inference which he drew from optical phenomena, that the diamond is "an unctuous substance coagulated;" subsequent discoveries having proved both that such substances are carbonaceous, and that the diamond is crystalized carbon; and the foundations of mechanical chemistry were laid by him with the boldest induction and most felicitous anticipations of what has since been effected. The solution of the inverse problem of disturbing forces has led Le Verrier and Adams to the discovery of a new planet, merely by deductions from the manner in which the motions of an old one are affected, and its orbit has been so calculated that observers could find it—nay, its disc as measured by them only varies 1-1,200 of a degree from the amount given by the theory. Moreover, when Newton gave his estimate of the earth's density, he wrote a century before Maskelyne, and, by measuring the force of gravitation in the Scotch mountains, gave the proportion to water as 4,716 to 1; and, many years after,

by experiments with mechanical apparatus, Cavendish (1798) corrected this to 5,48, and Baily, more recently (1842) to 5,66, Newton having given the proportion as between five and six times. In these instances he only showed the way and anticipated the result of future inquiry by his followers. But the oblate figure of the earth affords an example of the same kind, with this difference, that here he has himself perfected the discovery and nearly completed the demonstration. From the mutual gravitation of the particles which form its mass, combined with their motion round its axis, he deduced the proposition that it must be flattened at the poles; and he calculated the proportion of its polar to its equatorial diameter. By a most refined process he gave this proportion upon the supposition of the mass being homogeneous. That the proportion is different in consequence of the mass being heterogeneous does not in the least affect the soundness of his conclusion. Accurate measurements of a degree of latitude in the equatorial and polar regions, with experiments on the force of gravitation in those regions, by the different length of a pendulum vibrating seconds, have shown that the excess of the equatorial diameter is about eleven miles less than he had deduced it from the theory; and thus that the globe is not homogeneous. But on the assumption of a fluid mass, the ground of his hydrostatical investigation, his proportion of 229 to 230 remains unshaken, and is precisely the one adopted and reasoned from by La Place, after all the improvements and all the discoveries of later times. Surely at this we may well stand amazed, if not awe-struck. A century of study, of improvement, of discovery, has passed away, and we find La Place master of all the new resources of the calculus, and occupying the heights to which the labors of Euler, Clairant, D'Alembert, and Lagrange have enabled us to ascend, adopting the Newtonian fraction of 1-230 as the accurate solution of this speculative problem. New admeasurements have been undertaken upon a vast scale, patronized by the munificence of rival governments—new experiments have been performed with approved apparatus of exquisite delicacy—new observations have been accumulated, with glasses far exceeding any powers possessed by the resources of optics in the days of him to whom the science of optics as well as dynamics owes its origin; the theory

and the fact have thus been compared and reconciled together in more perfect harmony ; but that theory has remained unimproved, and the great principle of gravitation, with its most sublime results, now stands in the attitude, and of the dimensions, and with the symmetry which both the law and its application received at once from the mighty hand of its immortal author. But the contemplation of Newton's discoveries raises other feelings than wonder at his matchless genius. The light with which it shines is not more dazzling than useful. The difficulties of his course and his expedients, alike copious and refined for surmounting them, exercise the faculties of the wise while commanding their admiration. But the results of his investigations, often abstruse, are truths so grand and comprehensive, yet so plain, that they both captivate and instruct the simple. The gratitude, too, which they inspire, and the veneration with which they encircle his name, far from tending to obstruct future improvement, only proclaim his disciples the zealous because rational followers of one whose example both encouraged and enabled his successors to make further progress. How unlike the blind devotion to a master which for so many ages of the modern world paralyzed the energies of the human mind !—

“ Had we still paid that homage to a name
Which only God and Nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
The poets still might dream the sun was
drown'd,
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admired by none but savage eyes.”

Nor let it be imagined that the feelings of wonder excited by contemplating the achievements of this great man are in any degree whatever the result of national partiality, and confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. The language which expresses her veneration is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that in which other nations give utterance to theirs ; not merely by the general voice, but by the well-considered and well-informed judgment of the masters of science. Leibnitz, when asked at the royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said that, “ taking mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half.” “ The *Principia* will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed

to us the greatest law of the universe” are the words of La Place. “ That work stands preëminent above all the other productions of the human mind.” “ The discovery of that simple and general law, by the greatness and the variety of the objects which it embraces, confers honor upon the intellect of man.” Lagrange, we are told by D'Alembert, was wont to describe Newton as the greatest genius that ever existed, but to add how fortunate he was also, “ because there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish.” “ Never,” says the father of the Institute of France—one filling a high place among the most eminent of its members—“ Never,” said M. Biot, “ was the supremacy of intellect so justly established and so fully confessed. In mathematical and in experimental science without an equal and without an example, combining the genius for both in its highest degree.” The *Principia* he terms the greatest work ever produced by the mind of man, adding, in the words of Halley, “ that a nearer approach to the Divine nature has not been permitted to mortals.” “ In first giving to the world Newton's method of fluxions,” says Fontenelle, “ Leibnitz did like Prometheus—he stole fire from Heaven to bestow it upon men.” “ Does Newton,” L'Hopital asked, “ sleep and wake like other men ? I figure him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter.” To so renowned a benefactor of the world, thus exalted to the loftiest place by the common consent of all men—one whose life, without the intermission of an hour, was passed in the search after truths the most important, and at whose hands the human race had only received good, never evil—no memorial has been raised by those nations which erected statues to the tyrants and conquerors, the scourges of mankind, whose lives were passed, not in the pursuit of truth, but the practice of falsehood ; or across whose lips, if truth ever chanced to stray towards some selfish end, it surely failed to obtain belief ; who, to slake their insane thirst of power or of preëminence, trampled on the rights and squandered the blood of their fellow-creatures ; whose course, like the lightning, blasted while it dazzled ; and who, reversing the Roman Emperor's noble regret, deemed the day lost that saw the sun go down upon their forbearance—no victim deceived, or be-

trayed, or oppressed. That the worshippers of such pestilent genius should consecrate to the memory of the most illustrious of men no outward symbol of the admiration they so freely confessed, is not matter of wonder. But that his own countrymen, justly proud of having lived in his time, should have left this duty to their successors, after a century and a half of professed veneration and lip homage, may well be deemed strange. The inscription upon the cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect: "If you seek for a monument, look around." "If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens, which show forth his fame." Nor, when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation, "The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men," can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton's. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same State, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophical and sublime.

At the conclusion of the noble and learned lord's address he was presented by the Mayor with a copy of Newton's *Principia*, and the invited visitors then proceeded to the Exchange Rooms, where a substantial *déjeuner* had been provided. The Mayor presided, and was supported by Lord Brougham, the Bishop of Lincoln, and the gentlemen who have been mentioned as present at the inauguration of the statue.

At the conclusion of the repast, the usual loyal toasts having been honored,

The Bishop of Lincoln, in acknowledging the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," expressed his satisfaction at having been enabled to join in doing honor to the

memory of a philosopher to whose researches and to whose example the cause of truth was so much indebted.

"The immortal memory of Newton," was given by the Mayor, and was drunk in silence.

The Mayor then proposed "The health of Lord Brougham," eulogizing the noble and learned lord's exertions for the abolition of slavery, the extension of education, and the reformation of the law.

Lord Brougham, in returning thanks, expressed his gratification at the gathering they had witnessed that day, people having assembled from all parts of the country, without any inducement of interest, or any factious or sectarian feeling, simply to testify their honest and heartfelt pride that the country which gave them birth had produced the greatest genius which had ever existed—a man whose talents had never been exercised but for the extension of truth, for the instruction of mankind, and with a view to illustrate the wisdom and power of the Creator. [Cheers.] The noble and learned lord gave "The Committee of Selection," the toast being acknowledged by

Sir E. Cust, who expressed his opinion that a system of competition, similar to that which has been acted upon in the present instance, would conduce to the improvement of art and to the interests of artists. After warmly eulogizing the work of Mr. Theed, he proposed the health of that gentleman, who briefly returned thanks.

Several other toasts were given, and among them "The Master of Trinity College," proposed by Sir J. Trollope, which was acknowledged by

Dr. Whewell, who observed that the University of Cambridge, and Trinity College especially, had always manifested the most vivid and active sympathy in the speculations and the fame of Newton, and that Trinity possessed a statue of the philosopher which commanded the universal admiration of sculptors.

From The National Intelligencer.

OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia has obligingly transmitted to us, with the request that we should insert in the Intelligencer, the subjoined interesting narrative of the events connected with the recent negotiations in China, which, under the conduct of Mr. Reed, our able Minister in that country, have been brought to so successful an issue in the conclusion of a favorable commercial treaty. This narrative, we may say, on the authority of the gentleman through whom we receive it, "proceeds from a reliable quarter, and is doubtless no less an accurate than a well-written statement of the doings of the American negotiator," who, as we were prepared to expect, is here shown to have executed the delicate task with which he was charged in a manner that reflects the highest honor on the discretion and skill which have secured for our country the coveted advantages sought at the hands of this populous Empire, and that without violating in any respect the neutral obligations it was our duty to observe towards a Power embroiled in hostilities with the two leading nations of Europe.

"TIEN-TSIN, JULY 2, 1858.

"As this mail will carry home the Treaty which Mr. Reed has succeeded in making with the Chinese Government, I am tempted, having had some opportunities of close observation, to send you an intelligible account of the course of things here during the past six months. Had I no other reason, I find one in the dependence on this subject of China of our most intelligent newspapers on the London press. No sooner does the clever and very reckless correspondent of the "Times" utter his unworthy sarcasm at American neutrality, and the attitude which a sense of duty, that ought to be intelligible, and the force of circumstances compel our Minister to take, than it is copied with applause by the papers of the United States, and made the basis sometimes of elaborate editorials censuring the policy of our Government, and which are reproduced in the Hong Kong and Shanghai newspapers as expressions of public opinion. Not a word of Mr. Reed's correspondence, that I am aware of, has been given to the public; and yet the 'Times' has denounced 'his sulky solitude on board the Minnesota,' and not a few at home have wondered, if not scolded, that he did not rush pell-mell into the unfortunate war in which Great Britain and France involved themselves. Permit me, by a refer-

ence to a few patient facts, to say how the matter really stands, and how Mr. Reed, in the face of difficulties and perplexities which I suspect have sorely tried his equanimity and good temper, has succeeded so well.

"Let me enliven my story by a description of the place where my letter is dated, and the odd scene that is hourly—for it varies little—before my eyes. Tien-tsin is a large walled city, of 200,000 inhabitants, situated about seventy miles from Peking, and by the river Pei-ho, about sixty miles from the sea, at the confluence of the river and once Grand Canal. If you will take the trouble to take from the shelves those dismal books describing Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's Embassies in the days of Duke Ho and the kotau, you will see all about Tien-tsin; for, substituting one multitude of gazing, open-mouthed Chinamen for another, I suspect the Tien-tsin of to-day is the Tien-tsin of sixty years ago. Until now no foreign flag ever flew here, no foreign vessel had ever anchored ten miles above the bar. Four years ago the Allied Powers, represented by Mr. McLane and Sir John Bowring, approached and crossed the bar; and Dr. Parker and Mr. Medhurst were sent to pave the way for diplomatic progress; but November gales and Chinese impassivity defeated it. The time had not come. Now, from the house where I live, what a different scene! In the river in front of the city lie closely anchored a Russian and American steamer, and a line of English gun and dispatch boats. Transversely to this and in the Imperial Canal, where none but mandarin boats ever dared to float before, are one English and three large French men-of-war, several drawing as much as eleven feet of water. Directly in front and on the canal is the joint residence—rather a showy building and once an Imperial stopping place—of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, their ensigns flying over their respective houses and guarded by marines and soldiers. Admiral Seymour's flag-ship, the 'Coromandel,' and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly's, the 'Avalanche,' are close in front. A little further down the stream, on its right bank, are the neighboring houses of the American and Russian Legations. Mr. Reed has with him a small guard of marines and sailors, and has been fortunate to find capital Chinese quarters in a house of tolerable comfort as things go, and the attraction or consolation of a pretty garden. During the heat of the day nothing is stirring except the wonder-stricken Chinese who come to gaze. Towards evening, as a matter of regularity, you may see Mr. Reed in his boat, and Count Pontiatine in his, modestly pulling up the river past the men-of-war to walk in the fields out of town; and Lord Elgin, with a

Chinese pith helmet and costume that would amuse his Scotch tenantry, trudging along on his accustomed stroll.

"Night comes on, and the Chinese go early to bed, (for they have that merit,) and nothing is heard but the bands playing the retreat on board the two flag-ships. If the doorways of the Ministers could be watched, it would be found that the neutral Powers had by far the most visitors. There is scarcely an hour that a chair, with a mandarin, was not in waiting, especially at the Russian's door. For four weeks—one day very like another—has this social condition continued, varied by hospitalities which diplomatic difficulties cannot check, all parties seeming to agree on what Lord Stowell once called the lubricating process of giving good dinners. Such is the scene, and now for the actors and their acts.

"To make this intelligible I must go back to a beginning. Each American Minister in China has come to what seemed something of a crisis, and the character of American diplomacy stands well, and will be better approved the more it is understood. The initiation of our diplomatic relation with China was in Mr. Tyler's time, when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State. The first mission was offered to Mr. Edward Everett, and on his declining it Mr. Cushing was appointed. His career here, as is well known, was short and most successful. He had the good fortune to come after a war and not in the midst of one. Then came Commodore Biddle to exchange ratifications, and after him Mr. A. H. Everett, who died at Canton not long after his arrival, Mr. Davis succeeded, who by common consent did great service in consolidating the judicial functions of his post, and discharging its current duties modestly and well. It was on his arrival in 1848 that the last personal interview occurred in the South between an Imperial and American Commissioner. He was succeeded by Mr. Humphrey Marshall in 1853, the publication of whose dispatches by Congress did great service and proved his eminent ability. He was here when the rebellion was at the full tide of victory. Mr. McLane was here in 1854, visited the rebels at Nanking, and found them inaccessible; and, as I have said, had no better success with the Imperialists at the north, though what he did was very well done. Dr. Parker was then appointed, and there is certainly a concurrent testimony in China to his integrity of purpose and high patriotic motives. His was the evil hour of actual conflict with Yeh and his party at Canton, and it is not to be wondered at that he should have yielded ready assent to affiliation and coöperation with the English. It was very hard to remain neutral.

"Such were the antecedents to Mr. Reed's mission as he began it on his arrival in China in November last. It is all very well for quiet speculators at home to say how easy the duty of keeping your balance is, but any one who was in China last winter can better judge of the difficulty and the merit of success. Every body was in a flame. The merchant was irritated at the interruption of commerce, and laid the blame on the Chinese; losses had been incurred by all parties, and debate ran high as to the propriety of the measures to be adopted to obtain redress. These were substantial grievances. Yeh, in order to dislodge the English and defend the city, had burnt the factories, while they had retaliated by firing the packhouses of the Chinese merchants. Previous to this Admiral Seymour's shells had destroyed some property and the houses of some missionaries; and Secretary Marcy's Greytown doctrine, dexterously adopted by Lord Palmerston, that the assailed party must always pay the damages, made new converts to the war sentiment. The military men were restless, the diplomatic folks were irritable.

"In this excitement Mr. Reed completely maintained his reserve and his independence, and then it was that his "sulky solitude" was prominently denounced. He wrote to Yeh, as he was instructed to do, and Yeh answered him, not at all discourteously, as was asserted, but evasively; and Mr. Reed did not fly into a passion and threaten to fight when he knew he could not. The trials of solitude and inaction are very severe to an active and ambitious man, and Mr. Reed had his share of them for three months after his arrival; but he persevered to the end. Who will not say, looking at the entanglements of Canton, six months after the nominal victory was won, and sees the English and French army and navy engaged in miserable police duty, watching outbreaks, guarding restless officials who will not keep in their places, stricken by disease and the fearful power of the sun—who, seeing all this, will not be grateful that we were not dragged into this worthless *melée*? What would the nation have said if the crews of the Minnesota and Powhattan and the rest of the squadron had been turned into special constables to keep the peace of Canton; and Mr. Perry or Capt. Dupont associated in a joint commission with Consul Parker and Col. Halloway in taking care that Gov. Pih-kwei stayed in his palace and the Collector of Customs or Hoppo did not run away? Yet there were foolish people who thought this ought to be, and that it would be a good thing to have a joint protectorate of Canton.

"All this time the public mind was filled with absurd stories of diplomatic conferences

at Macao, to some of which, so ran the story, the American Minister was invited and from most of which he was excluded. There was no word of truth in all this. Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine were quietly living together, the guests of the same gentleman at Macao, and no doubt talked over their own affairs very fully and confidentially; but beyond that I am very sure conferences never went.

So matters continued till after the fall of Canton at the end of December, 1857.

Canton having fallen, the first incident that followed was the discovery of the captors in Yeh's yamun of certain important documents; and among them the originals of the ratified treaties with England, the United States, and France. Rather an undue importance was attached to this at that time, and it was assumed that neither the treaties nor their contents had ever been communicated to the Emperor, and, even were not known at the capital. This certainly is not so, for there is in existence (I have seen the book in the hands of Mr. Williams, our Secretary of Legation) a volume printed at Pekin by authority, containing the treaties and tariffs. Retaining the originals at Canton, was merely an expression of the Chinese idea (now dispelled, I hope forever) of transferring all foreign affairs to the extremity of the Empire. A much more interesting document was found, an Imperial decree directing the treatment of barbarians, and approving Yeh's conduct towards Mr. Parker.

"Lord Elgin sent this copy of the American treaty, still in a state of good preservation after thirteen years, to Mr. Reed, and it was kept by him till within the last week, when it was handed to the two Imperial Commissioners here, and very properly and respectfully received by them.

"Early in February there came the first word of confidence and friendliness from the Allied Powers to the neutral Ministers. It was a frank exposition of their past policy and future intentions, with an invitation, earnestly and courteously expressed, that the American and Russian Plenipotentiaries should give this course their support. Lord Elgin had made the same application to Mr. Parker on his arrival in China in July, 1857. At the last offer all the correspondence of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros with Yeh before the fall of Canton was communicated to Mr. Reed; and as the former has all been laid before Parliament, I may so far refer to it as to say, without at all committing myself to unreserved approval of his whole course, that it was most creditable, and illustrated his moderation and reluctant resort to arms. I have every reason to think too that Baron Gros was not less so.

"The Allies invited the neutrals to unite in
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a peaceful movement to the north, and in an appeal, simultaneous but distinct, to the Court of Pekin to appoint a plenipotentiary to meet them at Shanghai. Coincidentally with this was the removal of the blockade of the Canton river on the 10th of February, after six months' duration, and joint notification that affairs were restored to a treaty basis. There could of course be no hesitation in the conduct to be pursued by the neutrals, and an affirmative answer was sent by Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine, with drafts of the letters they proposed to send to Pekin. These papers when published will speak for themselves. All the dispatches went north about the middle of February, and were delivered to the Governor-General at Suchan on the 26th. In the 'Moniteur' of April, and copied into the Times of the 30th, had been published an official letter from M. de Couteades, one of the French attachés, describing what occurred there; but one would never infer from it that the Russian and American Secretaries had any thing to do with it. Yet all the communications from the four Powers were received at the same time and with the same respect, all went to Pekin by the same messenger.

"The Ministers arrived at Shanghai at the end of March, and remained there about a fortnight. No Plenipotentiary came to meet them, and but very unsatisfactory replies through the Governor-General, for the Cabinet at Pekin had not yet reached this point of condescension, that an Imperial Commissioner had been sent to Canton in Yeh's place, and thither the foreigners must go to meet him. There could of course be no hesitation as to what ought to be done now, and no alternative was left but to advance at once and repeat the peaceful experiment nearer the capital. Letters to that effect were accordingly dispatched from Shanghai, and about the 12th of April the Western ambassadors sailed for the Gulf of Pichili, arriving between the 18th and 26th of that month in this order, Russian, English, American, and French.

"To the coöperation which was thus initiated, while there were manifest advantages, there were some embarrassments, theoretical and practical. Among the latter was the difficulty of personal intercourse. Gentlemen see much more of each other on shore, where they can drop in and pay friendly and informal visits; but in an open roadstead like that off the Pei-ho, in the month of April, when every other day brought a gale of wind and sand gusts that hid the ships from each other, intercourse was very awkward. Count Pontiatine, who, being a sailor, minded tempestuous boating least, was, on one occasion, compelled by stress of weather to remain part of a day and all night on board the 'Missis-

ssippi' with Mr. Reed. But the theoretical difficulties were not less, and you may imagine how little actual conference there was or has been when I tell you that from January, when the neutral coöperation was solicited, to this moment, the four Plenipotentiaries have never met together, except one day by the merest accident and for a moment on board the 'Audacieuse' in the Gulf. And there too it was that sprung up apparently the jealousy of Russian and American affiliation that has seen the bugbear ever since. That Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed saw a great deal of each other, and conferred as friends who were most desirous to avert further hostilities, is very certain; and each of them must have had a passion for isolation if this had not been so; but when the correspondence comes to be published justice will be done to the resolute integrity with which they endeavored to promote the views of the Allies. It would be imputing a most unworthy motive to Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to imagine that they meant to be dictators, and expected the Russian and American Ministers to await the slow revelations of their will, and then to follow them. The truth was, and this was manifest to all in and out of counsel, the English and French diplomatic chiefs, and of course their subordinates, were all in a state of ill-disguised ill-temper. Here was Lord Elgin anxious for a coup-de-main, anxious to push up the river and show his forces; and here too were Russians, and Americans, and Frenchmen, while he, out of all his great fleet, had but one gunboat and no admiral. When the two Admirals did come they were cautious and deliberate, and were not to be pushed into premature military movements by mere diplomatic urgency. Neither the Ministers nor their Admirals made any secret of their discontent with each other; and while the colonial newspapers and letter-writers in the fleet were scribbling about the annoyance of 'intrusive neutrals,' the annoyance and irritation were of a very different character.

"It was in this interval that the best news came, like a bolt from a clear sky, of the fall of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, the unpleasant state of feeling in France, and the restoration to power of Lord Derby, the opponent of the China war. No one could tell what might be Lord Malmesbury's next dispatch. It was necessary to be in a hurry, and yet the Admirals, who felt their military character at stake, would not be hurried.

"The neutral Ministers, having no such troubles, were very placid. New letters were sent by each of the four simultaneously to Peking demanding a Plenipotentiary to be sent to meet them, and six days allowed for that purpose. Within the six days not only did two high officers, sent specially from the

capital to make inquiry into the demands of the foreigners, reach Taku, but also Tau, the Governo-General of the province, who announced himself as Imperial Commissioner on the part of the Emperor. Here occurred the first divergence among the Plenipotentiaries, and the difference of opinion was quite characteristic of the parties—the Allies severe and exacting, the Neutrals conciliatory and moderate. Had it suited the views of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to invite the Russian and American Ministers into conference on fair terms, even this difference, immaterial and temporary as it was, might not have occurred. It was this: When the Governor-General arrived he announced himself merely as an Imperial Commissioner, but did not state, in so many words, that he was clothed with 'full powers.' The Allies, on this ground, absolutely refused even to see him. Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed thought that personal intercourse was all important, and that the want of powers would appear afterwards, and could then be made a matter of scruple. They therefore determined to see the Imperial Commissioner, and the Russian Count was actually on shore with him, when, without one word of notice and within the six days allowed, all the English dispatch and gun-boats entered the river and anchored close to the forts. The Chinese were fearfully excited, and were with difficulty prevented from firing on them.

"Mr. Reed went in the next day and had several interviews with the Commissioner, who treated him with the greatest courtesy, defined his powers, which were not unlike his own—able to negotiate and then refer to his sovereign for ratification—and indicated how far and on what points he could treat. In order, however, to afford the Chinese another opportunity, the English and French Ministers dispatched a second letter to the capital asking that a high officer be appointed to treat with them who had 'full powers,' that is, was styled a Plenipotentiary, as Kiying formerly was, and granted six days for him to arrive at Taku. Of course Tau had no such title, and he did not go as far as his successors at this city did, but his appointment seemed like a bona fide attempt at negotiation; and for the sake of the good name of the Allies it is a pity that he was so contemptuously rejected, and all further conference with him by any one broken off by their attack on the Taku forts on the 20th of May. Less than twenty-four hours' notice of this was given to the Neutrals; and Mr. Williams was actually on shore in conference with a high officer, the provincial treasurer, deputed to meet him, when he was recalled by a note from Mr. Reed informing him that after a summons of two hours' time in which to sur-

render the forts were to be assaulted. The strong arm was to decide every thing with these helpless though perverse Chinese.

"Of that attack and its result it is not worth while to say much, but I confess to an anxiety to know what will be the judgment of the world and of Christian England on it. With us here it is difficult to keep our judgment clear from a sense of material consequences, for certainly the fall of the forts had great influence; but some plain-minded, right-thinking men at a distance, who care neither for opinion nor drills, may ask whether it be right to go to war because a Minister does not put 'Plenipotentiary' on his card, and because a Chinese statesman does not conform to the strictest rule of diplomatic technique.

"However, the doom went forth. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros threw themselves on the Admirals, and the Admirals said they could not advance any nearer to Peking without taking the forts; and so, after a summons, as I have said, of but two hours, the forts were attacked by an overwhelming force, and of course taken. I cannot but think that Lord Elgin—who is not a war man—shrank from the step, but it was a necessity in the Allied counsels, and the deed was done.

"Do you happen to remember Baron Gros's attempt at mediation in Greece in 1850, when he was the neutral and Great Britain the assailant; when he begged the English 'in God's name' (I quote his very words) to stop an attack on a weak nation? Or, what is still more pertinent, do you recollect the Russian protest on the occasion when they told the English that their conduct was such as 'to authorize all great Powers on all fitting occasions to recognize towards the weak no other rule, no other right, but their own strength?' What would have been thought if Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine had used such language? And yet, because they simply tried in good faith and humanity to pacificate, and persuade the Chinese to yield the point of etiquette, they were the objects of what I can only describe as sullen censure. I have every reason to believe that the irritation was transitory, for Lord Elgin formally thanked Mr. Reed for his good offices and for what he had done.

"At the forts the Chinese fought well; the Allies of course fought better. The action lasted more than two hours, the Chinese resolutely standing to their guns and dying there; over three hundred bodies were found in the forts; most of the wounded had been carried off. I walked over the field the next day, and had my first (and I hope my last) view of a fresh battle-field. It was ruin and desolation. The poor dead Chinamen that were

lying about died in a good cause. They fought strictly in defence.

"The action of the neutral Ministers before the battle had one very capital effect. It made the Chinese desire them to remain and become intercessors and friends. But for this, it would have been Mr. Reed's duty, as I am confident it was his wish, to retire the moment hostilities began. The Chinese were earnest that he and Count Pontiatine should remain, and, if the Allies advanced, accompany them up the river. It was Lord Elgin's wish too. On the 28th of May the Admirals reported the river free, and on the evening of the 29th Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in an English gunboat, and Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed in the Russian steamer 'Amerika,' went up, all arriving at this place on the morning of the 30th.

"When at the capture of the Taku forts the English and French Admirals went on board the same gunboat to lead the attack, it was thought very picturesque that, beside the signal of close action, their national ensigns were flying at the same mast-head. But when, on the morning of Sunday, the 30th of May, the Russian and American flags were peacefully hoisted on the 'Amerika,' before Tien-tsin, great and grave was the cavil at the combination. Mr. Reed was the guest of Count Pontiatine, and the excitement lasted but three or four days, when, each gentleman having procured a house on shore, there were two flag-staffs and separate flags!

"The negotiations then begun, and now, it is hoped, concluded, occupied just four weeks; to all they were four weeks of great anxiety and interest. It was manifest from the beginning that there was to be separate action at the will of the Allies; and the neutral Ministers had to choose whether they should deferentially await the movements of the others or go on quietly and effectively in their own way. The first news that came was that two new Commissioners had arrived at Tien-tsin, men of the highest rank in the Empire, who did write 'Plenipotentiary' on their cards. With these full powers the Allies said they were satisfied, though one may well marvel at their acquiescence on seeing the form adopted. It was, 'Do as you please, provided you do not contravene the interests and rules of the Empire.' They proposed to meet the foreign Plenipotentiaries together, but this plan was by common consent and very properly declined. The Russian, though he has in some respects higher rank than either of the others, being 'Imperial Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief,' and the Republican Minister might have had no difficulty of rank to adjust; but the English Earl and the Napoleonic Baron could never have arranged it. So,

happily, separate negotiation was the order of the day. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros made their visits to the Chinese Commissioners in great state, accompanied by large and brilliant military escorts. Mr. Reed was escorted by some officers of the squadron in uniform and a small guard of marines; while the Count Pontiatine went with his secretaries and a few sailors carrying a flag.

"The Commissioners, Kwei-liang and Hwa-sha-ua, were men of dignified bearing, and their whole tone and deportment very striking. As this letter is only intended to give you what may be called the outside facts, I cannot pretend to describe in detail the course of diplomacy or its results. The treaty with Russia was signed on the 13th of June, the American on the 18th, the English on the 26th, and the French on the 27th.

"There were some incidents of curious interest in the course of the negotiations. There is no Chinese statesman who, down to a recent period, has had a higher reputation in the West than Kiyang, who negotiated with Sir Henry Pottinger the treaty of Nanking, which terminated the opium war of 1842, and afterwards, in 1844, the treaties with Mr. Cushing and M. Lagrené. He was believed to be the most, if not the only liberal Chinese; and since his fall in 1849 many were the stories and mysterious intimations as to what had been his doom. I am very sure, had it been believed in America or England that Kiyang would appear on the stage, it would have been hailed as a certain augury of happy adjustment. Poor old man! He has reappeared, played a brief part, and gone out of sight forever. Everybody was astonished on the 9th of last month, and none more so than the Ministers themselves, to hear that Kiyang had arrived in Tien-tsin, and meant to put himself in communication with them. He first announced himself as a private man, and sent word with his card that at a certain hour he would call on each of the Plenipotentiaries. Here again was there a divergence. Lord Elgin repulsed the old man, refusing positively to have any thing to do with him. Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine informally received and returned his visit; and I suspect they were not damaged by this act of courtesy to an eminent but now infirm and broken public man.

"On the day after he appeared at the meeting of the Commissioners, having produced his 'full powers,' but took little part in the conference, and two days after mysteriously withdrew from Tien-tsin. Soon the news came that, on his way to the capital, he had been arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Such are the strange alternations in the public life of a Chinese statesman.

"Kiyang's visit to Tien-tsin did no good.

His repulse by the Allies, and it is said, their exhibition to him of his letter, found at Canton, in which he boasted of his success in deceiving them in 1842 and 1844, may have damaged him; but, besides, his tone and bearing, though eminently urbane and courteous, indicated no special friendliness. He evidently, too, is broken in health and spirits. He inquired kindly after some old friends, whom he seemed to remember—Dr. Parker, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Thorn, and Mr. Forbes.

"Of the terms of the treaties it would not be proper to say any thing beyond what is rumored abroad, for it seems to be understood here that they are not to be promulgated till they are approved at home, and probably you will know them quite as soon as we shall in China. It is perfectly well understood that, besides a thorough revision of the commercial details of the old treaties, there are provisions for direct correspondence with the Privy Councils at the capital, the deposit of the treaties and exchange of their ratifications at the same place; permanent or temporary diplomatic residence at Peking; access to the interior; prospective opening of the rivers; and liquidation of the claims for losses. As each treaty contains a very broad, most favored clause, the whole forms one system, and while each differs in positive stipulation, I refer in my conjectures as to their contents to the aggregate. They will not be found far out of the way.

"Mr. Reed leaves Tien-tsin to rejoin the Minnesota to-morrow, and is the first of the diplomatic body to go; and, strange to say, as he goes down the river it is rumored that orders have preceded him, though the ink on the new treaties of peace is hardly dry, for the English and French troops to advance on the city. It is said, in explanation of this step, that Lord Elgin and Baron Gros are not satisfied with the form of the imperial acknowledgment of their treaties, and think themselves justified in giving one more turn of the forcible screw which has been employed with so much effect. There is something anomalous certainly in signing treaties of peace and friendship one day amidst great jubilation and marching up a hostile force on the next; but, as the convenient phrase is, 'every thing in China is exceptional.' I have no doubt that the Chinese will yield, and that the end of another week will see the withdrawal of all the fleets. I am glad, however, that Mr. Reed goes away, and does not by his presence put in jeopardy the friendly feeling which, from first to last, the Chinese feel and express to the United States. Baron Gros after his treaty was signed became suddenly warlike, and the change was attributed to the arrival, happily too late to do any harm, of the Baron Chasseron, a son-in-law of Lucien

Murat, and, it is reported, the bearer of important dispatches. He came from Paris to Tien-tsin in the wonderfully short time of forty-five days. Letters were received from the United States by the same mail in sixty-six days.

"Thus closes this chapter in the history of the Eastern world, beginning on the day when a few vagabonds, on board of a spurious lorchia in the Canton river, gave a pretext for a vexatious war, which, to the annoyance of trade and peaceful business, has lasted ever since, costing millions of dollars and thousands of lives. I am not quite accurate in saying that the chapter is closed, for the perplexity of Canton and its transfer yet remain. The late news thence is very sad. Disease in its worst form has appeared. The climate is telling on the troops with fearful effect. Of the force which the Allies lately marched against the Braves sixty sunk under sun-stroke. Hong-Kong is threatened by incendiarism. Trade staggers along with uncertain security, the Americans doing their full share of supplying rice in their huge ships for starvation that war does not abate.

"All this topical perplexity Lord Elgin must settle before he goes home to meet Parliamentary honors or Parliamentary censure, or his work will be but half done. Assuming that this will be done and satisfactorily, then will be the time for the world's judgment to be pronounced on the whole record. Mine, that of a disinterested man at least, and one that wishes well to China, for its own sake and ours too, clearly is that the China war of 1856-7-8, in its beginning and consummation, has been a great and pestilent mistake, and with much harm has done no earthly good. The great end, so certainly proposed, of chastisement to the Cantonese, has not been reached. They are as insolent as ever, and the swarms of Braves sting mischievously. A solitary stranger cannot walk with safety within a mile of the houses of Hong-Kong, and I pity the pic-nic party that ventures, as American ladies used to do with safety, to the White Cloud Hills, or half way there. Yeh is captured and caricatured; the 'Times' correspondent, permitted to accompany the prisoner-of-war to Calcutta, describing his habits with ferocious humor; and Hwang is in his stead. *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*

"The disquisition of the 'Correspondent' on Yeh's personal demeanor, his shaving, his spitting, his eruptions (specifically described), his sea sickness, will serve to excite many a smile in England and new disgust at the caged monster, with whom I certainly have no sympathy; but the doubt may well occur whether, after all, as Yeh was a prisoner-of-war, a man of mark, a fallen foe, the

shutting up with him, in one of Her Majesty's ships, a caricature correspondent, was in good taste. It is not unlike, one may remark, the correspondence of O'Meara with his Friend Finlayson, of the Admiralty, about Napoleon and the ladies of his household at St. Helena; too indecent, says Forsyth, the editor of the Lowe Papers, to be printed, but which were read aloud with great enjoyment at the table of the Prince Regent.

"Really, as I looked last winter on what was once the site of the foreign factories, where for years there had been so much activity and prosperous industry, so much social refinement and contentment, where there were libraries and churches, and sumptuous residences, now replaced by heaps of unsightly rubbish, not a house, or a tree left standing, all swept away literally with the besom of destruction, I could not but think that in this conflict between European Christendom and the heathen Chinese the heathen had got the best of it. It is a poor calculation to assume that this can all be paid for in dollars and cents. The steeled hand of war may extract a full pecuniary equivalent for the losses of A. B. and C., but it will be done at the risk of general bankruptcy and ruin, and a new dislocation of commerce.

"Let us thank heaven that no drop of blood is on our hands. We have kept the peace like honest men. Long ago Mr. Webster said there was no such thing as half-way neutrality, and the Administration and its representative in China have acted on that principle, and their reward has been the friendliness of the Chinese, and, in spite of accidental irritations, the respect of the belligerents. Mr. Reed has never swerved to the right or the left from this line of duty, and that too without offence. The anchorage of his education has held, and if to have been the means, while carrying out his instructions faithfully, of keeping his country out of war, and yet in the end gained every thing that war has gained, if this be a merit, then he surely deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

"There lies before me now the National Intelligencer of April 6, 1857, where I find these words of counsel:

"In any coöperation great caution and discretion would be necessary on our part to avoid the suspicion of officiously intermeddling in the domestic affairs of a distant Empire, or of violating our treaty obligations by seeming, in the guise of pacific intentions, to share in the hostile feelings which precipitated the early stages of the 'Chinese question.' As the peaceful relations between our Government and that of China have suffered no interruption, the impropriety, not to say *iniquity*, of any warlike demonstration on the part of the United States, because a favorable con-

junction had arisen for the acquisition of ends the most desirable, is too apparent to need any thing more than the bare statement of the case to determine the judgment which every candid and equitable mind will pronounce in the premises. Our coöperation with Great Britain and France, if undertaken at all, should be strictly confined to objects within the range of peaceful diplomacy; and should be prosecuted without in any way or to any degree compromising the strict neutrality of the United States in the late dispute between England and China. And in this spirit it seems to us that any naval force which our Government may see fit to send to the Chinese waters should be charged only with a pacific mission, and should sedulously avoid

the appearance of serving as a menace or a demonstration to the Chinese authorities; for which proceeding, as we have received no offence, we could plead no justification save that of arbitrary power seeking to impose its wishes on a people likely to be influenced rather by their fears than their reason, which, how far it may be proper to consider any justification at all, we will not undertake to say."

Principles like these seem to have regulated our Minister's conduct throughout.

The latest news is that the "Minnesota" proceeds to Shanghai, to remain till the end of July, and then visit Japan for the sake of the health of her crew. Mr. Reed will probably return to America in the coming autumn.

WHAT WINES ARE MADE OF.—Hiram Cox, Esq., of Cincinnati, has made the following startling statement: "During the summer of 1856 I analyzed a lot of liquors for some conscientious gentlemen of our own city, who would not permit me to take samples to my office, but insisted on my bringing my chemicals and apparatus to their store, that they might see the operation. I accordingly repaired to their store, and analyzed samples of sixteen different lots. Among them were Port wine, Sherry wine, and Madeira wine. The distilled liquors were some pure, and some vile and pernicious imitations, but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape! The basis of the Port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with elderberry juice, with alum, sugar, and neutral spirits. The base of the Sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, from the bitter almond oil, with a per centage of alcoholic spirits from brandy. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c. The same week after analyzing the above and exhibiting the quality and character of the liquors to the proprietors, a sexton of one of our churches informed me he had purchased a gallon of the above Port wine, to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for Sacramental purposes, and that for this mixture of sulphuric acid, alum, and elderberry juice he paid \$2.75 a gallon."—*National Intelligencer*.

ALLITERATION.—Philip Henry would often contrive the heads of his sermons to begin with the same letter, or rather two and two of a letter; but he did not at all seem to affect or force it; only if it fell in naturally and easily, he thought it a good help to memory, and of use, especially to the younger sort. And he would

say, the chief reason why he did it was because it is frequently observed in the Scriptures, particularly the book of Psalms. And though it be not a fashionable ornament of discourse, if it be a Scripture ornament, that is sufficient to recommend it, at least to justify it against the imputations of childishness. (Mr. Porter of Whitechurch very much used it, so did Mr. Malden.)

Some of his subjects, when he had finished them, he made some short memorandums of in verse, a distich or two of each Sabbath's work, and gave them out in writing, among the young ones of his congregation, many of whom wrote them, and learned them, and profited by them.

A TUB-THUMPER.—Foules says of the "tub-thumpers" in his days, that they are "a sort of people more antic in their devotions than Don Busco's fencing-master; and can so wrinkle their faces with a religious (as they think it) wry look, that you may read there all the Persian or the Arabic alphabet, and have a more lively view of the Egyptian hieroglyphics than either Kircherus or Pierius will afford you."

GEORGE HERBERT says, "the Parson exceeds not an hour in preaching; because all ages have thought that a competency; and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing."

THE Brahmins say that Benares is not a part of this sinful earth; but that it is on the outside of the earth. An earthquake, however, which was lately felt there, has rather nonplussed them, as it proves that what shakes the earth shakes Benares too.

From Chambers's Journal.
LIVING IN BARRACKS.

MANY years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but among a set of merry boys and girls, and good humored men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country-house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country; but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentlemen, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanry corps for the defence of their lives and properties; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion in each district was selected, into which as many of the neighbors as the rooms would accommodate congregated. Despite of the burnings, piking, murders, and cruelties of the most atrocious description which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing, and love-making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The old house of Carrigbawn, situated some miles distant from the town of Killyshaughlin, was selected for this purpose; its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and cranny-hole was crammed full of guests. The mansion itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived, and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr. and Mrs. Synge. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as “the cat’s closet,” had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping-room. Dinner-time arrived, the whole company were assembled in the drawing-room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cubicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when a loud ringing was heard at the hall-door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly with-

drawn, and presently the servant announced: “The Reverend Athanasius Welbore!”

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest, the most uncouth, and the worst-dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands provided would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping room! And Athanasius smilingly informed his hostess that he had brought his carpet-bag, and meant to partake of her hospitality for some days, he having received a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit his glebe-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than worthy Mrs. Synge would have made him welcome; but what was to be done? At last it occurred to her that she would throw herself on the kindness of the gay, good-tempered rector of the parish, a Mr. Skottowe, who had been inducted into one of the best bedrooms, containing a large-sized bed. In the course of the evening she took an opportunity of candidly stating her difficulty to this gentleman, and appealing to his kindness to bestow a share of his couch on the Reverend Athanasius. Mr. Skottowe, of course, could do nothing but utter an apparently cheerful compliance; but in his secret soul he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whomsoever Mr. Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One little fact illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr. Skottowe’s repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and stiff-looking white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some curious observers remarked that these articles were invariably marked with a series of brown diagonal lines; and by some skilful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the *soi-disant* pocket-handkerchiefs were doomed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first for a week as a cravat, and then doing duty for a second in the parson’s pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarities full in his memory, the astute Mr. Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking complacently

of the pleasant evening he had passed, Mr. Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and arms in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

"What's the matter with you, man?" said Welbore at last, looking at him curiously.

"Oh, nothing. I'm nearly well now."

"Why, what ailed you?"

"Not much; but you know I'm one of the agents appointed to travel through the country, and examine the poor people who are learning to read Irish; and unfortunately some time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonian Cremona—you know."

"Speak plain, man!" thundered Athanasius. "Is it —?"

"Just so," replied his friend coolly. "But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that my wrists annoy me."

Vociferating a specially unclerical exclamation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locality abounding in the specific remedy for his cutaneous malady, Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his candle and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr. Skottowe, with a quiet chuckle, bolted the door, and calmly betook himself to repose. The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment which he found open, every one in the house having by this time retired; and seizing two sheepskin mats, together with the hearth-rug and the table-cover, he laid down on the sofa, and having covered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of house-keeping on her hands, it especially behoved her to be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household; so about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's orderly eye was "the mingled heap" on her best sofa.

"Dear me," she thought, "that careless Kitty! she has gone and heaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken."

And with one energetic pull she dragged

off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess had treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark indeed he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. When Mr. Synge reached the scene of action, he was very much inclined to think his wife's supposition was correct. For there was Athanasius, still in a boiling rage, stalking up and down the drawing-room, with a nondescript sort of night-cap perched on his head, while a crimson and gold table-cover, wrapped round him shawl-fashion, picturesquely surmounted his sole calico garment. The master discreetly retreated, and sought an explanation from Mr. Skottowe, which that gentleman prudently gave him through the key-hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two belligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our readers to imagine the scene at the breakfast table. Poor Athanasius gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr. Skottowe, with an air of mock penitence, sadly contradicted by the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laughed off every thing unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mrs. Mahoney, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping-room for the reverend Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to air not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentlemen as usual went out in a party to patrol, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

"How I wish," said Mrs. Synge, laying

down her embroidery, and politely trying to suppress a yawn, "that Hugh Lawrence were here! He is the very life and soul of a party, and so good-natured—there is nothing he would not do to oblige a friend."

"Yes," said Mrs. Warren, "and children are so fond of him. My little Ellie, who is so shy to every one else, actually flies into Hugh Lawrence's arms, and will not leave him for nurse or any one else."

In addition to the grown people, there were about a dozen children collected in Carrigbawn House; and a sort of *pro-tempore* tutor and care-taker had been elected for them in the person of one of the second class refugees, a tithe-proctor named Dick Harris. A sad time he had of it, poor man! Obnoxious as his ordinary occupation rendered him to the rebels out of doors, his new calling made him by no means more acceptable to the juvenile mutineers within. They put crackers into his boots, and incited the cat to stick her claws in his wig. They placed a chair with three broken legs for him to sit upon, and managed—accidentally on purpose—to upset an ink-bottle over his new trousers. This last outrage was too much for the poor proctor. Apostrophizing the whole crew as a set of young imps, and declaring that the girls were worse than the boys, he fairly abandoned them to their own devices, and took refuge by the kitchen fire. It was at this juncture, when the ladies in their quiet drawing-room were threatened with an invasion of their collective Willies and Lizzies, that Mr. Lawrence's presence was especially longed for.

"He paid a morning visit here a few days ago," said Mrs. Synge, "and we urged him strongly to leave his lonely thatched cottage where he has no companions but his dogs, and come into barracks like every one else. 'Why, my dear lady,' said he, 'who would hurt me? Thank God, I don't think I have an enemy in the country among rich or poor; and then I have my steward, that faithful fellow, Hennessey, who would give his life for me, living at the lodge.'"

The conversation then took another turn, and the afternoon passed somewhat wearily away; its monotony now and then enlivened by the unavailing efforts of the matrons to preserve order amongst the juveniles, each lady protesting that her boys and girls were the quietest creatures imaginable when at home, and that it was only company that excited them to rebel.

The gentlemen returned in good spirits to a late dinner; and reported that they had seen or heard nothing alarming. About ten o'clock the house was disturbed by a loud ringing at the hall-door. It was no light matter to open at that hour, so the visitor was challenged by the master of the house.

"Who's there?"

"A friend—Hugh Lawrence; let me in!"

At the sound of that well-known voice, bolts and bars were speedily withdrawn, and the whole party crowded into the hall to receive the welcome guest, who looked pale and agitated.

"Synge," he said, "I have a dreadful thing to tell you. My house was set on fire this evening, and every thing in it burned. I don't care for the furniture, but my poor little dog, Minny, that was licking my hand an hour before—she perished!" And the tears stood in his kind, honest eyes.

It appeared that, while sitting after dinner, he perceived a strong smell of smoke, and, rushing to the window, he saw the dark figures who had put the live sod of turf to the thatch, moving in front of the house. He had been out shooting that day, and his gun stood loaded in the corner of the room.

"I seized it," he said, "and fired off both barrels at the fellows, but I could not tell in the twilight whether I hit any of them or not. I saw one man, whose face was blackened, take deliberate aim at me, and I heard an explosion as if his gun had burst in his hand. They rushed to the door, forced it in, and in another moment would have murdered me, when by God's providence a party of soldiers who were passing saw the flames, and came galloping up the avenue. The fellows, of course, made off, and the soldiers tried in vain to catch them. I escaped, just as the roof was falling in, and came on here, as I knew you would not turn me out."

A warm pressure of the hand was Mr. Synge's reply. "Where were your servants, Hugh?" he said.

"They were out," was the reply. "The old cook and housemaid had asked leave to go to a wake in the neighborhood; and Leary, my man-of-all-work, had gone out to the stable to feed the horses."

Mr. Synge and the other gentlemen looked grave.

"Where was Hennessey, your steward?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Oh, poor fellow, he has been sick these two days," replied Mr. Lawrence. "I sent for him this morning, and heard that he was confined to bed with a heavy cold; and there I found him with his head tied up, when I went down to see him and take him a few things that I thought would do him good. If he had been with me, he'd have shed his last drop of blood for me; you know he's my foster-brother."

There was no difficulty that night in finding a bed for Hugh Lawrence. Poor Athanasius was the first to propose to resign his dormitory and betake himself once more to the sofa. Mr. Skottowe followed suit by offering, with a hypocritical twinkle of his eye, half his bed, if Mr. Lawrence had no objection to share it.

"Why, then, you've a deal of brass, that's all I can say for you, Skottowe," said Athanasius, shaking his fist at him good-humoredly. "If you don't die a bishop, it won't be for want of asking."

Next morning, at breakfast, the delight of the children at meeting their friend was vociferous. He was not so much inclined to play with them as usual, for the loss of his favorite little terrier lay heavy at his heart. And the bright, round, young eyes that were fixed on him soon filled with tears, when they heard of the fate of Minny, who had been as well known, and almost as much liked as her master.

After breakfast, all the gentlemen accompanied Hugh Lawrence to his cottage, now a heap of smoking ruins. The police were also in attendance, with a view to making every possible investigation. Of course, there was no chance of eliciting any information from the servants or the peasantry. They had seen nothing, known nothing; and the party were on the point of going away, when one of the police picked up on the lawn a gun with the barrel burst, and three fingers of a man's hand, which had evidently been blown off by the explosion. Here was a clue. The party immediately set off, and visited every house for miles around, without finding any man with a disabled hand; but as they were returning from their fruitless search, they passed by the cottage of Hennessey, the steward.

"There's no occasion, my friends," said Mr. Lawrence, "for any of you to come in here; but I'll just step in for a moment to ask how poor Tom is to-day."

"If you have no objection, Hugh," said Mr. Syngé, "I'll go in with you."

They entered the house, where Hennessey's wife was ready to receive them, and to pour forth the most voluble expressions of sorrow for "the poor darling master's misfortune."

"But how is Tom?" asked Mr. Lawrence, moving towards the door of the inner room. "I suppose I can see him."

"Indeed, your honor had better not," said the woman earnestly. "He's very bad in his head to-day, and I'm afraid of my life 'tis *the sickness** he's getting; and maybe your honor might catch it from him."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid." And gently putting the woman aside, he went in, followed by Mr Syngé.

The room was nearly dark, and they could discern only the outline of Hennessey's figure in the bed. He seemed scarcely able to answer his master's kind inquiries, and spoke in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

"Well Tom, my poor fellow, I'll send Dr. Taylor to see you before night. Good-bye."

"No, sir, thank ye, no doctor; I'll be quite well to-morrow!" exclaimed the sick man in a clear, strong voice, whose changed tone struck even the unsuspecting Lawrence.

Mr. Syngé immediately flung the shutters open, and walked up to the bedside.

"Show me your hands," he said. No answer.

He pulled down the bed-clothes, and Hennessey's right hand appeared bound up. The next moment the police were called in, the bandage was removed, and the three fingers exactly corresponding to those picked up on the lawn were found wanting to the ghastly bloody hand.

The hardened traitor said nothing; his kind master burst into tears.

The sequel of this true tale may be told in a few words. Hennessey was lodged in jail, fully convicted at the next assizes, and most deservedly expiated his crime on the scaffold.

There was one gleam of comfort for Hugh Lawrence, after witnessing Hennessey's arrest; while getting off his horse at Mr. Syngé's gate, he thought he heard a faint whine, and looking down, he saw a miserable little animal, with its hair singed off, lying exhausted on the ground.

This was his favorite little terrier, which had somehow crept out of the burning ruins, and, with the wonderful instinct of her race, had painfully tracked her master's footsteps.

He took her tenderly in his arms. "Minny is found! Minny is safe!" was the cry through the house. And if Minny had been the daughter and heiress of a noble family, more care could not have been bestowed on her comfort and restoration.

The little animal was soon well enough to accompany her master to England, whither some of his kind friends took him on a tour, until the terrible scene of Hennessey's execution was over.

* Typhus fever.

From the Athenæum.

The Lady and her Horse; being Hints selected from various Sources, and compiled into a System of Equitation.—The Gentleman and his Horse; being Selections from the Works of Boucher, Nolan, Richardson, and other Authors on Horsemanship. By Major T. A. Jenkins. (Madras, Pharoah & Co.)

THE English gentleman is the best rider in the world, although cavalry critics say he is far better when following a pack of hounds as a squire, than when pursuing an enemy as a captain of hussars. The English lady also, in her saddle, is a picture of dignity and grace, in spite of that barbarous maxim, not without acceptance in the West, that women are not women when they ride. Still, instructions and cautions have their value, notwithstanding the plenitude of schools, and these are supplied in a very neat and intelligible form by Major Jenkins in his two little manuals. That on feminine equestrianism will be found of particular utility. To an Englishwoman open-air recreations, with the enjoyment of sun and summer, or the exhilaration of pacing over the frosty ground, are as delightful as to an Englishman. More pleasant than the sparkle of a West-end drawing-room is a gallop over a grassy down, or a contest for the golden bracelet at a "bow meeting," bright with archery and all its green accompaniments. Therefore, to ride safely and elegantly is a conspicuous accomplishment, and the former necessity is more easily satisfied than the latter. Good riding, as a very competent authority says, is an affair of skill, but bad riding is merely an affair of nerve. The chief point with "horsemen of both sexes"—to quote classics—should be, to get the horse to be one of the party, and not only to obey, but to take pleasure in its own docility. The noble animal, as soldiers and sportsmen call him, seems to have been constituted for entire submission to the will of man, provided that will be expressed in terms consonant with its nature; in other words, with patience, tact, and good temper. In the very first place it is essential to study one method upon which Major Jenkins dwells with no more than appropriate emphasis—the art of placing a bit in the horse's mouth. Great controversies, more full of fierceness and contempt than the

wordy wars of Lilliput, have been waged on this subject; but the trophy of the battle to be a light curb; a mouth-piece, one inch only above the lower tusk; a flat, smooth, loosely-placed curb-chain, which will allow the finger to pass freely under it. To neglect these simple conditions, as ignorant or reckless grooms frequently do, is to produce hours of torture, visited upon the rider in impatient and fretful humors, and restless and restive tossings of the head, on the part of the best-natured horse. Supposing, however, the equipment of her charger to be complete—an old troop-horse is the *beau-idéal* for a lady—Madame or Miss is instructed by the Squire of Dames how to mount:

"The lady holding the falling folds of her habit in both hands, walks up to the horse's head, or side; but never behind him, lest he should kick at her. There should be two persons in attendance, the groom should stand before the horse's head, with a hand on each side of the bridle, close to his mouth, to keep him steady; the gentleman takes the reins in his left hand, separating them with his fore-fingers, the lady receives them in her right hand, in like manner, and lets them glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until her hand reaches the near crutch, which she takes hold of; and having passed the whip over the saddle, she holds it also in her right hand. Standing close to the near side of the saddle, and facing the gentleman who has taken a lock of the mane in his left hand, the lady places her left foot, which he stoops to receive, full in his right hand, lets the habit fall from her left hand, which she places upon his right shoulder, leaning thereon, and assisted by her hold on the crutch, she springs up from her right instep, as uprightly as possible, having been careful not to place her left foot too far forward, but keeping it directly under her, she straightens her left knee and assumes an upright position; the gentleman, when he feels her spring, accelerates the movement, by simultaneously lifting his hand high enough, to place the lady on the saddle, she steadying herself, by the hold she has with her right hand, seats herself, and places her right leg between the two outward pommels, the gentleman places her foot in the stirrup, and she takes the reins in her left hand. To adjust the habit, the lady raises herself by placing her right hand on the off pommel and standing in her stirrup, the gentleman shakes the back part of the skirt into its place, she reseats herself, and raising

her right knee to free the habit, the gentleman assists to adjust the front part of the skirt by gently drawing it forward."

Life is swift, language is slow. While Major Jenkins has been delivering this Pan-dect, the young lady has mounted, has touched up her steed, and is flying over the downs, laughing at the solemnity of his instructions. And yet, in her perfection she has obeyed to the letter, in one moment, the laws which it has taken him five to expound. That, indeed, is the reason why she was in her saddle quickly and safely. She avoids resting her hand on the pommel, thus preserving the sympathy between her "ivory wrist" and the horse's fine, sensitive, well-trained mouth, responsive to her every movement of delicate but determined guidance. Hand, foot and whip thus harmonize, without the exertion of violence, or even of strength, and the "noble animal" goes confidently and easily forward, bending even to every articulation in the hand of his rider, while a less-cultured equestrian might be unconsciously subjecting him to the severest pain. In self-defence he would, in that case, be resisting the rein, poking out his nose, stiffening his neck and every other part of his body. If he starts, the ignorant rider will endeavor to force him upon the object of his terror, augmenting his fear by punishing it; instead of soothing him, bringing him up gently, caressing him at every step; he then takes the earliest opportunity of shying again. Then, when he pirouettes in the centre of the road the awkward equestrian will apply whip and bridle to drive him forwards; whereas her duty is to wheel him round in the direction he fancies, until finding he is not gaining his private end, he becomes thoroughly ashamed of himself, and takes up a trot whithersoever the lady listeth. If he backs or jibs, nothing is less necessary or effectual than "cut him in the mouth or stab him in the flank," as round-hatted Dryads sometimes do, or even to use the whip. "Let him walk backwards," says Major Jenkins, "until he sees no fun in it." Now it is an excellent thing to have Major Jenkins and similar writers teaching horse-taming upon principles less recondite than those of Mr. Rarey

for our English practices in equitation are far from being, as yet, beyond the reach of reform. Well-mounted and trained, the lightest and least masculine women may skim the country like a swallow over post and rail, rasping hedge and wide watercourse, while more timid "cavalry" are craning and looking out for a gap. Of course this is not always to be accomplished without the aid of steel. Nor need "the gentles" start: the Ripon rowels—"sharp as Ripon rowels" is proverbial—have been worn by the most tender and winsome; but peculiar attention is required, in order that the horse may not be incessantly wounded by the spur. It was by observing these principles that the famous Mrs. Thornton, wife of Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, was enabled "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," in a part of the country where her husband's sporting establishments eclipsed those of Gaston de Foix. She rode a four-mile heat on the York race-course against her brother-in-law for fifteen hundred guineas, and much was the admiration lavished on her leopard-colored bodice, buff skirt, blue sleeves, and blue cap. For upwards of three miles the lady took the lead in splendid style, but was then passed—it was said unfairly—when, finding it impossible to win, she performed a great feat of pulling up at about two distances. Not less than £200,000 depended on this match. Among the traditions of that day is one to the effect that Mrs. Thornton horse-whipped her kinsman and conqueror for having taken the whip-hand of her. Next day she circulated certain rules for racing, which, as she declared, ought to be established by jockeys, gentlemen or not. Upon that understanding she offered once more to challenge her competitor; but no second contest came off. Afterwards the lady ran twice on the same day, the stakes being 3,000 guineas and four hogsheads of claret, and beat Buckle, a professional, by half a neck, amid louder thunders than greeted the Roman victor on the Sacred Way.

The two little publications of Major Jenkins, which have tempted us into this gossip, are well worth the study of those who ride, or who would ride if they could.

From The Philadelphia North American.
HUMBOLDT.

THERE is one name which is held in such honor as to require no accessories of any sort to give it dignity, and which has been so held for a period longer than many suppose. As early as 1829, Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt was appointed an acting Privy Councillor of the Prussian Court, with the title of Excellency, and he retains that post now, as he enters, thirty years later, on the ninetieth year of his honored life. That honor was never before conferred upon one not of royal lineage, and whatever value we may set upon such a restriction, it is still the highest proof that the Prussian government could give that it for once recognized greatness superior to all other distinctions. More than thirty years yet earlier Humboldt travelled extensively in South America, having left Europe by way of Corunna, in Spain, in June, 1799. He spent the next three years mainly in the tropical regions of Southern and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies. In May, 1804, he reached Philadelphia, on his homeward journey, and, visiting Washington and other points within reach during two months, sailed from this port in August for Bordeaux. Such was the then unnoticed visit of the great student of physical science who now, in the bodily weakness of ninety years, but with the clear and strong mind which has ever distinguished him, receives the united honors of all men, from the most democratic lover of science in the United States to Queen Victoria and her royal consort on their Prussian tour.

It is the greatest and brightest feature of Humboldt's fame, that it is accorded not more because he is great than because he is just. His character is, perhaps, more than that of any scientific man of any age, unselfish. None of the injustice and grasping which stained Arago's name, with a hundred less than Arago, and some as great as he, was ever charged or thought against Humboldt. He did not need to appropriate honors not his own, nor to ignore merit where the public could never intervene to protect the unknown scientific laborer. Discoveries wrought out by the hands of retired and non-combatant prosecutors of researches were never stolen and put forth, slightly moulded and modified, as his own work. Indeed, the suggestion of such deeds is almost out of place and unworthy

when Humboldt is named, so far above this vice of so many who seek scientific honors, is all that relates to this Privy Councillor of Nature for more than sixty years.

The leading characteristic of Humboldt's mental organization is an unequalled capacity for comprehending all positive knowledge of what are called natural phenomena, and an unequalled power of generalization upon this class of facts. This power of generalization is a rare one, and it differs extremely from the analytical process, or that by which a student pursues a single line of experiments until he attains to a knowledge of the law that governs the facts he traces. Humboldt has no specialty, as it is inelegantly called, and he stands at a vast distance from all scientists of that class. The breadth and fullness of his mastery of the great science of nature, which embraces within it a hundred minor sciences, has been conspicuous at every period of his life, and was sufficiently proved by the enthusiasm with which he entered upon the great American explorations, at the close of the last century; grasping, even then, not only all known natural sciences, but observing and evolving others then unknown, and which were too great to be studied in one continent alone. It is decisive evidence of his greatness of scope to see that we have not yet, after half a century of unparalleled mental activity, got beyond the work he opened out in his great American journey, and put in definite form when his equally great Asiatic journeys of 1828-9 were in progress.

The recognition of this high capacity has been made on the reception of the *Cosmos*, and we have yet to see a single suggestion from any quarter that this Physical History of the Universe was conceived on too grand a scale, or has been inadequately treated in any of its parts. Of what other author, scientific or philosophical, could it be said that to attempt a *Cosmos* would not be presumptuous? There neither is nor has been any competent hand other than or before his for such a work, and American readers, who find themselves baffled in the perusal of the portion which has already been issued, must bear in mind that no edition has yet appeared which has been more than half rendered from the German, or more than half cleared of idioms and technical obscurities, as it might have been cleared. The fourth volume of the *Cosmos* is now just offered in our book market, from an English

translation, and the fifth volume is completed at Berlin and is about to appear there. It was supposed that the fourth volume would close the work, but we believe that a year or two of health on the part of the illustrious author will add another appendix-like volume to the five.

So much it seems pertinent to say at the passage of the eighty-ninth birthday of this great master of science. He was born at Berlin, September 14th, 1769, and more than half a century since visited this city, then a ripe traveller and scientific observer, who had spent fourteen years in such service, and more than four years in tropical America. Mature and masterly in all departments of natural science, at that time, he has not allowed a month of the fifty-five years since past to go unemployed, and we need not wonder at his attainments when we bear in mind his mental

structure. To us it may not be easily explained how the social and political struggles of this period could avoid involving a man of such universal activity, and we choose to place it to the account of a clearness of vision which could see through the weakness of the apparent or pretended friends of greater liberty and a higher social state, and foreseeing their shortcomings, wait calmly for the slow progress of the ages. One thing is true, that Humboldt's influence on the Prussian government has always been strongly liberalizing. Russia, particularly, owes him much in this respect, and all central Europe has felt more or less of his influence for peace and advancement. A man who so advances physical science, and who so renders its pursuit illustrious, yields an influence second to no other, without effort or exertion to give that influence any special direction.

SNAKES OF THE GUZERAT LAKES.—Many snakes in the Guzerat lakes are of beautiful colors; and their predatory pursuits are extremely curious. They watch the frogs, lizards, young ducks, water rats, and other animals when reposing on the leaves of the lotus, or sporting on the margin of a lake, and at a favorable opportunity seize their prey, and swallow it whole, though often of a circumference much larger than themselves. These in their turn, become food to the larger aquatic fowl, which frequent the lakes; who also swallow them, and their contents entire: thus it sometimes happens that a large duck not only gulps down the living serpent, but one of its own brood still existing in its maw. Standing with some friends on the side of a tank, watching the manœuvres of these animals, we saw a Muscovy drake swallow a large snake, which had just before gorged itself with a living prey. The drake came on shore to exercise himself in getting down the snake, which continued for some hours working within the bird's craw; who seemed rather uneasy at its troublesome guest. It is therefore most probable there were three different creatures alive at the same time in this singular connection.—*Forbes*.

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from St. Petersburg, says in the great industrial enterprises of Russia, Americans are not inconsiderably engaged. It is a fine field for mechanical and inventive talent, and some of our clever countrymen have availed themselves of the advantages offered them.

The contract of Messrs. Winans, Harrison & Winans, for building and keeping in repair the machinery of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, is not unknown in the United States. These gentlemen have accumulated, in a few years, almost fabulous fortunes, and their contract holds good for several years to come. The terms are immensely in their favor, and it is said that the Government has offered them a very large sum to cancel it, but the proposition has been refused.

An India rubber manufacturer (from New York, I believe), is here, engaged in the fabrication of various articles for the use of the army, &c. The government contract is held by a Russian, but the American cannot fail to make a handsome fortune in a few years. Col. Colt, also, has a large contract with the government for the manufacture of his renowned pistols, and his agent from home has arrived in St. Petersburg, to put up the necessary machinery. Mr. Joseph Francis, the inventor of the celebrated metallic life boat, military wagon, and other useful inventions, is here in person, to bring his improvements under the notice of the authorities, who will probably adopt some, if not all of them.

AN INFANT ASLEEP.

How soft and fresh he breathes!
Look, he is dreaming! Visions sure of joy
Are gladdening his rest; and ah, who knows
But waiting angels do converse in sleep
With babes like this!

—*Arthur C. Coxe.*

From The Athenæum.

KNOX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE true text of Knox's famous letter to Queen Elizabeth on the publication of his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment Women"—the original of which letter exists in our State Paper Office—will be welcome to some of our readers. It runs:—

"Edinburgh, July 20, 1559.

"To the virtuous and godly Eliz. by the grace of God Q. of Eng^d John Knox desireth the perpetual increase of the Holy Spirit.—As your Grace's displeasure ag^t me, most unjustly conceived, hath been and is to my wretched heart a burthen grievous and almost intolerable, so is the testimony of a clear conscience to me a stay and upholder that in desperation I sink not, wholly vehement that ever the temptations appear. For in God's presence my conscience beareth me record that maliciously nor of purpose I never offended your grace nor your realm. And therefore, howsoever I s^t be judged by man, I am assured to be absolved by Him who only knows the secrets of the hearts. I cannot deny the writing of a Book ag^t the usurped authority and unjust regiment of women, neither yet am I minded to retreat or to [words eaten off] any principal point or proposition of the same till truth and verity farther appear. But why that either your grace, either yet any such as unfeignedly favor the liberty of Eng., should be offended at the author of such a work, I can perceive no just occasion. For first my book touched not your Grace's person in especial, neither yet was it prejudicial till any liberty of the realm, if the time of my writing be indifferently considered. How could I be enemy to your Grace's person? For deliverance whereof I did more study, and interpreted farther than any of those that now accuse me. And as concern^t your regiment how could or can I envy that which most I have trusted, and the w^h (as oblivion will suffer) I render thanks unfeignedly unto God is, that it hath pleased him of his eternal goodness to exalt your head (which times was in danger) to the manifestation of his glory and extirpation of idolatry. And as for any offence w^h I have committed ag^t Eng: either in writing that or any other work, I will not refuse that moderate and indifferent men judge and determine betwixt me and those that accuse me. To wit, whether of the parties do most hurt the liberty of Eng.; I that affirm that no woman may be exalted above any realm to make the liberty of the same thrall to a strange, proud and evil nation, or this [they?] that prove whatsoever pleaseth princes for the time. If I were as well disposed till accuse, as some of them (till their own shame) have declared themselves, I noth-

ing doubt but that in a few words I s^d let reasonable men understand that some that this day lowly 'crouche' to your grace and labor to make me odious in your eyes, did in your adversity neither show themselves forth full friends to your grace, neither yet so loving and careful over their native country as now they w^d be esteemed. But omitting the accusation of others, for my own purgation and for your Grace's satisfaction I say, That nothing in my book contained is, or can be, prejudicial to your Grace's just regiment, provided that ye be not found 'ungrate' unto God. Ungrate ye shall be [proved] in presence of His throne, (howsoever that flatterers justify your fact) if ye transfer the glory of that honor in w^h ye now stand to any other thing than to the dispensation of his mercy w^h only makes that truthful to your Grace w^h nature and law denieth to women. Neither w^d I that y^r grace s^d fear that this your humiliation before God s^d in any case infirm or weaken your just and lawful authority before men. Nay, Madam, such unfeigned confession of God's benefits received s^d be the establishment of the same, not only to your self, but also to your seed and posterity. Where contrariwise, a proud conceit and elevation of yourself sh^d be the occasion that your reign shall be unstable, troublesome and short. God is witness, that unfeignedly I both love and reverence your Grace. Yea, I pray that your reign may be long, prosperous and quiet, and that for the quietness w^h Christ's members before persecuted have rec^d under you. But yet if I should flatter your grace, I were no friend, but a deceivable traitor, and therefore of conscience I am compelled to say, that neither the consent of people, the process of time, nor multitude of men can establish a law w^h God s^d approve, and whatsoever he damneth shall be 'condamned,' though all men in earth w^d hazard the justification of the same. And therefore, Madam, the only way to retain and to keep those benefits of God abundantly poured now of late days upon you, and upon your realme, is unfeignedly to render unto God, to his mercy and undeserved grace, the whole glory of this your exaltation. Forget your birth and all title w^h thereupon doth hinge, and consider deeply how far fear of your title ye did decline from God and bow till idolatry. Let it not appear a small offence in your eyes that ye have declined from Christ Jesus in the day of his battle. Neither yet w^d I that ye s^d esteem that mercy to be vulgar and common w^h ye have rec^d. To wit, that God hath covered your former offence, hath preserved you when ye were most unthankful, and in the end hath exalted and raised you up not only from the dust, but also from the ports of death to rule above his people for the comfort of his Kirk. It appertain-

eth to you, therefore, to ground the justice of your authority, not upon that law which from year to year doth change, but upon the eternal providence of Him who, contrary to nature and without your deserving, hath thus exalted your head. If thus in God's presence ye humble yourself, as in my heart I glory [the] wise God for that rest granted to his afflicted flock within Eng: under you a weak instrument, so will I with tongue and pen justify your authority and regiment as the Holy Ghost hath instituted the same in 'Deborah,' that blessed mother in Israel. But if, these premises (as God forbid) neglected, ye s^t begin to brag of your birth and build your authority upon your own law, flatter you who so list, your felicity s^b be short. Interpret my rude words in the best part, as written by him who is no enemy to your grace.

By divers letters I am required to visit your realme, not to seek my self, neither my own ease or commodity, w^h if ye now refuse and deny, I must remit my [word blotted]. Adding this for conclusion, that commonly it is seen that such [as refuse?] the counsell of the faithful (be it never so sharp) are compelled to follow the deceit of flatterers to their own perdition. The mighty spirit of the Lord Jesus move your heart to understand what is said, give unto you the discretion of spirits, and so rule you in all your actions and enterprises that in you God may be glorified, his Church edified, and ye yourself, as a lively member of the same, may be an example and mirror of virtue and of Godly love till others. So be it.—By your Grace's wholly to command in godliness."

I HAD used the edition of De Lery in De Boy's Collection. While I was transcribing this portion of the work for the press, the original French edition was sent me from Norwich, by my old friend Mr. William Taylor. Apprehending that the translation might sometimes be inaccurate, I compared my own narrative with the French, as I proceeded, to see if any thing material had been mistaken, or overlooked; and it surprised me to find that my references to the *chapters* were frequently wrong. At length I perceived that my numeration was always one behindhand. This could not be accident; and upon collating the works I discovered that De Boy has omitted the whole chapter in which Villegagnon's conduct is exposed: he has omitted the preface also, and many passages in which the errors of Thevet are pointed out, and his falsehoods confuted. This is worthy of notice, not merely as relating to the book in question; but as it may teach others never to rely upon the work of a Protestant, when published by a Catholic editor, let the subject be what it will,—but always to refer, if possible, to the genuine edition.

FOUNDATIONS OUT OF JOINT.—I dreamed I was at church, attending service; the minister was reading the Litany: a sudden noise caught my attention, and looking towards the place from whence it proceeded, I saw a person of bright appearance, who beckoned me with his hand. I followed him: he led me to the back part of the church, and descending down a number of steps into a cellar under the church, it seemed as if the foundations of the church were removed, and the superstructure was now supported upon pil-

lars of wood, which were worm-eaten and rotten. I was much astonished. My guide observing this, said, "You see the situation of this foundation;" and then, pointing to the place by which we entered, said "Escape!" I did so, and suddenly awoke. This, and a thousand circumstances which have since happened, have satisfied me that it is inexpedient for me to attend any place of worship where the Gospel is not preached. But I condemn no man in this matter.—*Experience of Mr. Elliott.*

AT Gisburne Park a picture of Cromwell, by Sir Peter Lely. "This," says Dr. Whitaker, "gives a truer, that is a worse idea, of the man, than any portrait of him which I have seen. It is said to have been taken by his own order, with all the warts and protuberances which disfigured his countenance. On the canvas is painted the word *Now*, which probably alludes to his peremptory mandate for the immediate execution of the King. This was brought from Calton Hall, and seems to have been his own present to Lambert."

MR. JOHN JACKSON, a good old Puritan, and one of the assembly of divines at Westminster, was yet so zealously affected for King Charles I. when he heard of his being brought before a pretended high court of justice, that he prayed earnestly that God would please to prevent that horrid act, which would be a perpetual shame to the nation, and a reproach to the Protestant religion; or at least would be pleased to remove him that he might not see that woeful day. His prayer was heard and answered as to himself—for he was buried the week before.—*Thoresby.*

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THE CHILD AND THE WIND.

"FATHER, father, are you listening,"
 Said the shepherd's little child,
 "To that wind so hoarse and hollow,
 As it howls across the wild ?
 "When I hear it in the chimneys,
 When it sweeps along the ground,
 'Tis to me, as if deep voices
 Mingled strangely with the sound.
 "Now they louder swell and nearer,
 Now they fall and die away ;
 Can you tell me, dearest father,
 What it is the wild winds say ? "
 "Nay, my child, they are not speaking,
 Not a word the winds impart,
 But each sound the Almighty sendeth
 Hath a message to the heart.
 "And that murmur deep and awful,
 Couldst thou catch its voice aright,
 It might whisper, ' Child, be grateful,
 Thou art safe at home to-night.'
 "While for thee red fire burneth,
 Sitting by thy father's knee,
 Many laden ships are tossing,
 Far away on the salt sea.
 "Many mothers, sitting watchful,
 Count the storm-gusts one by one,
 Weeping sorely as they tremble
 For some distant sailor son.
 "They might tell of Him who holdeth,
 In the hollow of his hand,
 Gentle breezes and rude tempests,
 Coming all at His command.
 "He provideth our home shelter,
 He protecteth on the seas,—
 When the wild winds seem to whisper,
 Let them tell thee things like these."
 Thus replied the shepherd father,
 And the child with quiet mind,
 Had a thought of God's great mercies,
 As he listened to the wind.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

The golden sea its mirror spreads
 Beneath the golden skies,
 And but a narrow strip between
 Of land and shadow lies.
 The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
 Dissolved in glory float,
 And, midway of the radiant flood,
 Hangs silently the boat.
 The sea is but another sky,
 The sky a sea as well,
 And which is earth, and which the heavens
 The eye can scarcely tell.
 So when for us life's evening hour
 Soft-fading shall descend,
 May glory, born of earth and heaven,
 The earth and heavens blend ;
 Flooded with peace the spirit float,
 With silent rapture glow,
 Till where earth ends and heaven begins
 The soul shall scarcely know.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

[Corrected.]

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I LOVE the banging hammer,
 The whirring of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane,
 The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning-lathe,
 The whirling of the mill,
 The buzzing of the spindle,
 The rattling of the loom,
 The puffing of the engine,
 And the fan's continuous boom—
 The clipping of the tailor's shears,
 The driving of the awl,—
 The sounds of BUSY LABOR,
 I love, I love them all.
 I love the ploughman's whistle,
 The reapers' cheerful song,
 The drover's oft repeated shout,
 As he spurs his stock along ;
 The bustle of the market man,
 As he hies him to the town ;
 The halloo, from the tree top
 As the ripened fruit comes down.
 The busy sound of threshers
 As they clean the ripened grain,
 And the husker's joke and mirth and glee
 'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
 The kind voice of the dairyman,
 The shepherd's gentle call—
 These sounds of active industry,
 I love, I love them all ;

For they tell my longing spirit
 Of the earnestness of life.
 How much of all its happiness
 Comes out of toil and strife.
 Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
 And murmureth all the way,—
 Not the toil and strife that groaneth
 Beneath a tyrant's sway :
 But the toil and strife that springeth
 From a free and willing heart,
 A strife which ever bringeth
 To the striver all his part.

Oh ! there is a good in labor,
 If we labor but aright,
 That gives vigor to the day time
 And a sweeter sleep at night.
 A good that bringeth pleasure,
 Even to the toiling hours—
 For duty cheers the spirit
 As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh ! say not that Jehovah !
 Bade us labor as a doom,
 No, it is his richest mercy,
 And will scatter half life's gloom.
 Then let us still be doing
 Whate'er we find to do—
 With an earnest, willing spirit,
 And a strong hand, FREE and TRUE.
 —The Ohio Cultivator.

From The National Review.
CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE
GREAT.

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. With Portraits and Maps. Volumes I. and II. Chapman and Hall.

THESE long-expected volumes are at length in many hands; and for a time the Horatian injunction will be observed with respect to them: *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate, diurnâ.* We cannot say that no one will lay them down till they are finished; their bulk precludes that. Thirteen hundred pages and more of demy octavo are not to be read at a sitting. The conditions of human existence, — the weakness of the flesh hampering the willingness of the spirit, — necessitate some interruptions. But there is danger, notwithstanding, of their being read *too* quickly. The interest of the narrative, its rapid movements and vivid style, will hurry on the most thoughtful. Its pages will be reopened and reread for those "didactic meanings" which all Mr. Carlyle's writings convey, and which come out with their true significance only on repeated meditation.

Of Mr. Carlyle's qualifications and characteristics as a historian this is not the place to speak at length. Our present subject is a more special one. It is mainly confined to the two volumes before us. We aim rather to give such an idea of their contents and main features as may stay, by something more than bare imagination of a feast, the appetite of those who cannot as yet obtain them for themselves, or find time for their continuous perusal. We hope to have another opportunity before very long of considering Mr. Carlyle's genius and influence as a man of letters. Such criticisms as may find their way into what we are at present writing will be entirely incidental and unsystematic.

When it became known that Mr. Carlyle was engaged upon a Life of Frederick the Great, the first feeling, no doubt, in many minds, was one of satisfaction that the brilliant chronicler of the French Revolution was returning to his proper field of history and biography. The *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, with their passionate upbraidings and one-sided truths, running by exaggeration into savage errors, had, we fear, somewhat loosened his hold upon the public mind. The fascinating biography of Sterling, which followed them, rich as it was in "silent didactic

meanings," far deeper and wiser than the direct warnings and lamentations of the Pamphlets, did much to efface the painful impression which the latter had made; but it did not do so entirely. Mr. Carlyle's influence has, we believe, been notably less since the publication of the Pamphlets than it was before and has been exercised chiefly through his earlier writings. The Life of Frederick, which promises, — if it is continued on the scale and in the manner of these two volumes, — to be not only the largest and most laborious, but the greatest of his works, will do much to retrieve (what, we dare say, the author very little regards) his diminished popularity.

It is marked by all the peculiarities of the author's later style, a little subdued in tone perhaps, but unchanged in its general character. The "stars" and "galaxies," and "heights" and "depths," above and below, are thrown about somewhat less wildly. There are the same quotations from Sme-fungus and Sauerteig, and there is the same contemptuous toleration for Dryasdust, which on the hundredth repetition, we can scarcely bring ourselves to admire; or can admire only on the principle which endears even the defects and blemishes of a friend:

"Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ."

It would have been absurd to have looked for change in these matters. If, as Burke said, no man honestly changes his *opinions* after fifty, much less can men change those habits and modes of thinking which habits of *writing* but reflect. None of those who have discerned in any of Mr. Carlyle's writings the reverence for Truth and Reality which is at the bottom of them all, — who have noted the regard with which he treasures up the least bit of indisputable fact; much less who have been penetrated by him with any thing of the wonder and awe with which he himself stands face to face with this infinite and mysterious universe and its immutable laws, can ever attribute the most fantastic and repulsive of his peculiarities to affectation. What he has said of Richter applies in the strictest way to himself: "Affectation is often singularity; but singularity is not always affectation. If the nature and condition of a man be really and truly, not conceitedly and untruly, singular, so also will his manner be, so also it ought to be. Affectation is the

product of Falsehood, a heavy sin, and the parent of numerous heavy sins; let it be severely punished, but not too lightly imputed. Scarcely any mortal is absolutely free from it, neither most probably is Richter; but it is in minds of another substance than his that it grows to be the ruling product.*

At the same time, it cannot be denied that Mr. Carlyle's style has, of late years, been becoming more and more "singular" almost with every successive work. The *Life of Schiller*, and the earlier essays, full of freshness, genius, and originality, are yet free from eccentricity. The "benignant change" which, comparing *The Robbers* with Schiller's later dramas, he notes and approves in the German poet,—a change from "ferocities and sibylline frenzies" to "placid strength," from "smoke and red lava" to "sunshine and a verdant world"—is not to be discerned—rather the reverse of it—in Mr. Carlyle's own writings. It is in his *later* compositions that we must look for the "power-words and thunder-words," "the volcanic fury," "the fierce fuliginous fire."† Only in his comparatively youthful efforts have we any thing like steady "sunshine and a verdant world." With the growing day the clouds have gathered, instead of dispersing. If Schiller's career had ended with *The Robbers*, or Goethe's with *Werther*, a parallel would be easier. We hesitate to quote a man against himself; but the following passage from Mr. Carlyle's first acknowledged essay,—on Richter,—seems to us to pronounce just judgment on the comparative excellencies,—so far as *form*, and *form only*, is concerned,—of his earlier and later productions: "Tried by this test [of genuineness], we imagine Richter's wild manner will be found less imperfect than many a very tame one. To the man it may not be unsuitable. . . It is true, the beaten paths of Literature lead the safest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble and peculiar for working by prescribed laws: Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and, in Richter's own age, Goethe, how little did they innovate on the given forms of composition, how much in the spirit they breathed into them! All this is true; and Richter must lose of our esteem

in proportion. Much, however, will remain; and why should we quarrel with the high, because it is not the highest? . . . On the whole, Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and, be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere star-gazers must at least compose ourselves; must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it, and calculate its laws. That Richter is a new Planet in the intellectual heavens, we dare not affirm; an atmospheric Meteor he is not wholly; perhaps a Comet, that, though with long aberrations, and shrouded in a nebulous veil, has yet its place in the empyrean."* If we were to follow out our author's metaphor, to what could we compare him but to a planet, which, grown weary of its regular course and steady shining, should shroud itself in a "nebulous veil," and career through space with a comet's "long aberrations"? Whatever be the fate of the "nebulous theory" as a doctrine of astronomy, few will deny that, in the course of intellectual development, the proper order is from the nebulous to the solid and defined, and not the reverse procedure.

If criticism of style were a mere criticism of accidental and external peculiarities, like those of gait and dress, reference to them would be an impertinence. But "the style is the man," as Buffon, according to Mr. Lewes, did *not* say; at any rate, it is the fullest and least fallible expression of a man's intellectual and moral nature,—a window through which, if it be not dimmed and crusted over by affectation, we may see him as he is. With affectation no one, we believe, can truly charge Mr. Carlyle. Where, then, are we to look for the source of the change,—for the worse, as we cannot but think, even on his own principles,—which the mannerism of his later writings reflects?

In every individual man there exist qualities which he has in common with his fellow-men, with his contemporaries, and with his countrymen; and again, qualities which are peculiar to himself. True health and happiness are inseparable from the balance of these two elements of our nature,—the general and the individual. If the latter be cultivated to excess, extravagance and eccentricity are the result. But we are too apt to value ourselves on that which distinguishes us from the mass of men rather than on that which unites us

* *Miscellanies* (1857), vol. ii. p. 155.

† *Ibid.* pp. 211-215.

* *Miscellanies*, i. pp. 15, 16.

all together. Men of genius, especially, are liable to the temptation to *humor the peculiarities of their own genius*, to give it its head, to neglect the restraints and safeguards which deference to familiar sympathies and interests, to natural feelings and convictions, —to common sense, in short in the true meaning of the term,—would impose. But in human nature, as in the outward world, the gifts which are most widely diffused are the most essential. "We have all of us one common heart," and from it are the issues of life to us all. It is the source of the inspiration of the poet; and of the wisdom of the philosopher, no less than the fount of refreshment and strength to the "poorest poor." Too frequent neglect of this truth is the cause of half of "the errors of genius," and of that mistake which leads many to look upon it as necessarily associated with perversity and extravagance. Mr. Carlyle is an instance—the most illustrious of several which our own contemporary literature presents—of the way in which the undue indulgence of native *peculiarities* of thought and character, to the neglect of what one has in common with other men, may cause originality to assume the form of eccentricity, and give to independence of thought the air of wilfulness and bravado. We have no doubt that the "beaten paths of literature," "the old forms," "the prescribed laws," for "which the noblest and most peculiar mind,"—as Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe,—*"is not too noble or peculiar,"* have become impossible for him, and that his present style is the genuine expression of his acquired mood of mind. It only shows that there is a sense in which the most gifted and earnest man cannot safely "be himself alone," that he must acknowledge and act upon his partnership with others. These remarks might be illustrated in various ways by reference to our author's writings. But we must leave our readers to apply such truth as they may contain, and to furnish whatever qualification they may need.

We confess to having felt some surprise when we first heard that Mr. Carlyle had chosen Frederick the Great as the subject of a historic work. The hero was not, we thought, a very promising one in himself; and he seemed particularly unlikely to have attracted Mr. Carlyle's regard. But the affections of hero-worshippers are as capricious,

and as little to be reckoned on in their choice of an object, as some of a tenderer nature. Mr. Carlyle has but a light esteem for French culture, which was all that Frederick possessed. French poetry and philosophy, in their undegenerated form, are not much to our author's mind; and Frederick was, on the intellectual, or at least on the literary side, merely a French poetaster and *philosophe*, with no pretensions to be considered either poet or philosopher. Mr. Carlyle has but a qualified tolerance for Voltaire, of whom his hero was a slavish imitator. "By the public," says Lord Macaulay, "the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong." This, at any rate, is the current English judgment, which Mr. Carlyle pronounces "very ignorant indeed," and, with the corresponding and equally false estimate of his private character, thus accounts for:

"To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his Public Character: it was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48,—needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have reëchoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

"Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich: 'One of the greatest soldiers ever born.' This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since: but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way;—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and Disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick*; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in

that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light! Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

"Second, English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia): libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him: nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies,—written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich; imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural;—offering indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible, and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

"Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it awhile, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world!—Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of 'flunkeys doing *saturnalia* below stairs,' is numerous, is innumerable; and can well remunerate a 'vocal flunkey' that will serve their purposes on such an occasion!" (vol. i. pp. 15–17.)

Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, while allow-

ing Friedrich to have been "a questionable hero, with much in him that one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished," yet maintains, "that in his way, he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognizes for truth; and has, in short, nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm." "This," he adds, "I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and a Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it" (p. 18).

The grudge here expressed against the eighteenth century is of long standing. It is to Mr. Carlyle a period of inanity and worthlessness, an age of "Able Editors," "Stump Orators," and "Flunkey-histrio Kings,"—without true insight or genuine guidance,—shamefully regardless of "the Silences;" on the contrary, babbling much of "Progress of the Species," "Enlightened Self-Interest," "Diffusion of Knowledge," and a good deal more that is to him but a despicable cant,— "a swindler century," worthy only of being forgotten. Yet to write the Life of Friedrich is, in large measure, to write the history of this century, which Mr. Carlyle avers he will not do. Only "so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it."

If this were the occasion, a word might perhaps be said in defence of the eighteenth century; which did its work, and had too its heroes, though not of the kind Mr. Carlyle admires. It was, it is true, a prevaillingly materialistic and sceptical age. The overstrained religious activity of the centuries immediately succeeding the Reformation, with their lofty but fruitless controversies and their religious wars, necessitated reaction. But it had its generous enthusiasms,—not taking the form, it is true, of hero-worship, but assuming odd theo-philanthropic shapes; and it was creditably, though not always wisely,

bent on raising the masses of men, as the watchwords with which Mr. Carlyle reproaches it prove. Its very materialism had its favorable side in the progress of the physical and economical sciences which it witnessed, and of which the names of Watt, Franklin, Priestley, Lavoisier, Adam Smith, and many others, may remind us. And these sciences are just those which can only exist by *not* "dealing swindler-like with the facts around them," but by "honestly recognizing said facts wherever they disclose themselves," and being "very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious." The truth is, that the century, both in its good and evil, is *uncongenial* to our author; and to this distaste he gives, as his wont is, vehement and extravagant expression. The highest individual reputation, however, must be cast with heavy damages in a suit against an entire century. The proposition to suppress so vast a period from human memory, those portions only excepted which adhere to this, that, or the other great man, is exceedingly characteristic of Mr. Carlyle. It is not merely the eighteenth century which he would treat in that manner, special as his dislike of it is,—partly because it has given birth to the nineteenth, but more on its own account. He scarcely recognizes history as a science, or study, distinct from biography. It is to him merely an aggregate of biographies, a record of the proceedings of "an assembly of notables." "Every original man," he says in the volumes before us, repeating an old doctrine, "is worthy of notice. Nay, in the long-run, who or what else is?" For the life of society, as an organic unity, capable of a history of its own apart from the fortunes of its individual members,—for what is called the "progress of civilization," the development and conflict of principles and tendencies, the growth and influence of laws and institutions, the function of separate states and ages in the mighty scheme which they subserve,—for all, in short, that implies the faculty of historical generalization, he has no taste or disposition. For him it is not true that

"the individual dwindles,
While the race is more and more."

"The race" is an abstraction, or an aggregate, for which he cares very little. He looks on history with the eye of the artist, and not with that of the philosopher. By comparing his works with those of Guizot, we may ap-

preciate the difference. A writer who should unite the qualifications of these two distinguished contemporaries would make a very near approach to the character of a perfect historian.

We have spoken of Mr. Carlyle's reverence for the smallest particle of fact. The remark was too unconditional: his regard is almost exclusively for facts which cast some light upon individual character, or enable him to realize pictorially some definite historical, or natural scene. He is prepared to throw away whole masses of fact of another kind. For all that relates to the struggles of party, or to the intrigues and windings of diplomatic negotiation, nothing can exceed his contempt. He cannot speak of them without scoffing at them. The reason of this is not far to seek. Dr. Arnold has somewhere said, that it is only by sympathy with, and participation in, the political movements of our own time and nation that we can understand those of distant times and foreign nations. Present experience is required to throw light upon history, quite as much as history to throw light upon our present experience. Mr. Carlyle's utter indifference to the struggles and aims which make up the political life of to-day,—his estimate of our Imperial Parliament as a "National Palaver,"—his denunciations of Downing Street,—his contempt alike for constitutional monarchy and democratic republicanism, of questions of "ballot-box" and "extended suffrage,"—his refusal to enter upon them, or be interested in them,—are well known. And it is this indifference which makes whole provinces of past history a blank to him,—a mass of worthless and encumbering detail, only of use as it gives occupation to Dryasdust.

Mr. Carlyle's real strength as a historian lies in his insight into, and power of delineating, individual character. Even here he stops short too often with those qualities which can be represented to the eye or brought out prominently by some happy epithet, which he affixes like a label to the personage whom he is concerned with; just as in Homer Achilles is always the *πόδας ὠκείας* and Ulysses the *πολύμητις*. He is fond of selecting some typical action; as if the whole of a character could be expressed and conveyed by that. Thus the remark of Queen Sophie Charlotte (the grandmother of Frederick) about "the infinitely little"—"Liebnitz talked to me of

the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that,"—attends her through the whole history. Kaiser Sigismund having in a Latin speech made *schisma* of the feminine gender, and being mildly corrected by a bystanding cardinal, loftily replies, "*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans and above Grammar)!" For which reason I call him in my note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglío of Kaisers." We might give very many more instances. This kind of writing gives vividness to our conceptions, but it is at some expense of completeness. Those parts of a character which cannot be thus represented in the concrete, which can be reached only by reflection and conveyed in general terms of description, Mr. Carlyle perhaps scarcely brings out so fully as might be wished.

There is one characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's which raises him above the level of all other contemporary historians, and which must, though in a sentence only, be commemorated here. A solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and of the universe in which it is placed, is never absent from him. In his dealings with the "infinitely little," that makes so large a part of history, he never loses sight of the "infinitely great," that struggles ineffectually for expression through it. It is this sense that gives to his writings their turns of quaint pathos, their tone of stern or mournful irony, their startling and grotesque contrasts, and much else that is a perplexity to careless readers. He has always been faithful to the spirit of these noble words, written by him long ago: "The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding these higher wonders; but, as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian." *

These remarks have run to far greater length than we intended. It seemed desirable, however, to consider what we might, and

what we might not, reasonably expect from Mr. Carlyle as a writer of history. We should be sorry to be thought to have spoken in disparagement of one to whom all thinking men owe a debt which it would be difficult adequately to acknowledge. But truly to appreciate even the greatest genius, we must in some measure understand the limitations of it. We now turn to the *Life of Friedrich*.

The first pages present us with a sketch of him "in his habit as he lived," which, long as it is, we cannot forbear laying before our readers:

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high, over-knee, military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still

* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 173.

coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*).’* Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice ‘the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,’ says witty Dr. Moore.† ‘He speaks a great deal,’ continues the Doctor; ‘yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection’” (vol. i. pp. 3–5).

This graphic and vivid sketch would of course be in its proper chronological place at the close, and not at the beginning, of Mr. Carlyle’s narrative. But both as moralist and artist he has seen where it may most fitly stand. This is the man whose life we are to study,—the formed character, which we are to see in the process of formation, tracing it through its successive stages, and amid the conflicting influences which shaped it to what it ultimately became. The contrast between the old man, worn and soiled by his “long journey through time,” but not yet worn out, a king to the last, and the young frank prince whose first years are the main subject of these

volumes, is remarkably impressive. It shows us the extremes of a gradual transformation, such as occurs in every prolonged human life, but which here is of special instruction. In the study of character, the foresight of the end from the beginning throws light on all that lies between.

These two volumes, however, are by no means exclusively devoted to Friedrich or to the influences that directly determined his career. A large part,—at least half,—of the first volume relates the history of Brandenburg under its successive rulers, Ascanian, Bavarian, Luxemburg, and Hohenzollern, from the time when “Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took Bran-nibor, a chief fortress of the Wends” (928 A.D.), to the birth of Friedrich in the beginning of the 18th century. The rise of the house of Hohenzollern till it became a power in Germany is also traced. Mr. Carlyle shows us how in the course of centuries they added to the Burgravate of Nürnberg first the Margravate of Culmbach, then the Electorate of Brandenburg (1415), afterwards the Duchy of Prussen, and still later the city and district of Magdeburg; and thus laid the foundations, and built up no small part of the superstructure, of the future Prussian monarchy. Scarcely any other writer could have given living human interest to the confused fightings, treaties, and alliances which make up the history of these dim centuries. In his condensed narrative they occupy, as we have said, at least half of his first volume; and it would be vain for us to try to condense them further. Their bearing upon Friedrich’s life is upon a later part of it than that which our author has yet reached, and they may therefore be passed over here. We will only remark, that Mr. Carlyle is evidently paving the way for a justification of some of Friedrich’s most censured acts as king,—as of his seizure of Silesia, which he represents as the revival of an old and legitimate claim, never abandoned by his ancestors. On the evidence of the documents referred to, the validity of his title seems very doubtful. There were prior claimants under acts equally authentic. So far as we recollect, Mr. Carlyle brings forward no arguments not to be found in Ranke and other historians. Even if he were able to make out a complete case, it would hardly serve his purpose of justifying Friedrich, who has put his motives on record in the often-

* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28^{me} (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

† Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London, 1779), ii. 246.

quoted words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The formation of a great and perfectly-disciplined army had been the main business of his father's life; the employment of it was to be his; and the first favorable opportunity was eagerly seized,* without much regard to the question of right or wrong. What new considerations Mr. Carlyle is reserving for that part of his work which will treat of the Silesian transactions, we, of course, have no means of conjecturing. They must be important if they are to outweigh his client's own plea of "guilty."

Friedrich, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, on the 24th of January 1712. His father was Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia; his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of our English King George I. There had been already two princes before the young Friedrich; but both had died of the pomps and vanities of this world, as we may say; for the one was "killed" (so at least it was rumored) "by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it," and the other "crushed to death by the weighty dress . . . put on it at christening time especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow." There was fear that the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should become extinct, or at least fail of male representatives; and the welcome of the young Friedrich was enthusiastic.

The old king survived his grandson's birth only fourteen months. He was succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm, then in his twenty-fifth year. He is described as "a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk, young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises." His father had been a king addicted to pomps and pageants. "Regardless of expense" is the

* "He felt bound in honor to enforce his claims," is Ranke's extraordinary comment on the following decisive letter to Podewitz: "Je vous donne un problème à résoudre. Quand on est dans l'avantage, faut-il s'en prévaloir, ou non? Je suis prêt avec mes troupes et tout. Si je ne m'en prévaux pas, je tiens entre mes mains un bien dont je méconnois l'usage. Si je m'en prévaux, on dira que j'ai l'habileté de me servir de la supériorité que j'ai sur mes voisins." Ranke, *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg* (Eng. trans. vol. ii. p. 125). The right of the strongest is the only right invoked here.

label fastened on by Mr. Carlyle. He had more genuinely royal qualities, however, to which shattered nerves did not allow fair play. Neither shattered nerves nor indifference to expense can be predicated of his son. In two months after his accession, Friedrich Wilhelm had reduced his household and administrative expenses to less than one-fifth of what they had been before. He looked through every department of the state with his own eyes, and made provision at once for its more thrifty and more efficient working. But his army was his main business. It was an engrossing passion, almost a poetic enthusiasm with him; and he raised it at length to a degree of disciplined perfection which no other troops in Europe could boast.

"In a military, and also in a much deeper sense," says Mr. Carlyle, "he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant, and indispensable one of drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

"For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world" (vol. i. pp. 414, 415).

This theory of government by the Drill-sergeant will appear to many readers a somewhat servile one. It receives no illustration, much less any help, from the reference which Mr. Carlyle makes to our English sovereigns, "William Conqueror and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets." There is a wide difference, which he overlooks, between the feudal system of the middle ages and the bureaucratic one of modern despotisms. In the former, lord and vassal, tenant-in-chief, sub-tenant, and serf or "villain," were brought

into direct and open contact with each other. Genuine *local* relations of protection, dependence, and mutual affection were possible, and often existed. A *human* element entered into the administration of the laws, and conciliated that respect for them which otherwise would not have been felt. On the bureaucratic system there is nothing of this. The ruler and the ruled never meet face to face. Law and government are felt as a mere pressure from without, which often becomes galling and intolerable, and is at length violently thrown off. The analogy which compares a nation to a *family*, of which the ruler is the head, seems to us far truer than that which looks upon them respectively as regiment and drill-sergeant. Unfortunately Friedrich Wilhelm carried his drill-theory, or practice, into the government of his household, with consequences which Mr. Carlyle thinks were, in the end, beneficial, but which, on the evidence of his own narrative, seem to us to have been sadly the reverse.

To every biographer to whom biography is a study of character, and not a mere chronicle of outward fortunes, the childhood of his hero, with the early influences that surrounded it, is the most important and interesting part of his subject. It is the seed-time, whether of tares or wheat; and the remaining life is the harvest. The only reliable source of information about Friedrich's childhood is the book of his elder sister Wilhelmina,—the well-known *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith*; and even it, according to Mr. Carlyle, can be trusted only after making a deduction of twenty-five, or, it may be, "in extreme cases," seventy-five per cent on its statements. By its aid he detects the influence of a "double educational element" on Friedrich's character—a French element and a German one. Of these, only the former was, in the narrow, pedagogic sense of the term, "educational." Friedrich was taught to think, speak, and write in French; and became in due course, as the result of such training, a French poetaster and *philosophe*.

"It is not a very fertile element for a young soul," sighs the biographer; "not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. . . . But it is, in some important senses, a pure and clear element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities, or volunteer

hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy: honor, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous, dignified bearing; various thin good things are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful, or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognized for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it" (vol. i. pp. 387, 388).

The German language, or rather "the corrupt Prussian dialect of German," was caught up by Friedrich colloquially; and the German element in him, such of it as was not his by right of birth as a Hohenzollern, was likewise caught up by contact with the old soldiers and officials of his father's court, of whom the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, afterwards known as the "Old-Dessauer," strikingly sketched by Mr. Carlyle, may serve as the type. If we adopted Mr. Carlyle's distinction between the "windy and the solid arts," we should say that Friedrich was French in the former and German in the latter,—French in the more superficial and "vocal" part of his nature, German in the deeper and less articulate; which settles the matter very neatly and easily to those who think, as Mr. Carlyle often appears to do, that it is "out of the" emptiness, and not the "fulness of the heart that the mouth speaks."

In the year 1719, when Friedrich was seven years old, his systematic schooling began, at the hands of tutors who had taken part with his father in the siege of Stralsund three years before,—under instructions of an eccentric kind, and drawn up in an eccentric way by his royal father himself. The "love and fear of God," and "a proper abhorrence of popery," were to be sedulously inculcated; as also "'the true religion, which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all men,' and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent,—'which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*) or one freed from human penalties, in the right way.'" French and German he is to learn so as to write and speak them, but no Latin; ancient history slightly; the history of the last one hundred and fifty years, especially of Prussia, and of the countries connected with it, and their geography; the law of nature and nations; and, as he grows older, with special emphasis, the military sciences; "that the prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in

the soldier profession. . . . As there is nothing which can bring a Prince renown and glory like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein" (vol. i. pp. 465-467).

Another document, of some three years later date, "Regulations for Schooling at Wusterhausen,* 3d September 1721," arranges his hours of work and play, of rising and retiring, of washing, dressing, &c. with such drill-sergeant precision, that, if acted upon, life must have become a burden to the poor lad. We wish our space would allow us to give Mr. Carlyle's abridgement of the document; but we must content ourselves with the best part of it, the characteristic paragraph with which it concludes :

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put-on and put-off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)" (vol. i. p. 476).

The king's idea of what was humanly possible in this particular seems to have been extravagant. He enjoins that, on rising in the morning, "prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest," is "to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes."

We have hitherto seen nothing of Friedrich himself, but only of the system by which he was to be worked. But we are enabled here to catch a slight glimpse of him through the eyes of Herr von Loen, "a witty Prussian official and famed man-of-letters, once, though forgotten now :

"The Crown-Prince," he writes, "manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who" (under Roucoules) "has had charge of his learning hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angelique* (A little angel),' she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility" (vol. i. p. 502).

* A royal hunting-lodge "about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia)."

That the king's "Rhadamanthine regulations" in regard to his son's education were not very strictly adhered to "we may infer," says Mr. Carlyle, "from one thing, were there no other,—the ingenious pupil's mode of *spelling*," of which he gives this specimen. It is a farewell letter, written by Friedrich at the age of fifteen to his tutor Duhan.

"*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais (promets) que quand j'aurez (j'aurai) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerai (donnerai) enuelement (annuellement) 2400 ecu (écus) par an, et je vous aimerais (aimerai) toujours encor (toujours encore) un peu plus q'asteure (qu'à cette heure) s'il me l'est (m'est) possible (possible). FREDERIC, P. R. Potsdam, le 20 de juin 1727.*"

Latin being prohibited, Friedrich of course attempted to learn it. The story of the king's discovery of his son and a preceptor with dictionaries, grammars, &c., studying the Golden Bull, is too well known to be quoted. His acquirements in this language were never great; but he "was rather fond of producing his classical scraps,—often in an altogether mouldy and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. '*De gustibus non est disputandus*,' '*Beati possedentes*,' '*Compille intrare*,' '*Beatus pauperes spiritus*,' . . . '*Tot verbas tot spondera*.' . . . '*O tempora, O mores!* You see I don't forget my Latin,' writes he once" (vol. i. p. 505).

The learned Professor Boeckh has written an academic prelection, *Ueber Friedrichs des Grossen Classischen Studien* (on Frederick the Great's Classical Studies), which, as may be supposed from the limits of its subject, is not a bulky work. Friedrich was, however, a sedulous reader of Greek and Latin authors in translations. In affliction he used to console himself with the third book of Lucretius. What improving effect his "classical studies" had upon his literary tastes may be inferred from his admiration of Rollin the historian, whom he calls "the Thucydides of his country." (!) In mathematics we have seen it stated, that he never advanced beyond the proposition of Pythagoras. German he could write and speak sufficiently for his practical needs. "Of Spanish and English," says Ma-cauly, "he did not, so far as we are aware, understand a single word." But he must at least have heard some words of English; for Boeckh has preserved a *jeu-d'esprit* of his at the expense of our language. "It must have been the speech," he thinks, "in which the

serpent tempted Eve; because it is a hissing tongue." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Carlyle maintains

"That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper. . . . He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many 'Men-of-letters' have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present which Friedrich was possessed of" (vol. i. p. 520).

While Friedrich's teachers were thus usefully and successively employed in filling his mind with various knowledge, the divines were not less active:

"Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' . . . Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him" (vol. i. p. 507).

The popular estimate of Friedrich's later religion is, that it was at best a negative quantity. Dr. Henry, a Berlin clergyman, has preached and published a sermon on *Friedrich's Faith in God*, and quotes a good many incidental expressions to correct the notion of his infidelity; but they are not very decisive. They need be no more than the utterance of feelings which occur in the fluctuations of every sceptical mind. Mr. Carlyle maintains in general terms that Friedrich had a fund of silent piety, of practical devout heroism in him. The evidence of this is, we presume, Friedrich's life, as interpreted by Mr. Carlyle. We must wait for the interpretation before we can admit the inference from it. In the meantime, that such should be Mr. Carlyle's judgment is a fact of weight. From direct teaching Friedrich gained little. "Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute." These seem to have been his chief qualifications as an instructor in divine things.

The most important part of Friedrich's education lay in the rough paternal discipline which now awaited him. This, more than

any thing else, made him, for good or evil, what he actually became. Dislike of Friedrich's favorite pursuits,—of his flute-playing, and verse-making, and coxcombries of dress,—annoyance at his indifference to the manly recreations of hunting and partridge-shooting,—gradually formed themselves into something like a fixed hatred in the father's mind. There was a divided household. The mother sided with her son, and

"All along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words '*Ragotin* (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant 'Stumpy,' and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!" (vol. i. pp. 514, 515).

The king's domestic grievances came to be increased by a matter which in itself had no sort of connection with them. Almost immediately after Friedrich's birth a project had been formed,—acceptable as a project to the parents on both sides of the water, and to the children themselves as they grew up,—for uniting still more closely the royal families of Prussia and England by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was to be the wife of Frederick, eldest son of the (then) Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.); while the Princess Amelia, his second sister, was to be given to the Prussian Crown-Prince. After some hitches a treaty was drawn up for signing, but not signed. George I., though assenting to the marriages, was loth just yet to trouble his parliament for the needful marriage-revenue for his grandson,—money having of late been so often demanded from it "for . . . fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Kendals, and other royal occasions." This delay fretted the temper of Friedrich Wilhelm, "who was capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, disliked to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved over upon to-morrow." And in this way it bore ill-fruit for the unfortunate Crown-Prince, upon whom most of his father's vexations were visited.

The European embroilments springing from the Pragmatic Sanction, and the alliance of Spain and Austria by the Treaty of Vienna,

disturbing to the balance of power,—with the counter alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the Treaty of Hanover, to set right the said balance,—occurred at this time, and greatly disturbed Friedrich Wilhelm's peace, as they do that of Mr. Carlyle, who has to record them. He enters on their history with louder lamentations than become so emphatic an advocate of silent endurance and steady uncomplaining work.

"To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory," he says, "never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature;—and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called 'Politics of Europe' in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity."

But they affected Friedrich Wilhelm's temper and his treatment of his son, "our poor young Fritz getting tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and soul, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and looked to have quitted said light at one stage of the business." For this reason, they enjoy a temporary remission of the sentence of "suppression" which Mr. Carlyle would otherwise pass on them. It is sufficient for us to note them as facts occurring at this time, and irritating to the King of Prussia.

We must here stop to record that, while these storms were raging without and within the royal Prussian household, the Crown-Prince made a memorable step in life. He entered on active duty in the army on the 20th of August 1726,—not yet quite fifteen,—as major in the Potsdam Life Guards, the celebrated regiment of giants which Friedrich Wilhelm (on this one point "regardless of expense") recruited and kidnapped from all the countries of Europe. "Hereby to" his son's "Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes, and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamant Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable to such a superstructure."

Three months before this date, an event apparently accidental, but of scarcely less importance, had occurred. "On the 11th of May 1726, towards sunset," as the king sits smoking in the *Tabagie* [Tobacco-Parliament, or Smoking Club] of the Berlin palace, "a square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman of military cut, past fifty, is" seen "strolling

over the . . . Square in front of the Palace. He turns out, on inquiry, to be the Austrian Ordinance-Master Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had 'know at the Siege of Stralsund' and elsewhere, passing through Berlin on pressing business in Denmark. However pressing his business, for the present, at any rate, he may be invited in. Friedrich Wilhelm, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand." He is invited to return when his business in Denmark is done. "Seckendorf sure enough will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner he likes,—O how he likes it!" Seckendorf's real business is with Friedrich Wilhelm, to whom, after a decent term of absence, he returns, not to leave him for the next seven years. He is there in the interest of Austria, to detach the king from his allies of the Treaty of Hanover,—England and France,—and bring him over to the Kaiser's side; which with the aid of Grumkow, a bribable man, and the king's confidential adviser, he succeeds in doing, on conditions mutually advantageous, it is supposed, which are embodied in the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October 1726. This secession from the English side in the politics of Europe is virtually the death of the double-marriage project; though it continued still to live in the hopes and wishes of the queen, Friedrich and Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's business is to keep "Prussian majesty steady to the Kaiser, always well divided from the English;" to the widening of the estrangement, already wide enough, between the king and his wife, son, and daughter.

In the meantime the Crown-Prince was attending to his command over the Potsdam giants, and already attracting notice by his intelligence and vivacity. His flute, his French books, his indifference to hunting, and his inability to smoke any other than an empty pipe at the Tobacco College, increased the paternal dislike. What was worse, he had fallen into dissolute courses,—“consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, who led him into ways not pleasant to his father nor conformable to the laws of this universe,” and from the defilement of which he never got quite clear. Kicks and blows, for her share of which Wilhelmina came in, plates sent flying

at their heads, food offered them for which they had an aversion, and of that an insufficient quantity, were the forms in which the king's resentment expressed itself. The following is his answer to an humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness. It is curious in a grammatical as well as in a biographical point of view:

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate, perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head), "which does not love thy Father,—for when one does every thing, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims (own *Kopf*).—no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

—(vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.)

The increased complication of European politics, involving the possibility that he might have to go to war for his ally the Kaiser,—suspicion (not unfounded) of a secret intrigue in his own house for the renewal of the double-marriage project,—the failure of an attempt to set that matter again on a right footing,—the death of his cousin George I. of England, whom he really loved,—annoyances from George II. on recruiting business, and his own sufferings from gout,—all these and many other vexations are to be taken into account in reading of Friedrich Wilhelm's freaks of rage. For years he was, in large part through the machinations of Seckendorf and Grumkow aggravating all misunderstandings, kept in a state of chronic irritation scarcely distinguishable from madness. The Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina were forbidden his presence except at dinner-time, when they were as often as not saluted with showers of crockery and bad words. They held private interviews with the queen in her

apartment, with spies out to warn them of the king's approach; who, however, surprising them on one occasion, they had to squat for hours, and almost got suffocated.

"His Prussian Majesty," writes Dubourgay, the British Ambassador (Dec. 10, 1729), "cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' . . . To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped no worse" (vol. ii. pp. 113, 114).

Friedrich himself, describing this incident to his mother, says, "it was only weariness that made" his father "give up." "He never saw my brother without threatening him with his cane," writes Wilhelmina. Unwillingness to leave his sister to bear the brunt of the paternal rage had alone prevented him from making his escape, long ago, from the court and from Prussia. Now not even that consideration could withhold him. He resolved, on occasion of a visit with his father to August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at his Saxon court of Dresden, to get across to England; but again yielded to Wilhelmina's representations and entreaties, and postponed his design. There was now, indeed, a short interval of calmer weather. The Queen fell ill. This softened Friedrich Wilhelm for a time. "He wept aloud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private 'he would not survive his Peekin;' and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz,—till the symptoms mended." But the discovery of a secret correspondence, which Friedrich had been carrying on with the English court on the subject of the double-marriage, soon made matters worse, if possible, than they had been before. On a second visit of compliment to the Saxon camp at Radewitz (June 1730), "where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him,"—Mr. Carlyle quotes from Ranke,—"The Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*). . . . The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would

have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes!" (vol. ii. p. 189). Friedrich now not merely thought of flight, but resolved on it, waiting only for opportunity. The sentiments of the English king on the project were sounded; but he, with diplomatic caution, advised delay. Friedrich Wilhelm suspected his son's design, and treated him almost worse than ever. He urged him, in a scoffing way, to renounce his heir-apparentship in favor of his younger brother. Friedrich, however, steadily refused. A chance of escape offered. The king, on the 15th of July 1730, set out on a tour among the courts of Upper Germany, to gain them over to, or strengthen them in, the Kaiser's interest. His son accompanied him: he could not be left behind, nor trusted out of sight. For security's sake, "old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep strict watch over him, one of them to be always by him." The plan of escape, in which Lieutenant von Katte, a dissolute young man, of literary and musical tastes, was the Crown-Prince's confidant and coadjutor, was, to give Ranke's condensed and clear statement, as follows:

"Katte was to get himself sent recruiting, and to go in the direction of Upper Germany; in an inn by the roadside, at Canstatt, he was to await the arrival of the royal carriages; a servant, distinguished by a red feather, was to give the signal that he was there; the Prince was then, under some pretext or other, to alight, and while he was believed to be in the inn, was to mount a horse standing ready for him, and gallop off with Katte and his escort. This was to be sufficiently numerous to enable them to defend themselves against any party which the King could at the moment dispatch in pursuit of them. They could thus reach the French frontier, which was at no great distance. . . . As his (Friedrich's) uniform would have betrayed him in a moment, he had a roquelaure of scarlet made in profound secret, as he thought; but everybody knew of it."

Various circumstances led to suspicion. Katte could not get himself sent on his recruiting mission; and this difficulty might have led to the abandonment of the whole design. But at Feuchtwang, where "lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach, . . . the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady fall,' who, as she is weak,

may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish rebellion,—to the silent despair of the poor Prince," who "meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them to himself;"—or can confide them only to Keith, a royal page attending the king on this journey, whose promise of help he gains. Here is the issue:

"On Friday morning, 4th August 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean, airy Barns, facing one another, in the village of Steinfarth; Barns facing one another with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seekendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake;—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

"Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: 'Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his topcoat, and is gone out of doors!' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the grey of the morning;—finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages. 'Guten Morgen, Ihre Königliche Hoheit!'—Fancy such a salutation, to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses too: 'Whither with the nags, Sirrah?' Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses' (which, I suppose, is true);—ready at the usual hour!' Keith might add. 'His Majesty does not go till five this morning;—back to the stables!' beckoned Rochow; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so" (vol. ii. pp. 245, 246).

But in a few hours Keith had made a full confession. Alive or dead, the prince is to be brought to Wesel, the first town in the Prussian territory,—Rochow to answer for his safe custody with his own head. To Lieutenant Keith, at Wesel, the page's

brother, and a confidant also of Friedrich's, Friedrich managed to write in Bonn, and smuggle to the post-office, three words in pencil: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out;—away!)" profiting by which hint, Keith made off in safety to Holland, and thence to England. Katte who had warning and time for escape, loitered, and was arrested.

On the journey the king's rage was boundless. He thrust his cane into his son's face, till it bled: he drew his sword upon him, and would have slain him had not others interfered. At Wesel Friedrich confessed all, and named his confidants, Keith and Katte, whom he imagined *both* to be out of reach of danger. He and Katte were tried by court-martial; Katte was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, which the king, not being able to get the court to reverse their decision, changed to death of his own authority. Friedrich, as a deserter, had sentence of death passed on him by the court. The end is well known.

"It was in the grey of the winter morning, 6th November 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison [where Friedrich himself, under sentence of death, was imprisoned]. He [Katte] took kind leave of Major and men; Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. . . . President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. '*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*' cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte, '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*' and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night ob-

scurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred" (vol. ii. pp. 289, 291).

The king's vengeance, or sense of what justice required,—for the two feelings were not very distinct in his mind,—was satisfied by this one execution; and, at the Kaiser's intercession, his son's blood was not shed. Henceforth Friedrich's misfortunes having reached their culminating point, began gradually to mend. He was for fifteen months a prisoner in the fortress of Cüstrin; and for a twelvemonth he did not see his father's face. This, perhaps, he can hardly have much regretted. He professed penitence and submission. The rigor of his confinement was gradually lessened. His flute and his French books were allowed him. He discussed the doctrine of predestination, which he had adopted, and which was an odious heresy in the king's eyes, with clergymen deputed to convince him of his error. After an ingenious show of resistance, he gave way, not feeling inclined, according to his own statement, to become a martyr for his opinion. On the 15th of August 1731, the king visited him at Cüstrin; and after a scene, not without its pathos, a reconciliation took place. Henceforth father and son were on the best terms, the latter implicitly obeying, to the extent of contracting a distasteful marriage, with the outward show of cheerfulness and contentment. He made some acquaintance with the art of war, serving in the Rhine campaign under Prince Eugene against France. First at Ruppin, and afterwards at Reinsberg, he was initiated into the mysteries of government. As a soldier and an administrator he no doubt owed an incalculable debt to his father; but that his moral nature was improved by the rough "apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm" which we have been reviewing, and which Mr. Carlyle thinks so salutary, seems to us more than doubtful. Mr. Carlyle's general judgment (not put into any clear words) appears to be, that the nonsense was taken out of him by it,—that he learned reticence, self-control, and the power of "enduring hardness" silently. And this, perhaps, must be admitted. But that he also learned something like hypocrisy, that he got rid of much generous enthusiasm, that a tone of harshness, and a

willingness to treat others as he himself had been treated, were developed, is scarcely less clear. He himself, it is true, was ready in later life to acknowledge his obligations to his father; but his gratitude is in some respects that of the embittered cynical man of the world to the stern teacher who has disabused him of his illusions. The worth of Friedrich's testimony in this matter will depend entirely on Mr. Carlyle's success in proving the common English judgment of his hero's character in later life to be unfounded. If that be correct, nothing worse can be said of the old king than that he made Friedrich what he afterwards became.

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, Macaulay has said: "His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends,—a cross between Moloch and Puck." The rhetoric of this sentence naturally excites some doubt as to its truth. Metaphorical congruity demands that, Friedrich Wilhelm's palace being "hell," he himself should be "a fiend." He could not, in accordance with the laws of good writing, be any thing else. The infernal commencement necessitates a diabolic conclusion. But there were other than fiendish elements in him,—noble human qualities with which neither Moloch nor Puck had any thing to do. To these Mr. Carlyle renders full justice. He seems too much disposed, indeed, to palliate those parts of the king's character which can least admit of apology, and to urge that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Silent, grave, peremptory,—bent upon his own will, and inexorable towards neglect or disobedience,—he conforms closely to a type of human nature which Mr. Carlyle has of late been unwearied in holding up to admiration and imitation. He was not without intense affections, which, however, to thwart was to convert into hate. Like a strong but impeded current, they beat and raged violently upon objects which they were intended quietly to embrace and lave, refreshing and fertilizing. He had a deep sense of duty, but it was of that kind which is oftener invoked to sanction the decisions of self-will than to correct or restrain them; and so he came to look at resistance to himself as if it were the violation of an intrinsic moral law. He saw his own way clearly before him,—generally nothing but that. He could not perceive that others might have paths marked out for them by nature to pursue not always identical with

his. We have said that he saw his own way clearly before him; but it was only inch by inch, as he marched on in it. And so he was unaware of obstacles,—impassable barriers in many cases, which others would have foreseen from a distance,—until he came into smart contact with them, and had ineffectually struggled against them. He did not know how, by making a circuit, to avoid what he could not uproot; nor that in dealing with men (moral unfaithfulness set aside) the straight line is not always the shortest, nor the imperative mood the most persuasive form of speech. He had indisputable strength of character, but he was not strong enough to command himself. Hence it became possible for others,—the Seckendorfs and Grumkows, for example,—by working upon his passions, to twist and turn him as they would. His frantic outbursts must be referred to the action of the moral and intellectual qualities we have indicated on an excitable temperament,—which a neglected education and the habits fostered by the possession of a power so absolute as to be almost beyond the control of public opinion had still further inflamed. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a character as this was a good discipline for the young Friedrich. The drill-sergeant view comes into play here. Human education is in his eyes apparently a process of *breaking in*, with whip and spur and curb, after our manner of dealing with horses. But even as regards horses, this notion seems, under Mr. Rarey's auspices, to be becoming obsolete; and gentler methods of *training* and *taming* to be taking the place of the *breaking* process.

In speaking of Friedrich Wilhelm's character as it influenced that of his son, we have been compelled to do it some injustice, to show it on what will be to most readers its darker and less prepossessing side. For it was this side of it which alone was for very many years turned towards the young Crown-Prince. The following extract, though sad enough in its way, will be felt as a relief to the painfulness of much that has gone before. Our readers will not complain of its length. We could not bring ourselves to shorten it further than we have done, nor yet to withhold it. It describes the last scene, though not quite the last moments, of Friedrich Wilhelm's life:

"For the rest, he is struggling between

death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big, rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world,—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous, pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt he had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well,—is there any thing more? Out with, it then; better now than too late!" [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] . . . And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well I will, I do; you Feekin [his wife, Queen Sophie], write to your Brother (unforgivablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.'—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer! An unweedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man'" (vol. ii. pp. 681-683).

Presently the Crown-Prince is sent for from Reinsberg: "He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive."

"At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! . . . For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: 'Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavored to talk a little, could at least smoke and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

"His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, 'Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*' And more than once, in deep tone: 'Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,'—'No,' said he always, with vivacity, at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on: 'Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. . . . Tuesday, 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Coelius [the Calvinistic Court-Chaplain] was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Coelius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.'—'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Coelius; and soothed the heavily laden

man as he could. 'Fare you well,' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world.' Whereat Coehus burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well. 'Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child!' . . . From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: 'It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him. He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

"The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfullest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old-Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern, gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay, nay, my friend,' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay' (vol. ii. pp. 684-688).

The king formally pronounced his own abdication "in favor of his good son Friedrich." The ceremony might have been dispensed with. The very day which witnessed Friedrich Wilhelm's abdication witnessed also his death. The kingly robes were laid aside, as if in preparation for that world in which there is no distinction of persons; and then the coil of mortality was shuffled off.

We must not conclude our notice of Friedrich's education without referring to an event in which the "French element" of it may be said to have culminated, the formation of his

acquaintance with Voltaire. Their friendship is one of the most memorable features in the life of either; their misunderstandings and quarrels one of the most discreditable, though not perhaps in the same degree, both to prince and poet.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Carlyle, professing to quote from the ghostly Sauerteig, "was the spiritual complement of Friedrich: what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. . . . So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief, and in a sense the sole products of their Century, . . . the rest . . . being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay: and relating merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialsities at all, as these Two were" (vol. ii. pp. 578, 579).

Strange if true of a whole century, we must again say; but happily impossible to be true.

Friedrich's intercourse with Voltaire began by letter, epistolary correspondence being for a time its sole vehicle, in August 1736, when the Prince was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Carlyle quotes his opening letter, and Voltaire's reply. Friedrich's admiration is excited chiefly by an excellence which would be better appreciated in the days of Pope than our own. "Never did poet before," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "put Metaphysics into rhythmical cadence; to you the honor was reserved of doing it first." On the strength of Voltaire's "taste for Philosophy," he sends him "a translated copy of the *Accusation and the Defence of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism;" and promises him a translation, which he is getting made, of the same author's *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*. Voltaire, with many compliments and expressions of profound "respect" for "Metaphysical ideas," expresses a doubt whether "the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice," he adds, "that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Arch-

itect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told the secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Of all mice, M. Wolf is the mouse most likely to solve the great problem, if it could be solved. The letters up to the time of Friedrich's accession in 1740 (has preserved, some hundred-and-twenty in number), consist of an interchange of verses, criticisms, and philosophical discussions, with reflections on the dignity of man,—the whole enveloped in a cloud of mutual flattery; the ability being, of course, with Voltaire, the sincerity, Mr. Carlyle thinks, with Friedrich.* Till the time of Friedrich's accession, the correspondents never met. Their experience and impressions of each other, when they actually came together, belong to a later period of the Crown-Prince's history.

Friedrich, unable to secure the presence of the great high-priest of Letters, yet collected round him, at his residence at Reinsberg, what literary notabilities he could. They were chiefly of theological and philosophical bent; uniformly men," says Mr. Carlyle, "whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner." We will not burden our readers with their names. He beguiled his time here with pouring out floods of verse, with speculative talk on deep topics, with music, and with architectural and horticultural improvements; generally the resources of men who have no real and necessary work upon their hands, but in his case relaxations of hard and useful administrative

* Mr. Carlyle is sparing as yet in his use of the Letters, as indeed, of reference to Friedrich's literary works generally, of which he gives no specimen. Of the lengths to which Voltaire's admiration of his royal correspondent ran, very early in the correspondence, the following short extract from one of his letters will give some idea:—

"Monseigneur,—J'ai versé des larmes de joie en lisant la lettre du 9 septembre dont V. A. R. a bien voulu m'honorer; j'y reconnais un prince qui certainement sera l'amour du genre humain. Je suis étonné de tout manière; vous parlez comme *Trajan*, vous écrivez comme *Pline*, et vous parlez français comme nos meilleurs écrivains. Quelle différence entre les hommes! *Louis XIV* était un grand roi, je respecte sa mémoire; mais il ne parlait pas aussi humainement que vous, monseigneur, et ne s'exprimait pas de même. J'ai vu de ess lettres; il ne savait pas l'orthographe de sa langue."—*Recueil des Lettres de M. de Voltaire et du Roi de Prusse*, tom. i. p. 30 (ed. 1785). There must be a little irony in the last sentence. Voltaire had seen Friedrich's letters; and Friedrich's orthography,—of which our readers have had a specimen,—was much the same to the last day of his life.

labor. This was probably the happiest period of his life, and that least open to question or censure. His poetic attempts, now and afterwards, have been the object of much ridicule. But he never claimed to be a poet: he "left no calling for that idle trade—no duty broke." His verses were but an exercise in which he took pleasure; and which he practised for his pleasure only, and not from vanity or ambition.* If Lord Bacon's maxim be a true one, that "writing makes an exact man, his versifying propensities may have been of some use to him. But verse-making was never more to him than an amusement, and severity of criticism is out of place.

The two volumes which we have been so inadequately noticing, bring down the history of Friedrich's life to the death of his father, and his own accession to the throne on the 31st of May, 1740. They might be called "Friedrich's apprenticeship." We have been obliged to confine ourselves to the events and persons directly influencing the Crown-Prince's education in the wider sense of the word, and to leave out much that has close connection even with that. Of the richness of Mr. Carlyle's book in firmly drawn and vivid pictures of men and things, of the indescribable tone of life and reality that pervades it, of its fantastic humor and rugged, manly pathos, no idea can be gathered except from its own pages. From his views of human life and social government, and from the types of character which he admires, we are obliged prevailingly to dissent. We should regard them as harmful, if we thought they were likely to be influential. But they carry their own antidote with them in the noble qualities of heart and soul to which Mr. Carlyle always appeals, and of which even what we think his errors are but the exaggerated or too partial application.

* He endeavored to prevent their publication. "Friedrich," says his latest editor, "continued, so far as he was able, to keep his poetic works concealed; nay, he even called in again, from friends who were leaving his neighborhood, the copies with which he had presented them, in order to guard against their being in any way divulged." Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse als Schriftsteller*, p. 122. "J'ai fait les poésies," he writes to Count Algarotti, "que je vous ai données, pour m'amuser. Cela n'étoit bon, que pour cet objet; mais je ne veux ni être lu, ni être transcrit. Raphael doit être copié, Phidias imité, Virgile lu. Pour moi, je dois être ignoré. Il en est de mes ouvrages, comme de la musique des *dilettanti*. On doit se rendre justice, et en pas sortir de sa sphère." Quoted by Preuss, p. 123.

THE DREAMS OF OLD.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

THE dreams of old have faded,
 Their wondrous spells are o'er :
 We cannot be persuaded
 To try their power once more.
 Our wisdom now is scorning
 What our fathers deem'd a boon ;
 The world's bright clouds of morning
 Have melted in her noon.
 Yet for the parted glory
 They shed on mortal mould,
 Think gently of the fantasy
 That framed the dreams of old.

Where are the fairy legions
 That peopled vale and grove,
 And overspread earth's regions
 With strange ethereal love ?
 The flowers their essence haunted
 Are blooming gaily still,
 But Time hath disenchanting
 The meadow and the rill.
 There's not a child who listens,
 When their magic tale is told,
 Who does not know they were but dreams,
 Those radiant dreams of old !

Where is the high aspiring
 That the star-watcher knew,
 Born of the pure desiring
 For the holy and the true ?
 The faith that never halted
 Heaven's starry page to read,
 And framed a dream, exalted
 Unto a prophet's creed.
 Who now would seek the planets,
 The future to unfold ?
 Who, as the grave astrologer,
 Revive the dreams of old ?

Where is the kindred spirit,
 With weary endless quest,
 Still hoping to inherit
 Earth's riches, and be blest ?
 No more beside his furnace
 The alchemist may bend—
 No more, in lonely sternness,
 His secret labors tend.
 We have a bolder wisdom
 To multiply our gold,
 An open craft to supersede
 That strongest dream of old.

So pass the dreams of ages,
 And leave but little trace,
 Visions of bards and sages,
 New wisdom can efface ;
 Dreams, that have won the fearful
 To hope for better days ;
 Dreams that have fill'd the cheerful
 With terror and amaze !
 All pass—doth nothing linger
 With deathless things enroll'd,
 That shall not perish and depart,
 Amidst the dreams of old ?

Yes ; what upheld the martyr
 Amidst the final strife,

When he refused to barter
 This holy faith for life ?
 What cheer'd the pilgrim strangers
 To lofty thought and deed,
 To sow, 'midst death and dangers,
 The gospel's sacred seed ?
 They hoped the world's wide nations
 Its fruit should yet behold,
 And was their glorious faith a dream,
 A fading dream of old ?

No ; by the babe's devotion
 Lisp'd at his mother's knee,
 And by her deep devotion
 Its early trust to see ;
 And by the bond of union,
 The faithful here may prove,
 And by the blest communion
 Of ransomed ones above,
 We feel that here no vision
 Was with the past enroll'd
 That the Christian faith may never be
 A baseless dream of old !

THE PEACE OF GOD.

From a recently published volume by Adelaide
 Ann Proctor.

We ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Thy children ask thy Peace :
 Not what the world calls rest,
 That toil and care should cease,
 That through bright sunny hours
 Calm life should fleet away,
 And tranquil night should fade
 In smiling day ;
 It is not for such Peace we would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Yet not to stand secure,
 Girt round with iron Pride,
 Contented to endure—
 Crushing the gentle strings,
 That human hearts should know,
 Untouched by others' joys
 Or others' woe
 Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy Peace, O Lord !
 Through storm and fear and strife,
 To light and guide us on,
 Through a long struggling life ;
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve what the world calls
 Our wasted might ;
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord,
 Who toil while others sleep ;
 Who sow with living care
 What other hands shall reap ;
 They lean on thee entranced
 In calm and perfect rest ;
 Give us that Peace, O Lord !
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee
 best.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

I HAD always understood that Miss Galindo had once been in much better circumstances, but I had never liked to ask any questions respecting her. But about this time, many things came out respecting her former life, which I will try and arrange; not, however, in the order in which I heard them, but rather as they occurred.

Miss Galindo was the daughter of a clergyman in Westmoreland. Her father was the younger brother of a baronet, his ancestor having been one of those of James the First's creation. This baronet-uncle of Miss Galindo was one of those queer, out-of-the-way people who were bred at that time, and in that northern district of England. I never heard much of him from any one, besides this one great fact: that he had early disappeared from his family, which indeed only consisted of a brother and sister who died unmarried, and lived no one knew where,—somewhere on the Continent it was supposed, for he had never returned from the grand tour which he had been sent to make, according to the general fashion of the day, as soon as he had left Oxford. He corresponded occasionally with his brother the clergyman; but the letters passed through a banker's hands; the banker being pledged to secrecy, and, as he told Mr. Galindo, having the penalty, if he broke his pledge, of losing the whole profitable business, and of having the management of the baronet's affairs taken out of his hands, without any advantage accruing to the inquirer, for Sir Lawrence had told Messrs. Graham that, in case his place of residence was revealed by them, not only would he cease to bank with them, but instantly take measures to baffle any future inquiries as to his whereabouts, by removing to some distant country.

Sir Lawrence paid a certain sum of money to his brother's account every year; but the time of this payment varied, and it was sometimes eighteen or nineteen months between the deposits; then again it would not be above a quarter of the time, showing that he intended it to be annual, but as this intention was never expressed in words it was impossible to rely upon it, and a great deal of this money was swallowed up by the necessity Mr. Galindo felt himself under of living in the large, old, rambling family mansion, which had been one of Sir Lawrence's rarely expressed desires. Mr. and Mrs. Galindo often

planned to live upon their own small fortune and the income derived from the living (a vicarage, of which the great tithes went to Sir Lawrence as lay impropriator), so as to put by the payments made by the baronet for the benefit of *Laurentia*—our Miss Galindo. But I suppose they found it difficult to live economically in a large house, even though they had it rent-free. They had to keep up with hereditary neighbors and friends, and could hardly help doing it in the hereditary manner.

One of these neighbors, a Mr. Gibson, had a son a few years older than *Laurentia*. The familiers were sufficiently intimate for the young people to see a good deal of each other: and I was told that this young Mr. Mark Gibson was an unusually prepossessing man (he seemed to have impressed every one who spoke of him to me as being a handsome, manly, kind-hearted fellow), just what a girl would be sure to find most agreeable. The parents either forgot that their children were growing up to man's and woman's estate, or thought that the intimacy and probable attachment would be no bad thing, even if it did lead to marriage. Still, nothing was ever said by young Gibson till later on, when it was too late, as it turned out. He went to and from Oxford; he shot and fished with Mr. Galindo, or came to the Mere to skate in winter-time; was asked to accompany Mr. Galindo to the Hall, as the latter returned to the quiet dinner with his wife and daughter; and so, and so, it went on, nobody much knew how, until one day when Mr. Galindo received a formal letter from his brother's bankers, announcing Sir Lawrence's death of malaria fever at Albano, and congratulating Sir Hubert on his accession to the estates and the baronetcy. The king is dead. Long live the king! as I have since heard that the French express it.

Sir Hubert and his wife were greatly surprised. Sir Lawrence was but two years older than his brother; and they had never heard of any illness until they heard of his death. They were very sorry; very much shocked; but still a little elated at the succession to the baronetcy and estates. The London bankers had managed every thing well. There was a large sum of ready money in their hands at Sir Hubert's service, until he should touch his rents, the rent-roll being eight thousand a-year. And only *Laurentia* to inherit it all! Her mother, a poor cler-

gyman's daughter, began to plan all sorts of fine marriages for her, nor was her father much behind his wife in his ambition. They took her up to London, when they went to buy new carriages, and dresses, and furniture. And it was then and there she made my lady's acquaintance. How it was that they came to take a fancy to each other, I cannot say. My lady was of the old nobility,—grand, composed, gentle, and stately in her ways. Miss Galindo must always have been hurried in her manner, and her energy must have shown itself in inquisitiveness and oddness even in her youth. But I don't pretend to account for things: I only narrate them. And the fact was this:—that the elegant, fastidious Countess was attracted to the country girl, who on her part almost worshipped my lady. My lady's notice of their daughter made her parents think, I suppose, that there was no match that she might not command; she, the heiress of eight thousand a-year, and visiting about among earls and dukes. So, when they came back to their old Westmoreland Hall, and Mark Gibson rode over to offer his hand and heart, and prospective estate of nine hundred a-year to his old companion and playfellow, Laurentia, Sir Hubert, and Lady Galindo made very short work of it. They refused him plumply themselves, and when he begged to be allowed to speak to Laurentia, they found some excuse for refusing him the opportunity of so doing, until they had talked to her themselves, and brought up every argument and fact in their power to convince her—a plain girl, and conscious of her own plainness—that Mr. Mark Gibson had never thought of her in the way of marriage till after her father's accession to his fortune; and that it was the estate—not the young lady—that he was in love with. I suppose it will never be known in this world how far this supposition of theirs was true. My Lady Ludlow had always spoken as if it was; but perhaps events, which came to her knowledge about this time, altered her opinion. At any rate, the end of it was, Laurentia refused Mark, and almost broke her heart in doing so. He discovered the suspicions of Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo, and that they had persuaded their daughter to share in them. So he flung off with high words, saying that they did not know a true heart when they met with one; and that although he had never offered till after Sir Lawrence's

death, yet that his father knew all along that he had been attached to Laurentia, only that he, being the eldest of five children, and having as yet no profession, had had to conceal, rather than to express, an attachment, which in those days he had believed was reciprocated. He had always meant to study for the bar, and the end of all he had hoped for had been to earn a moderate income, which he might ask Laurentia to share. This, or something like it was what he said. But his reference to his father cut two ways. Old Mr. Gibson was known to be very keen about money. It was just as likely that he would urge Mark to make love to the heiress, now she was an heiress, as that he would have restrained him previously, as Mark said he had done. When this was repeated to Mark, he became proudly reserved, or sullen, and said that Laurentia, at any rate might have known him better. He left the country, and went up to London to study law soon afterwards; and Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo thought they were well-rid of him. But Laurentia never ceased reproaching herself, and never did to her dying day, as I believe. The words, "she might have known me better," told to her by some kind friend or other, rankled in her mind, and were never forgotten. Her father and mother took her up to London the next year; but she did not care to visit, dreaded going out even for a drive, lest she should see Mark Gibson's reproachful eyes, pined and lost her health. Lady Ludlow saw this change with regret, and was told the cause by Lady Galindo, who, of course, gave her own version of Mark's conduct and motives. My lady never spoke to Miss Galindo about it, but tried constantly to interest and please her. It was at this time that my lady told Miss Galindo so much about her own early life and about Hanbury, that Miss Galindo resolved, if ever she could, she would go and see the old place which her friend loved so well. The end of it all was, that she came to live there, as we know.

But a great change was to come first. Before Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo had left London on this, their second visit, they had a letter from the lawyer whom they employed, saying that Sir Lawrence had left an heir, his legitimate child by an Italian woman of low rank; at least legal claims to the title and property had been sent in to him on the boy's behalf. Sir Lawrence had always been

a man of adventurous and artistic, rather than of luxurious tastes; and it was supposed, when all came to be proved at the trial, that he was captivated by the free, beautiful life they lead in Italy, and had married this Neapolitan fisherman's daughter, who had people about her shrewd enough to see that the ceremony was legally performed. She and her husband had wandered about the shores of the Mediterranean for years, leading a happy, careless, irresponsible life, unencumbered by any duties except those connected with a rather numerous family. It was enough for her that they never wanted money, and that her husband's love was always continued to her. She hated the name of England—wicked, cold, heretic England—and avoided the mention of any subjects connected with her husband's early life. So that, when he died at Albano, she was almost roused out of her vehement grief to anger with the Italian doctor, who declared that he must write to a certain address to announce the death of Lawrence Galindo. For some time she feared lest English barbarians might come down upon her, making a claim upon the children. She hid herself and them in the Abruzzi, living upon the sale of what furniture and jewels Sir Lawrence had died possessed of. When these failed, she returned to Naples, which she had not visited since her marriage. Her father was dead; but her brother inherited some of his keenness. He interested the priests, who made inquiries and found that the Galindo succession was worth securing to an heir of the true faith. They stirred about it, obtained advice at the English embassy; and hence that letter to the lawyers, calling upon Sir Hubert to relinquish title and property, and to refund the money which he had expended. He was vehement in his opposition to this claim. He could not bear to think of his brother having married a foreigner—a papist, a fisherman's daughter; nay, of his having become a papist himself. He was in despair at the thought of his ancestral property going to the issue of such a marriage. He fought tooth and nail, making enemies of his relations, and losing almost all his own private property; for he would go on against the lawyer's advice, long after every one was convinced except himself and his wife. At last he was conquered. He gave up his living in gloomy despair. He would have changed his name if he could, so desirous was he to

obliterate all tie between himself and the mongrel papist baronet and his Italian mother, and all the succession of children and nurses who came to take possession of the hall soon after Mr. Hubert Galindo's departure, staid there one winter, and then flitted back to Naples with gladness and delight. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Galindo lived in London. He had obtained a curacy somewhere in the city. They would have been thankful now if Mr. Mark Gibson had renewed his offer. No one could accuse him of mercenary motives if he had done so. Because he did not come forward as they wished, they brought his silence up as a justification of what they had previously attributed to him. I don't know what Miss Galindo thought herself; but Lady Ludlow has told me how she shrank from hearing her parents abuse him. Lady Ludlow supposed that he was aware that they were living in London. His father must have known the fact, and it was curious if he had never named it to his son. Besides, the name was very uncommon; and it was unlikely that it should never come across him, in the advertisements of charity-sermons which the new and rather eloquent curate of Saint Mark's East was asked to preach. All this time Lady Ludlow never lost sight of them for Miss Galindo's sake. And when the father and mother died, it was my lady who upheld Miss Galindo in her determination not to apply for any provision to her cousin, the Italian baronet, but rather to live on the hundred a-year which had been settled on her mother and the children of his son Hubert's marriage by the old grandfather, Sir Lawrence.

Mr. Mark Gibson had risen to some eminence as a barrister on the Northern Circuit; but had died unmarried in the lifetime of his father, a victim (so people said) to intemperance. Doctor Trevor, the physician who had been called in to Mr. Gray and Harry Gregson, had married a sister of his. And that was all my lady knew about the Gibson family. But who was Bessy?

That mystery and secret came out, too, in process of time. Miss Galindo had been to Warwick some years before I arrived at Hanbury, on some kind of business or shopping, which can only be transacted in a county-town. There was an old Westmoreland connection between her and Mrs. Trevor, though I believe the latter was too young to have

been made aware of her brother's offer to Miss Galindo, at the time when it took place; and such affairs, if they are unsuccessful, are seldom spoken about in the gentleman's family afterwards. But the Gibsons and Galindos had been county neighbors too long, for the connection not to be kept up between two members settled far away from their early homes. Miss Galindo always desired her parcels to be sent to Doctor Trevor's, when she went to Warwick for shopping purchases. If she were going any journey, and the coach did not come through Warwick as soon as she arrived (in my lady's coach or otherwise) from Hanbury, she went to Doctor Trevor's to wait. She was as much expected to sit down to the household meals as if she had been one of the family; and in after years it was Mrs. Trevor who managed her repository business for her.

So, on the day I spoke of, she had gone to Doctor Trevor's to rest, and possibly to dine. The post in those times came in at all hours of the morning; and Doctor Trevor's letters had not arrived until after his departure on his morning round. Miss Galindo was sitting down to dinner with Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, when the Doctor came in. He was flurried and uncomfortable, and hurried the children away as soon as he decently could. Then (rather feeling Miss Galindo's presence an advantage, both as a present restraint on the violence of his wife's grief, and as a consoler when he was absent on his afternoon round) he told Mrs. Trevor of her brother's death. He had been taken ill on circuit, and had hurried back to his chambers in London, only to die. She cried terribly; but Doctor Trevor said afterwards, he never noticed that Miss Galindo cared much about it one way or another. She helped him to soothe his wife, promised to stay with her all the afternoon instead of returning to Hanbury, and afterwards offered to remain with her while the Doctor went to attend the funeral. When they heard of the old love-story between the dead man and Miss Galindo,—brought up by mutual friends in Westmoreland, in the review which we are all inclined to take of the events of a man's life, when he comes to die,—they tried to remember Miss Galindo's speeches and ways of going on during this visit. She was a little pale, a little silent; her eyes were sometimes swollen, and her nose red; but she was at an age when

such appearances are generally attributed to a bad cold in the head, rather than to any more sentimental reason. They felt towards her as towards an old friend, a kindly, useful, eccentric, old maid. She did not expect more, or wish them to remember that she might once have had other hopes, and more youthful feelings. Doctor Trevor thanked her very warmly for staying with his wife, when he returned home from London (where the funeral had taken place). He begged Miss Galindo to stay with them, when the children were gone to bed, and she was preparing to leave the husband and wife by themselves. He told her and his wife many particulars—then paused—then went on—

"And Mark has left a child—a little girl——"

"But he never was married," exclaimed Mrs. Trevor.

"A little girl," continued her husband, "whose mother, I conclude, is dead. At any rate, the child was in possession of his chambers; she and an old nurse, who seemed to have the charge of every thing, and has cheated poor Mark, I should fancy, not a little."

"But the child!" asked Mrs. Trevor, still almost breathless with astonishment. "How do you know it is his?"

"The nurse told me it was, with great appearance of indignation at my doubting it. I asked the little thing her name, and all I could get was 'Bessy!' and a cry of 'Me wants papa!' The nurse said the mother was dead, and she knew no more about it than that Mr. Gibson had engaged her to take care of the little girl, calling it his child. One or two of his lawyer friends, whom I met with at the funeral, told me they were aware of the existence of this child."

"What is to be done with her?" asked Mrs. Trevor.

"Nay, I don't know," replied he. "Mark has hardly left assets enough to pay his debts, and your father is not inclined to come forward."

That night, as Doctor Trevor sat in his study, after his wife had gone to bed, Miss Galindo knocked at his door. She and he had a long conversation. The result was that he accompanied Miss Galindo up to town the next day; that they took possession of the little Bessy, and she was brought down, and placed at nurse at a farm in the country near

Warwick, Miss Galindo undertaking to pay one-half the expense, and to furnish her with clothes, and Doctor Trevor undertaking that the remaining half should be furnished by the Gibson family, or by himself in their default.

Miss Galindo was not fond of children, and I daresay she dreaded taking this child to live with her for more reasons than one. My Lady Ludlow could not endure any mention of illegitimate children. It was a principle of hers that society ought to ignore them. And I believe Miss Galindo had always agreed with her until now, when the thing came home to her womanly heart. Still she shrank from having this child of some strange woman under her roof. She went over to see it from time to time; she worked at its clothes long after every one thought she was in bed; and, when the time came for Bessy to be sent to school, Miss Galindo labored away more diligently than ever, in order to pay for the increased expense. For the Gibson family had, at first, paid their part of the compact, but with unwillingness and grudging hearts; then they had left it off altogether, and it fell hard on Doctor Trevor with his twelve children; and, latterly, Miss Galindo had taken upon herself almost all the burden. One can hardly live and labor, and plan and make sacrifices, for any human creature without learning to love it. And Bessy loved Miss Galindo, too, for all the poor girl's scanty pleasures came from her, and Miss Galindo had always a kind word, and, latterly, many a kind caress, for Mark Gibson's child; whereas, if she went to Doctor Trevor's for her holiday, she was overlooked and neglected in that bustling family, who seemed to think that if she had comfortable board and lodging under their roof, it was enough.

I am sure, now, that Miss Galindo had often longed to have Bessy to live with her; but, as long as she could pay for her being at school, she did not like to take so bold a step as bringing her home, knowing what the effect of the consequent explanation would be on my lady. And as the girl was now more than seventeen, and past the age when young ladies are usually kept at school, and as there was no great demand for governesses in those days, and as Bessy had never been taught any trade by which to earn her own living, why, I don't exactly see what could be done but for Miss Galindo to plan to bring her to her own

home in Hanbury. For, although the child had grown up lately, in a kind of unexpected manner, into a young woman, Miss Galindo might have kept her at school for a year longer if she could have afforded it; but this was impossible when she became Mr. Horner's clerk, and relinquished all the payment of her repository work; and, perhaps after all, she was not sorry to be compelled to take the step she was longing for. At any rate, Bessy came to live with Miss Galindo in a very few weeks from the time when Captain James set Miss Galindo free to superintend her own domestic economy again.

For a long time, I knew nothing about this new inhabitant of Hanbury. My lady never mentioned her in any way. This was in accordance with Lady Ludlow's well-known principles. She neither saw, nor heard, nor was in any way cognizant of the existence of those who had no legal right to exist at all. If Miss Galindo had hoped to have an exception made in Bessy's favor, she was mistaken. My lady sent a note inviting Miss Galindo herself to tea one evening about a month after Bessy came; but Miss Galindo "had a cold and could not come." The next time she was invited, she "had an engagement at home"—a step nearer to the absolute truth. And the third time, she "had a young friend staying with her whom she was unable to leave." My lady accepted every excuse as *bonâ fide* and took no further notice. I missed Miss Galindo very much; we all did; for, in the days when she was clerk, she was sure to come in and find the opportunity of saying something amusing to some of us before she went away. And I, as an invalid, or perhaps from natural tendency, was particularly fond of little bits of village gossip. There was no Mr. Horner, he even had come in now and then with formal, stately pieces of intelligence, and there was no Miss Galindo in these days. I missed her much. And so did my lady, I am sure. Behind all her quiet, sedate manner, I am certain her heart ached sometimes for a few words from Miss Galindo, who seemed to have absented herself altogether from the Hall now Bessy was come.

Captain James might be very sensible, and all that; but not even my lady could call him a substitute for the old familiar friends. He was a thorough sailor, as sailors were in those days—swore a good deal, drank a good

deal (without its ever affecting him in the least), and was very prompt and kind-hearted in all his actions. But he was not accustomed to women, as my lady once said, and would judge in all things for himself. My lady had expected, I think, to find some one who would take his notions on the management of her estate from her ladyship's own self; but he spoke as if he were responsible for the good management of the whole, and must, consequently, be allowed liberty of action. He had been too long in command over men at sea to like to be directed by a woman in any thing which he undertook, even though that woman was my lady. I suppose this was the common-sense my lady spoke of; but when common-sense goes against us, I don't think we value it quite so much as we ought to do.

Lady Ludlow was proud of her personal superintendence of her own estate. She liked to tell us how her father used to take her with him in his rides, and bid her observe this and that, and on no account to allow such and such things to be done. But I have heard that the first time she told all this to Captain James, he told her point-blank that he had heard from Mr. Smithson that the farms were much neglected and the rents sadly behindhand, and that he meant to set to in good earnest, and study agriculture, and see how he could remedy the state of things. My lady would, I am sure, be very much surprised, but what could she do? Here was the very man she had chosen herself, setting to with all his energy to conquer the defect of ignorance, which was all that those who had presumed to offer her ladyship advice had ever had to say against him. Captain James read Arthur Young's *Tours* in all his spare time, as long as he was an invalid; and shook his head at my lady's accounts as to how the land had been cropped or left fallow from time immemorial. Then he set to, and tried too many new experiments at once. My lady looked on in dignified silence; but all the farmers and tenants were in an uproar, and prophesied a hundred failures. Perhaps fifty did occur; they were only half as many as Lady Ludlow had feared; but they were twice as many, four, eight times as many as the captain had anticipated. His openly-expressed disappointment made him popular again. The rough country people could not have understood silent and dignified regret at the failure

of his plans; but they sympathized with a man who swore at his ill-success—sympathized, even while they chuckled over his discomfort. Mr. Brooke, the retired tradesman, did not cease blaming him for not succeeding, and for swearing. "But what could you expect from a sailor?" Mr. Brooke asked, even in my lady's hearing; though he might have known Captain James was my lady's own personal choice, from the old friendship Mr. Urian had always shown for him. I think it was this speech of the Birmingham baker's that made my lady determine to stand by Captain James, and encourage him to try again. For she would not allow that her choice had been an unwise one, at the bidding (as it were) of a Dissenting tradesman; the only person in the neighborhood, too, who had flaunted about in colored clothes, when all the world was in mourning for my lady's only son.

Captain James would have thrown the agency up at once, if my lady had not felt herself bound to justify the wisdom of her choice, by urging him to stay. He was much touched by her confidence in him, and swore a great oath, that the next year he would make the land such as it had never been before for produce. It was not my lady's way to repeat any thing she had heard, especially to another person's disadvantage. So I don't think she ever told Captain James of Mr. Brooke's speech about a sailor's being likely to mismanage the property; and the captain was too anxious to succeed in this, the second year of his trial, to be above going to the flourishing, shrewd Mr. Brooke, and asking for his advice as to the best method of working the estate. I dare say, if Miss Galindo had been as intimate as formerly at the Hall, we should all of us have heard of this new acquaintance of the agent's long before we did. As it was, I am sure my lady never dreamed that the captain, who held opinions that were even more Church and King than her own, could ever have made friends with a Baptist baker from Birmingham, even to serve her ladyship's own interests in the most loyal manner.

We heard of it first from Mr. Gray, who came now often to see my lady, for neither he nor she could forget the solemn tie which the fact of his being the person to acquaint her with my lord's death had created between them. For true and holy words spoken at

that time, though having no reference to aught below the solemn subjects of life and death, had made her withdraw her opposition to Mr. Gray's wish about establishing a village school. She had sighed a little, it is true, and was even now more apprehensive than hopeful as to the result; but, almost as if as a memorial to my lord, she had allowed a kind of rough school-house to be built on the green, just by the church; and had gently used the power she undoubtedly had, in expressing her strong wish that the boys might only learn to read and write, and the first four rules of arithmetic; while the girls were only to learn to read, and to add up in their heads, and the rest of the time to work at mending their own clothes, knitting stockings and spinning. My lady presented the school with more spinning wheels than there were girls, and requested that there might be a rule that they should have spun so many hanks of flax, and knitted so many pairs of stockings, before they were ever taught to read at all. After all, it was but making the best of a bad job with my poor lady—but life was not what it had been to her. I remember well the day that Mr. Gray pulled some delicately fine yarn (and I was a good judge of those things) out of his pocket, and laid it and a capital pair of knitted stockings before my lady, as the first-fruits, so to say, of his school. I recollect seeing her put on her spectacles, and carefully examine both productions. Then she passed them to me.

"This is well, Mr. Gray. I am much pleased. You are fortunate in your school-mistress. She has had both proper knowledge of womanly things and much patience. Who is she? One out of our village?"

"My lady," said Mr. Gray, stammering and coloring in his old fashion, "Miss Bessy is so very kind as to teach all those sorts of things—Miss Bessy, and Miss Galindo, sometimes."

My lady looked at him over her spectacles; but she only repeated the words Miss Bessy, and paused, as if trying to remember who such a person could be; and he, if he had then intended to say more, was quelled by her manner, and dropped the subject. He went on to say, that he had thought it his duty to decline the subscription to his school offered by Mr. Brooke, because he was a Dissenter; that he (Mr. Gray) feared that Captain James, through whom Mr. Brooke's offer of money had been made, was offended

at his refusing to accept it from a man who held heterodox opinions; nay, whom Mr. Gray suspected of being infected by Dodwell's heresy.

"I think there must be some mistake," said my lady, "or I have misunderstood you. Captain James would never be sufficiently with a schismatic to be employed by that man Brooke in distributing his charities. I should have doubted, until now, if Captain James knew him."

"Indeed, my lady, he not only knows him, but is intimate with him, I regret to say. I have repeatedly seen the captain and Mr. Brooke walking together; going through the fields together; and people do say——"

My lady looked up in interrogation at Mr. Gray's pause.

"I disapprove of gossip, and it may be untrue; but people do say that Captain James is very attentive to Miss Brooke."

"Impossible!" said my lady, indignantly. "Captain James is a loyal and religious man. I beg your pardon, Mr. Gray, but it is impossible."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH AND LAST.

LIKE many other things which have been declared to be impossible, this report of Captain James being attentive to Miss Brooke turned out to be very true.

The mere idea of her agent being on the slightest possible terms of acquaintance with the Dissenter, the tradesman, the Birmingham democrat, who had come to settle in our good, orthodox, aristocratic, and agricultural Hanbury, made my lady very uneasy. Miss Galindo's misdemeanor in having taken Miss Bessy to live with her, faded into a mistake, a mere error of judgment, in comparison with Captain James's intimacy at Yeast House, as the Brookes called their ugly, square-built farm. My lady talked herself quite into complacency with Miss Galindo, and even Miss Bessy was named by her, the first time I had ever been aware that my lady recognized her existence; but—I recollect it was a long, rainy afternoon, and I sat with her ladyship, and we had time and opportunity for a long, uninterrupted talk—whenever we had been silent for a little while, she began again, with something like a wonder how it was that Captain James could ever have commenced an acquaintance with "that man Brooke." My lady recapitulated

all the times she could remember that any thing had occurred, or been said by Captain James which she could now understand as throwing light upon the subject.

"He said once that he was anxious to bring in the Norfolk system of cropping, and spoke a good deal about Mr. Coke of Holkham (who, by the way, was no more a Coke than I am—collateral in the female line—which counts for little or nothing among the great old commoners' families of pure blood), and his new ways of cultivation; of course new men bring in new ways, but it does not follow that either are better than the old ways. However, Captain James has been very anxious to try turnips and bone manure; and he really is a man of such good sense and energy, and was so sorry last year about the failure, that I consented; and now I begin to see my error. I have always heard that town bakers adulterate their flour with bone dust; and, of course, Captain James would be aware of this, and go to Brooke to inquire where the article was to be purchased."

My lady always ignored the fact which had sometimes, I suspect, been brought under her very eyes during her drives, that Mr. Brooke's few fields were in a state of far higher cultivation than her own; so she could not, of course, perceive that there was any wisdom to be gained from asking the advice of the tradesman turned farmer.

But by and by this fact of her agent's intimacy with the person whom in the whole world she most disliked (with that sort of dislike in which a large amount of uncomfortableness is combined—the dislike which conscientious people sometimes feel to another without knowing why, and yet which they cannot indulge in with comfort to themselves without having a moral reason why), came before my lady in many shapes. For, indeed, I am sure that Captain James was not a man to conceal or be ashamed of one of his actions. I cannot fancy his ever lowering his strong, loud, clear voice, or having a confidential conversation with any one. When his crops had failed, all the village had known it. He complained, he regretted, he was angry, or owned himself a — fool, all down the village street; and the consequence was that, although he was a far more passionate man than Mr. Horner, all the tenants liked him far better. People, in general, take a kindlier

interest in any one, the workings of whose mind and heart they can watch and understand, than in a man who only lets you know what he has been thinking about and feeling, by what he does. But Harry Gregson was faithful to the memory of Mr. Horner. Miss Galindo has told me that she used to watch him hobble out of the way of Captain James, as if to accept his notice, however good-naturedly given, would have been a kind of treachery to his former benefactor. But Gregson (the father) and the new agent rather took to each other, and one day, much to my surprise, I heard that the "poaching, tinkering vagabond," as people used to call Gregson when I first had come to live at Hanbury, had been appointed gamekeeper; Mr. Gray standing godfather, as it were, to his trustworthiness, if he were trusted with any thing; which I thought at the time was rather an experiment, only it answered, as many of Mr. Gray's deeds of daring did. It was curious how he was growing to be a kind of autocrat in the village; and how unconscious he was of it. He was as shy and awkward and nervous as ever, in every affair that was not of some moral consequence to him. But as soon as he was convinced that a thing was right, he "shut his eyes and ran and butted at it like a ram," as Captain James once expressed it, in talking over something Mr. Gray had done. People in the village said, "they never knew what the parson would be at next;" or they might have said, "where his reverence would next turn up." For I have heard of his marching right into the middle of a set of poachers, gathered together for some desperate midnight enterprise, or walking into a public-house that lay just beyond the bounds of my lady's estate, and in that extra-parochial piece of ground I named long ago, and which was considered the rendezvous of all the ne'er-do-weel characters for miles round, and where a parson and a constable were held in much the same kind of esteem, as unwelcome visitors. And yet Mr. Gray had his long fits of depression, in which he felt as if he were doing nothing, making no way in his work, useless and unprofitable, and better out of the world than in it. In comparison with the work he had set himself to do, what he did seemed to be nothing. I suppose it was constitutional, those attacks of lowness of spirits which he had about this time; perhaps a part

of the nervousness which made him always so awkward when he came to the Hall. Even Mrs. Medlicott, who almost worshipped the ground he trod on, as the saying is, owned that Mr. Gray never entered one of my lady's rooms without knocking down something, and too often breaking it. He would much sooner have faced a desperate poacher than a young lady any day. At least so we thought.

I do not know how it was that it came to pass that my lady became reconciled to Miss Galindo about this time. Whether it was that her ladyship was weary of the unspoken coolness with her old friend; or that the specimens of delicate sewing and fine spinning at the school, had mollified her towards Miss Bessy; but I was surprised to learn one day that Miss Galindo and her young friend were coming that very evening to the Hall to tea. This information was given me by Mrs. Medlicott, as a message from my lady, who further went on to desire that certain little preparations should be made in her own private sitting-room, in which the greater part of my days were spent. From the nature of these preparations, I became quite aware that my lady intended to do honor to her expected visitors. Indeed Lady Ludlow never forgave by halves, as I have known some people do. Whoever was coming as a visitor to my lady, peeress, or poor nameless girl, there was a certain amount of preparation required, in order to do them fitting honor. I do not mean to say that the preparation was of the same degree of importance in each case. I daresay, if a peeress had come to visit us at the Hall, the covers would have been taken off the furniture in the white drawing-room (they never were uncovered all the time I stayed at the Hall), because my lady would wish to offer her the ornaments and luxuries which this grand visitor (who never came—I wish she had! I did so want to see that furniture uncovered!) was accustomed to at home, and to present them to her in the best order in which my lady could. The same rule, modified, held good with Miss Galindo. Certain things, in which my lady knew she took an interest, were laid out ready for her to examine on this very day; and, what was more, great books of prints were laid out, such as I remembered my lady had had brought forth to beguile my own early days of illness,—Mr. Hogarth's works, and the like,—which I was sure were put out for Miss Bessy.

No one knows how curious I was to see this mysterious Miss Bessy. Twenty times more mysterious, of course, for want of her surname. And then again (to try and account for my great curiosity, of which in recollection I am more than half ashamed), I had been leading the quite monotonous life of a crippled invalid for now many years,—shut up from any sight of new faces; and this was to be the face of one of whom I had thought about so much and so long,—Oh! I think I might be excused.

Of course they drank tea in the great hall, with the four young gentlewomen, who, with myself, formed the small bevy now under her ladyship's charge. Of those who were at Hanbury when first I came, none remained; all were married, or gone once more to live at some home which could be called their own, whether the ostensible head were father or brother. I myself was not without some hopes of a similar kind. My brother Harry was now a curate in Westmoreland, and wanted me to go and live with him, as I did eventually. But that is neither here nor there at present. What I am talking about is Miss Bessy.

After a reasonable time had elapsed, occupied as I well knew by the meal in the great hall,—the measured, yet agreeable conversation afterwards,—and a certain promenade around the hall, and through the drawing-rooms, with pauses before different pictures, the history or subject of each of which was invariably told by my lady to every new visitor,—a sort of giving them the freedom of the old family-seat, by describing the kind and nature of the great progenitors who had lived there before the narrator,—I heard the steps approaching my lady's room where I lay. I think I was in such a state of nervous expectation, that if I could have moved easily, I should have got up and run away. And yet I need not have been, for Miss Galindo was not in the least altered (her nose a little redder, to be sure, but then that might only have had a temporary cause in the private crying I know she would have had before coming to see her dear Lady Ludlow once again). But I could almost have pushed Miss Galindo away, as she intercepted me in my view of the mysterious Miss Bessy.

Miss Bessy was, as I knew, only about eighteen, but she looked older. Dark hair, dark eyes, a tall, firm figure, a good, sensible face,

with a serene expression, not in the least disturbed by what I had been thinking must be such awful circumstances as a first introduction to my lady, who had so disapproved of her very existence; those are the clearest impressions I remember of my first interview with Miss Bessy. She seemed to observe us all, in her quiet manner, quite as much as I did her; but she spoke very little; occupied herself, indeed, as my lady had planned, with looking over the great books of engravings. I think I must have (foolishly) intended to make her feel at her ease, by my patronage; but she was seated far away from my sofa, in order to command the light, and really seemed so unconcerned at her unwonted circumstances, that she did not need my countenance or kindness. One thing I did like; her watchful look at Miss Galindo from time to time; it showed that her thoughts and sympathy were ever at Miss Galindo's service, as indeed they well might be. When Miss Bessy spoke, her voice was full and clear, and what she said to the purpose, though there was a slight provincial accent in her way of speaking. After a while, my lady set us two to play at chess, a game which I had lately learnt at Mr. Gray's suggestion. Still we did not talk much together, though we were becoming attracted towards each other, I fancy.

"You will play well," said she. "You only learnt about six months, have you? And yet you can nearly beat me, who have been at it as many years."

"I began to learn last November. I remember Mr. Gray's bringing me Philidor on Chess, one very foggy, dismal day."

What made her look up so suddenly, with bright inquiry in her eyes? What made her silent for a moment, as if in thought, and then go on with something, I know not what, in quite an altered tone?

My lady and Miss Galindo went on talking, while I sat thinking. I heard Captain James's name mentioned pretty frequently; and at last my lady put down her work, and said, almost with tears in her eyes:

"I could not—I cannot believe it. He must be aware she is a schismatic; a baker's daughter; and he is a gentleman by virtue and feeling, as well as by his profession though his manners may be at times a little rough. My dear Miss Galindo, what will this world come to?"

Miss Galindo might possibly be aware of her own share in bringing the world to the pass which now dismayed my lady,—for, of course, though all was now over and forgiven, yet Miss Bessy's being received into a respectable maiden lady's house, was one of the portents as to the world's future which alarmed her ladyship; and Miss Galindo knew this,—but, at any rate, she had too lately been forgiven herself not to plead for mercy for the next offender against my lady's delicate sense of fitness and propriety,—so she replied:

"Indeed, my lady, I have long left off trying to conjecture what makes Jack fancy Gill, or Gill Jack. It's best to sit down quiet under the belief that marriages are made for us, somewhere out of this world, and out of the range of this world's reasons and laws. I'm not so sure that I should settle it down that they were made in Heaven; t'other place seems to me as likely a workshop; but, at any rate, I've given up troubling my head as to why they take place. Captain James is a gentleman; I make no doubt of that ever since I saw him stop to pick up old Goody Blake (when she tumbled down on the slide last winter) and then swear at a little lad who was laughing at her, and cuff him till he tumbled down crying; but we must have bread somehow, and though I like it better baked at home in a good, sweet brick oven, yet, as some folks never can get it to rise, I don't see why a man may not be a baker. You see, my lady, I look upon baking as a simple trade, and as such lawful. There is no machine comes to come in to take away a man's or woman's power of earning their living, like the spinning-jenny (the old busybody that she is), to knock up all our good old women's livelihood, and send them to their graves before their time. There's an invention of the enemy, if you will!"

"That's very true!" said my lady, shaking her head.

"But baking bread is wholesome, straightforward elbow-work. They have not got to inventing any contrivance for that yet, thank Heaven. It does not seem to me natural, nor according to scripture, that iron and steel (whose brows can't sweat) should be made to do man's work. And so I say all those trades where iron and steel do the work ordained to man at the Fall, are unlawful, and I never stand up for them. But say this baker Brooke

did knead his bread, and make it rise, and then that people, who had, perhaps no good ovens, came to him, and bought his good light bread, and in this manner he turned an honest penny, and got rich; why, all I say, my lady, is this,—I dare say he would have been born a Hanbury, or a lord, if he could; and if he was not, it is no fault of his, that I can see, that he made good bread (being a baker by trade), and got money, and bought his land. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he was not a person of quality by birth."

"That's very true," said my lady, after a moment's pause for consideration. "But, although he was a baker, he might have been a Churchman. Even your eloquence, Miss Galindo, shan't convince me that that is not his own fault."

"I don't see even that, begging your pardon, my lady," said Miss Galindo, 'emboldened by the first success of her eloquence. "When a Baptist is a baby, if I understand their creed aright, he is not baptized, and consequently, he can have no godfathers and godmothers to do any thing for him in his baptism; you agree to that, my lady?"

My lady would rather have known what her acquiescence would lead to, before acknowledging that she could not dissent from this first proposition; still she gave her tacit agreement by bowing her head.

And, you know, our godfathers and godmothers are expected to promise and vow three things in our name, when we are little babies, and can do nothing but squall for ourselves. It is a great privilege, but don't let us be hard upon those who have not had the chance of godfathers and godmothers. Some people, we know, are born with silver spoons,—that's to say, a godfather to give one things, and teach one one's catechism, and see that we're confirmed into good church-going Christians,—and others with wooden ladles in their mouths. These poor last folks must just be content to be godfatherless orphans, and dissenters all their lives; and if they are tradespeople into the bargain, so much the worse for them; but let us be humble Christians, my dear lady, and not hold our heads too high because we were born orthodox quality."

"You go on too fast, Miss Galindo! I can't follow you. Besides, I do believe dissent to be an invention of the Devil's. Why can't

they believe as we do? It's very wrong. Besides, it's schism and heresy, and, you know, the Bible says that's as bad as witchcraft."

My lady was not convinced, as I could see. After Miss Galindo had gone, she sent Mrs. Medicott for certain books out of the great old library upstairs, and had them made up into a parcel under her own eye.

"If Captain James comes to-morrow, I will speak to him about these Brookes. I have not hitherto liked to speak to him, because I did not wish to hurt him, by supposing there could be any truth in the reports about his intimacy with them. But now I will try and do my duty by him and them. Surely this great body of divinity will bring them back to the true church."

I could not tell, for though my lady read me over the titles, I was not any the wiser as to their contents. Besides, I was much more anxious to consult my lady as to my own change of place. I showed her the letter I had that day received from Harry; and we once more talked over the expediency of my going to live with him, and trying what entire change of air would do to reëstablish my failing health. I could say any thing to my lady, she was so sure to understand me rightly. For one thing, she never thought of herself, so I had no fear of hurting her by stating the truth. I told her how happy my years had been while passed under her roof; but that now I had begun to wonder whether I had not duties elsewhere, in making a home for Harry,—and whether the fulfilment of these duties, quiet ones they must needs be in the case of such a cripple as myself, would not prevent my sinking into the querulous habit of thinking and talking into which I found myself occasionally falling. Add to which, there was the prospect of benefit from the more bracing air of the north.

It was then settled that my departure from Hanbury, my happy home for so long, was to take place before many weeks had passed. And as, when one period of life is about to be shut up forever, we are sure to look back upon it with fond regret, so I, happy enough in my future prospects, could not avoid recurring to all the days of my life in the Hall, from the time when I came to it, a shy, awkward girl, scarcely past childhood, to now, when a grown woman,—past childhood—almost, from the very character of my illness, past youth,—I

was looking forward to leaving my lady's house (as a residence) forever. As it has turned out, I never saw either her or it again. Like a piece of sea-wrack, I have drifted away from those days: quiet, happy, eventless days, very happy to remember!

I thought of good, jovial Mr. Mountford,—and his regrets that he might not keep a pack, “a very small pack,” of harriers, and his merry ways, and his love of good eating; of the first coming of Mr. Gray, and my lady's attempt to quench his sermons, when they tended to enforce any duty connected with education. And now we had an absolute schoolhouse in the village; and since Miss Bessy's drinking tea at the Hall, my lady had been twice inside it, to give directions about some fine yarn she was having spun for table-napery. And her ladyship had so outgrown her old custom of dispensing with sermon or discourse, that even during the temporary preaching of Mr. Crosse, she had never had recourse to it, though I believe she would have had all the congregation on her side if she had.

And Mr. Horner was dead, and Captain James reigned in his stead. Good, steady, severe, silent Mr. Horner! with his clock-like regularity, and his snuff-colored clothes, and silver buckles! I have often wondered which one misses most when they are dead and gone,—the bright creatures full of life, who are hither and thither and everywhere, so that no one can reckon upon their coming and going, with whom stillness and the long quiet of the grave seems utterly irreconcilable, so full are they of vivid motion and passion,—or the slow, serious people, whose movements—nay, whose very words, seem to go by clock-work; who never appear much to affect the course of our life while they are with us, but whose methodical ways show themselves when they are gone, to have been intertwined with our very roots of daily existence. I think I miss these last the most, although I may have loved the former best. Captain James never was to me what Mr. Horner was, though the latter had hardly changed a dozen words with me at the day of his death. Then Miss Galindo! I remembered the time as if it had been but yesterday when she was but a name—and a very odd one—to me; then she was a queer, abrupt, disagreeable, busy old maid. Now I loved her dearly, and I found out that I was almost jealous of Miss Bessy.

Mr. Gray I never thought of with love; the feeling was almost reverence with which I looked upon him. I have not wished to speak much of myself, or else I could have told you how much he had been to me during these long weary years of illness. But he was almost as much to every one, rich and poor, from my lady down to Miss Galindo's Sally.

The village, too, had a different look about it. I am sure I could not tell you what caused the change; but there were no more lounging young men to form a group at the cross-road, at a time of day when young men ought to be at work. I don't say this was all Mr. Gray's doing, for there really was so much to do in the fields that there was but little time for lounging now-a-days. And the children were hushed up in school, and better behaved out of it, too, than in the days when I used to be able to go my lady's errands in the village. I went so little about now, that I am sure I can't tell who Miss Galindo found to scold; and yet she looked so well and so happy that I think she must have had her accustomed portion of that wholesome exercise.

Before I left Hanbury, the rumor that Captain James was going to marry Miss Brooke, Baker Brooke's eldest daughter, and her father's co-heiress, was confirmed. He himself announced it to my lady; nay, more, with a courage, gained, I suppose, in his former profession, where, as I have heard, he had led his ship into many a post of danger, he asked her ladyship, the Countess Ludlow, if he might bring his bride elect (the Baptist baker's daughter!) and present her to my lady!

I am glad I was not present when he made this request; I should have felt so much ashamed for him, and I could not have helped being anxious till I heard my lady's answer, if I had been there. Of course she acceded; but I can fancy the grave surprise of her look. I wonder if Captain James noticed it.

I hardly dared ask my lady, after the interview had taken place, what she thought of the bride elect; but I hinted my curiosity, and she told me, that if the young person had applied to Mrs. Medlicott for the situation of cook, and Mrs. Medlicott had engaged her, she thought that it would have been a very suitable arrangement. I understood from

this how little she thought a marriage with Captain James, R. N., suitable.

About a year after I left Hanbury, I received a letter from Miss Galindo. I think I can find it.

"Hanbury, May 4, 1811.

"DEAR MARGARET,—You ask for news of us all. Don't you know there is no news in Hanbury? Did you ever hear of an event here? Now, if you have answered Yes, in your own mind to these questions, you have fallen into my trap, and never were more mistaken in your life. Hanbury is full of news; and we have more events on our hands than we know what to do with. I will take them in the order of the newspapers—births, deaths, and marriages. In the matter of births, Jenny Lucas has had twins not a week ago. Sadly too much of a good thing, you'll say. Very true; but then they died; so their birth did not much signify. My cat has kittened, too; she has had three kittens, which again you may observe is too much of a good thing; and so it would be, if it were not for the next item of intelligence I shall lay before you. Captain and Mrs. James have taken the old house next Pearson's; and the house is over-run with mice, which is just as fortunate for me as the King of Egypt's rat-ridden kingdom was to Dick Whittington. For my cat's kittening decided me to go and call on the bride, in hopes she wanted a cat; which she did, like a sensible woman, as I do believe she is, in spite of Baptism, Bakers, Bread, and Birmingham, and something worse than all, which you shall hear about, if you'll only be patient. As I had got my best bonnet on—the one I bought when poor Lord Ludlow was last at Hanbury in '99—I thought it a great condescension in myself (always remembering the date of the Galindo baronetcy) to go and call on the bride; though I don't think so much of myself in my every-day clothes, as you know. But who should I find there but my Lady Ludlow? She looks as frail and delicate as ever, but is, I think, in better heart ever since that old city merchant of a Hanbury took it into his head that he was a cadet of the Hanburys of Hanbury, and left her that handsome legacy. I'll warrant you the mortgage was paid off pretty fast; and Mr. Horner's money—or my lady's money, or Harry Gregson's money, call it which you will—is invested in his name, all right and tight, and they do talk of his being captain of his school, or Grecian, or something, and going to college, after all! Harry Gregson the poacher's son! Well! to be sure, we are living in strange times!

"But I have not done with the marriages yet. Captain James's is all very well, but no one cares for it now, we are all so full of Mr.

Gray's. Yes, indeed, Mr. Gray is going to be married, and to nobody else but my little Bessy! I tell her she will have to nurse him half the days of her life, he is such a frail little body. But she says she does not care for that, so that his body holds his soul it is enough for her. She has a good spirit, and a brave heart, has my Bessy! It is a great advantage that she won't have to mark her clothes over again; for when she had knitted herself her last set of stockings, I told her to put G for Galindo if she did not choose to put it for Gibson, for she should be my child, if she was no one else's. And now, you see, it stands for Gray. So there are two marriages, and what more would you have? And she promises to take another of my kittens. Now, as to deaths: Old Farmer Hale is dead—poor old man, I should think his wife thought it a good riddance, for he beat her every day that he was drunk, and he never was sober, in spite of Mr. Gray. I don't think (as I tell him) that Mr. Gray would ever have found courage to speak to Bessy as long as Farmer Hale lived, he took the old gentleman's sins so much to heart, and seemed to think it was all his fault for not being able to make a sinner into a saint. The parish bull is dead too. I never was so glad in my life. But they say we are to have a new one in his place. In the meantime I cross the common in peace, which is convenient just now, when I have so often to go to Mr. Gray's to see about furnishing. Now you think I have told you all the Hanbury news, don't you? Not so. I think the very greatest thing of all is to come. I won't tantalize you, but just out with it, for you will never guess it. My Lady Ludlow has given a party, just like any plebeian amongst us. We had tea and toast in the blue drawing-room, old John Footman waiting, with Tom Diggles, the lad that used to frighten away crows in Farmer Hale's fields, following, in my lady's livery, hair powdered and every thing. Mrs. Medlicott made tea in my lady's own room. My lady looked like a splendid fairy queen of mature age, in black velvet, and the old lace, which I have never seen her wear before since my lord's death. But the company, you'll say. Why we had the parson of Clover, and the parson of Headleigh, and the parson of Merri-bank, and the three parsonesses; and Farmer Donkin and two Miss Donkins; and Mr. Gray (of course), and myself and Bessy; and Captain and Mrs. James; yes, and Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, think of that! I am not so sure the parsons liked it; but he was there. For he has been helping Captain James to get my lady's land into order; and then his daughter married the agent; and Mr. Gray (who ought to know) says, after all, Baptists are not such bad people; and he was right

against them at one time, as you may remember. Mrs. Brooke is a rough diamond, to be sure. People have said that of me, I know. But, being a Galindo, I learnt manners in my youth, and can take them up when I choose. But Mrs. Brooke never learnt manners, I'll be bound. When John Footman handed her the tray with the tea cups, she looked up at him, as if she were sorely puzzled by that way of going on. I was sitting next to her, so I pretended not to see her perplexity, and put her cream and sugar in for her, and was all ready to pop it into her hands,—when who should come up but that impudent lad, Tom Diggles (I call him lad, for all his hair is powdered, for you know that is not natural gray hair), with his tray full of cakes and what not, all as good as Mrs. Medlicott could make them. By this time, I should tell you, all the parsonesses were looking at Mrs. Brooke, for she had shown her want of breeding before; and the parsonesses, who were just a step above her in manners, were very much inclined to smile at her doings and sayings. Well! what does she do but pull out a clean Bandanna pocket-hankerchief, all red and yellow silk, and spread it over her best silk gown; it was, like enough, a new one, for I had it from Sally, who had it from her cousin Molly, who is dairy-woman at the Brookes', that the Brookes were mighty set-up with an invitation to drink tea at the Hall. There we were, Tom Diggles even on the grin (I wonder how long it is since he was own brother to a scarecrow, only not so decently dressed) and Mrs. Parsoness of Headleigh,—I forget her name, and it's no matter, for she's an ill-

bred creature, I hope Bessy will behave herself better,—was right-down bursting with laughter, and as near a hee-haw as ever a donkey was, when what does my lady do? Aye! there's my own dear Lady Ludlow, God bless her! She takes out her own pocket-handkerchief, all snowy cambric, and lays it softly down on her velvet lap, for all the world as if she did it every day of her life, just like Mrs. Brooke, the baker's wife; and when the one got up to shake the crumbs into the fire-place, the other did just the same. But with such a grace! and such a look at us all! Tom Diggles went red all over; and Mrs. Parsoness of Headleigh scarce spoke for the rest of the evening; and the tears came into my old silly eyes; and Mr. Gray, who was before silent and awkward, in a way which I tell Bessy she must cure him of, was made so happy by this pretty action of my lady's, that he talked away all the rest of the evening, and was the life of the company.

"O! Margaret Dawson, I sometimes wonder if you're the better off for leaving us. To be sure you're with your brother, and blood is blood. But when I look at my lady and Mr. Gray, for all they're so different, I would not change places with any in England!"

Alas! alas! I never saw my dear lady again. She died in 1814, and Mr. Gray did not long survive her. As I dare say you know, the Reverend Henry Gregson is now vicar of Hanbury, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. Gray and Miss Bessy.

A RECKLESS SET.—For some months past there has been great talk at Bordeaux of the formation of the *Société des Treize*, or the Club of Thirteen. This Club proposes to exterminate, by the force of example, certain absurd prejudices which are transmitted hereditarily from generation to generation. The meetings of the Society are simply banquets at which thirteen persons sit down to the table together every Friday. Each member makes a solemn engagement to commence every enterprise on a Friday, as far as possible, and to start on a journey on that day in preference to any other. They celebrate the foundation of their order on the thirteenth Friday of every year. Before sitting down to table, they spin their chair on one of its legs, and amuse themselves by upsetting the salt-cellars. The most extraordinary part of the business is, that the Club has been in existence nearly a year, and up to the present moment the thirteen members continue to enjoy perfect health. Not one of them has suffered shipwreck; not one of them has been struck by lightning. More than that, they admit corres-

ponding members, and receive as honorary associates every person reputed to have an Evil Eye. The reader doubtless knows what that means. The possessor of an Evil Eye is able to produce the most strange and terrible effects on every one who looks at him. The only way to avert the danger is to present the little and the fore-fingers of each hand, like lightning-conductors, folding up the other fingers and the thumb, every time you are obliged to speak to a person with an Evil Eye. Little hands doubled up in that position, made of copper, bronze, gold, silver, coral, ivory, and even lead, to suit all purchasers, are sold as amulets, and are worn by multitudes throughout the South. The belief in the Evil Eye is not a vulgar weakness merely. There are men in high literary and financial positions who have faith in this malignant influence; there are artists of considerable merit who pass for possessors of the Evil Eye! Well! will it be believed that some of these very artists are corresponding members of the Club of Thirteen?

E. S. D.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CRUISE OF THE BETSEY.*

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

—Lord of the Isles.

"BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." So sang the sweet singer of Israel.† But what said a greater than he?

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I am come not to send peace, but a sword.

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."‡

So spake the unerring tongue; and as it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. The decree is immutable.

Scotland has been the mother of many giants; but few of the intellectual Anakim whom she has brought forth and sternly nursed, have made for themselves a name more worthy of her or better formed for floating buoyantly down the stream of time than Hugh Miller. His head rests on the lap of earth whose monuments he deciphered so clearly and described so eloquently. Those for whose faith he battled so valiantly console themselves with the conviction that

"His immortal part with angels lives."

Never did man feed and fan the divine spark vouchsafed to him into a more glowing fire, quenched, alas, how suddenly! Difficulties vanished before his energetic spirit. The unconquerable bar which has checked so many could not stop him. But the strength of the strongest of us is weakness. Polemics came to add their exciting fervour to an overtaxed organ. Whatever burns consumes. Even Hugh Miller's powerful brain was overwrought by the tasks which he exacted from it. What a piece of work is man!

The enthusiastic, enduring, firm, not to

* *The Cruise of the Betsey; or, a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides.* With

Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller, Author of *The Old Red Sandstone, My Schools and Schoolmasters, The Testimony of the Rocks*, etc. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London. 1858. 8vo.

† Psalm, cxxxiii. 1.

‡ Matthew xi. 34, 35.

write stubborn, spirit of the old Scotch covenanters is not extinct; the zealous fire is not reduced to ashes though it may burn with more mitigated ardor; the ancient abhorrence of Papists, Prelatists, and Erastians, assuming the names of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers, is ever ready to manifest itself in altered form; the heat is but latent. When the hour is come the man is sure to appear; some now mute inglorious Ephraim Macbriar will be ready to improve the occasion. The Kettledrummies and Poundtexts have not entirely passed away, and occasionally the shade of Habakkuk Mucklewrath (whom the enemy had long detained in captivity in forts and castles until his understanding had departed from him, and whom, as the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle feared, an evil demon had possessed) stalks on earth again. Many a Mause Headrigg even now would be fain to cast her stool at the minister on catching sight of a piece of paper lying before him in the pulpit.

The *perfidium ingenium* of his countrymen was strong in Hugh Miller. The editor of *The Witness*, like Tristram's father, gave many an adversary a slash to remember him by; and the good and pious editor who dates from Pendock Rectory has judiciously expunged some passages engendered by the disputation productive of such bitter feeling between the supporters of the Free and Established Churches of Scotland, pardonable in the heat of controversy; passages which Hugh Miller himself would probably have struck out in his cooler moments. Some statements incidental to the condition of geological knowledge at the time the work was penned, the editor has also altered, with more questionable discretion; for we love to see or hear a man pour out all himself as plain as downright Shippen or the great and charming old French philosopher. But the editor has most laudably abstained from tampering with the text: *le style c'est l'homme*.

Here, then, we find Hugh Miller on board *The Betsey* in the Sound of Mull, delivered out of the hands of the Rev. Mr. Blattergowl, and *teind free*, ready "for passing from the too pressing monstrosities of an exciting state of things to the old lapidified monstrosities of the past," and afloat with his friend, whose troubles had caused Miller to postpone his design on the Hebrides for a

twelvemonth,—his friend, who having no longer a local habitation in his parish, nor being as yet provided with one elsewhere on land, had now found a home on the deep beside his island charge.

Let us look into the state room.

"The cabin,—my home for the greater part of the three following weeks, and that of my friend for the greater part of the previous twelvemonth,—I found to be an apartment about twice the size of a common bed, and just lofty enough under the beams to permit a man of five feet eleven to stand erect in his nightcap. A large table, lashed to the floor, furnished with tiers of drawers of all sorts and sizes, and bearing a writing desk bound to it a-top, occupied the middle space, leaving just room enough for a person to pass between its edges and the narrow coffin-like beds in the sides, and space enough at its fore-end for two seats in front of the stove. A jealously-barred skylight opened above; and there depended from it this evening a close lanthorn-looking lamp, sufficiently valuable, no doubt, in foul weather, but dreary and dim on the occasions when all one really wished from it was light. The peculiar furniture of the place gave evidence to the mixed nature of my friend's employment. A well-thumbed chart of Western Islands lay across an equally well-thumbed volume of Henry's *Commentary*. There was a Polyglot and a spy-glass in one corner, and a copy of Calvin's *Institutes*, with the latest edition of *The Coaster's Sailing Directions*, in another; while in an adjoining state-room, nearly large enough to accommodate an arm-chair, if the chair could have but contrived to get into it, I caught a glimpse of my friend's printing-press and his case of types, canopied overhead by the blue ancient of the vessel, bearing in stately six-inch letters of white bunting, the legend, 'FREE CHURCH YACHT.'"

He landed, and was soon at work near a mill a little to the south of the village of Tobermory, "where a small stream descends, all foam and uproar, from the higher grounds along a rocky channel half hidden by brushwood; and the Liasic bed occurs in an exposed front directly over it, coped by a thick bed of amygdaloidal trap." He found that the organisms were numerous, and on digging into the bank beyond the reach of the weathering influences, in delicate preservation, but preserved after a fragile fashion, that rendered their safe removal difficult.

"Originally the bed must have existed as a brown argillaceous mud, somewhat resembling

that which forms in the course of years under a scalp of muscles, and it has hardened into a mere silt-like clay, in which the fossils occur, not as petrifications, but as shells in a state of decay, except in some rare cases in which a calcareous nodule has formed within or around them. Viewed in the group, they seem of an intermediate character between the shells of the Lias and Oolite."—(p. 14.)

Gryphæa obliquata, characteristic of the Liassic formation, and *Pholadomya æqualis*, of the Oolitic, were among the first shells which he disinterred, and doubtless wrapped up in the "fine soft Conservative Edinburgh newspaper, valuable for a quality of preserving old things entire," half a stone weight of which he had packed up with his chisels, hammers, and bag. The italics are Hugh's own, and the word seems to have been selected with his usual felicity and in the spirit of prophecy; for surely any thing softer or more squeezable than our Conservative lords and masters have proved themselves to be, does not, in our limited knowledge, exist. How the Manchester taskmasters must chuckle as they stand over their slaves while the radical work is being done. The "quality of preserving old things entire," however, seems to be advancing fast to the vanishing point.

Before his arrival in the Sound of Mull, where the *Betsey* lay, Hugh Miller had been in luck at Oban, where one of the villagers in improving his garden had just made a cut for some fifteen or twenty yards along the face of the precipice behind the village, and laid open the line of junction between the conglomerate and the clay slate, which is thus brought before our eyes:—

"The conglomerate lies uncomfortably along the edges of the slate strata, which present under it an appearance exactly similar to that which they exhibit under the rolled stones and shingle of the neighboring shore, where we find them laid bare beside the harbor for several hundred yards. And, mixed with the pebbles of various character and origin of which the conglomerate is mainly composed, we see detached masses of the slate, that still exhibit on their edges the identical lines of fracture characteristic of the rock, which they received, when torn from the mass below, myriads of ages before. In the incalculably remote period in which the conglomerate base of the Old Red Sandstone was formed, the clay-slate of this district had been exactly the same sort of rock that it is now. Some long anterior convulsion had up-

turned its strata; and the sweep of water, mingled with broken fragments of stone, had worn smooth the exposed edges; just as a similar agency wears the edges exposed at the present time. Quarries might have been opened in this rock, as now, for a roofing slate, had there been quarriers to open them, or houses to roof over: it was in every respect as ancient a looking stone then as in the present late age of the world."

The *Betsey* got under weigh and beat gallantly out of the Sound of Mull, in the face of an intermittent baffling wind and a heavy swell. Our author scanned the precipices of Ardnamurchan with longing eye and would fain have approached them nearer, "to trace along their inaccessible fronts the strange reticulations of trap figured by M. Culloch." But the prudent skipper said "no." Docile and easily handled as was their little craft, they had on their lee one of the most formidable shores in Scotland, with light variable winds and a high-running sea. They could for miles hear the deep diapason of the surf roaring, as it were, for prey, "and see its undulating strip of white flickering under stack cliff." The warning was not unheeded, and they gave the iron-bound coast a wide berth.

"Merrily, merrily bounds the bark

O'er the broad ocean driven,

Her path by Ronin's* mountains dark

The steersman's hand hath given."

Then running along the Isle of Eigg, "with its colossal scuir rising between them and the sky as if it were a piece of Babylonian wall, or of the great wall of China, only vastly larger, set down on the ridge of a mountain," they entered the channel which separates the island from one of its dependencies, Eilean Chaisteil, and dropped their anchor in the tideway some fifty yards from the rocks.

In this island of Eigg was acted, in days of yore, a tragedy only to be paralleled by that the scene of which was not long since laid in Algeria.

Leaving the boat to return to the *Betsey* with its one hand, and taking his companion to assist them in carrying such specimens as they might procure ashore, they passed westward for a few hundred yards under the crags, and came abreast of a dark angular opening, scarce two feet in height, at the base of the precipice. In front of this dark aperture was a little sluggish pool, ankle deep,

half mud, half water, and matted over with grass and rushes:—

"The little angular opening forms the lower termination of the line, which, hollowing inwards, recedes near the bottom into a shallow cave, roughened with tufts of fern and bunches of long silky grass, here and there enlivened by the delicate flowers of the lesser rock-geranium. A shower of drops patters from above among the weeds and rushes of the little pool. My friend the minister stopped short, 'There,' he said, pointing to the hollow, 'you will find such a bone-cave as you never saw before. Within that opening there lie the remains of an entire race, palpably destroyed, as geologists in so many other cases are content merely to imagine, by one great catastrophe. That is the famous cave of Francis (*Uamh Fhraing*), in which the whole people of Eigg were smoked to death by the M'Leods."

But hark!—the chords of the harp of the north, swept by the unseen hand of the Minstrel, come over the memory:—

"On Scooreigg next a warning light
Summoned her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern Macleod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,
Where all in vain the ocean-cave
Its refuge to his victims gave.
The Chief, relentless in his wrath,
With blazing heath blockades the path:
In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapor fill'd the cavern'd hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom."*

In the appendix to the poem, Sir Walter relates his visit to the cavern, from which he brought off, in spite of the "prejudices" of the sailors who accompanied him, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which made it horrible.

Such a scene could not fail to stir the soul of Hugh Miller. And, however odious comparisons may be, his description will not suffer by being placed in juxtaposition near any other, great in narrative as Scott was.

The Universities no longer reign in solitary grandeur on the Isis or the Cam. Colleges do abound: their name is legion, and a single western city rejoices in five, to say nothing of schools. The learned and foreign languages are learnedly taught in these provincial establishments, the well-ordered pu-

* Popularly called Rum.

* Lord of the Isles. Canto iv.

pils go about in semi-academicals, and if the tutors would but bestow a little of their care on the Queen's English, the country would have still greater reason to be much obliged to them for their services. But perhaps they are of opinion that to write and read the vernacular comes by nature; and, indeed, the best modern English known to us has flowed from the pens of a ploughman and of a journeyman mason, who were never at any college at all. The purity of Hugh Miller's style, in which he could not speak so as to be intelligible to the ear of the Southron, is not more marvellous than his transcendent descriptive power. William Cobbett's English was equally pure: but Hugh Miller's brilliantly vivid imagination carried him far beyond the Chief of the Gridiron in aptitude of illustration. The Scotchman takes us with him into the cavern of death:—

"We struck a light, and, worming ourselves through the narrow entrance, gained the interior,—a true rock gallery, vastly more roomy and lofty than one could have anticipated from the mean vestibule placed in front of it. Its extreme length we found to be two hundred and sixty feet; its extreme breadth twenty-seven feet; its height, where the roof rises highest, from eighteen to twenty feet. The cave seems to have owed its origin to two distinct causes. The trap-rocks on each side of the vertical fault-like crevice which separates them are greatly decomposed, as if by the moisture percolating from above; and directly in the line of the crevice must the surf have charged, wave after wave, for ages ere the last upheaval of the land. When the dog-stone at Dunolly existed as a sea-stack, skirted with algæ, the breakers on this shore must have dashed every tide through the narrow opening of the cavern, and scooped out, by handfuls the decomposing trap within. The process of decomposition, and consequent enlargement, is still going on inside, but there is no longer an agent to sweep away the disintegrated fragments. Where the roof rises highest the floor is blocked up with accumulations of bulky decaying masses that have dropped from above; and it is covered over its entire area by a stratum of earthy rubbish, which has fallen from the sides and ceiling in such abundance, that it covers up the straw beds of the perished islanders, which still exist beneath as a brown mouldering felt, to the depth of from five to eight inches. Never yet was tragedy enacted on a gloomier theatre. An uncertain twilight glimmers gray at the entrance, from the narrow vestibule; but all within, for full two hundred feet, is black as with Egyptian

darkness. As we passed onward with our one feeble light, along the dark mouldering walls and roof which absorbed every straggling ray that reached them, and over the dingy floor, ropy and damp, the place called to recollection that hall in Roman story, hung and carpeted with black, into which Domitian once thrust his senate in a frolic, to read their own names on the coffin-lids placed against the wall. The darkness seemed to press upon us from every side, as if it were a dense jetty fluid, out of which our light had scooped a painful or two, and that was rushing in to supply the vacuum; and the only objects we saw distinctly visible were each other's heads and faces, and the lighter parts of our dress."

Pause for a moment in this darkness visible. Could the best scholar who ever drank deep of the well of English undefiled, alter a word in the foregoing preparatory description without injury to the effect,—without taking the present horror from the time?

"The floor, for about a hundred feet inwards from the narrow vestibule, resembles that of a charnel-house. At almost every step we come upon heaps of human bones grouped together, as the Psalmist so graphically describes, 'as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.' They are of a brownish, earthy hue, here and there tinged with green; the skulls, with the exception of a few broken fragments, have disappeared, for travellers in the Hebrides have of late years been numerous and curious, and many a museum,—that at Abbotsford among the rest,—exhibits, in a grinning skull, its memorial of the Massacre at Eigg. We find, too, further marks of visitors in the single bones separated from the heaps and scattered over the area; but enough still remains to show, in the general disposition of the remains, that the hapless islanders died under the walls in families, each little group separated by a few feet from the others. Here and there the remains of a detached skeleton may be seen, as if some robust islander, restless in his agony, had stalked out into the middle space ere he fell; but the social arrangement is the general one. And beneath every heap we find, at the depth, as has been said, of a few inches, the remains of the straw bed upon which the family had lain, largely mixed with the smaller bones of the human frame, ribs and vertebræ, and hand and feet bones; occasionally, too, with fragments of unglazed pottery, and various other implements of a rude housewifery. The minister found for me, under one family heap, the pieces of a half-burned unglazed earthen jar, with a narrow mouth, that, like the sepulchral urns of our ancient tumuli, had been moulded by the

hand without the assistance of the potter's wheel; and to one of the fragments there stuck a minute pellet of gray hair. From under another heap he disinterred the handle stave of a child's wooden porringer (*bicker*), perforated by a hole still bearing the mark of the cord that had hung it to the wall, and beside the stave lay a few of the larger, less destructible bones of the child, with what for a time puzzled us both not a little,—one of the grinders of a horse. Certain it was, no horse could have got there to have dropped a tooth,—a foal of a week old could not have pressed itself through the opening; and how the single grinder, evidently no recent introduction into the cave, could have got mixed up in the straw with the human bones, seemed an enigma somewhat of the class to which the reel in the bottle belongs. I found in Edinburgh an unexpected commentator on the mystery, in the person of my little boy,—an experimental philosopher in his second year. I had spread out on the floor the curiosities of Eigg,—among the rest, the relics of the cave, including the pieces of earthen jar and the fragment of the porringer, but the horse's tooth seemed to be the only real curiosity among them in the eyes of Kittle Bill. He laid instant hold of it; and, appropriating it as a toy, continued playing with it till he fell asleep. I have now little doubt that it was first brought into the cave by the poor child amid whose mouldering remains Mr. Swanson found it. The little pellet of gray hair spoke of feeble old age involved in this wholesale massacre with the vigorous manhood of the island; and here was a story of unsuspecting infancy amusing itself on the eve of destruction with its toys. Alas for man! 'Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city,' said God to the angry prophet, 'wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left?' God's image must have been sadly defaced in the murderers of the poor, inoffensive children of Eigg, ere they could have heard their feeble wailings, raised, no doubt, when the stifling atmosphere within began first to thicken, and yet ruthlessly persist in their work of indiscriminate destruction."

Few leave this charnel-house without bringing away some memento, generally a ghastly one. Sir Walter, you remember, had, like Ben Jonson's witch, chosen out a skull. Hugh Miller picked up the fragment of a jaw, with a few teeth sticking fast in it, and he thus moralizes over the relic:—

"I have found in the Old Red Sandstone the strong-based tusks of the semi-reptile *Holoptychius*; I have chiselled out of the

limestone of the Coal Measures the sharp, dagger-like incisors of the *Megalichthys*; I have picked up in the Lias and Oolite the cruel spikes of the crocodile and the *Ichthyosaurus*; I have seen the trenchant, saw-edged teeth of gigantic *Cestracion*s and *Squalidæ* that had been disinterred from the chalk and the London clay; and I have felt, as I examined them, that there could be no possibility of mistake regarding the nature of the creatures to which they had belonged;—they were teeth made for hacking, tearing, mangling,—for amputating limbs at a bite, and laying open bulky bodies with a crunch: but I could find no such evidence in the human jaw, with its three inoffensive-looking grinders, that the animal it had belonged to,—far more ruthless and cruel than reptile-fish, crocodiles, or sharks,—was of such a nature that it could destroy creatures of even its own kind by hundreds at a time, when not in the least incited by hunger, and with no ultimate intention of eating them. Man must surely have become an immensely worse animal than his teeth show him to have been designed for: his teeth give no evidence regarding his real character. Who, for instance, could gather from the dentology of the M'Leods the passage in their history to which the cave of Francis bears evidence?"

It will be as great a relief to you to leave this scene of murder, as it was to Hugh Miller and his party to be relieved from its stagnant, damp atmosphere and mouldy, unwholesome smells for the fresh sea-air on the beach without: and gladly we ascend with them the breezy hillside on their way to the Scuir of Eigg, "veritable Giant's Causeway, like that on the coast of Antrim, taken and magnified rather more than twenty times in height, and some five or six times in breadth, and then placed on the ridge of a hill nearly nine hundred feet high."

"This strange causeway is columnar from end to end; but the columns, from their great altitude and deficient breadth, seem mere rodded shafts in the Gothic style: they rather resemble bundles of rods than well-proportioned pillars. Few of them exceed eighteen inches in diameter, and many of them fall short of half a foot; but, though lost in the general mass of the Scuir as independent columns, when we view it at an angle sufficiently large to take in its entire bulk, they yet impart to it that graceful linear effect which we see brought out in tasteful pencil-sketches and good line-engravings. We approached it this day from the shore in the direction in which the eminence it stands upon assumes the pyramidal form, and itself the

tower-like outline. The acclivity is barren and stony,—a true desert foreground, like those of Thebes and Palmyra; and the huge square shadow of the tower stretched dark and cold athwart it. The sun shone out clearly. One half the immense bulk before us, with its delicate vertical lining, lay from top to bottom in deep shade, massive and gray; one half presented its many-sided columns to the light, here and there gleaming with tints of extreme brightness, where the pitch-stones presented their glassy planes to the sun; its general outline, whether pencilled by the lighter or darker tints, stood out sharp and clear; and a stratum of white, fleecy clouds floated slowly amid the delicious blue behind it. But the minuter details I must reserve for my next chapter. One fact, however, anticipated just a little out of its order, may heighten the interest of the reader. There are massive buildings,—bridges of noble span, and harbors that abut far into the waves,—founded on wooden piles; and this hugest of hill-forts we find founded on wooden piles also. It is built on what a Scotch architect would perhaps term a *pile-brander* of the *Pinites Eiggensis*, an ancient tree of the Oolite. The gigantic *Seur* of Eigg rests on the remains of a prostrate forest."

The country that gave birth to True Thomas may well be the land of faery, witchcraft, second sight (in which another celebrated tourist believed), and apparitions. One of the few superstitions that still linger on the island is associated with a wild hollow, where it is said, shortly before a death takes place among the inhabitants, a tall, withered female form may be seen in the twilight washing a shroud in the stream. A ghost will not speak till it is spoken to,* and the querist who screws his courage up to address a spectre may hear more than he likes in reply. "Whose shroud are you washing?" asked an over-bold islander at the phantom.—"Your own," was the appalling answer.

Our visitors did not fail to notice among other geological phenomena the great oyster bed, extending over many acres, where the bivalves are massed as thickly together to the depth of several feet, as shells on the heap at the door of a Newhaven fisherman. Your oyster not only loves the dredging song, but comes of a gentle kind—for antiquity is necessary to gentility, and he dates ages before the Conquest. The millionaire of to-day little thinks as he walks or rides over the

well-pitched, interminable streets—paved with gold and no mistake—to his counting-house in the city, that London was once an oyster bed.

But the most remarkable notability occurred as the voyagers walked over the sand of the Oolite. Hugh Miller was turning up this sand, so curiously reduced to its original state, and marking how nearly the recent shells embedded in it resembled the extinct ones that had lain in it so long before, when he became aware of a peculiar sound which it yielded to the tread as his companions paced over it. Some have read or heard of Jabel Nakous—El Nakous, as Sir David Brewster writes it—in Arabia Petræa, and of Reg Rawan in the neighborhood of Cabul, and many have not; but few are aware that they need not go farther than the island of Eigg if they wish to observe a similar phenomenon in acoustics. Listen to our tourist as he walks over this musical sand:—

"I struck it obliquely with my foot, where the surface lay dry and incoherent in the sun, and the sound elicited was a shrill, sonorous note, somewhat resembling that produced by a waxed thread, when tightened between the teeth and the hand, and tipped by the nail of the forefinger. I walked over it, striking it obliquely at each step, and with every blow the shrill note was repeated. My companions joined me; and we performed a concert, in which, if we could boast of but little variety in the tones produced, we might at least challenge all Europe for an instrument of the kind which produced them. It seemed less wonderful that there should be music in the granite of Memnon, than in the loose Oolitic sand of the Bay of Laig. As we marched over the drier tracks, an incessant *woo, woo, woo*, rose from the surface, that might be heard in the calm some twenty or thirty yards away; and we found that where a damp, semi-coherent stratum lay at the depth of three or four inches beneath, and all was dry and incoherent above, the tones were loudest and sharpest, and most easily evoked by the foot. Our discovery,—for I trust I may regard it as such,—adds a third locality to two previously known ones, in which what may be termed the musical sand,—no unmeet counterpart to the 'singing water' of the tale,—has now been found."

No, not exactly *singing water*, though it pleased Hugh's vivid imagination to run away with his memory. Prince Bahman and Prince Perviz went in search of the talking bird, *singing tree*, and *golden water*, and got

* "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."

turned into black stones for their pains. Princess Parizade, their sister, with the aid of a little cotton in her ears, gained all three; and, moreover, having sprinkled the numerous black stones with the golden water, restored her beloved brothers and a large party of gentlemen to their pristine shape. The ladies—blessings on the dear, delightful charmers—have it hollow when matters come to require acuteness, subtilty, and address. “Laughing Water” belonged to Hiawatha, and is immortalized by the sweet singer of America. If thou canst read her death unmoved, stoic of the most stony class art thou. All we know is that the touching verse drew iron tears down the cheek of an ex-police-magistrate.

You observe that Hugh Miller compares the sound elicited to the shrill, sonorous note produced by a waxed thread, when tightened between the teeth and the hand, and you will hardly fail to remember—with reference to the Egyptian Memnon—that Humboldt, whose vigorous soul and body seem to defy Time, when he was traversing the wilds of South America, heard at sunrise, in a monument of granite situated near the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands, a noise resembling that of a breaking string; the very expression, as Sir David Brewster remarks, by which Pausanias characterizes the sound in the Memnonian granite.

It is curious to note how differently sounds are accepted by different persons: indeed, Dr. Wollaston has clearly proved that certain sounds are inaudible to certain ears. The Arabs, who still cling to their fondness for romance, say that there is a convent miraculously preserved in the bowels of El Nakous, and that the sounds are those of the *Nakous*, a long metallic ruler suspended horizontally, which the priest strikes with a hammer for the purpose of assembling the monks to prayer. If you be disposed to doubt this, ask the wandering Greek—if you can find him—who on one occasion had the luck to see the mountain open, and, entering by the gap, descended into the subterranean convent, where, if he did not find such jewelled fruit as Aladdin gathered, he found beautiful gardens and fountains of delicious water. As he thought that he might possibly meet with seectics, he brought with him, on his return to the upper world, fragments of consecrated bread to stop the mouths of the incredulous.

Seetzen seems to have been the first European traveller who visited the hill. The German, after journeying for several hours over arid sands, and under ranges of precipices inscribed with mysterious characters, arrived at the base of the musical mountain, found it composed of a white friable sandstone, and observed that it presented on two of its sides sandy declivities. He listened, and after waiting some time heard a low undulating sound, somewhat resembling that of a humming-top, which rose and fell, ceased and began, then ceased again. An hour and three-quarters afterward, as he was climbing along one of the declivities, he again heard the sound, but louder and more prolonged. It seemed to come from under his knees, beneath which the sand, disturbed by his efforts, was sliding downward along the surface of the rock. He came to the conclusion that the sliding sand caused the sounds; climbing to the top of the declivity, and then, sliding downward, exerted himself with hands and feet to set the sand in motion. The incoherent sand rolled under and around in a vast sheet, and so loud was the noise that the earth seemed to tremble beneath him; and he owns that he should certainly have been afraid if he had been ignorant of the cause. Mr. Gray, of University College, Oxford, describes the sound as beginning with a low, continuous murmuring, which seemed to rise beneath his feet, gradually changing into pulsations as it grew louder, so as to resemble the striking of a clock; and it became so strong, he adds, at the end of five minutes, as to detach the sand. He was unable to trace the sounds to their producing cause, but he apparently regarded them as causing the detachment of the sand, not as proceeding from it, as Seetzen evidently did. Lieutenant Welsted compares the sounds at their commencement to the faint strains of an Æolian harp when its strings are first swept by the breeze. As the sand became more violently agitated by the increased velocity of the descent, the noise, he says, more resembled that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over a glass; but as it reached the base, the reverberations attained the loudness of distant thunder, causing the rock on which they were seated to vibrate. The camels, animals not easily frightened, became so alarmed at the noise, that their drivers with difficulty restrained them.

Baber, the conquering emperor, describes

the Khwaja Reg-Rawan, which is about forty miles north of Cabul, toward Hindu-kush, and near the base of the mountains, as a small hill, in which there is a line of sandy ground reaching from the top to the bottom, and from which there issues in the summer season the sound of drums and nagarets. This hill, which was musical in the fifteenth century, when the emperor flourished, and probably was so ages before he was born or thought of, was visited by Sir Alexander Burnes, who states that when the sand is set in motion by a body of people who slide down it, a noise is emitted: and that, on the first trial, they distinctly heard two hollow sounds, such as would be given by a large drum. He adds that there is an echo in the place, and that the inhabitants believe that the sounds are heard only on Friday, when the saint of Reg-Rawan, who is interred hard by, permits.

But the cause? That is as latent as the phenomenon is patent. Sir John Herschel honestly states that to him it is utterly inexplicable. Sir David Brewster assured Hugh Miller that it was not less a puzzle to him than to Sir John. A great man can afford to say "I don't know." Some, however, are nothing if not explanatory. An eastern traveller favors his readers with a truly Cimmerian obfuscation, for he attributes the production of the sounds to "a reduplication of impulse setting air in vibration in a focus of echo!" There, Sir, is a cloud of words for pou; charming illustration of the *ignotum per ignotius*, isn't it? "This traveller," drily observes Hugh Miller, "means, I suppose, saying nearly the same thing as the two philosophers, and merely conveys his meaning in a less simple style."

We have elsewhere* insisted on the importance of causes now in operation, and, above all, of the value of that great geological agent, time, in estimating the phenomena which are manifested in the structure of the earth's crust. In his fifth chapter our author notices the two strata containing fresh-water fossils in abundance among the marine Oolites of Brora, one of them little more than an inch in thickness, the other little more than a foot. He well observes that it seems considerably more probable that such deposits should have owed their existence to extraordinary land-floods, like those which in 1829 devastated the province of Moray, and covered over

whole miles of marine beach with the spoils of land and river, than that a sea-bottom should be elevated for their production into a fresh water lake, and then let down into a sea-bottom again. After the thaw which followed the great snow storm of 1794, there were found on a part of the sands of the Solway Frith known as the Beds of Esk, where the tide disgorges much of what is thrown into it by the rivers, one thousand eight hundred and forty sheep, nine black cattle, three horses, two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, and one hundred and eighty hares, besides meaner animals.* Hugh Miller, who refers to this occurrence, aptly remarks that a similar storm in an earlier time, with a soft sea-bottom prepared to receive and retain its spoils, would have formed a fresh-water stratum, intercalated in a marine deposit. We agree with him that, in every case in which these intercalated deposits are restricted to single strata of no great thickness, it is safer to refer their formation to the agency of temporary land-floods, than to that of violent changes of level, now elevating and now depressing the surface.—(pp. 70-71.)

In the neighborhood island of Rum, where the Old Red Sandstone is so largely developed every geological traveller must be struck with the Ru-stoir, whose hard red beds Hugh Miller attributes not to the ages of the *Cocosteus* and *Pterichthys*, but to the far later period of the *Plesiosaurus* and the fossil crocodile. Here is a striking word-picture of the present and the past:—

"The water, beautifully transparent, permitted the eye to penetrate into its green depths for many fathoms around, though every object presented, through the agitated surface, an uncertain and fluctuating outline. I could see, however, the pink-colored urchin warping himself up, by his many cables, along the steep rock-sides; the green crab stalking along the gravelly bottom; a scull of small rock-cod darting hither and thither among the tangle-roots; and a few large medusæ slowly flapping their continuous fins of gelatine in the open spaces, a few inches under the surface. Many curious families had their representatives within the patch of sea which the eye commanded; but the strange creatures that had once inhabited it by thousands, and whose bones still lay sepulchred on its shores, had none. How strange, that the identical sea heaving around stack and skerry in this remote corner of the Hebrides should have

* *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lviii. p. 205.

* *Shepherd's Calendar*.

once been thronged by reptile shapes more strange than poet ever imagined,—dragons, gorgons, and chimeras! Perhaps of all the extinct reptiles, the *Plesiosaurus* was the most extraordinary. An English geologist has described it, grotesquely enough, and yet most happily, as a snake threaded through a tortoise. And here, on this very spot, must these monstrous dragons have disported and fed; here must they have raised their little reptile heads and long swan-like necks over the surface, to watch an antagonist or select a victim; here must they have warred and wedded, and pursued all the various instincts of their unknown natures. A strange story, surely, considering it is a true one! I may mention in the passing, that some of the fragments of the shale in which the remains are embedded have been baked by the intense heat into an exceedingly hard, dark-colored stone, somewhat resembling basalt. I must add further, that I by no means determine the rock with which we find it associated to be in reality an altered sandstone. Such is the appearance which it presents where weathered; but its general aspect is that of a porphyritic trap. Be it what it may, the fact is not at all affected, that the shores, wherever it occurs on this tract of insular coast, are strewn with reptilian remains of the Oolite."

A well-deserved tribute is paid to the sections of Sir Roderick Murchison, whose comprehensive and accurate field-work is probably due in great measure to his early military training. All the work of this accomplished geologist is well done; and his auriferous prophecies, to which, as usual, a deaf ear was at first turned, have long been partially fulfilled, and are still in progress of fulfilment:

"His section of this part of the coast, for example, strikes from the extreme northern part of Skye to the island of Holm, thence to Scrapidale in Rasay, thence along part of the coast of Scalpa, thence direct through the middle of Pabba, and thence to the shore of the Bay of Laig. The line thus taken includes, in regular sequence in the descending order, the whole Oolitic deposits of the Hebrides, from the Cornbrash, with its overlying freshwater outliers of mayhap the Weald, down to where the Lower Lias rests on the primary red sandstone of Sleat. It would have cost M'Culloch less exploration to have written a volume than it must have cost Sir R. Murchison to draw this single line; but the line once drawn, is work done to the hands of all after explorers."

The simple but curious geology of the island of Rum is thus happily illustrated:

"The geology of the island of Rum is

simple but curious. Let the reader take, if he can, from twelve to fifteen trap-hills, varying from one thousand to two thousand three hundred feet in height; let him pack them closely and squarely together, like rum-bottles in a case-basket; let him surround them with a frame of Old Red Sandstone, measuring rather more than seven miles on the side, in the way the basket surrounds the bottles; then let him set them down in the sea a dozen miles off the land,—and he shall have produced a second island of Rum, similar in structure to the existing one. In the actual island, however, there is a defect in the inclosing basket of sandstone: the basket, complete on three of its sides, wants the fourth; and the side opposite to the gap which the fourth should have occupied is thicker than the two other sides put together. Where I now write there is an old dark-colored picture on the wall before me. I take off one of the four bars of which the frame is composed,—the end-bar,—and stick it on to the end-bar opposite, and then the picture is fully framed on two of its sides, and doubly framed on a third, but the fourth side lacks framing altogether. And such is the geology of the island of Rum."

Observe how he follows this out:—

"We find the one loch of the island,—that in which the *Betsey* lies at anchor,—and the long, withdrawing valley of which the loch is merely a prolongation, occurring in the double sandstone bar: it seems to mark—to return to my illustration—the line in which the superadded piece of frame has been stuck on to the frame proper. The origin of the island is illustrated by its structure: it has left its story legibly written, and we have but to run our eye over the characters and read. An extended sea-bottom, composed of Old Red Sandstone, already tilted up by previous convulsions, so that the strata presented their edges, tier beyond tier, like roofing slate laid aslant on a floor, became a centre of Plutonic activity. The molten trap broke through at various times, and presenting various appearances, but in nearly the same centre, here existing as an augitic rock, there as a syenite, yonder as a basalt or amygdaloid. At one place it uptilted the sandstone; at another it overflowed it; the dark, central masses raised their heads above the surface, higher and higher with every earthquake throes from beneath; till at length the gigantic Ben More attained to its present altitude of two thousand three hundred feet over the sea-level, and the sandstone, borne up from beneath like floating sea-wrack on the back of a porpoise, reached in long outside bands its elevation of from six to eight hundred. And such is the piece of history, composed in silent

but expressive language, and inscribed in the old geologic character, on the rocks of Rum."

What is life? A question often asked and never yet answered. Hugh Miller's thoughts travelled in this direction in consequence of that which so often awakens or directs thought—accident. As they were ascending a hill-side, from the ridge of which the first glimpse of Scur More, "standing up from the sea like a pyramid shorn of its top," is caught, a brown lizard, startled by their approach, hurried across their path, and the guide, possessed by the general Highland belief that the creature is poisonous, struck at the harmless animal with a switch, and cut it in two immediately behind the hinder legs:

"The upper half, containing all that anatomists regard as the vitals, heart, brain, and viscera, all the main nerves, and all the larger arteries, lay stunned by the blow, as if dead; nor did it manifest any signs of vitality so long as we remained beside it, whereas the lower half, as if the whole animal had retired into it, continued dancing upon the moss for a full minute after, like a young eel scooped out of some stream, and thrown upon the bank; and then lay wriggling and palpitating for about half a minute more."

The shock to the nervous system may have produced some effect, but the lizard was probably shamming Abraham, as we used to say at school; and the anterior portion, if not mortally injured about the head or body by the blow, after lying, in every sense of the word, like Falstaff, till the enemy had departed, as probably got up, and, in due course, was furnished with a new tail. The severed tail having no discretion, exercised its vitality as long as it could. Those who have eyes and know how to use them, see every day, insects such as spiders, caterpillars, and chafers, feigning death, and moving off when they fancy that the danger is passed. The dissemblers will continue their simulation for a long time if necessary. We have seen a fern-chaffer, *Melolontha solstitialis*, maintain its death-like stillness more than a quarter of an hour.

"There are few things more inexplicable in the province of the naturalist than the phenomenon of what may be termed divided life,—vitality broken into two, and yet continuing to exist as vitality in both the dissevered pieces."

One of the Starfishes (*Asteriadae*) has been seen to break itself to pieces at the near ap-

proach of a pail of fresh water, leaving the disappointed collector to watch the swimming *disjecta membra* of the Brittle Star. Cut a polype to pieces, and each piece shall become an independent polype, capable of reproduction in its ordinary way.

The axiom *Omne vivum ab ovo* would seem to require modification: *Omne vivum a vivo* would be more germane to the matter; for the living thing produced by means of a cutting cannot be said to have come immediately from an egg, though the parent from which it was taken may have proceeded from one, and the cutting itself may produce one.*

But we have left Hugh Miller looking down on the stricken and apparently inanimate lizard; and we have not the heart to curtail the outpourings of the moralizing philosopher:

"We see in the nobler animals mere glimpses of the phenomenon,—mere indications of it, doubtfully apparent for at most a few minutes. The blood drawn from the human arm by the lancet continues to live in the cup until it has cooled and begun to coagulate; and when head and body have parted company under the guillotine, both exhibit for a brief space such unequivocal signs of life, that the question arose in France during the horrors of the Revolution, whether there might not be some glimmering of consciousness attendant at the same time on the fearfully opening and shutting eyes and mouth of the one, and the beating heart and jerking neck of the other. The lower we descend in the scale of being, the more striking the instances which we receive of this divisibility of the vital principle. I have seen the two halves of the heart of a ray pulsating for a full quarter of an hour after they had been separated from the body and from each other. The blood circulates in the hind leg of a frog for many minutes after the removal of the heart, which meanwhile keeps up an independent motion of its own. Vitality can be so divided in the earthworm, that, as demonstrated by the experiments of Spallanzani, each of the severed parts carries life enough away to set it up as an independent animal; while the polypus, a creature of still more imperfect organization, and with the vivacious principle more equally diffused over it may be multiplied by its pieces nearly as readily as a gooseberry bush by its slips. It

* Take a common polype and turn it inside out, as you would the fingers of a glove. That which was the external surface will soon perform all the functions of a stomach, and the animal will thrive. If you would pursue this subject, read Mr. Lewes's *Sea-side Studies*, where deep thought and careful experiment are brought to bear on this interesting subject.

was sufficiently curious, however, to see, in the case of this brown lizard, the least vital half of the creature so much more vivacious, apparently, than the half which contained the heart and brain. It is not improbable, however, that the presence of these organs had only the effect of rendering the upper portion which contained them more capable of being thrown into a state of insensibility. A blow dealt one of the vertebrata of the head at once renders it insensible. It is after this mode the fisherman kills the salmon captured in his wear, and a single blow, when well directed, is always sufficient: but no single blow has the same effect on the earthworm; and here it was vitality in the inferior portion of the reptile,—the earthworm portion of it, if I may so speak,—that refused to participate in the state of syncope into which the vitality of the superior portion had been thrown. The nice and delicate vitality of the brain seems to impart to the whole system in connection with it an aptitude for dying suddenly, — a susceptibility of instant death, which would be wanting without it. The heart of the rabbit continues to beat regularly long after the brain has been removed by careful excision, if respiration be artificially kept up; but if, instead of amputating the head, the brain be crushed in its place by a sudden blow of a hammer, the heart ceases its motion at once. And such seemed to be the principle illustrated here."

We have already expressed our opinion as to the seeming: it is but fair however, to let our philosopher finish:—

"But why the agonized dancing on the sword of the inferior part of the reptile?—why its after painful writhing and wriggling? The young eel scooped from the stream, whose motions it resembled, is impressed by terror, and can feel pain; was it also impressed by terror, or susceptible of suffering? We see in the case of both exactly the same signs,—the dancing, the writhing, the wriggling; but are we to interpret them after the same manner? In the small red-headed earthworm divided by Spalanzani, that in three months got upper extremities to its lower part, and lower extremities, in as many weeks, to its upper part, the dividing blow must have dealt duplicate feelings,—pain and terror to the portion below, and pain and terror to the portion above,—so far, at least, as a creature so low in the scale was susceptible of these feelings; but are we to hold that the leaping, wriggling tail of the reptile possessed in any degree a similar susceptibility? I can propound the riddle, but who shall resolve it?"

Ay, who?—and echo answers "who?"

But we must turn from life as it is, to life as it was, and visit, with Hugh Miller for guide, the tall Red Sandstone precipices of Dunnet Head, gleaming ruddy to the sun—"a true blood-colored blush, where all around is azure or pale." We round the promontory—for he takes us with him—and fossil forms long since blotted from the things that be about—"the bituminous beds glittering bright with glossy quadrangular scales, that look like sheets of black mica inclosed in granite."

"The condition of complete keeping in which we discover some of these remains, even when exposed to the incessant dash of the surf, seems truly wonderful. We see scales of *Holoptychius* standing up in bold relief from the hard, cherty rock that has worn from around them, with all the tubercles and wavy ridges of their sculpture entire. This state of keeping seems to be wholly owing to the curious chemical change that has taken place in their substance. Ere the skeleton of the Bruce, disinterred entire after the lapse of five centuries, was recommitted to the tomb, there were such measures taken to secure its preservation, that were it to be again disinterred even after as many centuries more had passed, it might be found retaining unbroken its gigantic proportions. There was molten pitch poured over the bones in a state of sufficient fluidity to premeate all their pores, and fill up the central hollows, and which, soon hardening around them, formed a bituminous matrix, in which they may lie unchanged for more than a thousand years. Now, exactly such was the process of keeping to which nature resorted with these skeletons of the Old Red Sandstone. The animal matter with which they were charged has been converted into a hard black bitumen. Like the bones of the Bruce, they are bones steeped in pitch; and so thoroughly is every pore and hollow still occupied, that, when cast into the fire, they flame like torches."

There is much more strong temptation; but we have ten thousand miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland before us, and must husband our space. We cannot, however, pass a bright bit which would make a charming subject for our own Webster. Our traveller was pausing within hearing of the roar of the Findhorn, uncertain which way to take for the ferry at Sluie:—

"There lay in my track a beautiful hillock, that reclines on the one side to the setting sun, and sinks sheer on the other in a mural sandstone precipice, into the Findhorn. The trees open over it, giving full access to the

free air and the sunshine; and I found it as thickly studded over with berries as if it had been the special care of half a dozen gardeners. The red light fell yet redder on the thickly inlaid cranberries and stone-brambles of the slope, and here and there, though so late in the season, on a patch of wild strawberries; while over all, dark, delicate blaberries, with their flour-bedusted coats, were studded as profusely as if they had been peppered over it by a hailstone cloud. I have seldom seen such a school-boy's paradise; and I was just thinking what a rare discovery I would have deemed it had I made it thirty years sooner, when I heard a whooping in the wood, and four little girls, the eldest scarcely eleven, came bounding up to the hillock, their lips and fingers already dyed purple, and dropped themselves down among the berries with a shout."

We must now take our leave of *The Betsy* whose cruise, by the way, was very nearly ending prematurely in a short trip to the bottom, in consequence of springing a leak. She was, however, well handled by her little crew, who worked with a will, and, when matters were at the worst, brought her under the lee of the Point of Sleat. She was soon as tight as a cup again, no doubt; but the following lines will now be read with painful interest:—

"There are, I am convinced, few deaths less painful than some of those untimely and violent ones at which we are most disposed to shudder. We wrought so hard at pail and pump,—the occasion, too, was one of so much excitement, and tended so thoroughly to awaken our energies,—that I was conscious during the whole time, of an exhilaration of spirits rather pleasurable than otherwise. My fancy was active, and active, strange as the fact may seem, chiefly with ludicrous objects. Sailors tell regarding the Flying Dutchman, that he was a hard-headed captain of Amsterdam, who, in a bad night and head wind, when all the other vessels of his fleet were falling back on the port they had recently quitted, obstinately swore that, rather than follow their example, he would keep beating about till the day of judgment. And the Dutch captain, says the story, was just taken at his word, and is beating about still."

The ten thousand miles over which *The Rambles of a Geologist* extended, required for their accomplishment a period coequal with that of the siege which was terminated by the Greek exodus from the bowels of the great wooden horse, and formed the relaxation of our peripatetic philosopher in the va-

cations of successive years, down to 1848 inclusive.

During one of these trips he saw, not far from the village of Gardenstone, a victim of man's cruelty; and where man's ingenuity takes that turn he throws any effort libelously called "diabolical" into the shade. There is no torturing devil such a master of his craft as the lord of the creation. Amid a heap of drift-weed stranded high on the beach by the previous tide, was a defunct father-lasher, with the two defensive spines which project from its gill-covers, stuck fast into little cubes of cork; and his previous acquaintance with the habits of a fishing village enabled Hugh Miller at once to determine why and how the unfortunate fish had perished.

"Though almost never used as food on the eastern coast of Scotland, it had been inconsiderate enough to take the fisherman's bait, as if it had been worthy of being eaten; and he had avenged himself for the trouble it had cost him, by mounting it on cork, and sending it off, to wander between wind and water, like the Flying Dutchman, until it died. Was there ever on earth a creature save man that could have played a fellow-mortal a trick at once so ingeniously and gratuitously cruel? Or what would be the proper inference, were I to find one of the many-thorned ichthyolites of the Lower Old Red Sandstone with the spines of its pectorals similarly fixed on cubes of lignite?—that there had existed in these early ages not merely *physical death*, but also *moral evil*; and that the being who perpetrated the evil could not only inflict it simply for the sake of the pleasure he found in it, and without prospect of advantage to himself, but also by so adroitly reversing, fiend-like, the purposes of the benevolent Designer, that the weapons given for the defence of a poor, harmless creature should be converted into the instruments of its destruction. It was not without meaning that it was forbidden by the law of Moses to seethe a kid in its mother's milk."

Such an ichthyolite-hunter as our rambler could not be silent on the merits of Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, of Oulton Park, whom he justly characterizes as our first British authority on Fossil fish, and who, ever ready to acknowledge talent and industry, has associated Miller's name with his own, to the great satisfaction of the former. Rich and rare are the collections of this accomplished palæontologist and of his friend the Earl of Enniskillen, whose stone-room at Florence

Court is known to every geologist. For a long time, as we hear, each acquired nodule has been, like Alfred's loaf, divided between the friends, and the treasures of both, not selfishly hoarded, but accessible to all who are worthy, are thus constantly and naturally increased.*

Well would it be for our landed aristocracy, especially for those who have mineral property on their estates, if more of its members would follow the examples of those who have studied the science, and who have, to their satisfaction and advantage, ascertained that geological knowledge is wealth as well as power.

You will find some bright thoughts and amusing anecdotes awakened by picking up a piece of graphic granite (p. 295 *et seq.*); but we must pass on to meditations on a Palæozoic fish-scale.

"The outer layer of the scale, which lies over a middle layer of a cellular cancellated structure, and corresponds, apparently, with that scarf-skin which in the human subject overlies the *rete muscosum*, is thickly set with microscopic pores, funnel-shaped in the transverse section, and which, examined by a good glass, in the horizontal one resemble the puncturings of a sieve. The Megalichthys of the Coal Measures, with its various carboniferous congeners, with the genera *Diplopterus*, *Dipterus*, and *Osteolepis* of the Old Red Sandstone,—all brilliantly enamelled fish,—are thickly pore-covered. But whatever purpose these pores may have served, it seems in the Secondary period to have been otherwise accomplished, if, indeed, it continued to exist. It is a curious circumstance, that in no case do the pores seem to pass *through* the scale. Whatever their use, they existed merely as communications between the cells of the middle cancellated layer and the surface. In a fish of the Chalk,—*Macropoma Mantelli*,—the exposed fields of the scales are covered over with apparently hollow, elongated cylinders, as the little tubes in a shower-bath cover their round field of tin, save that they lie in a greatly flatter angle than the tubes; but I know not that, like the pores of the Dipterians and the Megalichthys, they communicated between the interior of the scale and its external surface. Their structure is at any rate palpably different, and they bear no such resemblance to the pores of the human skin as that which the Palæozoic pores present."

Mark the clearness and felicity of illustration called forth by the beautiful, delicate, and perfect workmanship of the Great Artificer:

* Sir Philip Egerton's works on fossil fish leave nothing to be desired either in the description or illustration.

"The amount of design exhibited in the scales of some of the more ancient ganoids,—design obvious enough to be clearly read,—is very extraordinary. A single scale of *Holoptychius Nobilissimus*,—fast locked up in its red sandstone rock,—laid by, as it were, forever,—will be seen, if we but set ourselves to unravel its texture, to form such an instance of nice adaptation of means to an end as might of itself be sufficient to confound the atheist. Let me attempt placing one of these scales before the reader, in its character as a flat counter of bone, of a nearly circular form, an inch and a half in diameter, and an eighth-part of an inch in thickness; and then ask him to bethink himself of the various means by which he would impart to it the greatest possible degree of strength. The human skull consists of two tables of solid bone, an inner and an outer, with a spongy cellular substance interposed between them, termed the *diploe*; and such is the effect of this arrangement, that the blow which would fracture a continuous wall of bone has its force broken by the spongy, intermediate layer, and merely injures the outer table, leaving not unfrequently the inner one, which more especially protects the brain, wholly unharmed. Now, such also was the arrangement in the scale of the *Holoptychius Nobilissimus*. It consisted of its two well-marked tables of solid bone, corresponding in their dermal character, the outer to the cuticle, the inner to the true skin, and the intermediate cellular layer to the *rete muscosum*; but bearing an unmistakable analogy also, as a mechanical contrivance, to the two plates and the *diploe* of the human skull. To the strengthening principle of the two tables, however, there were two other principles added. Cromwell, when commissioning for a new helmet, his old one being, as he expresses it, 'ill set,' ordered his friend to send him a 'fluted pot,' i.e., a helmet ridged and furrowed on the surface, and suited to break, by its protuberant lines, the force of a blow, so that the vibrations of the stroke would reach the body of the metal deadened and flat. Now, the outer table of the scale of the *Holoptychius* was a 'fluted pot.' The alternate ridges and furrows which ornamented its surface served a purpose exactly similar with that of the flutes and fillets of Cromwell's helmet."

But this is not all:

"The inner table was strengthened on a different but not less effective principle. The human stomach consists of three coats; and two of these, the outermost or peritoneal coat, and the middle or muscular coat, are so arranged that the fibres of the one cross at nearly right angles those of the other. The violence which would tear the compact sides

of this important organ along the fibres of the outer coat, would be checked by the transverse arrangement of the fibres of the middle coat, and *vice versa*. We find the cotton manufacturer weaving some of his stronger fabrics on a similar plan;—they also are made to consist of two coats; and what is technically termed the *tear* of the upper is so disposed that it lies at an angle of forty-five degrees with the *tear* of the coat which lies underneath. Now, the inner table of the scale of the *Holoptychius* was composed, on this principle, of various layers or coats, arranged the one over the other, so that the fibres of each lay at right angles with the fibres of the others in immediate contact with it. In the inner table of one scale I reckon nine of these alternating, variously-disposed layers; so that any application of violence, which, in the language of the lath-splitter, would *run lengthwise along the grain* of four of them, would be checked by the *cross grain* in five. In other words, the line of the *tear* in five of the layers was ranged at right angles with the line of the *tear* in four. There were thus in a single scale, in order to secure the greatest possible amount of strength,—and who can say what other purposes may have been secured besides?—three distinct principles embodied,—the principle of the two tables and *diploe* of the human skull,—the principle of the variously arranged coats of the human stomach,—and the principle of Oliver Cromwell's 'fluted pot.' There have been elaborate treatises written on those ornate flooring-tiles of the classical and middle ages, that are occasionally dug up by the antiquary amid monastic ruins, or on the sites of old Roman stations. But did any of them ever tell a story half so instructive or so strange as that told by the incalculably more ancient ganoid *tiles* of the Palæozoic and Secondary periods?"

Such ancients of the Old Red were fish, and no mistake, every fin and scale of 'em; but some forms of a later date, though still of most remote antiquity, and especially where teeth or fragments of skull are the only remains, may have been degraded by their describers. Witness the mesozoic *Placodus* of the Muschelkalk, which M. Agassiz very pardonably treated as a fish, but which Professor Owen, who has a way of putting the right thing in the right place, has elevated to its proper reptilian rank. If you want to know the best way of constructing a shell-mill, look in the forthcoming part of *Phil. Trans.* for the admirable description and illustration of this old conchylio-crusher.*

* Mr. Erxleben's happy pencil has been particularly successful on this occasion.

As our sojourner traverses the flat, gravelly points of Ardersier and Fortrose, which projecting, like moles, far into the Frith of Moray, narrow the intervening ferry, he ponders over the opposed theories regarding their formation, not without judicious criticism. There is, however, another mode of accounting for the origin of these long, detrital promontories which he is not in the least disposed to criticise.

"They were constructed, says tradition, through the agency of the arch-wizard Michael Scott. Michael had called up the hosts of Faery to erect the cathedral of Elgin and the chanonry kirk of Fortrose, which they completed from foundation to ridge, each in a single night,—committing, in their hurry, merely the slight mistake of locating the building intended for Elgin in Fortrose, and that intended for Fortrose in Elgin; but, their work over and done, and when the magician had no further use for them, they absolutely refused to be *laid*; and, like a *posse* of Irish laborers thrown out of a job, came thronging round him, clamoring for more employment. Fearing lest he should be torn in pieces,—a catastrophe which has not unfrequently happened in such circumstances in the olden time, and of which those recent philanthropists who engage themselves in finding work for the unemployed may have perhaps entertained some little dread in our own days,—he got rid of them for the time by setting them off in a body to run a mound across the Moray Frith from Fortrose to Ardersier. Toiling hard in the evening of a moonlight night, they had proceeded greatly more than two-thirds towards the completion of the undertaking, when a luckless Highlander passing by bade God-speed the work, and, by thus breaking the charm, arrested at once and forever the construction of the mound, and saved the navigation of Inverness."

Auld Michael, if he had any grace, must have thanked Donald for a good deliverance. The wizard was not without other experience that it is easier to raise a devil than to dismiss him. Michael was under the necessity of finding employment for the Demon who, at his bidding, had

"—cleft Eildon Hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone;"

but each of these feats was accomplished in a single night, and he was hard put to it by the troublesome customer that only required two nights to finish two such works. At last the taskmaster conquered the indefatigable spirit by employing him in the manufacture of

ropes of sea-sand—a task as endless and hopeless as her Majesty's Prime Minister must find it to give coherence to the loose particles which keep him in place if not in power.

You will find at p. 251 a Banffshire ghost-story—well authenticated, of course—and we only wish its length would suit our limits; but here is a shorter tradition, which will also convince you that the narrator, if he had turned his hand to romance, would probably have taken as high rank as has been reached by many of those who have achieved success in that department—higher, indeed, than some. The scene lies in a dell of the well-discussed boulder clay lying westward of Cromarty. A few hundred yards from the opening of this dell is a wooded inflection of the bank, formed by the old coast line, in which stood, some two centuries ago, a meal mill, with the cottage of the miller. The upper anchoring place of the bay lies nearly opposite the inflection:—

“A shipmaster, who had moored his vessel in this part of the roadstead, some time in the latter days of the first Charles, was one fine evening sitting alone on deck, awaiting the return of his seamen, who had gone ashore, and amusing himself in watching the lights that twinkled from the scattered farm-houses, and in listening, in the extreme stillness of the calm, to the distant lowing of cattle or the abrupt bark of the herdsman's dog. As the hour wore later, the sounds ceased, and the lights disappeared,—all but one solitary taper, that twinkled from the window of the miller's cottage. At length, however, it also disappeared, and all was dark around the shores of the bay, as a belt of black velvet. Suddenly a hissing noise was heard overhead; the shipmaster looked up, and saw what seemed to be one of those meteors known as falling stars, slanting athwart the heavens in the direction of the cottage, and increasing in size and brilliancy as it neared the earth, until the wooded ridge and the shore could be seen as distinctly from the ship-deck as by day. A dog howled piteously from one of the outhouses, an owl whooped from the wood. The meteor descended until it almost touched the roof, when a cock crew from within; its progress seemed instantly arrested; it stood still, rose about the height of a ship's mast, and then began again to descend. The cock crew a second time; it rose as before; and, after mounting considerably higher than at first, again sank in the line of the cottage, to be again arrested by the crowing of the cock. It mounted yet a third time, rising higher

still; and, in its last descent, had almost touched the roof, when the faint clap of wings was heard as if whispered over the water, followed by a still louder note of defiance from the cock. The meteor rose with a bound, and, continuing to ascend until it seemed lost among the stars, did not again appear. Next night, however, at the same hour, the same scene was repeated in all its circumstances: the meteor descended, the dog howled, the owl whooped, the cock crew. On the following morning the shipmaster visited the miller's, and, curious to ascertain how the cottage would fare when the cock was away, he purchased the bird; and, sailing from the bay before nightfall, did not return until about a month after.

“On his voyage inwards, he had no sooner doubled an intervening headland, than he stepped forward to the bows to take a peep at the cottage: it had vanished. As he approached the anchoring ground, he could discern a heap of blackened stones occupying the place where it had stood; and he was informed on going ashore, that it had been burnt to the ground, no one knew how, on the very night he had quitted the bay. He had it re-built and furnished, says the story, deeming himself what one of the old schoolmen would perhaps term the *occasional* cause of the disaster. He also returned the cock,—probably a not less important benefit,—and no after accident befel the cottage. About fifteen years ago there was a human skeleton dug up near the scene of the tradition, with the skull, and the bones of the legs and feet, lying close together, as if the body had been huddled up twofold in a hole; and this discovery led to that of the story, which, though at one time often repeated and extensively believed, had been suffered to sleep in the memories of a few elderly people for nearly sixty years.”

It is all very well to talk of *occasional* cause, but the skipper's conscience, if he had any, must have pricked him a little when he saw the blackened ruins. The restoration of the cottage and the return of the cock after the mischief was done in its absence, formed but a poor recompense for the abstraction of the sentinel that kept the enemy at bay.

Such cantrips are fast fading before the cups that cheer but not inebriate:—

“‘How do you account,’ said a north country minister of the last age (the late Rev. Mr. M'Bean of Alves) to a sagacious old elder of his Session, ‘for the almost total disappearance of the ghosts and fairies that used to be so common in your young days?’ ‘Tak’ my word for’t, minister,’ replied the shrewd old man, ‘it’s a’ owing to the *tea*; when the

tea cam in, the ghaists an' fairies gaed out. Weel do I mind when at a' our neebourly meetings,—bridals, christenings, lyke-wakes, an' the like,—we entertained ane anither wi' rich, nappy ale; an' whan the verra dowiest o' us used to get warm i' the face, an' a little confused in the head, an' weel fit to see amaisht ony thing whan on the muirs on our way hame. But the tea has put out the nappy; an' I have remarked, that by losing the nappy we lost baith ghaists an' fairies."

One goblin, however, is said still to linger in Skye, haunting a flat, dingy valley, whose dreary interior is covered with mosses and studded with inky pools, dimpled with countless eddies by myriads of small quick-glancing trout. This goblin resembles, in some sort, the *Urisk* or Satyr of the steep and romantic hollow in the mountain which overhangs the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, but the Skye "Lubbar fiend"—*Luidag*, as he is called—has but one leg, terminating in a cloven-foot. If he have but one leg, he has two stout arms, with hard and heavy fists at the end of them to pummel the benighted traveller as he struggles through the bogs and tarns of the dangerous valley where *Luidag* makes night hideous. The spectre may be seen, we are told, at the close of evening hopping vigorously among the distant bogs, "like a felt ball on its electric platform;" nay, an occasional glimpse of the fearful form may be caught even by day, when the mist lies thick in the hollows.

But if John Chinaman's tea—or what does duty for it—have helped to dissolve the close connection that existed between the more ghostly spirits of the country and its distilled ones, and

"—to drive the devils from the land
To their infernal home;"

Scotland is still deformed and disgraced by more shocking objects. Hugh Miller was not wanting in patriotism—no Scotchman is—but he speaks in terms which do honor to his heart and his head of the North British method of relieving the aged poor by giving them next to nothing. The sun had got as low upon the hills, and the ravine had grown as dark, as when, so long before, the Lady of Balconie took her last walk along the sides of Auldgrande, and he had struck up for a little alpine bridge of a few undressed logs which had been thrown across the chasm, at the height of a hundred and thirty feet over the water, when, as he passed through the

thick underwood, he startled a strange-looking apparition in one of the open spaces beside the gulf where the blaeberries had greatly abounded in their season.

"It was that of an extremely old woman, cadaverously pale and miserably looking, with dotage glistening in her inexpressive, rheum-distilling eyes, and attired in a blue cloak, that had been homely when at its best, and was now exceedingly tattered. She had been poking with her crutch among the bushes, as if looking for berries; but my approach had alarmed her; and she stood muttering in Gaelic what seemed, from the tones and the repetition, to be a few deprecatory sentences. I addressed her in English, and inquired what could have brought to a place so wild and lonely, one so feeble and helpless. 'Poor object!' she muttered in reply, 'poor object!—very hungry;' but her scanty English could carry her no further. I slipped into her hand a small piece of silver, for which she overwhelmed me with thanks and blessings; and, bringing her to one of the broader avenues, traversed by a road which leads out of the wood, I saw her fairly entered upon the path in the right direction, and then, retracing my steps, crossed the log-bridge. The old woman,—little, I should suppose from her appearance, under ninety,—was, I doubt not, one of our ill-provided Highland paupers, that starve under a law which, while it has dried up the genial streams of voluntary charity in the country, and presses hard upon the means of the humbler classes, alleviates little, if at all, the sufferings of the extreme poor. Amid present suffering and privation there had apparently mingled in her dotage some dream of early enjoyment,—a dream of the days when she had plucked berries, a little herd-girl, on the banks of the Auldgrande; and the vision seemed to have sent her out, far advanced in her second childhood, to poke among the bushes with her crutch."

If our lofty Caledonian brethren, who are continually complaining of imaginary disrespect and neglect, thought a little less of the pride of heraldry and a little more of such objects as good Hugh Miller startled and relieved, it would be none the worse for both parties.

The Highland chieftain who conversed with a boulder stone, and told to it the story which he had sworn never to tell to man, could not have related any thing more marvellous, than the stone, could it have spoken, might have told to him. Give that huge boulder the *Clack Malloch* memory and utterance, and what a tale might it tell of events geological and historical from the time of its formation

to its rest on the extreme line of ebb where it now stands. At the base of this "accursed stone," whereon a boat—so says tradition—was wrecked and the whole crew drowned, you may still find varieties of "dead-man's hand."*

But we must shorten sail, and leave these fascinating scenes, the last, alas! which the gifted head and hand, now cold and even as the clod of the valley, will cause to live in description. Easy would it have been for us to lay before you a condensed analysis of these works; but, in mercy to you and in justice to him who is gone, we have brightened the pages with Hugh Miller's words, and inflicted on you as few as possible of our own.

It was not to be expected that a mind so turned to science and religion as Miller's was, should steer clear of the rock on which so many scientific and religious adventurers have gone to pieces; and he has, especially in his *Testimony*, pursued the bearing of geology on the most sacred of all subjects with some ardor, and as little stumbling as might be on such dangerous ground. But the holy volume was given to man as a great religious and moral guide, and not to teach astronomy, geology, or any other ology except theology. The antics of minds of no common order when directed to explanation, and an attempt to make science fit the Mosaic account of creation, would be ludicrous, if the consequent mischief and the nature of the subject did not forbid any thing like levity.

Those who throw science overboard are little less absurd. Turn to the eloquent but romantic pages of the author of *Malek Adel* and of the *Genie du Christianisme*, and read how the Creator made this beautiful world—this earth as it now exists, with all its plants and animals; how the oaks piercing the prolific soil rose bearing, at once, the old nests of ravens and the new "posterité" of doves. Worm, chrysalis, and butterfly, the insect crept on the herbage, hung its golden cocoon in the forests, or trembled in the air:

"L'abeille, qui pourtant n'avoit vécu qu'un matin, comptoit déjà son ambrosie par générations de fleurs. Il faut croire que la brebis n'étoit pas sans son agneau, la fauvette sans ses petits; que les buissons cachaient des rossignols étonnés de chanter leurs premiers airs,

en échauffant les fragiles espérances de leurs premières voluptés."*

All this, be it remembered, "sans doute."

Shut up your Paley, therefore, if you would see through the spectacles of Chateaubriand, but before you do so, recollect that a trilobite, or a fish of the Old Red—forms utterly extinct—bear upon them marks of design as patent as the raven, the dove, the insect, or any other living thing that daily moves before us.

If a little learning is a dangerous thing, a little geological learning is a most perilous thing; and we would humbly but earnestly warn you against the glimmering of false lights. Geology is not to be learned without long labor, but books containing more sciolism than science, and purporting to make all smooth in dealing with this more than vital question, are on the increase.

True it is that, to use Miller's impressive words, there are no sermons that seem stranger or more impressive to one who has acquired just a little of the language in which they are preached, than those which, according to the poet, are to be found in stones: a bit of fractured slate, embedded among a mass of rounded pebbles, proves voluble with idea of a kind almost too large for the mind of man to grasp.

If you would pursue this subject to your profit, read, mark, and inwardly digest the admirable paper † in the *Cambridge Essays* of last year. You will there see how a penetrating and well stored mind, trained in the school of the exact science, can deal with this difficult theme.

And now we must, unwillingly, lay down the amusing and instructive posthumous book, of which this sketch will give you but a very imperfect idea, albeit we had much more to say, and though most interesting and novel incidents cry aloud for notice. While we write, intelligence has arrived that a fossil man has been found at Maestricht, where the Mosasaurus saved the part of the town which enshrined it from the French cannon. This discovery of an alleged anthropolite may leave things as they were, but it may also open a new chapter in the stone book which the lamented Hugh Miller interpreted so well.

* *Genie du Christianisme*.

† *Geology*. By William Hopkins, M.A., F.R.S.

* *Lobularia digitata*.

From The National Magazine.

LONGFELLOWS NEW POEMS.*

A NEW poem from Professor Longfellow is an announcement sufficient in these days to kindle expectation and awaken attention in all in whom "the ancient spirit is not dead," and who hear ancestral voices in secluded places, and living whispers in the breathing airs. There are yet not a few quick souls who are susceptible of poetic sympathy, and believe in the universal inspiration. Some one has said that man is a religious animal; it is equally true that he is a poetical one. Does he manifest his being, as the philosophers tell us, by its act? Then he is a poet, as a doer, or maker; and every such essential revelation of the humanity is in its nature creative. This is, indeed, deriving the poetic inspiration from the fountain of all inspiration—in the Divine;—but for this very reason is such an affirmation (mystical as it may appear to prosaic apprehension) the very fittest prelude to any consideration of Longfellow's genius. Turn to any one of his works, whether his *Evangeline*, *Voices of the Night*, *The Golden Legend*, or *The Song of Hiawatha*, it is the religious sentiment that forms the pervading motive, that initiates the strain, and lives in every line. The spirit of piety animates his numbers, and underlies every versicle. Poetry with Longfellow is the appropriate expression of devotion—it is the music of praise and prayer, all directed to the "glory of God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." We cherish no wonder, therefore, when we find that the theme and argument of his last work is connected with the Puritan morality and the labors of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. The subject fits the style of the poet, and is besides of that national interest which should mark American poetry with a native character, and suggest an originality in the treatment, as well as a speciality in the topics which it is evoked to illustrate, interpret, and elevate, by the force of the imagination, the play of the fancy, and the ardor of passion.

The title of the new poem is *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Who is Miles Standish? The descendant of an old Lancashire house, that has done public service in its time. One of its members fought at the battle of Agincourt, one had a hand in wounding poor Wat

* *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: W. Kent & Co. 1858.

Tyler, and one, in his character of bishop, stood by Queen Catherine and resisted her divorce. Miles Standish, the hero of the poem, was one of the Elizabethan men—the greatest in the national register of great men—and was one of the soldiers sent by the Maiden Queen to assist the Dutch in their struggle for independence. Ultimately, he left Leyden for America. "In Holland," says Longfellow, "he had learned to admire the devotedness and moral grandeur of the Puritans. Though he never joined their church, he was the staunch friend and sworn defender of that little band of heroic men and women who landed from the 'May Flower' in New England in the year 1620." The colony of Weymouth was saved by his courage and wisdom. He was twice married. Among the traditions connected with his memory is one that, after the death of his first wife, he employed the friendly services of his young friend, John Alden, to pay court in his name to a fair lady, who, however, fell in love with his ambassador. Priscilla Mullins became the wife of John Alden. We are gratified to learn that the old rough captain was enabled to solace himself for his disappointment by a certain Barbara Somebody, who had strength of mind sufficient not to reject "the hand of one of the greatest and noblest men whom Providence ever raised up to fight the battle of Liberty in the Old World, and to lay the social foundation of the New."

Such is the simple argument of the poem. It is in hexameters, and recalls the *Evangeline* in more than one particular. Nine is the mystic number of the parts into which the poem is divided; and verily, from the success of the experiment, we are disposed to believe that there is virtue in the nonad.

Take first the picture of the hero:

"In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the
land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the
Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,

Curved at the point, and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom St. Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles but Angels.'
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the 'May Flower.'

We have already anticipated the story that follows this introduction. We have fortunately only to engage with the treatment. In reference to this point, we find a bit of artistic dealing which is eminently instructive:

"Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: 'A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!'

* * * * *
'Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he siezed a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.'

This golden rule John Alden rightly reports on the Captain when he proposes to

woo the maiden Priscilla by proxy. But Miles Standish overrules the objection.

" 'Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly; and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.'

So poor John Alden is compelled to consent, though he loves the maiden himself; nevertheless he does justice to his errand. He pleads strenuously for his friend, but the lady makes him understand that she prefers himself.

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

Honestly poor John Alden relates the whole to the Captain; the "caloric words" thereupon uttered by the latter fill him with remorse, and make him feel like a traitor to friendship. The Captain meanwhile goes forth to encounter the Indians. As we are unable to quote from the beautiful sections devoted to this part of the subject, we may be permitted to bestow all the warmer commendations on them:—they are picturesque, lifelike, natural, and full of dramatic genius. The lovers soon understood one another; but Miles Standish holds aloof, and at length causes himself to be reported as slain in battle. This at once takes off the restraint from the enamored pair, and they proceed to wed. But be sure, at the proper time, Miles Standish shows himself at the wedding, and blesses the fair couple not only with his presence, but his pardon, his sanction, and his benediction.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the feeling of different portions of this delight-

ful story. Take Priscilla at her spinning-wheel:—

“So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn.

Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle:

‘Truly, Priscilla,’ he said, ‘when I see you spinning and spinning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,

Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;

You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.’

Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:

‘You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner the queen of Helvetia;

She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o’er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner.’

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Putan maiden,

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:

‘Come you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed, and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!’

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted;

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.”

All this is in the true vein of pastoral beauty.

Other smaller poems are in the volume, expressive of different moods of mind,—meditative, passionate, legendary, sentimental, amorous, and religious. We quote two or three as samples. In all is the nice touch, the final grace of the master. On the whole, these poems are calculated to enhance even the frame and reputation of such a minnesinger as Longfellow.

CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine

Is a Song of the Vine,

To be sung by the glowing embers

Of wayside inns,

When the rain begins

To darken the drear Novembers.

Is it not a song

Of the Scuppernong,

From warm Carolinian valleys,

Nor the Isabel

And the Muscadel

That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,

Whose clusters hang

O’er the waves of the Colorado,

And the fiery flood

Of whose purple blood

Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best

Is the wine of the West,

That grows by the Beautiful River,

Whose sweet perfume

Fills all the room

With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees

Are the haunts of bees,

For ever going and coming;

So this crystal hive

Is all alive

With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way

Is the Verzenay,

Or the Sillery soft and creamy;

But Catawba wine

Has a taste more divine,

More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy

There grows no vine

By the haunted Rhine,

By Danube or Guadalquivir,

Nor on island or cape,

That bears such a grape

As grows by the Beautiful River

Drugged is their juice

For foreign use,

When shipped o’er the reeling Atlantic,

To rack our brains
With the fever pains
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River."

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open
doors

The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro,

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at the fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors
dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies
crowd

Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their thread so thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusty lane;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
Gleam the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and field;
Fowls with their snares concealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;

Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs ;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world of ours ?
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;
No color shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked ;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter ?—And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and errors ?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own shortcomings and despairs,
In your own secret sins and terrors !

ENGLISH SPOKEN.—A correspondent of the "Athenæum" gives some curious extract from "The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English," by J. da Fouseca and P. Carolino. The English of this volume is wonderful, although the authors seem to have taken some pains with it. "We did put a great variety new expressions to english and portuguese idioms: without to attach ourselves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation." Then M. da Fouseca proceeds to business; and (for instance) thus raves about housekeeping: "I don't know what i won't with they servants. Anciently i had some servants who were divine my thought. All things were cleanly hold one may look on the furnitures now as you see. I tell the same, it is not more some good servants. Any one take care to sweep neither to make fire at what i may be up." He goes out hunting and yells, "Look a hare who run! do let him to pursue for the hounds! it goes one's self in the ploughed land. Here that it rouse. Let aim at it! let make fire him! Me! i have failed it: my gun have miss fire." "It delays me to eat some wal nutskernels; take care not leave to pass the season." "Be tranquil, i shall throw you any nuts during the shell is green yet." "The artichoks grow its?" "I have a particular care of its, because i know you like the bottoms." He entwines his conversation with anecdotes, as thus:—"Two friends who from long they not were seen meet one's selves for hazard. 'How is thou?' told one of the two. 'No very well,' told the other; 'and i am married from that i saw thee.' 'Good news.' 'Not quit, because i had married with a bad woman?' 'So much worse.' 'Not so much deal worse: because her dower was from two thousand lewis.' 'Well that com-

fort.' 'Not absolutely; why i had employed this sum for to buy some muttons, which are all deads of the rot.' 'That is indeed very sorry.' 'Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons.' 'So you are then indemnified?' 'Not quit, because my house where i was deposed my money, finish to be consumed of the flames.' 'Oh, here is a great misfortune.' 'Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are burned together.'" The next story is hard to understand:—"A man one's was presented at a magistrate which had a considerable library. 'What you make?' beg him the magistrate. 'I do some books,' he was answered. 'But any of your books i did not see its.' 'I believe it so,' was answered the author: 'i make nothing for Paris. From of my books is imprinted, i send the edition for America; i dont compose what for the colonies.'"—Is not this English made easy for the Portuguese student?

MARRIAGE.

THERE are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.

What trying thoughts in the bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

—Henry Ware, Jr.

THE STYLE OF A LADY.—A Countryman, who witnessed a lady lifting up her dress, exclaimed, upon beholding the numerous tiers of hoops that encircled her petticoat in the shape of Crinoline, "Well, may I be danged, if she arn't got a five-barred gate wropped round her."

From Chambers's Journal.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"AND this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry, retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfurt. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan

did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not-over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Otakar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: "Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the

spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew up them with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril,—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weathercock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good-night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few more courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan"—

"O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until"—

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark, shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame,

followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? O, Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire."

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great dis-

tances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living."

"O God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? Oh that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see any thing from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most un-

happy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!" But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening, "'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old, wrinkled, gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—"The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—"do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light

figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *mêlée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.—The rapidity with which Victoria has become peopled is almost unexampled in the history of any nation, ancient or modern. In 1851, its population was 77,345 persons; in the three years which elapsed between the census of this date and that of 1854, the number of inhabitants had trebled. The returns of the Immigration Office, and the official records of births and deaths, since the date of the last census in 1857, enable us to ascertain that the population had increased to 469,637 at the end of last March. In other words, the increase within seven years has been more than sixfold. The character of the distribution of the people is shown by the fact, that while prior to the year 1855 there were but two corporate towns in the whole country, Melbourne and Geelong, that number has increased to twenty-one. Immigration, as might be expected, does not swell these numbers so hugely as at the first; in 1852 there being about 94,000 immigrants, and in 1857 not 64,000. Emigration, on the contrary, is beginning to make itself felt slightly in the increasing numbers who have by their industry acquired an independence and a sufficiency of means

wherewith to return to their native land. In 1851, only 2962 persons returned to the old world; but in the four years ending December, 1857, these amounted to 102,974. There are already five railway lines in Victoria, completed or in active progress. The short line from Melbourne to Hobson's Bay, with its branch-line to St. Kilda, is a great success, and returns a dividend of 14 per cent. That from Geelong is available for forty miles; that is to say, to within eight miles of Melbourne. The third line in connection with these two is under the direction of government. Contracts to the extent of more than three millions have been taken for the opening of the line to the northern gold-fields, as far as Castlemaine and Sandhurst, a distance of ninety-four miles. The fifth line, which is another government project, is to connect Geelong and Melbourne with Ballarat, and will extend to upwards of fifty miles. The electric telegraph has pushed its silent way through city and forest and prairie more than seven hundred miles, at a cost, for construction, of about £100 per mile.—*Chambers's Journal.*

From The Economist, 28 Aug.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ON COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Now that we have passed through the first moments of satisfaction in the success of the greatest and most marvellous enterprise which science has suggested to our modern world, it may be well to consider with some care the characteristic advantages that we have thereby gained, and also the nature of the corresponding risks which,—small as they certainly are when compared with the advantages,—we shall nevertheless to some extent thereby incur. The special utility of telegraphic communication is usually very vaguely conceived. In the congratulations which naturally pass freely from mouth to mouth on so great an occasion, we commonly hear many effects attributed to telegraphic communications which it can never achieve, and some forgotten which are its most characteristic results. People speak as if it were a *creative* instead of only a *diffusive* agency,—and forget that its true effect is to distribute instantaneously over the earth local facts and national sentiments which now travel so slowly that they are often misleading when they do reach their destination,—not in any way to alter such local facts or to ameliorate such national dispositions as already exist. The Atlantic telegraph will simply render life in the New and Old Worlds *simultaneous* for all practical decisions of any great moment, so as to place at the disposal of each hemisphere all the data of real importance which the condition of the other at the same instant provides. Now, as far as the mere knowledge of *facts* goes, it can only be beneficial. To act on full and recent data must always be more advantageous than to act on insufficient or partly antiquated data, and were all action between the two worlds purely intellectual, there would be no counterbalancing risk of any kind to set off against the vast gain of knowledge. As it is, we shall see that both in commercial and in political affairs, so far as accurate information alone is in question, the advantage is completely unalloyed,—but wherever exciting and contagious influences either of fear or resentment are liable to be communicated, the annihilation of all delay, the result of perfect *simultaneity* in both worlds, may involve additional risk rather than additional safety. Of course the gain is immeasurably greater than the fresh risk, but it is desirable to understand clearly the exact nature of both.

And first in commercial matters, the one great gain, which it is scarcely possible to overrate, is in the diminished margin left for speculative transactions in all dealings between Europe and America, so soon as instantaneous communication is established. What-

ever room, indeed, there is for speculation as to the *future* tendency of prices, no knowledge as to the present can remove. But, of course, there is far more room, nay *necessity* for speculative transactions between countries whose knowledge of each other's commerce is always nearly a fortnight old, than there is between places which are kept informed up to the last moment. The telegraph renders the over-accumulation of commodities in any one part of the world, and the kind of commercial crisis which arises thence, far less probable than before. At present it is possible for merchants to go on shipping goods to any given port in America where, according to the last mail, there was a demand for them, for twelve days or a fortnight after that demand has really ceased. Now, as soon as it is known in America that the demand is abating it will be known in England also, and some fourteen days' ignorant consignment of goods, which could only go to cause a "glut," will be saved. The merchants of Charleston and New Orleans will know the price of cotton as quoted on the Liverpool Stock Exchange day by day,—and the Manchester manufacturer will know the price his merchandise is fetching in New York. The gain of a clear twelve days' mutual knowledge as to the state of supply and demand in the markets of the Old and New Worlds can scarcely be exaggerated. Twelve days' misdirected consignments, or perhaps even in some cases misdirected production, over so vast a surface of enterprise could not but have a very injurious effect in critical periods; and the new knowledge cannot but often prevent loss, and check it where it is inevitable, in a comparatively harmless stage. The telegraph must at least have mitigated a panic caused, like that of 1836–1837, by undue exportations of commodities to the United States.

On the other hand, it is quite possible to conceive even commercial conjunctures in which the instantaneous communication we have established will tend rather to accumulate evil effects arising from ill-informed panic, than to check them. As we have said, so far as the telegraph merely communicates exact and certain details, such as the prices prevailing in distant places, it cannot be otherwise than purely beneficial. But where it spreads any contagious feeling built up in great measure on a doubtful foundation of fact, the *simultaneous* operation of such feelings in distant countries may be much more dangerous than the consecutive operation which is at present the only possible one. Had, for instance, Denistoun's failure last year been known in America at the height of the crisis there, it could not but have aggravated greatly the depression that prevailed there; as it was, it did not reach America till the climax had passed. We do not,

however, need such an illustration to explain how much greater intensity would be given to any tumultuous panic-struck feeling by its *simultaneous* occurrence in countries so closely connected as England and the United States. At present more than three weeks must necessarily elapse between the crisis of misfortune in the States and the news of the effect that misfortune has produced on England. In the meantime the banks have had time to strengthen their position, and have, much less to fear than they otherwise would from runs caused by any causeless dread in the minds of depositors. But when the electric telegraph makes the misfortune of one country and the ill effects on the other simultaneous phenomena, there cannot but be much additional intensity in the excitement caused. To a system organized as our banking system is, a gain of time to prepare for a run is every thing. But now, could we suppose the panic of last year transferred to this, all the English correspondents of American houses would at once begin to withdraw their accounts from the banks known to be largely interested in the fallen houses of the United States, and then the failures thus precipitated in England would instantaneously be known in and react on the American banks, before they could have had any time to strengthen their position. In such a panic as that of last year,—due, not to the over-accumulation of commodities in any one part of the world, but to the failure of American securities, and producing its greatest mischief through an exaggerated disposition to discredit the resources even of sound concerns,—the telegraph would, we believe, tend to increase dismay by concentrating it in both worlds into the same period of time, and so depriving many banks and houses of the time of *warning* to prepare for the English shock, which intervened after the American crisis.

In political affairs we may draw the same distinction between the characteristic influence of the telegraph in diffusing information, and diffusing vehement national impulses. The former effect must always be advantageous,—the latter often dangerous. That we should have known early the charges which were made against us as to the supposed Cuban “outrages,” for instance, might have saved much needless discussion and irritation. The mere telegraphic disavowal by Lord Malmesbury of any instructions that could have warranted such proceedings, would have anticipated and prevented the effervescence of feeling that took place both in and out of the Houses of Legislature at Washington. On the other hand, wherever the rapid

communication of facts should happen to be powerless to explain away differences of opinion and purpose, we can well imagine that the simultaneous knowledge in England and America of the popular feeling on the other side of the Atlantic may tend powerfully to keep it active and vehement. In the absence of an excited adversary, even the very hasty public opinion of the United States is apt to cool down, and when the news of English popular feeling at length comes, it arrives at a time when a pacific statesman has much less to dread from its effects on American feeling, than if it had come at the first moment of popular excitement. But when the telegraph flashes back the hot or contemptuous reply of English feeling to the sensitive and petulant temper of the American public before it has had a moment to cool down, we must say that we think the reason to fear a rupture will be much more urgent than before. The telegraph will entirely prevent, we trust, many *misunderstandings*. We also fear it may aggravate those real differences of national feeling and purpose which must now and then be expected to break forth.

There is one other risk to which it may give rise in the case of diplomatic relations so difficult to manage skilfully as those of England with America. It must be remembered that the United States are the only real democracy with which we have any close connection. And on that account our diplomatic relations with the States are much more delicate and require much more anxious deliberation than, perhaps, any others. The pride of a democracy is easily hurt. Any overhaste or want of consideration in our dealings is easily repaired with another power,—not so easily with a Government so exposed to the influence of a vehement popular opinion and criticism. But the written dispatches of the two Governments will now be interpreted, in cases of any importance, by the more recent and more hasty telegraphic messages; and what we fear is, lest these latter comments may not always be conceived with the same caution and deliberation as the more formal communications,—lest they may introduce informal and vague elements, liable to much misconception, into our diplomatic relations with the States. This is a risk, however, against which it is easy for any careful Government to guard. After all we have said, we have only been able to enumerate some slight counterbalancing dangers, to set off against advantages of vast and, as yet probably, quite unsuspected importance. But that we may truly estimate the latter, we believe it is quite necessary to be forewarned against the former.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE COCK-AND-BULL CLUB.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and I don't want to see one. If any thing of that nature, under a mistaken notion of benefiting me by warning me of a danger, or pointing out a treasure-hole, or putting me up to a good thing on a future sporting event, should present itself, I should be frightened to death; there would, if I know myself, be another ghost in the room in about half a minute. As for devil-may-care dogs who visit necropolis alone and at midnight, or who are prepared to sit up in their solitary beds and pronounce their own names solemnly three times, with the intention of raising their familiar spirits—I don't believe such creatures exist. What man dare do—with reason and respectability—I dare; “who dares do more,” I have good authority for stating, “is none.” When a certain spectral light steals into my bedchamber upon a sudden, I am accustomed to make me a sort of Crimean tent of the blankets, whereupon I emerge only at long intervals to breathe; I have lost more pounds of flesh in this manner, through moonbeams, than any African traveller surrenders to the sun. Well do I remember that particular terror in my boyhood, which resulted in my remaining at five feet seven, instead of six feet one and a half—the altitude attained by each of my brothers; that shock from which my constitution took two entire years to recover itself, during which—at youth's most growing time—I did not approach the stars by a single inch. I was about nine years of age when the frightful incident occurred, and what is called—by very old persons who have forgotten what school was—a happy school-boy; that term, however, was, just then, applicable to me enough, since I had got away from my place of durance and instruction for a few days of Easter vacation. I was staying at the house of a cousin, who lived in the outskirts of a large provincial town, of which—as I kept in mind with unutterable awe—he was then the Mayor. Cousin Richard was short and stout to a degree that I should be now inclined to term “podgy;” but, being invested with this supreme and mysterious dignity, he seemed to me to possess a presence more imposing than that of any other being upon the earth's surface. When he said: “You must sleep in the red room, Harry, since you are so fond of getting up early, and

then you won't disturb the house in the morning, in putting on your boots,” I submitted without remonstrance. That I *did* like getting up early—so that I might enjoy as much of the present immunity from my scholastic privileges as possible—that I *did* commonly make a tremendous noise in pulling on my boots, was true enough; but that I should be put in the red room, the state-apartment dedicated to exalted guests, away from the rest of the house, and—almost to a certainty—haunted, seemed a mode of prevention worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. Had my father proposed such a proceeding, had my schoolmaster, had, indeed, any authority with whom I could grapple, and of whose powers I could calculate the extent, I would have protested manfully; but the edict of the Mayor appeared to settle the matter beyond dispute, and I knocked under at once with an Asiatic servility.

I need not say how the rest of that afternoon was embittered by the thought of the night that was to follow; those who are acquainted with such terrors, can easily enough imagine them; those who are not, can never be made to understand them by mere description. Enough to say that about nine o'clock P.M., I found myself in the big bed in the red room, in a cold bath of perspiration, and with my eyes tightly closed, endeavoring to go to sleep before the adults of the house should have retired. As long as the noise of tongues and feet continued, however much in the distance, my mind would, I knew, be comparatively tranquil, and subject to the influence of the dreamy god; but if once the sense of solitude should creep over me, slumber would become impossible, and I should fall a victim to the dreadful powers of darkness for the rest of the night.

I did go to sleep, in accordance with these profound calculations; but unhappily, and contrary to them, I woke about three hours afterwards. It was midnight. I did not require the weird accents of the cuckoo-clock upon the stairs to tell me that. I possessed as acute a perception of that ghostly time as aldermen of their dinner-hour, or station-masters of the period when the night-express is wont to flash for a moment between the trembling walls. The moon was shining through the shutterless windows, and throwing all kinds of suspicious shadows about the old red room. Red room! Why red? The

marrow in my youthful bones caught such a chill at the bare idea, that I did not care to repeat the question. Two oaken cupboards which, in my haste to get into the regions of oblivion, I had forgotten to examine, began to harass me with anxieties about their contents. I slipped cautiously out of bed. Good Heavens, was somebody holding on to my night-gown, or——? No; it was a long one, and I had trodden upon it with my own foot—that was all. I approached the doors, and, without taking the liberty of opening them, turned their keys, which happened fortunately, to be outside of them. Flattered with this ingenious device of my own, I had retired to my couch, and was once more courting slumber, when a tormenting thought seized hold of me, and roused me up again. *I had forgotten to look under the bed.* I lay awake, endeavoring to reason with myself upon so absurd an anxiety, but nothing came of it, except a singing of the ears and increased suspicion. I thought I heard respirations from under the mattress; I heard groans; I began to feel the mattress move under me. “No, dash it all!” cried I, as I sprang to my feet and lifted the valance, “I am not going to be frightened to death in this manner, by nothing.” By nothing! Oh, was it nothing, though, that met my affrighted gaze under that bed!

I was beneath the blankets in about a quarter of a second afterwards, in a state of terror that absolutely for a little time deprived me of sensation. My imagination, fertile as it had always been in conjectures of a horrible nature, had never, indeed, come up to the reality of what I had just seen; a robber, a ghost, the arch-enemy of man and boy himself, any or all of these I had been, in a measure, prepared to find in the red room, but a Coffin—an enormous Coffin—large for the shoulders, and tapering somewhat delicately towards the feet; to find an article of that description under my bed was a shock unexpected indeed. There it was, however, sure enough, with a double row of handsome gilt nails all the way round, handsome initials over the spot where the face would come, and a little inscription, doubtless setting forth in a handsome manner the virtues of the deceased party. The five hours which intervened between that discovery and daylight I passed in picturing to myself the features of the murdered—I had not a doubt of him or her

having been murdered—and in estimating the chances of the return of the murderer to the red room. No sick man ever longed for the morning as I longed, and with the first faint streaks of dawn, I was standing, in my scanty drapery, by the side of my cousin’s pillow. “Richard, Richard,” cried I, “there’s murder in the house, and they’ve put the coffin under my bed in the red room.”

“Pooh, pooh, you little fool,” replied he; “go back again; I’m the Mayor this year, and it’s *only the big box which the mace is kept in.*”

Notwithstanding this constitutional weakness of mine, which has not much abated with years, the supernatural has still a wondrous charm for me, and I snatch a fearful joy from tales of ghosts and spectres. My happiest evenings—with the most miserable nights to follow—are spent, weekly, at a Society for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, or, as some of the unbelieving have disrespectfully termed it, the Cock-and-Bull Club. We assemble every Friday, at seven o’clock. If the police were suddenly to break in upon our speculations, as we sit, thirteen in number, looking at one another, around a table with lighted candles, they would, I believe, proceed to collar and shake us, with a view of discovering who had swallowed the dice. No written accounts of apparitions are admitted, no published records of any such may be referred to, and it is essential that the narrators be in some sort personally acquainted with the matter of which they speak; it is not indispensable that the individual should have seen a ghost himself—although more than one of our society have been highly favored in that way—so that the *narratio obliqua*, so popular with the historians of a dead language, is the general form amongst us, too, of our communications from without the world.

I rarely speak much myself, but listen—as may be imagined—with the most voracious attention. The three members of our society who interest me most are Heywood, Wilkinson, and Arnold. The nature of their relations is commonly as different as their respective characters, and for that reason—rather than because of any peculiar wonder belonging to them—I will repeat, in brief, the three with which they favored us last night.

Heywood, who is the son of a dean, possesses, with the exception of the emoluments, all the popular attributes of that dignitary:

he is stout, and rosy about the gills; takes several glasses of port during the little supper which concludes our spiritual investigations; and, by some means or other, it always happens that he obtains possession of the only arm-chair in the room. There is a matter-of-fact-ness, and absence of any care for effect about what he has to say, which I love to listen to—while it makes my blood run cold—on account of its obvious truth.

I. "My father," said he, last night, "was, as most of you are aware, before he was made a dean, the vicar of Tredlington. The vicarage-house was a small one; and to it and to residences of the like humble kind I had been exclusively accustomed up to the age of fourteen years. I knew nothing of panelled oak chambers, secret staircases, passages in the thickness of a wall, and all the machinery of romantic discomfort, except through books. Tredlington—where I had the dream which I am about to relate—was not in the least degree allied to Udolpho; and yet the dream I dreamed there was just such a one as dear old Mrs. Radcliffe might have had herself after a pork-supper. I dreamed that some half-an-hour before dinner, and immediately after the bell had rung for dressing, my cousin—a lad of the same age, who was then stopping with me—had mischievously locked me up alone in the drawing-room, and there left me. Anxious not to displease my father by being late, and not daring to leap out of either of the windows—which were on the first floor—I strove, in my dream, to find some other mode of egress. There were several large pictures hanging up on the walls—quite strange to me, but which, as is usual in such cases, produced no astonishment—and pushing these aside, one after another, I found behind the last on the east wall a flight of little stairs, which led, to my great joy, up into my own bedroom.

"I told this dream to the whole breakfast-party the next morning, when this and that solution of it were given; but although the impression still remained, doubtless, in my mind, no circumstance arose for several years to cause me to refer to it. I was a young man of about one-and-twenty, and at college, when my father's elevation to the deanery of Donnington took place. This same cousin of mine was my fellow-student, and accompanied me, at the vacation, on my first visit to the fine old cloistered place which I was proud to

be able to call my future home. A little banter upon this pardonable vanity of mine, assisted by the high spirits of youth, brought on between us what is popularly termed 'a squimidge;' and my father happening to be out just at the particular time of our arrival, although it was nearly the dinner-hour, my cousin playfully pushed me by the shoulders into the new drawing-room, and locked the door behind me. At that instant the dinner-bell rang; in the next, I recognized completely the room of my dream—which in reality, of course, I had never before set eyes on—and walked to the last great picture which hung on the eastern wall, for a means of egress, as naturally as I should have walked to the door. Behind the picture was a secret stair leading into the chamber which had been set apart for my reception, and I very much astonished the servant who brought up my trunks by appearing therein through a sliding panel. Neither he nor my father, nor any one else in the house, had the least idea that such a mode of communication existed. *They* had never dreamed of such a thing, they said, in all their lives. Why I did so myself, I have not the least idea; I have witnesses, however, enough and to spare, to prove the facts. As for the secret staircase, if any of this company will do me the honor to come down to Donnington, they shall lock me into the drawing-room, even after the first dinner-bell has rung, as often as ever they please."

Arnold is the youngest and latest-joined of the society, but notwithstanding—or perhaps I should say, by reason of—that circumstance, he is the most enthusiastic of us all. He told us, after Heywood had finished, the following story in a quiet undertone, such as the brook sings in "to the sleeping woods, all night, in the leafy month of June," and with eyes that looked through and through us while he spoke, as upon some strange uncanny sight beyond.

II. "My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us twins—myself and my brother George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me. My poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after us children. I was, however, soon put out to nurse, and George only remained at home. He slept in the same

room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking about midnight, found her sister out of bed, and walking about the room. She knew Maria suffered from 'a raging tooth,' so merely informed her where the laudanum was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said: 'Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night.'

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed at all," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as I ever saw you in my life." So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

"Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; 'the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain.'

"Her sister turned a pale face towards her, and with an indiscribly sorrowful and touching expression, but said nothing. Susan, thinking her to be seriously ill, was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her.

"It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her living twin-sister—whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disordered system. That night, then, they both watched; and when they had been in bed some time, they heard the front-door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry, for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known gentle footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber-door opened, and dressed in a white garment betwixt bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy

was sleeping, and stooped down as if to kiss it. Once again she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any strange sight or no."

"I saw nothing unusual," he replied; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort; 'And I, too, for these last ten days have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front-door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-foot, seems worn and piteous, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do.'

"After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind; and, saddling his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half-starved, and ill, and bruised. Another nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again."

It is our custom to dilate upon and analyze every statement; those only which can stand a good deal of sifting are thought worthy to be enrolled in the records of the society, and unless to concern ourselves in such investigations at all is a proof of gullibility, we cannot certainly be said to be easily satisfied. Wilkinson cross-examined Arnold upon this story of his with his usual rough acuteness, but without at all shaking his evidence; it was impossible for any one who had heard the story to suppose that the narrator himself was otherwise than in earnest. There is a certain mystery and supernature about Wilkinson himself in our eyes, from the fact of his being a drysalter—the attributes of such a character being utterly unknown to and unimaginable by us—but otherwise he is very far from being an appropriate vehicle for a spiritual narration; it is marred the more by

the circumstance of his always having a cigar between his teeth, the end of which wobbles against his tongue, and clips his English. The somewhat flippant manner of his relating the following occurrence will, it is likely, detract from its *vraisemblance*, but that it did really happen as described, I am well assured.

III. "I have an elder sister who is married to a country gentleman in Sussex. She has been his wife these twenty years, and has had an abundance of children. The first governess of these children was a Miss Beauvais of Dunkirk. She was of a reserved and taciturn disposition, and although performing all her duties admirably, was rather respected by her pupils than beloved. She never looked quite like other people, and had an old-fashioned manner of dressing. In particular, she wore her sleeves very large at the shoulders—pillowed sleeves, as I think, they were then called. I have seen her many times, and remember her perfectly well; but one sight of her would have been quite sufficient for recollection. She was a very remarkable, a most extraordinary-looking person—very, indeed. (And here the drysalter took snuff profusely, as his custom is when more than usually pleonastic.) She had an ancient father who came every Christmas to take her home to Dunkirk for her few weeks' holiday—a wonderful Frenchman, quite silent and all puckered about the lips like an umbrella. In my nieces' old drawing-books there are several sober and pretty accurate likenesses of him, which all resemble caricatures. Perhaps when they got away from the English folks, and the *père* and *fille* were alone together, they shed some natural tears; but their behavior, as it seemed to me, was far from affectionate. I happened to be in Sussex when Monsieur Beauvais last came for his daughter. It was an especially bitter winter twenty years ago, and that day was its coldest day. The earth was wrapped round in its white shroud very thickly, but no snow was falling. He had brought a little open carriage with him from the neighboring town, because it ran lighter over the choked roads than a close one would have done. There was, therefore, but little room for Miss Beauvais's luggage.

"She had been accustomed on these journeys to take all her possessions away with her, and she was evidently much distressed

on this occasion at having to leave some of them behind. Two large black boxes of hers were left, locked and well-corded. 'You will be sure to keep them safely, madame,' she said to my sister; but she seemed to say it with a sigh of suspicion.

"We watched the two stiff figures drive slowly along the leafless avenue and over the white hill-top beyond. 'A strange pair,' we remarked, and soon forgot them both as governesses and governesses' fathers are apt to be forgotten. On the two black boxes was written, in that infinitesimally small handwriting of hers, that it was *défendu* to open them under any pretext. It was evident that the poor lady mistrusted the honor of perfidious Albion.

"We read soon afterwards, in the newspaper—as soon, that is, as the newspaper of that time, and in such snowy days, could reach us—that the Dunkirk sailing-packet, in which we knew they had intended to take passage, was lost with every soul on board. Nevertheless, in hope that something might have deranged their plans, we made every effort to ascertain their fate. Repeated letters to the continent obtained no answer; and, indeed, Miss Beauvais had often affirmed that she had no friend upon earth, except her father. Moreover, the clerk in the packet-office described the two singular persons, who had paid for berths in the doomed ship, with an accuracy that left no room for doubt. Years rolled away—ten, fifteen, twenty years (the drysalter here took at least half an ounce more snuff than he could conveniently carry), and their deaths became with a certainty. The few small bills which Miss Beauvais had left behind her, had long been settled by my sister; but there was one somewhat large one which still continued undischarged—a milliner's. The governesses's pupils grew up and had governesses for their own children; the servants of the house had departed or died; there was no one about the place beside my sister and her husband who remembered poor Miss Beauvais, or knew whose these black boxes were, that were piled one upon the other, put away in the old lumber-closet up stairs.

"May I be allowed," observed the drysalter at this point, "to deviate from the society's rules so far as to read a portion of my sister's letter relating to this matter, and received but yesterday morning?"

Leave having been granted by universal acclamation, he read as follows :

"We drove to Lugborough last Monday to Miss Davies', the milliner, and while making my purchases, she observed to me ; 'By the by, madame, can there still be any hope of poor Miss Beauvais being alive, or must I consider those few pounds she owes to me to be a bad debt ?'

"I was distressed at having put off the matter so long, and paid her at once, observing that I would have the boxes opened which had been left with us these twenty years, to see whether their contents were worth any thing. On our way home, I communicated this intention to Frederic, who approved of it. There was no servant in the pony-carriage to overhear us ; and I am certain that neither of us mentioned the matter subsequently. We sat down to dinner within half an hour after we had got home. In the middle of it, and during a conversation about the new green-house, Lucy—the maid who came to me last autumn, if you remember—rushed into the dining-room quite white, and trembling excessively. She could not speak at first for terror ; but I sent Frederic and the man-servant out of the room, and contrived to comfort her.

" 'I have seen such a strange lady, ma'am,' she whispered ; 'she has no business here, I'm sure. I wonder I had strength to get away from the lumber-garret.'

" 'What is she like ?' asked I as quietly as I could.

" 'Like nobody I ever saw in my life, ma'am—with hard gray eyes like stones, and in the strangest dress ; very large and puffed out above the sleeves. She was sitting on the old black boxes that are piled up in the corner, with the foreign direction upon them.'

"I tried to quiet the girl, who began to sob afresh, and to convince her that it was all fancy ; and Frederic spoke to her also. She was not, however, to be shaken in the least, and I firmly believe that she had seen Miss Beauvais. Frederic has promised me upon his honor, that so long as I live those boxes shall never be opened."

"But I have not promised," added the dry-salter in conclusion ; "and I am going down to-morrow into Sussex to see what can be done."

For my part, I should like extremely to see what is in these boxes, but not unless the disclosure was made by daylight, and at somebody else's risk.

AUTOGRAPH MSS. OF POPE.—This week has recovered a large bundle of MSS. in Pope's own handwriting, preserved by the pious care of the two Richardsons, father and son. That Pope was a laborious corrector of his writings, that he arrived at excellence only by repeated alterations with the pen, we knew before from the MS. of the "Iliad," most fortunately preserved in the British Museum ; but to what extent he carried his alterations and corrections no one who has not seen the newly recovered MSS. to which we call attention could have the faintest conception of. What the MSS. are worth the reader will readily imagine when he learns that this precious bundle (casket shall we call it ?) contains the "Essay on Criticism," "Windsor Forest," "The Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man," the "Moral Epistles," the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," the "Epistle to Fortescue," and suppressed editions of the "Dunciad," with notes upon them that might supply matter to Notes and Queries for the next six months. Part of the "Epistle to Fortescue" is written

roughly on the reverse of pieces of paper transmitting nauseous "draughts" for Mr. Pope to take night and morning.—*Illustrated London News.*

TO STOP A RAILROAD TRAIN.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* proposes to "stop a train of railroad cars whatever may be its running speed," by having an oil vessel placed in front of the driving wheels, and immediately over the rails on each side of the track, with a communicating string leading to the engineer's stand ; almost immediately a constant stream of oil could be poured on the rails, and the forward motion of the train would entirely cease when, or soon after, the last car of the train reached the oiled portion of the rails. By having another fixture, not differing materially from the first, in the rear of the hindmost car, immediately overhanging the rails on either side of the track, a stream of sand could be poured on the rails, thus preventing another train from being stopped by the same cause.

From The New York Evening Post, Oct. 15.

DEATH OF WILLIAM JAY.

YESTERDAY afternoon William Jay died at his residence in Bedford, Winchester county, in this State, in the house which his father—eminent in our civil history—inhabited before him, standing amidst the shade of ancient patrimonial trees.

William Jay, second son of John Jay, was born at New York on the 16th June, 1789. At the age of eleven he was placed at Albany, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Ellison, an Oxford scholar, noted for his strict discipline and his devotion to the classics. Fenimore Cooper was here Jay's fellow-pupil, and the friendship then formed between them continued till death. Some references to their early experiences occur in Cooper's letters to Judge Jay, included in the "Recollections of England," &c. Jay was fitted for college at New Haven, by Mr. Henry Davis, afterwards President of Hamilton College, New York. He entered Yale in 1804, and took his degree in 1807, having ranked throughout the course among the severest students. Returning to Albany, he entered the office of John B. Hewry, Esq., an eminent member of the bar, and was subsequently admitted to the degree of Counselor. His health interfering with the practice of the profession, he rejoined his father's family, and assisted him in the management of his estate at Bedford, which William inherited on the death of his father, in 1829. In 1812, he married Augusta McVickar, a daughter of John McVickar, Esq., of New York, a lady in whose character were blended all the Christian virtues. She died in April, 1857, soon after the deaths of Mr. Jay's sisters, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Ann Jay.

Subsequently to his marriage, Mr. Jay was appointed First Judge of the county of Westchester, and he was continued upon the bench by successive Governors, of opposite politics, through the varied changes of party until 1843.

Excepting the judgeship, we believe Mr. Jay held no public office. Gen. Jackson, while President, appointed him to an important Indian Commissionership, but the office, which had been unsought, was declined.

Judge Jay's charges to Grand Juries commanded attention, from his clear, full exposition of the law, without the slightest concession to the popular current of the day, and with careful regard to constitutional rights, morality and justice.

Judge Jay was an early and efficient advocate of the American Bible Society, which he

assisted to organize, and of which he was, until recently, a Vice President. His efforts, in this behalf involved him in a warm pamphlet controversy with Bishop Hobart, which interrupted, but only temporarily, the harmony between their families. He was for many years an active promoter, by his example and his pen, of the agricultural efforts of Westchester county, and presided also for a long time over the County Bible Society.

Mr. Jay was also a warm advocate of temperance, Sunday schools and peace; to secure which he proposed, in an essay that was printed and reviewed both at home and abroad, mutual treaty stipulations to refer all differences to arbitration. He was long the President of the American Peace Society, for which he wrote several addresses, and which, at its last anniversary meeting, refused to accept his resignation.

Mr. Jay was, from an early age, a frequent delegate to the Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of New York, and was consistent in opposing all attempts to change the doctrines, constitution, or liturgy of the church. We believe that his last speech in that body, followed by an elaborate pamphlet in reply to Rev. Dr. Berrian, was on the duty of Trinity Church to distribute the large fund held by her in trust with fidelity and wisdom.

Judge Jay has written much, generally under his own name, but sometimes anonymously, on various subjects.

In 1826 he received a prize for an essay on the Sabbath as a Civil Institution, and in 1827 another for an essay on the Sabbath as a Divine Institution. In 1830 he was honored with a medal from the Savannah Anti-Duelling Society of Georgia for the best essay on Duelling. In 1833 he published two octavo volumes of the Life and Writings of John Jay, and since that date he has published various volumes on African Colonization, Peace, and Slavery, which have been widely circulated at home, and some of them have been reprinted in England.

Judge Jay has twice visited Europe in the pursuit of health. First in 1843, when he travelled also in Egypt, and again in 1856, when he paid a short visit to England. His correspondence for many years has been extensive, especially with the leaders of the anti-slavery movement in the United States.

Judge Jay was the last of the children of Chief Justice Jay—his brother, Peter Augustus, having died in 1844, and his two sisters in 1856.

He leaves behind him a son and three

daughters, his two eldest daughters having died before him.

His health had been failing for the last two years, and he had constantly anticipated his end with a serene and Christian faith.

In his private character Mr. Jay was an example worthy of all imitation—a model of personal excellence. In public life he was

one of the purest and most conscientious men of the country, abhorring the very shadow of indirection. He was an able judge, and as a controversialist he showed a skill which made it unpleasant to measure weapons with him. It may well make us sad to see such a man depart, when good men are so much wanted.

COMPLIMENT TO JAMES, THE NOVELIST.

THE "Editor's Table" of the *Southern Literary Messenger* for October contains the following account of a pleasant testimonial of good feeling extended to the British novelist and British consul, Mr. James, on his recent removal from his consulship in Norfolk (Va.) to Venice:

"The departure of Mr. G. P. R. James for his new abode in Venice was so sudden a thing that no opportunity was afforded his many friends in our city of meeting him, as they had wished, at the festive board. An invitation for a farewell dinner was, indeed, extended him, but his numerous and pressing engagements, preparatory to leaving, compelled him to decline it. A few gentlemen, uniting in a desire to present him with some testimonial of their regard, caused a handsome piece of silver to be prepared and handed to him, with these inscriptions—on one side 'Old Dominion Julep Bowl;' on the reverse,

'TO G. P. R. JAMES,

From a few of his friends in Virginia,
May their names,
Familiar to his ears as household words,
Be in this flowing cup freshly remembered.'

"At an informal social meeting on the occasion of the presentation, the following lines were read and they are here printed in accordance with the wishes of the parties:

"Good-by!—they say the time is up—
The 'solitary horseman' leaves us;
We'd like to take a 'stirrup cup,'
Though much indeed the parting grieves us;
We'd like to hear the glasses clink,
Around the board where none were tipsy;
And, with a hearty greeting, drink
This toast—The Author of the Gipsy!

"The maidens fair of many a clime
Have blubbersd o'er his tearful pages,
The Ariosto of his time,
Romancist of the Middle Ages;
In fiction's realm a shining star,
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors)
Who would not call our G. P. R.—
'H. B. M. C.'—a Man of Letters!

"But not with us his pen avails
To win our hearts—this English scion,

Though there are not so many tales

To every roaring British Lion—

For he has yet a prouder claim

To praise, than dukes and lords inherit,

Or wealth can give or lettered fame—

His honest heart and modest merit.

"An Englishman, whose sense of right
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,
He loves, and loves with all his might,
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Garter;
This last embraces much, 'tis best
To comprehend just what is stated—
For *Honi Soit*—you know the rest
And need not have the French translated.

"Oh, empty bauble of renown,
So quickly lost and won so dearly!
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,
We love him for his virtues merely;
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,
Then call him George Prince Regent James,
And let his country swell the chorus.

"His country! we would gladly pledge
Its living greatness and its glory—
In Peace admired, and 'on the edge
Of battle' terrible in story:
A little isle, its cliffs it rears
'Gainst winds and waves in wrath united,
And nobly for a thousand years
Has kept the fires of freedom lighted.

"A glowing spark in time there came,
Like sunrise, o'er the angry water,
And here is fed, an altar flame,
By Britain's democratic daughter—
From land to land a kindred fire
Beneath the billow now is burning,
O may it thrill the magic wire
With only love, and love returning!

"But since we cannot meet again
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,
Old friend! this measure take and drain
A brimming health to us in going:
And far beneath Italia's sky,
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,
Bring out the bowl when you are dry,
And pledge us by the Adriatic!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

"Richmond, Va., Sept., 1858."

VISIT TO HAWORTH.—THE BRONTE FAMILY.

THE "Scotsman" has the following interesting account of a visit to the home of the Bronte family:—

"To the 'reading public' Jane Eyre, Currier Bell, &c., have become as household words; and who does not know, from Mrs. Gaskell's painfully interesting biography of that quiet, quaint, obscure family of genius, who some years ago so suddenly shot up into the literary firmament, but whose light, so rare and brilliant, was so suddenly quenched in death? Sadder story there is not in English literature than that of the heroic, much suffering, gifted Yorkshire girl—Charlotte Bronte. To the secluded village of Haworth pilgrims now come from all parts of England, from the Continent, and even from beyond the Atlantic; sometimes an American, now a Frenchman or German, not unfrequently a Scotchman, as I learned at the parsonage. Yesterday it was the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Carlisle; to-day an unknown like myself.

"Keighley, the station for Haworth, is on the Leeds and Bradford line, about twelve or fourteen miles from the former of those places; Haworth being about three miles distant from Keighley, up-hill nearly all the way, reminding one a little at first of the round by Corstorphine Hill; but gradually, as you ascend, assuming a more hilly and wilder aspect—moorland extending on every side. Although the road is fringed more or less with houses nearly all the way, there is no stated conveyance, but the pedestrian will not regret this, as the walk will afford him opportunities of noticing the peculiarities of the people among whom Miss Bronte received her first impressions. Like the humbler English everywhere, they are scrupulously clean in all matters pertaining to their households, and certainly such washing of floors, scrubbing of doors and door-steps, and cleaning of windows, I never saw as on my way, that bright Saturday afternoon, from Keighley to Haworth. There can be no doubt that in England, among the class I am speaking of, there is a far higher appreciation of the sanitary virtues of copious applications of water than among a like class in Scotland. Stone being plentiful in the neighborhood, even mill-stalks are built, and country foot-paths laid with it, these last everlastingly resonant with the clamping of clogs, which nearly everybody wears. Most of the villagers I spoke to on the way seemed quite familiar with the facts relating to the Bronte family, and in a dim, half-enlightened way, with the mental gifts of Charlotte and the others, as if to adapt a line in 'In Memoriam,'

" 'They darkly thought her great and wise,'

"Near Haworth I got many little traits of the family, all indicating the kindly and respectful feelings with which its members are still regarded in the district. One young man belonging to Haworth, whom I overtook, a worker now at one of the Keighley factories, informed me that when a boy he frequently had occasion to be in the parsonage, and was often regaled with a tune on the piano, a pocketful of fruit, &c. Charlotte seemed to be generally considered the most affable, having a smile and a kind word for everybody; Emily and Anne were more reserved, and for that reason not quite so great favorites. Mr. Bronte was spoken of by every one in terms of the highest respect, even by those whom on many occasions he had opposed in ecclesiastical matters, dissent being strong in the vicinity. I had neither the intention nor expectation of seeing him; but the sexton, who acts as guide to the church, &c., having told me that Mr. Bronte, when well, was always glad to see strangers, I was vain enough to send up my card, and had the pleasure of a little conversation with the venerable patriarch, now more than eighty years of age, and the sole survivor of his family. He was very kind, and spoke of Scotland, and Burns more particularly, cordially and with discrimination.

"Although frail, he enjoys tolerable health, and in general preaches once every Sunday; Mr. Nicholls, Charlotte's husband (who is still curate, and whom I saw about the village), doing the principal part of the business. The parsonage is a plain, two-storied building, with a large grass-plot and a few trees in front, divided on two sides from the crowded church-yard by a stone wall. It was with strangely mingled feelings that I stood within those familiar (mentally at least) walls, where Charlotte, the 'oddly-dressed, clever little girl,' had, in doubt and secrecy, written 'Jane Eyre'—where Emily, 'mine bonnie love,' as her sister delighted to call her, had sat on the parlor rug reading, with her arm round the rough neck of her favorite 'Tartar,' and from which all three sisters had so often sallied forth for a lonely walk to the far-stretching purple moors above and beyond the parsonage.

"I had not time to walk to the waterfall far up among the moors, the terminus of many of these walks, but had an hour's delightful breezy ramble for a mile or two above the village, where, until Mr. Grimstead (one of Mr. Bronte's predecessors) put them down, horse races were run, and where youths still assemble for cricket playing. Several stone quarries are scattered here and there, but so unprofitable are they (from, I presume, the

want of any means of conveyance from the district), that a company who had taken them discontinued working them two years before the expiry of their lease. A line of rails to Keighley, however, is talked of, which will materially increase the value of the quarries.

"Very strong feelings prevail in the place regarding the picture Mrs. Gaskell has drawn of the manners of the district. That in some parts of her book, especially those which profess to describe the present state of things, it is highly colored there can be no doubt; and the good people of Haworth aver that, even at the time to which the greater part of her description applies, there were far more of the amenities of life among them than she has given them credit for. 'We were bad enough thirty years ago,' said one old man to

me, 'but never so bad as she says we were.' Possibly her not very flattering sketch may have induced them to mend their ways, or perhaps it may be a new feeling of respect (which of course could not exist before) for those strangers who come to lay a garland on the tomb of her of whom they are all so proud; but, so far as my own experience goes, I met with as much of polite and obliging attention as I have ever received in any part of England. I would scarcely like, however, to vouch for the result should Mrs. Gaskell think of revisiting Haworth. I rather think she would find most abundant and cogent reasons for supposing that she had put the matter even less strongly than circumstances warranted."

MACHINE FOR RINGING CHURCH BELLS.—A contrivance has been patented by Mr. Wright Jones, of Pendleton, engineer, for ringing bells. Mr. Jones has fitted up one of his machines in the tower of St. Thomas's Church, Pendleton. The peal of eight bells is said to be easily rung by a boy. The apparatus, which occupies scarcely a square yard of space, is worked by the simple turning of a handle, which gives motion to levers and tappets. The hammer is fixed near the outer rim of each bell, working on a spindle at the top, over which projects a short lever. To this a wire is attached, which descends over a pulley (or a crank) to the machine. The wires from all the bells in this way converge upon the instrument, and each wire can be regulated in length by a screw, and made to strike the bell with more or less force, as may be found desirable. Uniform turning of the handle is said to be all the skill required by the operator. The swinging of bells may thus be obviated.—*The Builder*.

THE SERMON MR. PUNCH READ IN THE STONES OF CHERBOURG.

TUNE—"The Right Little, Tight Little Island."

You have heard how the Queen to Cherbourg has been,

And the "Marvels of Egypt" inspected:
How the Paris Press states, all who went to the Fêtes,

Have with peace and good-will been infected:
How the bells have been clanging, the guns have been banging,

(Of course in the friendliest manner);
And the English on shore have cried "Weeve l'Omperoar!"

While the Frenchmen have sung *Rule Britannia*.

Punch was charmed, he must own, such good feeling was shown,

And he trusts he may ne'er see it ended;
For of course it would be most distressing to see

All our friendly relations suspended!
But, while Peace be our prayer, we for War should prepare,

Ancient wisdom in prudence pursuing;
With our neighbors if we have a mind to agree,
We'd best do as our neighbors are doing.

There are Sermons in Stones: and at Cherbourg
Punch owns

He indulged in some moralizations;
And the sermon he'd preach, is that Cherbourg should teach

Us to keep up our fortifications.

Punch says this in spite of Gibson or Bright,

But he hasn't a thought of alarming;

Punch would merely suggest, if at peace we would rest,

We should arm when we see our friends arming.

If John Bull intends with the Frogs to keep friends,

And take Johnny Crapaud for his brother,
In fraternity we like twin brethern must be,

And neither be stronger than t'other.

Now, 'tis easily seen that the French coast has been

Much strengthened since Cherbourg has risen:
So friend Johnny Crapaud 'tis our duty to show

That our coast is strong quite as *his'n*.

Of course we all prize our gallant Allies,
As we've proved by our fraternizations;

Yet perhaps it is meet to keep up a good fleet,

Just to keep up our friendly relations.

Just for peace sake you see, 'tis as well we should be

Their equals at sea or on dry land;

So don't let us neglect the best means to protect
Our own Right little, Tight little Island!

From The Spectator.

AYTOUN'S SCOTTISH BALLADS.*

To the task of supplying a *lacuna* in literature, by the collection of a number of really ancient Scottish ballads, unmingled with productions of a comparatively recent date, Professor Aytoun has brought one grand qualification, a thorough love of the subject on which his labors are employed. And this love is not "a fine madness," a mere affair of the heart, which reason refuses to sanction, but a well-considered affection, so that the connection between the editor and the edited poems combines all the ardor of a runaway match, with the deliberate prudence of a French "*mariage de convenance*." On the one hand, as he says in his "introduction," he has been familiar from his earliest years with the traditionary poetry of his country, and consequently verses and snatches of those "simple but impassioned strains" occur to him more readily for illustration than lines of Horace, or even the epigrammatic couplets of the poets of the age of Queen Anne. On the other hand, the old ballads are the best illustrations of the theory of poetry, which, a few years ago, was eloquently laid down by the Professor in the course of lectures delivered at Willis's Rooms. According to that theory, if our memory be not treacherous, the true essence of poetry was revealed, when it was addressed not to readers but to listeners, when the metrical form and the ornaments proper to poetic diction were used not for the purpose of mere elegant recreation, but with the serious intention to imprint facts on the memory. The practical consequence of such a theory is, that poetry degenerates when it loses sight of its first origin, and, through the medium of the printed page, addresses not throngs but cliques, the character of the minstrel being altogether obliterated by that of the publishing poet. Paradoxical indeed seems the assertion, that the employment of movable types, so omnipotent in the diffusion of knowledge, should ultimately operate as a check to the communication of poetical sentiment. But, nevertheless, the fact cannot be denied, that while Homer, the chieftain acknowledged by all the modern critics of the ballad faction, composed lays intelligible to every ancient Greek, a comparatively small number of Englishmen can appreciate Brown-

ing, Bailey, and even Tennyson, save when the last-named poet exceptionally addresses himself to popular sympathies. Indeed, we need not go to a professedly mystical school of poets to find an apt illustration of our meaning. No poem in the English language is more thoroughly intelligible than Pope's "Rape of the Lock," yet it is undeniably certain that that exquisite creation of fancy will fail to interest many among the masses, whose hearts can still beat high at a recital or a perusal of "Chevy Chase." The poetry composed to be recited still asserts a claim to popularity, which poetry composed to be read rarely attains. The period of composition is of little consequence, and for this reason, that the poetry intended for recitation was usually addressed to those eternal human sympathies that outlive every influence of time and of custom; while the verses addressed to the student of the closet or the drawing-room generally presuppose the existence of those phases of civilization that endure but for a passing day. Sir Walter Scott is Professor Aytoun's favorite poet, precisely because he does not forget the ancient minstrel character.

Traditional poetry, as represented by ballads, must not then be confounded with old poetry written by the learned clerks of Helicon, and the advantage possessed by the former over the latter in point of popularity is ingeniously hinted at by Professor Aytoun in his "introduction." Here we have a new paradox. Instead of causing poetry so to descend the stream of time as to be diffused among the masses, the arts of writing and printing actually impede it in its downward progress. The ballad passing through successive generations of minstrels is by them modified into accommodation with every variation of language that takes place in the country of its birth; whereas the written poem is from the first irrevocably wedded to the peculiar language of its writer. The *Æneid* of Gawin Douglass, written in no pedantically devised tongue but in the vernacular Scotch of the period, and therefore the very antipode to the imitations of Chaucer, written by the more degenerate Caledonians, would now be scarcely better understood by the ordinary Scot than by the unsympathetic Southron; but the ballads in Professor Aytoun's collection may be read with ease by everybody north of the Tweed, and by every

* *The Ballads of Scotland.* Edited by W. E. Aytoun. Published by Blackwood and Sons.

other inhabitant of the island who is in a position to appreciate Burns.

To those who, even without archæological predilections, can be moved by primitive effusions, with respect to which much must be conceded in the way of faulty rhyme and defective metre—in a word, to all unsophistical readers, the volumes of narrative poetry, which Professor Aytoun now presents to the world, will afford unmingled gratification. The deeds of heroism and varieties of sorrow, which form the subject of the ballad, are of a kind with which the large human family must always sympathize, while triumphant valor can inspire a shout, or the snapping of the tenderest ties can elicit a tear; and the appeal is usually made by an artless exhibition of the points of exultation and pathos, unencumbered by imagery. We may select, for instance, the ballad "Annie of Lockroyan," as an instance of pathetic force that is almost marvellous. The unfortunate Annie has journeyed by sea to the residence of her husband (or seducer) with her child in her arms, but is repelled by his mother, and reembarks, in great agony of mind; Gregory, as he is called, is asleep during this harsh proceeding, and when he wakes the tale proceeds thus—

"Oh, quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand!
And then he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.
"And its 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie
O Annie winna ye bide?'
But aye the mair that he cried 'Annie,'
The faster ran the tide.
"And its 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!
O Annie, speak to me!'
But aye, the louder that he cried, 'Annie,'
The higher raise the sea.
"The wind grew loud and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating through the faem.
"He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd above the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran
And plunged in the sea sae wide.
"He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Afore he reached the land.
"Oh, first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And sair he kiss'd her bonnie lips,
But there was nae breath within.
"And he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down,

Syne with a sigh his heart it burst,
And his soul to heaven has gone."

By way of contrast, we extract from the fine border-ballad of "Kinmont Willie," the honest outburst of indignation, to which Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, Warder of Western marshes in 1596, gave vent, when he heard that the aforesaid Willie had been captured by the English, in violation of Border law.

"He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gae'd the red wine spring on hie—
'Now a curse upon my head,' he cried,
'But avenged on Lord Scroop I'll be.
" 'Oh is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?
" 'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of border-tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?
" 'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?
" 'Oh were there war between the lands,
As weel I wot that there is nane;
I wad slight Carlisle castle high,
Tho' it were built o' the marble stane.
" 'I wad set that Castle in a low.
And slocken it wi' English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood.'"

Many of the ballads were composed before the time of the Reformation, and some readers may find pleasure in tracing out the resemblance of the subjects to the legends of other countries, more *in extenso* than has been done by Professor Aytoun. The vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, seen by Thomas of Ercildoune, almost entitles him to a place among that set of dreamers, who are commonly mentioned in connection with Dante. The visit of the murdered "Clerk Saunders" to his mistress, who follows him to his grave, suggests a comparison of the ballad, which bears his name, with the "Lenore" of Bürger, though the German places his incident in the time of Frederick the Great. The abduction of Tamlane by the "Queen of Fairus" is unquestionably akin to the current legends of the Venusberg.

Indeed, with whatever motive taken up, it is hard to say, whom these delightful volumes will not please.

From Punch.
REFORM IN THE HAREM.

The Seraglio, Constantinople. A splendid apartment, with sofas, divans, couches, carpets, narghilees, love birds, gold fishes, hookahs, kabobs, bul-buls, caftans, kismets, hasheeh, yashmaks, bostandjis, and other Oriental luxuries. ZULEIKA, FATIMA, HAIDEE, DUDU, GULBEYZE, KATINKA, MEDORA, GULNARE, JUANNA, NOUR-MAHAL, ZELICA, LALLA, LOLAH, LEILA, and other wives of the SULTAN (K.G.), amusing themselves, smoking, singing, dancing, lounging, eating bonbons, stringing pearls, &c. &c.

DUDU (*sings*).

Sweetly the silver moon
Shines upon Scutari,
But, compared to thy smile, love,
Looks heavy and pewtery;
Brightly the laughing stars
Gleam o'er the Bosphorus
Yet, compared to thine eyes, love,
Are duller than phosphorus.
Down from my turret high,
Each pensive day I come,
Hoping to hear thee cry,
"Salaam alaikum."

Zelica. I wish to Allah that fat Dudu would try to learn some other tune.

Fatima. What for? She would be sure to sing it worse than this one.

Katinka. Wallah Billah! That would be a miracle. Hussan, (*to a little black boy*) baby of Shitan, get me another glass of *parfait amour*.

Hassan. Iss, missa Tinker.

Katinka (*drinks*). That's the stuff for my piastres.

Three or four Ladies. *Afiyet olsun*—may it do you good!

Katinka. You superstitious little animals, what's the good of saying that?

Leila. Does not the Prophet—

Katinka. Bother the Prophet!

[General shriek of dismay.]

Enter the Ethiopian, BABA, grinning.

Baba. Ladies, ladies. Will you please to veil?

Several Ladies. See you in a sack first.

Baba. But, ladies!

Rebellious Chorus. Baba, Baba, sat on a minaret,

Baba, Baba, such a great dinner ate,

Baba, sat on a mosque.

Baba—

Baba (*loudly*). A MAN! [Instant silence.]

Baba. Ha! ha! Woglah Bollah! but I have tamed the infernal screeching paroquets. Ladies, I have the honor to inform you that your Serene Husband, the Father of all the Sovereigns, Vicar of Heaven, Pontiff of Mussulmans—

Katinka. We know all that. Cut on, old ivory.

Baba (*savagely*). I shall have the sewing you up in a sack one of these days, and see if I don't put in good holding stitches.

Leila. Spiteful old swine, he was sewed up himself last night.

All sing. "Baba, Baba, sat on a mosquey,
Baba, Baba, got very bosky,
Baba—

Baba. Now, ladies, darlings, dears, gazelles of Paradise, pearls of Oman's blue water, (*aside*) cats of Jehanum, will you listen? Your Husband says there is a great deal too much extravagance, and he has sent his trusty Minister, Riza Pacha, to talk to you about it. By the beard of the Prophet, here he is.

Enter RIZA PACHA.

Some of the ladies veil for a moment, but speedily disembarass themselves of the encumbrance.

Leila. Veil for him! My dears, I knew him in Georgia. Isn't he an old guy?

Riza (*politely*). Ladies, *kiefinig eimi*, are you in good spirits?

Katinka. Try, Pacha. Hassan, the *parfait amour* to his Highness.

Riza. May Allah reward you, but I never drink in the morning, (*aside*) at least, not that cat-lap. (*Aloud*) Ladies, I am honored in being charged with the words of my master, the Padishah, the enslaver of eyes and broiler of hearts. You girls spend a Shitan of a sight too much money. [Outrageous sensation.]

Riza (*calmly*). Houris of heaven, diamonds of Eden, it's no use making that row. We know all about it. The money you spend is awful, and that is not all. You get the Sultan into the most dreadful debt, and we don't know which way to turn ourselves to get the cash.

Dudu. Is not the Padishah the lord of rivers of silver and the keeper of sealed fountains of ever-springing gold?

Riza. No such luck, my child. There are too many thieves at his pockets for that, and he is obliged to send to the infidels in England to lend him a few millions.

Haidee. Why does he not send a few ships to England, and take the money, instead of asking it.

Riza. Haidee, my dear, you were a pirate's daughter, and the errors of your education stick to you. There are reasons against that course, though it would not be a bad one. But now, Peris of loveliness, you must positively pull up.

Lalla. I'm sure we spend nothing, scarcely.

Riza (*looks at a paper*). Lalla, angel of the ninety-fourth heaven, how long have you had an uncle in Galata over there, and how long has that kind relative taken charge of your emerald bracelet?

Lalla (*confused*). I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

Riza. Here are the emeralds, my dear. (*Tosses them to her.*) They are better on your pretty white arm than in his ugly brown girdle, and besides, he won't wear his girdle any more.

Lalla. Oh, why?

Riza (*carelessly*). Why—we had some accounts to settle together last night, and as the pig-headed old fool would not hear reason, he was paid into the Bosphorus by two instalments—the thing's not worth another word, but don't pawn your jewels again, child—or we may send you on a message to your late uncle.

All. Mashallah! May the omen be averted!

Riza (piously). La Allah—illah—Allah—Mohammed resoul Allah! Light my pipe again, Hassan, you inattentive little black beast of the bottomless chasms.

Nourmahal. But, Pacha dear, what are we to do. We must dress like ladies, I suppose. The Sultan has some proper pride in his wives and families, I should hope, and he can't be so inconsistent as to expect us to make a reputable appearance without its costing him any thing.

[*Applause from all the ladies.*]

Riza. That girl has never been herself since she talked to those English matrons, who came prowling and peeping here. If I were Hakeem to the harem, I should recommend a month of low diet, and a touch of the bastinado.

Nourmahal. You cross-grained old pig of perdition—but you don't mean it. May the shadow of your nose never be less.

Leila (aside). It won't, if he sticks to the fire-water.

Riza. Now then, for I have business elsewhere—

Gulnare. Wants to go and have his siesta, of course.

Riza. Silence, I say. In the name of your Husband, girls, listen. No debt is to be henceforth incurred by any lady in this establishment, unless she wishes the debt and herself to be liquidated together. [Points to the sea.]

All. Horrid old monster!

Riza. Each lady will be allowanced, and will receive two thousand piastres a week, and not one para more.

Haidee. Two thousand piastres. Is that all?

Nourmahal. Why, the very Englishwomen told me they had *that*, twenty Kings a week. Are we to be treated no better than savages and infidels?

Zuleika. I shall go home to my pa and ma in Georgia.

Fatima. I shall go on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Medora. I shall retire into a convent in Syria.

Katinka. I have my doubts whether the Prophet went to heaven on his ass at all. I shall talk to a Christian missionary.

All. Two thousand piastres! Shame, shame! [General scream and rush. ZULEIKA flings bonbons at the PACHA, FATIMA shies kabobs at him, HAIDEE empties a bottle of Eau de Cologne down his back, GULBEYEZ snatches off his red cap, DUDU puts his pipe out, GULNARE breaks his spectacles, KATINKA drags the cushion from under him, MEDORA tears up his paper of accounts, and the other ladies fly upon the unfortunate financier with a view to abolishing him, when—

Enter the SULTAN.

[Instant restoration of order and smiles.]

SELKIRK IN TOWN.

(A Song of September, by a middle-aged Guardsman, picked up in Rotten Row.)

I AM monarch of all I survey,

My reign there is none to divide;

Where the Serpentine's limed waters play,

I am lord of the Ring and the Ride.

Belgravia! where is the charm

The season disclosed in thy face?

Of detection one lives in alarm,

In September Town's not the right place.

I am out of Society's reach;

On Pall-Mall's shady side I'm alone!

To the stubbles, the moors, or the beach,

All the people that know one are flown.

The snobs that in London remain

My face with indifference see,

For one of themselves I am ta'en;

Their coolness is shocking to me!

In the country they're all on the move,

Double guns popping brisk o'er the plain;

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,

How soon I'd be blazing amain!

Thirst for sport here there's naught to assuage,

But Cremorne's block-tin lions uncouth,

Game less suiting mature middle age,

Than the frivolous folly of youth.

Every day in the week's blank and cold,

But I solemnly pledge you my word,

Sunday's something that's not to be told,

For one out of the common-place herd.

From the hum of the church-going belles,

St. Barnabas' portals are clear;

And to Liddell's Confessional cells

Draws no fair and frail penitent near.

Harsh Col'nel, who made me your sport,

Refusing me leave,—on the score

I'd had too much already; in short,

That the Horse Guards would stand it no more—

When you're up at the moors, will you send

A box or a haunch unto me?

Let me feel that I still have a friend,

Though from town I'm forbidden to flee

How fleet is the glance of the mind

Compared with the speed of its flight!

The Express-train itself lags behind,

And the Telegraph needle's less light.

Purple moors—turnip patch—stubble-land;

In a trice I can fancy I'm there—

But I wake to the organ at hand,

Grinding out its perpetual blare.

But the day-cabmen stableward wend,

From their beats the policemen repair—

E'en September days come to an end,

So now for the Club bill-of-fare,

They've the painters in every place,

But a cutlet, at least, can be got:

On my hardship's I'll put the best face,

And, Plebeian-like, bear with my lot.

—Punch.

INSTINCT.

THOU art not of my kind, nor knowest
 What manner of a soul I bear,
 Save by that instinct which thou showest—
 God's gift to thee, a jewel rare;
 A charm by which to understand
 The pitying touch of this weak hand.

Like some lost human sense, to thee
 It teaches what man cannot teach,
 Our common nature's mystery
 That lies beyond his reason's reach:
 Thy quick bright eyes—so meek, so true—
 Can pierce my being through and through.

I do but look on thee, and lo!
 Thou'rt all one quiver of delight:
 Thou seem'st, thus dancing to and fro,
 Some beam of heaven's reflected light,
 A flash of joy—a sportive ray,
 To haunt and guide my darkened way.

What is thy need, O gentle friend!
 That thou must watch me where I sit
 Chasing vain shadows without end—
 Nursing sick sorrow's fever fit?
 Why winnest thou beside my door?
 I did but cry: "My heart is sore."

Thou canst not heal it: go thy way.
 Thou wilt not?—Nay, then rest thee here:
 There's something in thy looks doth say
 "To me thy chamber is not drear."
 Methinks thou'rt sent—at last, though late,
 To teach me how to "stand and wait."

I never owned thee; nay, nor fed,
 Nor taught thee tricks as idlers do;
 Yet constant to my side thou'rt led,
 Drawn by a chain that draweth few.
 Writhe as I may, in thee I find
 A patience passing human kind.

What if I smote thee?—Never wince!
 I would not do myself that shame.
 My soul is struck, poor friend; yet since
 Revenge thou knowest not even by name,
 I will go pray while strength is mine
 For such a nature as is thine.

Say, did I smite, wouldst thou leap up
 And touch my cheek with silent tongue?
 Ay, thou wouldst drain the bitter cup,
 Nor inly cry: "My heart is stung,"
 But melt my wrath with blithesome cheer,
 Turning my passion to a tear.

I could not so: the more my need.
 Heaven framed me with too keen a sense
 Of wounds that rankle while they bleed,
 And mine own helpless impotence
 In this blank world that round me rolls,
 Strewn with the wrecks of human souls.

Come! lay thy head upon my knee,
 O gentle Teacher, wise as strong!

I'll bow me down, and learn of thee
 To win by love that suffers long;
 And find all rest beneath the sun
 In the calm sense of duty done.
 —*Chambers's Journal.*

E. L. H.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

'Tis early dawn; the twittering swallow sings
 Upon the chimney to his brooding hen;
 The twilight brightens and the sun-god's wings
 Are flashing red the eastern hills agen.

The town is sleeping; its ten thousand lives
 Are silent as the night this summer morn;
 Hushed is the battle, where like foeman strives,
 For wealth or bread, the hopeful or-forlorn.

The sick-room lamps are fading one by one,
 Where fever kept its vigil all the night;
 Oh joy! to know the anguished hours are gone,
 That rest returns with the returning light.

Forth from the pent-up room, where breath of
 air

Stirs not, we pass into the silent street,
 While the sun's coursers ride on cloudland fair,
 Roll up the fog, and drive it at their feet.

The town is sleeping; up the long High Street
 No footfall sounds, and the fresh morning breeze
 Is smokeless; myriad odors sweet
 Come from the meadows, float from out the
 trees.

And hush! the lark is circling o'er the town,
 His gay notes swell in gusts of melody,
 A dancing chain, from 'mid-air all adown,
 Linking our sense to music of the sky.

Where plum and apple mix the grange within,
 Come chirping voices, and the goldfinch's song;
 The thrush and black-bird join the joyful din,
 And echo all the silent streets along.

Oh, truly nature hath a pleasant voice,
 If we but strive to catch her hidden sense;
 Though dumb to men, who pall on simple joys,
 Who will not listen to her sweet defence.

The clock strikes five—tolls out the loud curfew,
 And jackdaws caw response around the spire;
 The sunbeams sparkle on the morning-dew,
 And the east glows a sea of silver fire.

Into the house again imperious calls
 Our daily task; within the narrow room,
 To dream of meadows, murmuring water-falls,
 And hum of insects where the lime-trees bloom

Our six days' task will end to-night, the dawn
 Will be the Sabbath's—with what grateful joy
 We'll join the choir in heralding its dawn,
 Safe from the hum of trade and its annoy.
 —*Chambers's Journal.*

X.

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TWO WORLDS.

God's world is bathed in beauty
 God's world is steep'd in light;
 It is the self-same glory
 That makes the day so bright,
 Which thrills the earth with music,
 Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
 Floating on clouds above,—
 Ringing in Autumn's tempest,
 Murmur'd by every dove;
 One thought fills God's creation—
 His own great name of love!

In God's world strength is lovely,
 And so is beauty strong,
 And light—God's glorious shadow—
 To both great gifts belong;
 And they all melt into sweetness,
 And fill the earth with song.

Above God's world bends Heaven,
 With day's kiss pure and bright,
 Or folds her more fondly
 In the tender shade of night;
 And she casts back Heaven's sweetness
 In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo,
 Whether calm blue mists are curl'd;
 Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
 Or red storms are unfurl'd;
 The same deep love is throbbing
 Through the great heart of God's world.

Man's world is black and blighted,
 Steep'd through with self and sin;
 And should his feeble purpose
 Some feeble good begin,
 The work is marr'd and tainted
 By Leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;
 Wherever he has trod
 He spoils the tender beauty
 That blossoms on the sod,
 And blasts the loving Heaven
 Of the great good world of God.

There strength on coward weakness
 In cruel might will roll;
 Beauty and joy are cankers
 That eat away the soul;
 And love—O God, avenge it—
 The plague-spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror,
 He found it pure and fair,
 And wove in nets of sorrow
 The golden summer air.
 Black, hideous, cold, and dreary,
 Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking:
 Man will not hear it call;
 But listens where the echoes
 Of his own discords fall,
 Then clamors back to Heaven
 That God has done it all.

—Household Words.

ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things
 That memory to the dying brings,
 And kiss'd me all the while;
 Then, after some sweet parting words,
 She seem'd among her flowers and birds,
 Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
 The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
 And strew the gravel sweep.
 I wander down the garden-walk,
 And muse on all the happy talk
 We had beneath the limes;
 And, resting on the garden-seat,
 Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
 I think of other times;

Of golden eves, when she and I
 Sat watching here the flushing sky,
 The sunset and the sea,
 Or heard the children in the lanes,
 Following home the harvest wains,
 And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
 And ships grow dusky in the bay,
 These recollections cease;
 And in the stillness of the night,
 Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
 Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
 And hear the breakers on the bar,
 The voices on the shore;
 And then, with tears, I long to be
 Across a dim, unsounded sea,
 With her for evermore.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

NOTHING but leaves; the Spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life;
 Sin committed while conscience slept,
 Promises made but never kept,
 Hatred, battle, and strife;
 Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
 Of life's fair, ripened grain;
 Words, idle words for earnest deeds;
 We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
 We reap with toil and pain
 Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
 No veil to screen the past;
 As we retrace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 We find sadly at last
 Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
 We stand before him humbled, mute;
 Waiting the word he breathes—
 "Nothing but leaves"

—Christian Inquirer.

From The National Review.
WOMAN.

Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.

The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge. By Henry Thomas Buckle. "Fraser's Magazine," April 1858. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

The Englishwoman's Journal. London, 1858.

Remarks on the Education of Girls. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Third edition. London: John Chapman, 1856.

Woman and her Wishes: an Essay inscribed to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. London: John Chapman, 1854.

The Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise. By Justitia. London: John Chapman, 1855.

THE influence of women on modern European society, Mr. Buckle tells us, has, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. We presume the influence of men has also, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. Yet it would seem odd to urge this. What is the origin of this curious habit, by which we so often speak and think of women as something outside of general humanity, or at least a lesser distinguishable part, whose relation to the whole may be made the subject of estimate? Are they not in reality human society as much as men are? If one looks at the subject with a fresh sudden glance, it seems as strange to speak of women exercising a beneficial influence on society as of the branches and leaves exercising a beneficial influence on the tree. Yet a mode of speech so universal, and of antiquity so undated, must have some true basis. "Man" cannot mean both men and women for nothing; and mean it in all times and all languages. Does this expression imply that the nature of the man comprehends, includes within it, that of the woman? Not this probably; but it does imply that society ever since the world began has received its characteristic nature and distinctive impress, not from the women, but from the men who helped to compose it. It does imply, and the world's history confirms it, that the collective body of men are in their nature more strong, more vigorous, more comprehensive, more complete in themselves, than the collective body of women. It is of no use screaming about it; the irrefragable fact remains. It is idle to say it is all owing to the defective education you

give us. Why not have secured a higher education? It is no answer to cry, it all depends on your advantage in mere physical strength; for to say so admits the fact, and gives an inadequate reason for it. Why tell us of Semiramis and Maria Theresa, of Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther and Captain Betsey who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus? These great names, which shoot so high, serve but to measure the average growth. Against the great fact of subordination of place in the world's history, however, is to be placed another fact not less marked and important, that the upward progress of the race has always been accompanied by a commensurate increase in the influence of women. The fact to which Mr. Buckle calls attention, that in the palmiest days of Athens the influence of women was at a minimum, is strictly in accordance with the purely intellectual, and therefore narrow, though brilliant civilization to which alone the Greek mind attained. It serves to show how large a part of intellectual cultivation may be independent of the woman, and how incomplete in such independence are its loftiest achievements. Mr. Buckle, with his narrow theory of civilization, rests the matter too purely on considerations of intellectual conformation; yet it can scarcely be denied that the influence of woman is less at the present day than it was before the advent of what may be called the scientific age, that our material civilization is the result of effort and mental activity of a more specially masculine kind. Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later

and proportionably fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry,—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

It has been pointed out by the author of *The Industrial Condition of Women*, that this gap prevails more in the middle, especially the manufacturing and commercial classes, than in the higher or lower ones; and this is consistent with the hypothesis of its being connected with the rapid development of what may be called our material industry.

The defects of our present social condition with respect to the education and position of women, are real and important; the suggestion of remedies most difficult. The question is so complex, casts its fine and intertangled roots so deep into the groundwork of all our political, social, and domestic *status*; the elements it deals with are so fundamental, and the region is one in which it is so impossible to prophesy the results or limit the consequences of the changes,—that to approach it at all is disheartening to any mind capable of perceiving the mere outline of its bearings; and thoroughly to investigate it would require a comprehensiveness of grasp, a delicacy, and a patience in the intellect attempting it, which is rarely granted to the children of men. The collision of many minds, and still more the experience wrung from many misdirected efforts, will doubtless eventually educe a more or less complete and successful solution of the problem. Meanwhile it is not surprising that most minds shrink from it; and that men especially, not perceiving how deeply their own interests are engaged, and urged by no immediate practical stimulant, for the most part push the whole question impatiently aside, and, with a dim impression that their domestic comforts are endangered, hold by the old maxim *quæta non moveo*.

“For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind’s concern.”

They tremble at the bare suggestion, that the

delicacy, purity, and self-forgetfulness which shine about them, and restore and console them in their coarse and sharp conflicts with the world and circumstance, are about to be lost to them. When they are told that women are like men, they know too surely that it is otherwise, and feel deeply that nothing more fatal could happen than that they should become so. The wiser women, too, see the extent and difficulty of the subject, and prefer to occupy themselves with practical effort directed to the outlying portions of it which lie within their reach. Thus the matter, as is usual with a new and complex subject of reform, falls into the hands of the more shallow and *doctrinaire* minds of either sex; wild projects and untenable theories are vented, and met on the other side by undiscriminating sarcasm and ridicule.

It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world’s affairs from the basis of the false idea of woman’s equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inexpugnable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, levelling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world’s progress who make roads bit by bit, as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty that they will be used, and profitably used. The rights-of-woman question is in much the same position now that the rights-of-man question was in the days of Tom Paine. Society reconstructed on the basis of the rights of women as urged in their full extent, would be in a yet worse position than if we framed new schemes of government on the theory of the natural equality of men.

It is a pleasant exercise of the imagination to rearrange the world on an hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of train-

ing and mode of life were entirely altered. The effect of this some bold assertors maintain would be so complete, that (except during her confinements,—if she should foolishly expose herself to such an impediment to her usefulness) she would be in every respect identical with man. Others hold that she would be distinguished from him by retaining all her own superiority, while she absorbed all his special attributes. She would be more chaste, more refined, more virtuous, more religious; not less bold, persevering, thoughtful, and comprehensive. These are engaging speculations, and we will not be rash enough to discuss what the future may have in store:

“Heaven from all creatures hides the book of

Fate,

All but the page prescribed—their present state.”

All we wish to call attention to is the fact, that the main object for our attention is women as they are, not women as they are not.

That hitherto women have ever been different from men, has not been very seriously disputed; and the vast number of instances in which their several characters approach, intermingle, and even interchange, has not been held either by profound thinkers or agricultural laborers to efface, or even to obscure, the permanent distinctions of sex:

“If black and white blend, soften and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black and white?”

Probably the agricultural laborer has the best of it in the clearness of his conviction as to the reality of the distinction: the thinker, in trying to eliminate what is common, and appreciate the exact nature of the differences, gets hopelessly bewildered among the grays, and loses all clear perception of the two original colors. Meanwhile the laborer knows from daily experience that he is not the same sort of creature as his wife.

Are the minds of women, however, different from those of men? The indignation with which this is so often denied seems to indicate a deeply fixed impression that the male type of mind, or what passes for such, is the higher in order and the most to be desired. We are not quite sure that this is so; and, on the other hand, we are pretty confident that there are real and deep-seated distinctions between the two classes of minds. Mr. Buckle says women have more deductive intellects than men. Whether they more often reason

deductively than inductively depends a good deal on the vexed question whether it is by induction they get their general ideas. But few will be disposed to deny that they resort to general ideas more readily and generally than men do, and lean upon them with greater confidence.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy: a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features. And the “fine and nimble minds,” as Mr. Buckle eloquently calls them, of the other sex, not only note rapidly, but with not less swiftness of movement they work out results. Mr. Buckle is no doubt right in the kind of influence he ascribes to the intellect of women, and has done them no more than justice in the wide scope he has given to its range, and the high place he has assigned to its importance. It may be questioned, however, whether he is very correct in saying that the value of the female intellect to the advancement of knowledge springs from its deductive character. It is not as deductive reasoners that women have advanced the conquests of thought. They have never signalized themselves by a methodic and skilfully executed inroad on the surrounding realms of ignorance such as those of Newton or Liebig. Of the three constituent processes which Mr. Mill describes as making up the deductive method, it is in its contributions to the first (if that be a process) that the female mind is best calculated to be of service. It is valuable not so much in conducting deductive operations as in furnishing and suggesting the materials for deductive thought. It is an inexhaustible fountain of those general ideas (whether derived from induction or not) on which deductive reasoning is based; but it rarely employs itself in an exhaustive inquiry as to the operation or consequences of that general idea. Its habit is to use it for the elucidation of some particular

simple case within it, and then to cast it aside. A woman's mind is probably not less occupied in induction than in deduction. It is constantly ascending with rapidity from few facts to a general idea, and coming down on a particular. A man's mind ascends slowly through many particulars; but having gained the broader platform, he endeavors to master all that can be seen from it. The question of the extent of women's inductive exercise of mind depends upon the vexed question how far the ideas they strike out with so much fecundity are the result of unconscious induction or simple insight: but either they have a marvelous lightning-like faculty of induction, or a perhaps still more inexplicable one of direct mental insight. Whatever range, however, we may ascribe to this latter faculty, it still remains certain that women are incessant and rapid generalizers, and also often hasty and rash ones. The nature of their imagination tends in the same direction. It is not perhaps so comprehensive as that of man; it has not the same power of at once presenting a subject vividly, and holding it steadily and continuously before the mind; it is not perhaps so searching: but it is much quicker in its movements, and in much more constant operation; it is far more of an every-day working faculty, and far more universally used by women than by men as a ministrant in the operation of thought. Hitherto, however, the former have rarely, if ever, struck out by its aid any of those brilliant theories by which men of genius seize a truth yet hidden from and undreamt of by common minds, and cut with one fine bold stroke many a Gordian knot of knowledge. They use it to inquire what they are to do to-day and to-morrow,—to read the hearts and to calculate the actions of those around them.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on to the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rush-

ing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they move from and are guided by the special relations thus educed. The women, we repeat, base themselves on the general ideas, but move from the deduced fact; the men base themselves on the facts, and move from the deduced principle.

And the mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently, and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction for each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel. Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends; they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of, and a far greater power of wielding, small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently: they do not shine in the committee-room.

Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unREFERRED, and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. A lady will look at a servant who comes to be hired in the face, and say he is not honest. She cannot tell you why she thinks. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest,—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him: he robs you—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes: the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight, but you also say he is not hon-

est. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters: they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognized, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

The characteristics of the moral and spiritual nature of women are closely allied with those of their intellect. Their superiority in all that depends on intuition; their higher apprehension of and fuller life in personal relations, as distinguished both from material things and abstract ideas; their deeper power of influencing and greater dependence on individuals, as contrasted with a wider power exercised over numbers,—are too obvious not to have been often made the subject of remark.

It is an idle question which is the higher in creation when each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other; but if the point must be mooted, perhaps the following consideration may indicate the true solution:

If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not

those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the fox-hound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the sea-weed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man; it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels. Woman is higher than man in her nature; she is less noble in the degree of self-control and independent responsibility imposed upon her. To man, with instincts less pure, intuitions less deep, sensibilities less fine, and a heart less faithful and unselfish, has been given a weightier charge—to be more entirely under his own control, to be more completely master of himself. Often has human existence been compared to the wide ocean, over which each winged ship of individual life struggles forward through storm and sunshine. Man sets the sail and leans over the wheel, bends his eye on the compass and the chart, questions the heavens of his place, and considers with anxious revolving mind what port it were best to seek and what course to make; asks even whether there be an ultimate haven and a pathway across the deep; and, bent on knowing rather than trusting, questions the silent, unresponsive stars, and casts his lead in the fathomless ocean. But woman bears a loadstone in her breast, and, standing on the prow, gazes forward over the waves, and is drawn heavenward by some strong attraction. Devious gusts of passion blow her astray; and losing once her track, sudden and utter shipwreck on sunken rocks or sand too often awaits her; but originally she has but to be true to her highest instincts, and needs not nor cares to distract her mind with questionings of the event. Her nature is higher than man's; but man is set higher above his nature. To speak thus is of course to express, in unmodified language, the extreme tendencies of either sex. We do not mean that men have no instincts, or women no consciences, only that each is stronger and fuller in one direction than the other. And the differences between male and female consciences illustrate the same thing. The sense

of duty, the instinct of right, has in itself no discriminating power; it simply asserts in its very action, whenever called into exercise, a higher claim to the obedience of the will than any other of our moving impulses. But it does not itself decide on a course of action, any more than hunger tells us what to eat. Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another in her ordinary intercourse with those around her utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men. Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feels more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses. Again, compassion to the individual is the woman's virtue, justice to all the man's. But there is no need to point out the familiar operation of the more instinctive nature of woman finding its life among personal relations; suffice it that out of these spring her gracious prerogative and happiest attribute—the power to live in others, through the affections

to enjoy self-sacrifice, and, high above these, the faculty through love to discern and rest upon a personal God. We do not say that the influence of woman has kept personal religion alive in the world; yet the truth lies not far from this; and certainly there are thousands of men who owe it to her alone that they have ever soared above a cold and stoical conscientiousness. This is a higher office than preaching, or legislating, or "inculcating ideas," or rivalling men in any of the more general but less profound influences they exercise over their fellows. In religious life, as elsewhere, the highest of all is not that which is specially masculine or feminine, but which unites the best of both, which is based on the most conscious and deliberate self-surrender of the will to the highest claims,—which vivifies conscience by love, and loves God because he is good.

There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world; and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference, we do not think this is quite so; we cannot believe, what is nowadays so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and the female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstance, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resource. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever; and is

it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds. On the other hand, none will deny that much is due to education; nor can any limits be assigned *à priori* to the intellectual achievements of which a judicious training might make the female mind capable. We only say that men with equal advantages will go further in their own direction. The same pains bestowed on an average boy and girl, will not make the girl so patient and accurate an investigator as the boy; but neither will it give the boy so quick and suggestive a mind as that of the girl. There can be no doubt, however, that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. In saying this, we do not urge, as some have done, that its office is to create and maintain an equilibrium of powers, and that those which are naturally the most strong should be allowed to rest in the vain endeavor to place the weaker ones on a level with them; that because a boy has a taste for languages you should confine him to mathematics, or because he is a soldier by nature try to make him a clergyman by profession: the true rule probably is, to give by education the strongest propulsion in the direction in which a man naturally leans, provided it be a desirable one, and at the same time sedulously to guard against absolute deficiency in any other direction; to preserve an impetus, and to guard against an over-balance. We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honor to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.

Those modern Amazons who insist upon setting up their sex as a separate class of beings, naturally at enmity with man, and by him unjustly subjugated and ignorantly tyrannized over, are fond of speaking of us as if we either followed a Machiavellian policy in keeping our wives and daughters ignorant, or as if as a matter of taste we preferred to associate with ignorant females that we may rejoice in our superiority. This is a mistake. No doubt Lieutenant Smith, skilled only in horses, does dislike a young lady to mention Dante; and Jones, who has contracted all he once knew into a familiarity with the prices and quality of cotton, trembles to be asked what Kepler's laws are; but it is an error to suppose, that educated men prefer the society of uninformed women. Perhaps, indeed, there is no intellectual exercise so delightful, or so highly appreciated on either side, as the interchange of ideas between cultivated minds of the different sexes. From a female mind on a level with his own a man gathers much more that is new and interesting to him than from conversation with a fellow-man; he sees a new side of old ideas, and is presented with a thousand delicate suggestions beyond the reach of his own faculties; nay, often when his mind is saturated with knowledge which yet forms a turbid incoherent mass, the touch of a woman's mind, some hint—vague perhaps, but far-reaching—will make it shoot into sudden crystalline harmony. It is idle to say that men, whenever they are worthy of it, do not appreciate this sort of intercourse, that they do not consider it one of the highest pleasures of their lives. But they hate, and most justly hate, women who parade their knowledge and their cleverness for the gratification of their own vanity, who are so narrow-minded that they can talk nothing but information, and so indifferent to the sufferings of others as to obtrude it on them without regard to the occasion. Bores are selfish, callous, pachydermatous animals; and these qualities are peculiarly disagreeable in women. This is a class all agree to avoid; but that intellectual culture of the very highest order to which they can attain is not as good and as desirable for women as it is for men, none but those who are either narrow-minded, or themselves ignorant will care to deny. Of course the pursuit of intellectual excellence must not in women interfere with higher and nearer duties; but neither must it do so in men; and

the only real difference which exists is, that the natural pursuits of men make a severe training of the intellect and a complete stocking of the mind more universally and necessarily a duty with them than with women. Do any women complain of this? Much more justly might men regret that the arrangements of society and the necessities of life leave them so much less opportunity than women for the cultivation of the heart. The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been, the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought; and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education. An opinion of female tact, insight into character, and instincts of management formed in the harems of the East, would not differ widely from one formed in the drawing-rooms of London; but the estimates of intellectual capacity made in the two places would vary as if made of two different kinds of creatures. The highest development of the human mind lies on the verge between the sexes; and though the main distinctions are permanent, it can scarcely be doubted that in the progress of civilization they will be ever growing less marked and prominent: only we are apt to make the great mistake that all the improvement is to be in one direction, that the minds of women are always to be elevated and strengthened by making them more like those of men; whereas the fact is, that a great deal remains to be done for the intellects of men by making them more like those of women.

What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subject towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, in-

stead of being led to look back into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions: they think geography lies in Butler's Atlas, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country: they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote: they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla; but are they taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books,—if they studied less, and inquired more,—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged, the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigor into the realms of thought. Then we say, you have learned music and French; it is now time you should practise dancing and dinner-parties. Most of them cheerfully acquiesce in this new course of instruction, others of a higher bent grasp at some degree of wider cultivation. The aids for attaining it are certainly greater than they were, but they are still defective and very limited in their operation: it is only extraordinary minds which, when thrown on their own resources, have the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and it is next to impossible that any should perceive the necessity for, and observe the conditions of, strict intellectual training. Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher la-

dies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes.

Another advantage of studying realities, and emancipating ourselves to some degree from the enervating prostration before print now so universal, would be, that individual minds having something of their own, there would be something to impart and gain in the intercourse between mind and mind. Conversation still exists, but only among those who have experience or ideas of their own. What is the use of hearing a person's disconnected and confused recollections of what you can buy all clear for a shilling? We think it easier to get information from a book than from a neighbor; but if the neighbor has information of his own it is different. Common subjects of intellectual interest make far better subject-matter for conversation and mental intercourse than reading a book together. The "art of conversation," we all know, has perished,—that is an old story; but all oral interchange of idea seems likely to go after it. We amuse ourselves with the pains taken to converse well by our forefathers, and think we have improved on all that; but the fact is, we have improved it away altogether; and after asking where you drove to-day, and what that fellow got for poaching, we "join the ladies." If we say any thing there, we ask them if they have seen A lately, or if they know B. But we need not say any thing. We knew a gentleman in past days who, when the company were gone, would draw his chair to the fire, and say, "Now let's be jolly, and not talk." Nowadays he might have been jolly all the evening. If a man will ask for our ideas on a subject, we put him off as briefly as possible: we have them, but we cannot be bored to explain them; it is a process we are not accustomed to. Even the young ladies are becoming brusque and monosyllabic. They say "ha ha!" like the horse in the book of Job, and go on dancing. More is lost in this way—in readiness, accuracy, and what we may call general handiness of mind—than we think for. We have many more avenues to knowledge open to us than our fathers had, but the floating mass of thought and general activity of mind in modern society is certainly less proportionately to

the ground which our research has covered than it was in the reign of George III. Both men and women of that day obtained much more intellectual exercise out of far more limited materials than we now possess. The ladies of that day had narrower educations, and were more engrossed in household details, than those of our own; but they had more activity of mind in proportion to their acquirements, and freer intellectual intercourse with men. We dare say nothing of our wives; but we cannot help thinking our mothers were more agreeable, more social, and enjoyed a more lively and genuine interchange of thought with the young fellows of their day, than our daughters do. Charming clever women, thank Heaven, still exist; but there was something very delightful about our grandmothers. Witness gentle Anne Elliot, and sensible spirited Eligabeth Bennett. One thing we may notice: there seems to have been a better balance than we now see between the mind and the feelings. Women indulge their feelings too much. They always were in danger of that; but now they ponder upon them. In the absence of external subjects of real interest, they employ their thoughts on their feelings, which are of real interest. They turn their nice observation and their imagination to the contemplation of the aspect and working of character viewed almost exclusively in this aspect. The justly celebrated efforts of modern female novelists are all studies and representations of passions and sentiments. Characters are drawn and distinguished with exquisite discrimination and felicity, but only one side of human nature is developed. Above all, there is in many writers an exacerbation of moral sentiment, against which there must be a reaction, and which we fear will end in a return to the perusal of Dr. Franklin.

The theory of female education is somewhat perplexing, to say nothing of the practice. On the one hand is the idea, now somewhat worn out, that girls should be taught only what will make them useful in their homes, and agreeable to their husbands. The other extreme is represented, if not in its best, yet in its most exaggerated form, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught every thing, and that immediately. She is urgent about it. "It appears most necessary," she says, "to open all subjects of thought to young women, and to facilitate

their pursuit of all and any even to the farthest limits." There is often a confusion between learning and teaching. It is quite true that we have no right, even if we had the power, to limit by any arbitrary standard the mental activity and studious research of women; still more do we do them injustice if we attempt to cramp their stature with the idea of forming them so as to minister most perfectly to the supposed wishes and happiness of man. This is but a refined remnant of the institution of female slavery. The idea is as false as it is unjust that the best interests of the sexes are not compatible with one another, and of equal importance. The highest possible cultivation of the faculties of women ought clearly to be subjected to no artificial hindrances, either of law or conventional restraint. But education is a complex matter. We not only educe the powers, as Miss Parkes tells us, we direct them to ends; and, to a certain extent, we not only develop, we mould the character. If we find a little girl given to telling fibs, we do not foster that tendency; if we find her always poring over her books, or gossiping with Anna Maria in the corner about possible lovers, we send, or ought to send, her out to play. And if we attempt to mould character, and to educate the various powers, we must be guided by some notion of the conditions in which the former is to be placed, and the objects to which the latter are to be directed. And here arises a strong divergence of opinion. We say the sphere of woman is home, and her influence personal. Man, we say, finds his activity in the world, and moves minds in masses and from a distance. But while we acknowledge that it is good for men to cultivate the home affections, and draw closer his personal relations with others, we do not so readily acknowledge that it is well for women to have a sufficient field for their energies, and to exercise comprehensiveness of mind. This is a truth which would be more readily admitted if it were not so constantly distorted; if the claim made were for an extension of the woman's field, rather than one to usurp the field of man. When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators, and militiamen, we sometimes wonder that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and so slow to urge claims which are surely as much founded in justice. Why have we not "Man's Right to the Nursery," by a

Lieutenant in her Majesty's Foot-guards; or "A Claim to Lie-in," by a Templar? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debars us all of this privilege.

The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an increasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other. And there is no bitterer satire passed, or graver injustice done to women, than by those of their own sex who assume so passionately that every thing that is masculine must be desirable for women, and better than what they have of their own; and who quit the pleasant glories of their own seats, to sally out and snatch the most rugged and outlying bits of the territory of their neighbor man. Women must be true to their own high qualities and important duties, if they are to draw men up to themselves in those many points in which we are inferior to them; and men must cease egotistically to assume that they hold an incontestably higher place, and learn that it will benefit themselves in many respects to become more of women, and that the more they approach women on the higher side of their characters, the less danger there will be of their becoming effeminate, *i.e.* approaching them in their weaknesses. "Men," says a Westminster reviewer, "cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." It is true, feeble women make feeble men, and *vice versa*; but it is not true that the reverse of a feeble woman is a manly woman. A manly woman is a very feeble man, a feeble man is a manly woman. But a strong man is a strong man, and a strong woman is—strange as it may sound to the reviewer—a strong woman, and not the less a true woman, and very different from what we call a strong-minded one. A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having

sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodelled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organization, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to occupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them. It should be remembered that of women these are the least truly women, and that it is most misleading to assume them as representatives of their sex. There are two ways in which women and men approach and modify one another. The one is where they are drawn together by the affections, where mutual sympathies, moral and intellectual, are aroused: "*Les goûts se communiquent, les sentimens se repandent, les idées deviennent communes, les facultés intellectuelles se modelent mutuellement,*" Yet so far are they from being merged in one another by this union, that each sex acquires from it its most complete and characteristic development; each gains from the other, and strengthens what it has best of its own; they approach not by abnegations, but by additions, each from the other, of what is necessary to raise either man or woman to the fullness of the perfect creature. Tennyson has said it the best:

"For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is
this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

The other mode of approach is the reverse

of this, where men brought up apart from women, and women debarred more or less from the society of men, lose not only the benefit of what each can give the other, but something of the truest characteristics of their own sex, which are not developed in their fullness and beauty except when the affections and sympathies, aroused by free intercourse, have their full play. These men and women approach on a sort of neutral ground. Such women are more of men than the others; but it is because they are less of women: the two grow like one another by respective loss, not by respective gain. Many things which these more neutral women may dare and do without injury, are not fitted for more real women. Many circumstances which will suit the one will not suit the other. If society can be arranged,—and doubtless, as far as the defectiveness of human arrangements will allow, it both can and ought to be,—so as to give free scope to both, this is what is most of all things to be desired; but if the two come into competition, it is clear which ought to receive the advantage. Yet almost invariably it is the position of the neutral class which is specially had in view, and to whose supposed wants changes are to be adapted. We do not say this is exclusively so, but we do say that the great mass of thought and disputation on this subject is imbued with this idea, and that many arguments professing to be adapted to the wants and position of all women are in reality only applicable to this portion of them; and often it is plainly said, "we do not care for wives and mothers—they are well provided for, they have husbands and children;" but husbands and fathers take an interest in this class of women, and they will naturally continue to look at the question almost too exclusively from this side. The real difficulty is, as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what

are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married. Still the whole mass of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live, might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated; and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favors this excess. It is constantly asserted, or implied, that all women ought to be educated as if they were men and were going to live as men, nay more, that the life of man is necessary to their complete education; you must, it is said, shut no avenue of knowledge to women, and debar them from no occupation through any false fear of soiling their purity or hardening their nature. Now if the woman is to be educated to fight the battle of life in the same ranks and under the same discipline as the man, she must no doubt learn early to fit herself for the roughnesses of the campaign; but if to the normal condition of a woman's life the freshest bloom of delicacy, the grace and depth of unvulgarized emotions, and a nature unhardened by the keen pursuit of selfish interests, are not only the highest crown, but the most necessary conditions of her highest function and influence, is it wise to endanger these at the outset? Two replies are made. It is said, woman is an earthly creature; and it is idle to strive after supermundane purity. Most true, only let us have a *quid pro quo*. If women are to be exposed to a larger extent than hitherto to the ruder and coarser influences of life, let us take what care we can that they lose no more than is necessary, and nothing without an adequate countervailing benefit. Again it is said, if woman be that pure and lofty being you describe her and would fain have her remain, raised by a holier and finer nature above the man, she may be fearlessly exposed to the same influences as he is, and

will pass unsullied through them. But this is by no means so certain as it is assumed to be. Doubtless the innate delicacy and modesty of women is greater than that of men,—from this axiom we all start; but experience seems to prove that their finer bloom is more easily rubbed off. The stronger nature of man is better fitted for the ruder trials it has to undergo; contamination neither stains it so deeply nor leaves so permanent a mark. He is, as we have said, less dependent in his nature than woman, and daily we see men retrieving themselves from impressions and habits which must permanently have degraded a woman. Of course the man suffers loss; he can never be what he might have been had he been true to himself and placed under happier conditions; but undoubtedly he has more power of casting his slough than the woman has; and things which rub off his rough outside, sink into and decay the softer nature of a woman.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking of the contact of a higher nature with extraneous misery or debasement. When the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian charity and Christian patriotism, lead the way, Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses may walk with ministering hands through the loathsome hospitals of war, or Elizabeth Fry visit to redeem the vicious and polluted inmates of the prison; and a stain shall no more touch them than water cling to polished steel. It is of the evils of a competitive struggle we speak, with its temptations to selfishness, to dishonesty, to untruthfulness, its not easy reconciliation with modesty and self-forgetfulness; it is of the dangers which must necessarily, and undoubtedly do, hang about many of the avenues of knowledge. Ought women rashly to expose themselves to these? And there is danger that they venture rashly; extremes have a charm for them. There are signs enough of this in what advanced women write on education. They don't like the commonplace difficulties of the beginning, the patient training of intellect, which is what they most want. They prefer something easy and *outré*. Miss Parkes does so. We have cited her before as the advocate of teaching all things; we may cite her again to show that she really means to exclude all discrimination. She does, indeed, give Euclid a condescending half-contemptuous nod of

approbation in passing. It is not, however, mathematics that she urges as a discipline for the tender and discursive intellect of young girls, nor the exact study of one of the completer languages, nor the methodic pursuit of some branch of natural science (indeed, these things do seem poor beside all knowledge); but she thinks that the subject of the relation of the sexes, which we are told includes in it "the passional influences of women," should certainly engage the attention of young women, and that it ought to be pursued with entire thoroughness; that granting this, it is preposterous to debar girls from "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding," and they must be well grounded in "George Sand." We cannot help saying this is not only nonsense, but nonsense of a very unpleasant sort. It is difficult to say why Dryden and Jonson are named, except from a sort of wanton love of pushing the theory beyond all the limits assigned by decency and common sense. There is nothing in either of these authors that bears on the relations of the sexes, except perhaps some of the most unmitigatedly indecent parts of their plays; and to read these parts for the sake of the knowledge to be derived from them, would be as if a well-dressed woman should insist on wading up a sewer to secure a pin. Knowledge may be bought too dear, and we daily and most justly sacrifice the acquisition of it to higher considerations. Still it may be true that no research should be denied to a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self-responsible alone, and of mature mind. It may be true that the pure thirst for knowledge may carry her safe through even such a path; but the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the lady is a theorist who has not realized the working of her vague ideas. Practically her recommendation is not a very dangerous one. Few people would send their daughters to attend the lectures of the Professor of the Passional Influences who proposes to read George Sand with his pupils; instinct and experience have alike made plain the ruinous effect, to boys and girls alike, of stimulating feelings through the imagination before they have met a legitimate natural development and practical object.

Difficult as well as dangerous knowledge has a charm for Miss Parkes; any thing that

is not simple and dull. "There is," she tells us, "one branch of education so important in itself, so admirable as a method of exact training, and so calculated to supply that lack of interest in large subjects for which women have been hitherto reproached, that it must receive specific mention,—it is the study of the Science of Social and Political Economy." We are desired to "take the three reasons for the pursuit of this study by women separately: Firstly, it is most important to that sex who are expected more and more to undertake the application of detailed relief for social ills. . . . Secondly, another important reason consists in its excellence as a means of training the mind to attain power as an instrument, for which we so often hear the less daily applicable science of mathematics commended. . . . Thirdly, this study is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the minds of young people. . . . Once imbued with the theoretical principles of social welfare, women would soon learn to feel an active interest in the special application of those principles daily treated of in the public papers," &c. Much more of the same sort. Miss Parkes, however, is not responsible at first hand for the idea of teaching social science to the young. To us it seems a caricature of beginning at the end. That science which is of all others the most complex, the most difficult, and the least ascertained is recommended as a whetstone to the intellects of boys and girls. The real fact is, that you may get them to learn its more obvious principles by rote, but that not one in a hundred of mature minds is competent to appreciate even its difficulties and shortcomings. To recommend it as a training for young people is as if the ascent of Mont Blanc should be recommended for teaching babies to walk. First, it is important to children who will be expected to walk up-hill; secondly, it is excellent as a means of training the legs as an instrument of progression; thirdly, it is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the bodies of little people. We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension; we do not say that minds though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems: we only say

that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for early training of the intellect instead of such things as arithmetic and geometry. The preponderating place assigned to it, and the idea of its serving as a substitute for mathematics, indicate truly the feminine tendency to give the slip to those duller things in which girls really most want training, and to substitute for them something which shall be immediately interesting and admit of endless discussion.

It is not our object here to enter upon the question of non-domestic employment for women in its economical bearings. It is enough to say in passing; that the objection based on the tendency of their interference to lower the wages of male labor is untenable. The social and educational influences of such employment has, however, received an elaborate treatment in one of the books before us; and may properly give occasion for a few remarks in pursuance of what we have said above. The author is in earnest; but is too apt to think that this entitles him to be prosy and interminable. He sometimes overstates his facts, and often over-strains his arguments; but he has patiently and carefully gathered his subject-matter together, and treats it with vigor and not without occasional eloquence. Many of his observations commend themselves by their truth and appropriateness; but we cannot help thinking that his main views are pushed to an extreme which deprives them of truth and value. He complains, and justly, of the distinction which so early takes place between the studies of boys and girls, of social conventions which limit their free intercourse, of the ever-widening divergence of intellectual culture, especially in the middle classes, and of the too-frequent perishing of all mental sympathy and intercourse of thought through pure inanition or want of common grounds of interest. But he is not less eloquent in his description of the evil than he is confident in his proposal of a remedy. The women must join the men in their work. Men and women of the higher classes, says our author, lead a life of leisure, and sympathize on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labor. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapped up in industry; all their

ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the narrow-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husbands' ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book; and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labor the true ground of union? It is true, many men

of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boaconstrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women,—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs,—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our

mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised, circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in

the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fishwomen worse than fishmen,—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be

equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less thorough-going advocates of the change,—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nurse-maids.

We are strongly of opinion, then, that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for women to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate any thing in the nature of a cloisteral seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for women; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist,—her “distinctive womanhood.”

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hun-

dred of the industrial avocations out-of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that any thing like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

Something we had proposed to have said on the "political rights of women;" but have left ourselves too little either of time or space. Yet we will not conceal our conviction, that if there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and the legislator. If women are indeed only men a little weaker in the body, as "Justitia" maintains in a dogmatic little pamphlet on this subject adorned with a singular apparatus of false logic, then we can understand their entering into direct competition with us, and that the right to vote and legislate is one they may justly claim. If, however, they be really different, and adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours but essentially differing from it, then the question is a more difficult one. It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman's more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. The argument on these questions cannot be compressed into very short space. All we can say is, that women

seem to us to have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena; and that, constituted as they now are, and before they have passed through the great transformation they promise us, a large admission of the female element into legislation would probably carry further than any society has yet experienced the special evils of democratic government,—its hasty impulsiveness, its rash action, its discords, its unscrupulousness, and its instability. And yet who shall be bold enough to say that the English constitution shall not, with its slow all-assimilating power, find some safe practical method of including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action? As far as representation goes, it is certain that women possess, from their personal relations permeating all classes, an absolute security that their ideas and wishes shall be taken into account. If in some respects they continue in a position of social disadvantage, it is because they have themselves chosen to acquiesce in it and fostered the conventional tone of thought and feeling in which it is based. The sincere desires of any large number of the real women in the country necessarily secure immediate attention, and certainly exercise at least their full share of influence over the action of the men. For women to say they are unrepresented, is as if the sugar in the tea should complain that it was not tasted.

Our observations have been directed not to any attempt to discuss the particular claims made for extension of the sphere of woman's action; but to draw attention to the false ideas on which such claims are based by what may be called the more neuter members of the sex and their adherents. Two of these ideas may be selected as most commonly put forward, most evil in their results, and most intrinsically untrue. These are, the idea that women are to be considered as forming a distinct class in society, which ought to possess a distinctive class action and a peculiar class position; and the idea that if they are not men, it is only by some great injustice which demands instant remedy, and that the object of their highest ambition should be a successful rivalry in the masculine career.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY DR. ROBERT MACNISH.

CHAPTER I.

A SLIGHT shudder came over me as I was entering the inner court of the College of Göttingen. It was, however, but momentary; and on recovering from it, I felt both taller and heavier, and altogether more vigorous, than the instant before. Being rather nervous, I did not much mind these feelings, imputing them to some sudden determination to the brain, or some unusual beating about the heart, which had assailed me suddenly and as suddenly left me. On proceeding, I met a student coming in the opposite direction. I had never seen him before, but as he passed me by, he nodded familiarly—"There is a fine day, Wolstang."—"What does this fellow mean?" said I to myself. "He speaks to me with as much ease as if I had been his intimate acquaintance. And he calls me Wolstang—a person to whom I bear no more resemblance than to the man in the moon." I looked after him for some time, pondering whether I should call him back and demand an explanation; but before I could form any resolution, he was out of my sight.

Thinking it needless to take any further notice of the circumstance, I went on. Another student, whom I did not know, now passed me.—"Charming weather, Wolstang."—"Wolstang again!" said I; "this is insufferable. Hallo, I said! what do you mean?" But at this very moment he entered the library, and either did not hear my voice, or paid no attention to it.

As I was standing in a mood between rage and vexation, a batch of Collegians came up, talking loud and laughing. Three, with whom I was intimately acquainted, took no notice of me; while two, to whom I was totally unknown, saluted me with "Good morning, Wolstang." One of these latter, after having passed me a few yards, turned round and cried out, "Wolstang, your cap is awry."

I did not know what to make of this posterous conduct. Could it be premeditated? It was hardly possible, or I must have discovered the trick in the countenances of those who addressed me. Could it be that they really mistook me for Wolstang? This was still more incredible, for Wolstang was fully six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I. I found myself in a

maze of bewilderment in endeavoring to discover the cause of all this. I reflected upon it in vain, summoning to my assistance the aids of Logic and Metaphysics to unravel the mystery. Nay, Euclid was not forgotten. I called to mind the intricate problems of science which a rigid study of this Prince of Mathematicians had enabled him to solve; but on the present occasion my thoughts, though screwed to the utmost pinch of philosophical acumen, completely failed in their aim.

While meditating as in a reverie on these events, I was aroused by approaching steps. On looking up, I beheld the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, Provost, and Professor of Moral Philosophy to the College. He was a man about five feet high; but so far as rotundity of corporation went, no ways deficient. On the contrary, he was uncommonly fat, and his long-waisted velvet coat of office, buttoning over a capacious belly, showed underneath a pair of thick, stumpy legs, cased in short small-clothes and silk stockings, and bedizened at the knees with large buckles of silver. The Doctor had on, as usual, his cocked-hat, below whose rim at each side descended the copious curls of an immense bobwig. His large carbuncle nose was adorned with a pair of spectacles, through which he looked pompously from side to side, holding back his head in grenadier fashion, and knocking his long silver-headed baton to the earth, as he walked with all the formal precision of a drum-major.

Now be it known that it is binding on every student who attends the University of Göttingen, to doff his cap on meeting this illustrious personage. This is not an optional ceremony; it is a compulsory one; and never on any occasion has it been known to be neglected, except once by a Duchman, who in consequence thereof, was expelled the College. It may be guessed, then, what was my degree of stupefaction when I saw Doctor Dunderhead approach—when I heard his baton striking upon the ground, responsive to his steps—when I saw his large eyes, reflecting through the spectacles, looking intently upon me—I say my stupefaction may be guessed, when, even on this occasion, my hand did not make one single motion upwards towards my cap. The latter still stuck to my head, and I stood folded in my college gown, my mouth half open, and my eyes fixed upon the Doctor in

empty abstraction. I could see that he was angry at my tardy recognition of his presence; and as he came nearer me, he slackened his pace a little; as if to give me an opportunity of amending my neglect. However, I was so drowned in reflection that I did not take the hint. At last he made a sudden stop directly in front of me, folded his arms in the same manner as mine, and looked upwards in my face with a fixed glance, as much as to say, "Well, master, what now?" I never thought the Doctor so little, or myself so tall, as at this moment.

Having continued some time in the above attitude, he took off his hat, and made me a profound bow. "Mr. Wolstang, I am your most humble servant." Then rising up, he lifted his baton towards my cap, and knocked it off. "Your cap is awry," continued he. "Excuse me, Mr. Wolstang, it is really awry upon your head." Another bow of mockery, as profound as the first, followed this action; and he marched away, striking his baton on the ground, holding back his head, and walking with slow, pompous step down the College court.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" said I. "Wolstang again! Confusion, this is no trick! The Provost of the College engage in a deception upon me—impossible! They are all mad, or I am mad! Wolstang from one—Wolstang from another—Wolstang from Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead! I will see to the bottom of this—I will go to Wolstang's house immediately." So saying, I snatched up my cap, put it on my head, and walked smartly down the court to gain the street where he lived. Before I got far, a young man met me. "By the by, Wolstang, I wish you could let me have the ten gilders I lent you. I require them immediately."—"Ten gilders!" said I; "I don't owe you a farthing. I never saw your face before, and my name is not Wolstang; it is Frederick Stadt."

"Psha!—But, Wolstang, laying jesting aside," continued he, "I must positively have them."

"Have what?"

"My dear fellow, the ten gilders."

"Ten devils!—I tell you, I don't owe you a farthing."

"Really, Wolstang, this joke is very silly. We know you are an odd fellow, but this is the most foolish prank I ever saw you play."

"Wolstang again!" said I, my heart boiling with indignation. "I tell you, sir—I tell you, sir, that—that—" I could not get out another word, to such a degree had indignation confounded me. Without finishing my sentence, I rushed into the street, but not without hearing the person say, "By heaven, he is either mad or drunk!"

In a moment I was at Wolstang's lodgings, and set the knocker agoing with violence. The door was opened by his servant-girl Louise, a buxom wench of some eighteen or twenty.

"Is Mr. Wolstang in?" I demanded quickly.

"Mr. who, sir?"

"Mr. Wolstang, my dear."

"Mr. Wol— Mr. who, sir?—I did not hear you."

"Mr. Wolstang."

"Mr. Wolstang?" reëchoed the girl, with some surprise.

"Assuredly, I ask you if Mr. Wolstang is within."

"Mr. Wolstang!" reiterated she. "Ha ha, ha! how droll you are to-day, master!"

"Damnation! what do you mean?" cried I in a fury, which I now found it impossible to suppress. "Tell me this instant if Mr. Wolstang, your master, is at home, or by the beard of Socrates, I—I—"

"Ha, ha! this is the queerest thing I ever heard of," said the little jade, retreating into the house, and holding her sides with laughter. "Come here, Barnabas, and hear our master asking for himself."

I now thought that the rage into which I had thrown myself had excited the laughter of the wench, whom I knew very well to be of a frolicsome disposition, and much disposed to turn people into ridicule. I therefore put on as grave a face as I could—I even threw a smile into it—and said, with all the composure and good-humor I could muster, "Come now, my dear—conduct me to your master—I am sure he is within." This only set her a-laughing more than ever; not a word could I get out of her. At last Barnabas made his appearance from the kitchen, and to him I addressed myself. "Barnabas," said I, laying my hand upon his arm, "I conjure you, as you value my happiness, to tell me if Mr. Wolstang is at home?"

"Sir!" said Barnabas, with a long stare.

I repeated my question.

"Did you ask," replied he, "if Mr. Wolstang was at home? If that gentleman is yourself, he is at home. O yes, I warrant you, my master is at home."

"In what place is he, then?" I inquired.

"Wherever you are, he is not far off, I warrant you, master."

"Can I find him in his study?"

"O yes," continued Barnabas; "if you go to his study, I warrant you he'll be there. Will you please to walk in, sir?" and I could see the fellow put his finger to his nose and wink to the girl, who kept tittering away in a corner. As soon as I was in the study she burst into a loud laugh, which ended by her declaring that I must be mad—"Or drunk," quoth the sapient Barnabas, in his usual dry manner.

On entering the room, no person was to be seen; but from behind a large screen, which stood fronting the fire, I heard a sneeze. "This must be Wolstang," thought I: "but it is not his sneeze either; it is too sharp and finical for him; however, let us see." So on I went behind the screen, and there beheld, not the person I expected, but one very different—to wit, a little, meagre, brown-faced elderly gentleman, with hooked nose and chin, a long well-powdered queue, and a wooden leg. He was dressed in a snuff-colored surtout, a scarlet waistcoat, and black small-clothes buckled at the knee; and on his nose was stuck a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, the glasses of which were of most unusual dimensions. A dapper-looking cocked-hat lay upon the table, together with a large open snuff-box full of rich rappee. Behind his right ear a pen was stuck, after the manner of the counting-house, and he seemed busily poring over a book in manuscript.

I looked a few seconds at this oddity, equally astonished and vexed at being put into what I naturally supposed the wrong room. "I am afraid, sir," said I, as he turned his eyes towards me, "that I have intruded upon your privacy. I beg leave to apologize for the mistake. The servant led me to believe that Mr. Wolstang, with whom I wished to speak, was in this chamber."

"Don't talk of apology, my dear sir," said the little gentleman, rising up and bowing with the utmost politeness. "Be seated, sir—be seated. Indeed, I am just here on the same errand—to see Mr. Wolstang—eh (*a sneeze*)—that rappee is certainly very strong.

Do me the honor to occupy the seat opposite. I understand from the servants that he is expected soon." (*Another sneeze.*)

For the first five minutes I did not form a very high opinion of this new acquaintance. He seemed to have all the fidgety politeness and intolerable chit-chat of a French *petit maître* of the old school. He bored me with questions and apologies, hoped I felt myself comfortable; and every interval of his speech was filled up by intolerable giggling and sneezing. In order, as it were, to increase the latter, he kept snuffing away at a preposterous rate; and when he addressed me, his mouth was drawn up into a most complacent smile, and his long nose and chin, which threatened each other like nut-crackers, thrown forward to within a foot of my face. However, in the next five minutes he improved upon me, from some very judicious observations, as I thought, which he made; and in five more I became convinced that, notwithstanding his outward frivolity and sneezing, he was far from being an ordinary man. This impression gained such strength, that in a short time I entirely forgot all my previous irritation, and even the reasons which brought me there. I found that he had a complete knowledge of the different philosophical systems of the day; among others, that of my favorite Kant;—and on the merits of the school in the North of Germany, founded by this great metaphysician, his opinions and mine tallied to a point. He also seemed deeply conversant with the mathematics. This was a subject on which I flattered myself I had few equals; but he shot far ahead of me, displaying a knowledge which scarcely any man in Europe could have matched. He traced the science downwards in all its historical bearings, from Thales, Archimedes, and Euclid, to Newton, Euler, Leibnitz, and Laplace. In algebra, geometry, and astronomy, his information was equally extensive. From several hints which he threw out, I learned that he was no stranger to the science of geomancy; and he gave me to understand that he had cast the nativities of several individuals belonging to noble families; and that as their horoscopes portended, such invariably was their fate in after life. Nor was his knowledge confined to these abstruse branches of science; it embraced the whole circle of literature and the fine arts. Poetry, criticism, philology,

painting, and sculpture, seemed to be equally within his range. He descanted upon them, illuminating his positions from such a vast source of illustration that I gazed upon him with a feeling akin to amazement.

Let it not be supposed that all this was done with the formal pomp of a philosopher: on the contrary, he preserved throughout his frivolousness of manner, apologized for every thing he advanced, hoped I was not offended if he differed in opinion from me, and concluded every position with a sneeze.

"By the by," said I, "talking of Gall and Spurzheim, what do you think of their doctrine? I am inclined to believe there must be some truth in it; at least, I have seen it verified in a number of heads, and among others in that of Cicero, which I saw a few years ago in the sculpture-gallery of the Louvre. It was a beautiful head."

"You are right there, my dear friend," replied he. "The head phrenologically considered, is extremely beautiful. I believe I have got it in my pocket." (*A sneeze*).

"You got the head of Cicero in your pocket!" cried I, with surprise.

"O no! not absolutely the head of Cicero," said he, smiling. "Mark Antony disposed of that—but only his bust—the bust that you saw."

"You mean a miniature of that bust?"

"No—not a miniature, but the real bust. Here it comes—how heavy it is!" And, to my amazement, I saw him take out of his pocket the identical bust, as large as life, of the Roman orator, and placed it on the table before me.

"Have you any more heads of this description about you?" said I, not a little marveling how he was able to stuff such a block of marble into his pocket.

"I have a few others at your service, my dear friend. Name any one you would wish to see, and I shall be most happy to produce it."

"Let me see, then, the head of Copernicus." I had scarcely spoken the word when he brought out the philosopher, and put him beside Cicero. I named successively Socrates, Thales, Galileo, Confucius, Zoroaster, Tycho Braché, Roger Bacon, and Paracelsus, and straightway they stood upon the table as fresh as if they had just received the last touch of the sculptor's chisel. I must confess that such a number of large heads emanating

from the pockets of the little meagre man in the snuff-colored surtout and scarlet waistcoat, would have occasioned me incredible wonder, had my stock of astonishment not been exhausted by the previous display of his abilities. I had little more to throw away upon any new subject, and looked upon these fresh exhibitions without experiencing any thing beyond a slight surprise.

"And do you," I demanded, as the last named was brought forth, "always carry those heads about with you?"

"I generally do so for the amusement of my friends," answered he. "But do not think that my stock is exhausted; I have still a few more that I can show you—for instance, Pythagoras."

"Pythagoras!" exclaimed I; "no, don't produce him. He is the last of all the philosophers I would wish to see. The Stoics the Epicureans, ay, even the Cynics, with Diogenes or Menippus at their head, were sages compared with Pythagoras, the founder of the most preposterous system of philosophy that ever existed."

"My dear friend," said the little man, with unusual gravity, "you do not say so?"

"I do say so. Pythagoras was a fool, a madman, an impostor."

"You don't speak thus of the divine Pythagoras?" returned he, putting his bust upon the table.

"No, not of the divine Pythagoras, for such a person never existed. I speak of Pythagoras the Samian—him of the golden thigh, the founder of what is called the Pythagorean philosophy."

"And the most rational system of philosophy that ever existed. Begging your pardon, I think it goes far beyond that of Plato or the Stagyrte."

"If you mean that it goes beyond them in being as full of absurdity as they are of wisdom, I really agree with you," said I, my anger rising at hearing the divine doctrines of Aristotle and the disciple of Socrates so irreverently spoken of.

"Pray, what were its absurdities?" asked he with the most imperturbable good-nature.

"Did not Pythagoras enjoin silence to his disciples for a period of five years,—absolute silence, muteness, dumbness?"

"And a very good injunction it was. No man can be philosopher unless he knows how to keep his tongue under a restraint."

"I am afraid, then, *you* will never be one," I remarked, forcing a smile, although I was at bottom considerably nettled. He did not seem to take my observation ill, but passed it off with one of his characteristic giggles of laughter.

"You were talking of his absurdities, my dear friend."

"Ah, well, did he not forbid the use of animal food to his followers? and, to crown all, did he not teach the monstrous doctrine of transmigration of souls—sending the spirits of men, after death, to inhabit the bodies of dogs, and cats, and frogs, and geese, and even insects?"

"And call you this a monstrous doctrine?"

"Monstrous!" I exclaimed with surprise—"it is the *ne plus ultra*, the climax of fatuity, the raving of a disordered imagination."

"So you do not believe in Metempsychosis?" asked he with a smile.

"I would as soon believe in demonology, or magic. There is nothing I would not rather credit. Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder, the philosopher's stone, the elixir vite, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, judicial astrology—any thing, in fact, would more readily find a place in my belief than this nonsensical jargon, which is credited by nobody but the superstitious Brahmins of India. But perhaps you are a believer?" He shrugged up his shoulders at this last remark, stroked his chin, and, giving me a sarcastic look, said with a familiar nod and smile, "Yes, *I am* a believer."

"What!" said I, "you—you with your immense learning, can *you* put faith in such doctrines?"

"If I put faith in them," said he, "it is my learning which has taught me to do so. If I were less learned, I might perhaps spurn at them as erroneous. Doubt is as often the offspring of ignorance as of credulity. Your great doubters are generally as ill-informed as your great believers, and much more self-conceited."

"And do you really go all the lengths of Pythagoras?" I demanded.

"I not only go all his lengths, but I go much farther. For instance, he believed that the soul never left the body until the latter was dead. Now, my belief is, that two living bodies may exchange souls with each other. For instance, your soul may take possession of my body, and my soul of yours, and both our bodies may be alive."

"In that case," said I, laughing heartily, "you would be me, and I would be you."

"Precisely so, my dear friend," replied the little gentleman, laughing in his turn, and concluding with a sneeze.

"Faith, my good sir," my reverence for his abilities somewhat lessened by this declaration, "I am afraid you have lost your senses."

"I am afraid you have lost something of more importance," returned he, with a smile, in which I thought I recognized a tinge of derision. I did not like it, so, eyeing him with some sternness, I said hastily, "And pray, what have I lost?" Instead of answering me, he burst into a loud fit of laughter holding his sides while the tears ran down his cheeks, and he seemed half stifled with a flood of irresistible merriment. My passion at this rose to such a pitch, that had he been a man of any appearance I should have knocked him down; but I could not think of resorting to such an extremity with a meagre, little elderly fellow, who had, moreover, a wooden leg. I could, therefore, only wait till his mirth subsided, when I demanded, with as much calmness as I could assume, what I had lost.

"Are you sure you have not lost your body?" said he.

"My body!" answered I with some surprise; "what do you mean?"

"Now, my dear friend, tell me plainly, are you sure that this is your own body?"

"My own body—who the devil's can it be?"

"Are you sure you are yourself?"

"Myself—who, in heaven's name, could I be but myself?"

"Ay, that is the rub," continued he; "are you perfectly satisfied that you are yourself, and nobody but yourself?" I could not help smiling at the apparent stupidity of this question; but before I was able to compose myself, he had resumed his query.

—"Are you sure you are—that you are—"

"That I am who?" said I hurriedly.

"That you are Frederick Stadt?"

"Perfectly."

"And not Albert Wolstang?" concluded he.

A pang shot through my whole body at this last part of his question. I recalled in an instant all my previous vexation. I remembered the insults I had met with, not only from the students of Gottingen and Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, but from the domestics

of Wolstang; and lastly, I recollected the business which had brought me to the house of the latter. Every thing came as a flash of lightning through my brain, and I was more perplexed than ever. My first impression was, that the little man, in spite of his vast learning, was insane, or perhaps, as Festus said of Paul, his madness was the consequence of too much learning; but then, if he was insane, the Gottingen students must be insane, Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead must be insane, and Wolstang's domestics must be insane. "I am perhaps insane myself," thought I for an instant; but this idea, I was soon satisfied, was incorrect. I sat for several minutes pondering deeply upon the matter, and endeavoring to extricate myself from this vexatious dilemma, while my companion opposite kept eyeing me through his immense glasses, stroking his chin, and smiling with the most lugubrious self-complacency. At length, arousing myself from my stupor, I put the following question to him:—

"Did you ask me if I was sure that I am not Wolstang?"

"I did, sir," answered he with a bow.

"Then, sir, I must tell you that I am not that person, but Frederick Stadt, student of philosophy in the University of Gottingen." He looked incredulous.

"What, sir," said I, "do you not believe me?" He shrugged up his shoulders.

"Confusion, sir! this is not to be borne. I tell you, sir, that my name is Stadt." This I said in my loudest and most impassioned manner, but it did not affect him in the least degree. He continued his eternal smile, and had even the politeness or audacity (I know not which to call it) to offer me his snuff-box. I was so enraged at this piece of coolness, that I gave the box a knock, spilling its contents upon his scarlet waistcoat. Even this did not ruffle him. He commenced, in the most composed manner imaginable, to collect the particles, remarking with a smile, "You do not like snuff, sir," and finishing, according to custom, by one of his everlasting sneezes.

"It is impossible, sir," said I, "that you can mistake me for Wolstang—seeing that, on my entry, you told me you expected that gentleman in a short time, and desired me to be seated till he came in." At this he seemed a little disconcerted, and was beginning to mutter something in explanation, when I in-

terrupted him. "Besides, sir, Wolstang is a man at least six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I."

"What an immense fellow he must be, my dear friend! At that rate, he ought to stand six feet eight inches, and weigh twenty stones."

I could hardly retain my gravity at this calculation. "Pray, what do you take my stature and weight to be?"

"I should take you," replied he, "to be about six feet two inches high, and to weigh some sixteen stones."

This admeasurement raised my merriment to its acme, and I laughed aloud. "Know, then, my good little man; that all your geometry has availed you nothing, for I only stand five feet eight, and never weighed more than twelve stones." He shrugged up his shoulders once more, and put on another of his incredulous looks.

"Eh, eh—I may be mistaken—but I—I—"

"Mistaken!" exclaimed I; "zounds, you were never more egregiously mistaken, even when you advocated the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis!"

"I may be wrong, but I could lay five gilders that I am right. I never bet high—just a trifle, just a trifle occasionally."

"You had better keep your gilders in your pocket," said I, "and not risk them so foolishly."

"With your permission, however, I shall back my pieces against yours,"—and he drew five from a little green silk purse, and put them on the table. I deposited an equal number.

"Now," said I, "how is this dispute to be settled? where can I get myself weighed?"

"I believe," answered he, "there is a pair of scales in the room hard by, and weights too, if I mistake not." He accordingly got up and opened the door of the adjoining chamber, where, to my surprise, I beheld a pair of immense scales hanging from the roof, and hundred and half-hundred weights, &c. lying around. I seated myself in one of the scales, chuckling very heartily at the scrape into which the little fellow had brought himself. He lifted up weight after weight, placing them upon the opposite scale. Eleven stones had been put in, and he was lifting the twelfth;—"Now," says I, eyeing him waggishly, "for your five gilders." He dropped

the weight, but the beam never moved, and I still sat on the lowest scale. Thirteen were put on, but my weight yet triumphed. With amazement I saw fourteen and fifteen successively added to the number, without effect. At last, on putting down the sixteenth, the scale on which I sat was gently raised from the ground. I turned my eyes upwards towards the needle, which I saw quivering as if uncertain where to stop; at last it paused exactly in the centre, and stood erect: the beam lay perfectly horizontal, and I sat motionless, poised in middle air.

"You will observe, sir, that my calculation was correct," observed my companion, taking a fresh pinch of snuff. "You are just sixteen stones. Nothing now remains but to measure your height."

"There is no occasion for that," I replied, rising slowly from the scale. "If you can contrive to make me weigh sixteen stones, you can readily make me measure six feet two inches." I now threw myself down on a seat in the study, which both of us had re-entered, placed my elbows on the table, and buried my face in my hands, absorbed in deep reflection. I thought and thought again upon every event which had befallen me since the morning. The students of Göttingen—Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead—the domestics of Wolstang—the little man with the snuff-colored surtout, scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg, passed like a whirlwind through my brain. Then the bust of Cicero, which I had seen in the Louvre, the busts of the others which he drew from his pockets—geometry—geomancy—transmigration of souls, and the affair of the scales—the whole formed a combination which I found myself utterly unable to comprehend. In a few minutes I looked up, exhausted with vain thought. All the heads were gone except that of Pythagoras, which he left lying in its place. He now took up his snuff-box and deposited it in his waistcoat pocket—drew an old-fashioned watch out of his fob, and looked at the hour—and, lastly, laying his hand upon the ten gilders, he dropped them one by one into his green purse. "I believe," said he, with a smile, "the money is mine." So saying, he snatched up his little cocked-hat, made me half-a-dozen bows, and bade me adieu, after promising to see me at the same time and place two days after.

CHAPTER II.

AGAIN did I bury my face in my hands; again did my fit of meditation come on; I felt my bosom glowing with perplexity. It was now the scales which occupied my thoughts, to the exclusion of every thing else. "Sixteen stones!—impossible, I cannot believe it. This old rascal has cheated me. The weights he has put on must be defective—they must be hollow. I will see to it in a moment, and if there has been any deception, I shall break his bones the first time I set my eyes upon him, maugre his wooden leg; I will at least smash his spectacles, trip up his heels, and pull his hook nose." Full of these resolutions, I proceeded to the adjoining room. Guess of my amazement, when, instead of the great machines in which I had been weighed but ten minutes before, I beheld nothing but a small pair of apothecary's scales, and a few drachm, scruple, and grain weights scattered upon the floor.

Not knowing what to make of this, I returned to the study, when, happening to look into a mirror placed behind the chair on which I had been sitting, I beheld (joyous sight) the reflection of Wolstang. "Ah, you have come?" said I, turning round to receive him, but nobody was to be seen. I looked again through every part of the room; no Wolstang was there. This was passing strange; where could the man have gone in such a hurry? I was now in a greater funk than ever, when, casting my eyes a second time upon the mirror, he again made his appearance. I instantly looked round—no one was present; in another instant I turned to the glass, and there stood the reflection as before. Not knowing what this phenomenon could be, and thinking perhaps that my eyes were dazzled by some phantom, I raised my hands, and rubbed them; Wolstang did the same. I struck my forehead, bit my lip with vexation, and started back, when, marvellous to relate, the figure in the glass repeated all my gestures. I now got alarmed, and, shrinking away from the apparition, threw himself upon the chair. In a few minutes, my courage being somewhat revived, I ventured to face the mirror, but without any better success—the same object presented itself. I desisted, and renewed the trial three several times with the like result. In vain was my philosophy exerted to unfold this mystery. The doc-

trines of Aristotle, the dreams of alchemy, and the wonders of the Cabala, presented themselves in succession to my disordered fancy: I bethought me of magic, necromancy, the witch of Endor, Simon Magus, the brazen head of Friar Bacon, and a multitude of other phantasies. All was in vain; nothing could account for the present occurrence; nothing in mystical or scientific lore bore any analogy to it.

In this perturbed state of mind my eye caught the bust of Pythagoras. This was a flood of light to my understanding. I instantly remembered what the old fellow had hinted about transmigration of souls; I remembered what he said about me being myself, or another person. Then connecting this with the previous events of the day, with the Gottingen students, with Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, with Wolstang's domestics, and, lastly, with the reflection in the looking-glass,—I say, coupling all these things together, I came to the horrible conclusion that I was not myself. "There must be some truth in the Pythagorean doctrine, and I am laboring under a Metempsychosis."

To put the matter beyond a doubt, I went once more to the mirror, where I beheld the same figure which had first startled me. I then looked at my hands; they were larger and stronger than formerly. The dress I had on was also not my own, but evidently that of Wolstang. Every circumstance contributed to confirm me that I was no longer myself.

It would be a vain attempt for me to describe the horror I endured at this dreadful transmogrification. After the first burst of dismay was over, I wept bitterly, bemoaning the loss of my dear body, which I now felt convinced was gone from me forever. "And poor Wolstang," cried I lamentably, "you are no longer yourself. You are me and I am you, and doubtless you are deploring your misfortune as bitterly as your unhappy friend Stadt."

Night was now coming on, and it became necessary that I should resolve upon what ought to be done in my present state. I soon perceived that it would serve no purpose to say that I was myself; no one would have believed me, and I would run the risk of being put in a straight-jacket as a lunatic. To avoid these evils, there was no resource but to pass myself off upon the community as Wolstang. Even here there was considerable risk of being

regarded mad; for how could I at once adapt myself to his circumstances, get a knowledge of them, think as he thought, and act as he acted? It was plain, that although I was Wolstang in body, I was only Stadt in mind; and I knew that in disposition I was as different as possible from Wolstang. "There is no help," said I, weeping grievously; "it must be done."

In order to cool my heated brain, I went out into the open air, and wandered about the streets. I was addressed by a number of persons whom I did not know; and several of my acquaintances, to whom I inadvertently spoke, did not know me. With the former I was very short, answering their questions at random, and getting off as soon as possible. To the latter I could only apologize, assuring them that they had been mistaken by me for other persons. I felt my situation most unpleasant; for, besides the consciousness of no longer being myself, I was constantly running into the most perplexing blunders. For instance, after strolling about for a considerable period, I came, as it were, by a sort of instinct, to my own lodgings. For a time I forgot my situation, and knocked at the door. It was opened by my domestic, from whom I took the candle which he held in his hand, and, according to wont, walked into the study. "Mr. Stadt is not in, sir," said the man, following me; "perhaps you will sit till he comes: I expect him soon." This aroused me from my reverie, confirming too truly the fact that I was changed. I started up from the seat into which I had dropped, rushed past him with dismay, and gained the street. Here I made up my mind to return to Wolstang's lodgings, which I accordingly did, in a mood which a condemned criminal would hardly envy.

I kept the house for the whole of next day, employing myself in writing, in order that the servants might at least see some cause for my confinement. Notwithstanding this, it was easy to observe that they perceived something unusual about me; and several remarks which escaped them, convinced me that they considered my head touched in no slight degree. Although I did all that I was able to compose myself, it was impossible that I could think like Wolstang, and still less that I could know a hundred private and household matters, on which the pert Louise and sapient

Barnabas made a point of consulting me. Whenever I was spoken to concerning things that I knew, my answers were kind and condescending; but on any point about which I was ignorant, I utterly lost temper, and peremptorily forbade them to repeat it. Both shook their heads at such inconsistent behavior; and it was soon bruited among the neighbors that Mr. Albert Wolstang had parted with his senses.

The second day arrived, and found me in the same state of mind. The amazement which succeeded the discovery of my metamorphosis had indeed given way, and I could look at my reflection in the mirror with less pain than at first; but my feelings were still as embittered as ever, and I ardently longed for death to put an end to such intolerable misery. While brooding over these matters, the door of the study opened. Thinking it was one of the domestics, I paid no attention to it; but in a moment I heard a sneeze, which made my flesh creep, and in another the little man with the snuff-colored surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg, made his appearance. Since I last saw this old fellow, I had conceived a mortal hatred against him. I thought, although the idea was wild enough, that he had some hand in my Metempsychosis—and the affair of the scales and the marble busts, together with his Pythagorean opinions, his vast learning, his geomancy and astrology, gave to my idea a strong confirmation. On the present occasion his politeness was excessive; he bowed almost to the ground, made fifty apologies for intruding, and inquired with the most *outré* affectation of tenderness into the state of my health. He then seated himself opposite to me, laid his cocked-hat upon the table, took a pinch of snuff, and commenced his intolerable system of sneezing. I was never less in a humor to relish any thing like foppery; so throwing myself back upon the chair, putting on as commanding a look as I could, and looking at him fiercely, I said, "So, sir, you are back again; I suppose you know me?"

"Know you, my dear friend—eh—yes, I derived great pleasure in being made acquainted with you the day before yesterday. You are Mr. Frederick Stadt—that is to say, you are Mr. Albert Wolstang."—(*A sneeze.*)

"Then you know that I am not myself?"

"My dear friend," replied he, with a smile, "I hinted as much the last time I saw you."

"And pray how did you ascertain that?"

"You don't ask me such a question," said he, with an air of surprise; "I knew it by your own signature."

"My own signature! I know not what you mean by my signature."

"Eh—eh—the signature, you know—that is, the compact you made with Wolstang."

"I know of no compact," cried I, in a passion; "nor did I ever make one with any man living. I defy either you or Wolstang to produce any such instrument."

"I believe it is in my pocket at this very moment. Look here, my dear sir." And he brought out a small manuscript book, and, turning up the leaves, pointed to view the following words:

"I hereby, in consideration of the sum of fifty gilders, give to Albert Wolstang the use of my body, at any time he is disposed, provided that, for the time being, he gives me the use of his.—FREDERICK STADT."

"It is a damnable forgery," said I, starting up with fury; "a *deceptio visus*, at least—something like your scales."

"What about the scales, my dear friend?" said he, with a whining voice.

"Go," replied I, "into that room, and you shall see." He accordingly went, but returned immediately, saying that he observed nothing remarkable. "No!" said I, rising up; "then I shall take the trouble to point it out to you." My astonishment may be better conceived than described, when, instead of the small apothecary's scales, I beheld the immense ones in which I had been weighed two days before. I felt confounded and mortified, and returned with him to the study, muttering something about *deceptio visus*, necromancy, and demonology.

"Well," continued I, after recovering a little, "what about this compact—when and where was it made?"

"It was made some three days ago, at the Devil's Hoof Tavern. You may remember that you and Wolstang were drinking there at that time."

"Yes, I remember it well enough; but I understood that I was putting my name to a receipt for fifty gilders which he paid me. I never read the writing; I merely subscribed it."

"That was a pity; for really you have bound yourself as firmly as signing with a person's own blood can do."

"Did I sign it with my own blood?" said I, alarmed.

"Exactly so. You may recollect of cutting your finger. I had the pleasure of stanching the blood, a sufficient quantity of which was nevertheless collected to write this document."

"Then you were present," said I;—"yes, I have a recollection of your face, now that you mention the circumstance. You were then dressed as a clergyman, if I mistake not."

"Precisely."

"And what," continued I, "are the conditions on which I hold this strange existence? Suppose Wolstang dies?"

"Then you keep his body till the natural period of your own death."

"Suppose I die?"

"He then keeps your body."

"Then, if he dies, my body is buried and goes to decay, while I am clogged up in his body, till relieved from it by death?"

"Precisely."

This announcement struck me with terror.

"And shall I never," said I, weeping, "see my dear body again?"

"You may see it, if ever Wolstang comes in your way."

"But shall I never possess it—shall I never be myself again?"

"Not unless he pleases."

"The villain!" exclaimed I, in an agony of grief; "I am then undone—the tool of a heartless, unprincipled miscreant. Is my case hopeless?"

"Oh no, my dear friend," said the little man, "not at all hopeless; there is nothing simpler than the remedy. Only put your name here, and you will be yourself in a minute. The fellow will then lose all power over your body." I seized with avidity the pen which he presented to me, dipped it in a vial of red ink, and was proceeding to do as he directed, when the writing above caught my eye. It ran thus:

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"Zounds!" said I, "what is this?"

"It is nothing at all; just a form—a mere form of business, of no intrinsic meaning. If you would just write your name—it is very easily done."

"Has any other person signed such deeds?" demanded I.

"Many a one. Here, for example, is Wolstang's name attached to a similar contract. It is, in fact, by virtue of this that he has the power over your body. The deed which you have signed would have availed him nothing without this one."

"Then," said I, "if you relieve me from my present condition, you break faith with Wolstang, seeing that you deprive him of his stipulated power."

"I deprive him of his power over you, but I give him in return a similar power over some other person, which will answer his purpose equally well. I think you had better sign."

"No, you old villain!" said I, wrought up to a pitch of fury at the infernal plan which I saw he was meditating, "I will never sign your damnable compact. I have religion enough to know the value of my soul, and sufficient philosophy to bear with any wretchedness I may endure under my present form. You may play the Devil if you choose, but you shall never get me to act the part of Dr. Faustus." I pronounced these words in a voice of thunder; but so far from being angry, he used every endeavor to soothe me—made a thousand apologies for having been the unwilling cause of such a commotion; then, snatching up his hat and making a profound bow, he left the room.

CHAPTER III.

A GLOW of conscious virtue passed over me on his departure. I found that I had resisted evil, and gloried in the thought; but this triumphant feeling gave way to one of revenge against the author of my calamity. After reflecting for a short time, it occurred to me that the best way to punish him would be to commit some outrage which might stamp him with infamy, and render him miserable if ever he thought of resuming his body. "I shall at least have him expelled from the university. This shall be the first blow directed against his comfort. He will in time become weary of my body, and will find very little satisfaction in his own when he takes it into his head to make an exchange." Full of these ideas, I entered the College court, where the first object that met my eyes was Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead coming towards me—the baton in his hand,

the spectacles on his carbuncle nose, and his head thrown back as he strutted along *à la militaire*. Without a moment's hesitation, I advanced up to him and knocked off his cocked-hat; nor did I stop to see how he looked at this extraordinary salutation, but walked deliberately on. I heard him distinctly call after me, "You shall hear of this, sir, by to-morrow." "When you please, doctor," was my answer. "Now, Master Wolstang," said I to myself, "I have driven you from Gottingen College, and wish you much joy of your expulsion." Such were my thoughts, and the morrow verified them; for, a meeting of the *Senatus Academicus* being summoned by the provost, that learned body declared Albert Wolstang unfit to be a member of the university, and he was accordingly placarded upon the gate and expelled, *in terrorem*.

This circumstance being just what I wanted, gave me no uneasiness; but a few days thereafter an event arose out of it, which subjected me to much inconvenience. Having unwittingly strolled into the College, I was rudely collared by one of the officers, which so enraged me that I knocked down the fellow with a blow of my fist. For this I was apprehended the same day by three gendarmes, and carried before the Syndic, who condemned me to suffer two weeks' close confinement, and to be fed on bread and water. This punishment, though perhaps not disproportioned to the offence, was, in my estimation, horribly severe; and now, for the first time, did I feel regret for the absurdity of my conduct. I found that in endeavoring to punish Wolstang I was in truth only punishing myself, and that it was a matter of doubt whether he would ever submit to a corporeal change, seeing that my fortune was much more considerable than his own, and that he would come at it in the course of six months. This I had no doubt was the chief consideration which could have induced the fellow to bring about such a metamorphosis.

On getting out of prison I was the most miserable wretch on earth. The fierce desire of vengeance had formerly kept up my spirits; but this was now gone, and they sank to the lowest pitch. I found that I was spurned by those very persons who were before most anxious to cultivate my friendship. Barnabas and Louise had left me, resolving no longer to serve one who had undergone

the punishment of a malefactor. In order to clear up matters, I frequently called at my own house to inquire if I myself was at home—for so was I obliged to speak of the miscreant who had possession of my body; but on every occasion I was answered in the negative. "I had gone out to see a friend in town;" "I had gone to the country;" "I was expected soon." Never by any possibility could I get a sight of myself. All this convinced me that the case was hopeless, and that I must make the best of my deplorable situation. Wolstang had evidently played my part much better than I did his, for he had an interest in doing so, and was (thanks to my simplicity) intimately acquainted with the state of my affairs. If any thing could add to this irritation, it was to notice the improvements, or rather changes, which the fellow was making in my house. Every thing was turned upside down. Many of the most valuable books in my library were brought to the hammer, and replaced by more modern works. Some antique MSS. found among the ruins of Pompeii, and on which I set a high value, were disposed of in the same manner; together with my porphyry snuff-box, my mother's diamond ring, my illuminated missal, and Arabic autograph of the Koran. The money produced by these valuable relics was laid out in new-painting my study, and in fitting it up with Chinese mandarins, silken pagodas, and other pieces of Eastern trumpery.

In consequence of the peculiar opportunities which I enjoyed, I soon discovered that Wolstang, whom I had long thought rather highly of, was in reality a very bad character. Some persons of the worst description in Gottingen appeared to have been his associates. Times without number I was accosted as an acquaintance by gamblers, pick-pockets usurers, and prostitutes: and through their means I unravelled a train of imposture, profligacy, and dissipation in which he had been long deeply involved. I discovered that he had two mistresses in keeping; that he had seduced the daughters of several of the most respectable citizens, and was the father of no less than seven natural children, whom he had by those unfortunate women. I found out even worse than this—at least what I dreaded much more. This was a forgery to an immense amount, which he, in concert with another person, had committed on an extensive mer-

cantile house. The accomplice, in a high state of trepidation, came to tell me that the whole was in a fair way of being blown, and that if we wished to save our necks, an instantaneous departure from the city was indispensable. Such a piece of intelligence threw me into great alarm. If I remained, my apprehension would be inevitable; and how would it be possible for me to persuade any one that I was not Wolstang? My conviction and execution must follow; and though I was now so regardless of life that I would gladly have been in my grave, yet there was something revolting in the idea of dying for a villain, merely because I could not show that I was not myself. These reflections had their due weight, and I resolved to leave Gottingen next day, and escape from the country altogether.

While meditating upon this scheme, I walked about three miles out of town for the purpose of maturing my plans, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the streets. As I was going slowly along, I perceived a man walking about a furlong before me. His gait and dress arrested my attention particularly, and after a few glances I was convinced that he must be myself. The joy that pervaded my mind at this sight no language can describe; it was as a glimpse of heaven, and filled me with perfect ecstasy. Prudence, however, did not forsake me, and I resolved to steal slowly upon him, collar him, and demand an explanation. With this view I approached him, concealing myself as well as I could, and was so successful that I had actually got within ten yards of my prey without being discovered. At this instant, hearing footsteps, he turned round, looked alarmed, and took to his heels. I was after him in a moment, and the flight on one side, and pursuit on the other, were keenly contested. Thanks to Wolstang's long legs, they were better than the short ones with which my antagonist was furnished, and I caught him by the collar as he was about to enter a wood. I grasped my body with Herculean grip, so terrified was I to lose it. "And now you villain," said I, as soon as I could recover breath, "tell me the meaning of this. Restore me my body, or by heaven I will——"

"You will do what?" asked he, with the most insolent coolness. This question was a dagger to my soul, for I knew that any punishment I inflicted upon him must be inflicted upon

myself. I stood mute for a few seconds, still holding him strongly in my grasp. At last throwing pity aside, by one vast effort I cried out, "I declare solemnly, Wolstang, that if you do not give me back my body I shall kill you on the spot."

"Kill me on the spot!" replied he. "Do you mean to say that you will kill your own body?"

"I do say so," was my answer. "I will rather destroy my dear body, than it should be disgraced by a scoundrel like you."

"You are jesting," said Wolstang, endeavouring to extricate himself.

"I shall show you the contrary," rejoined I giving him a violent blow on the nose, and another on the ribs. These strokes almost drew tears from my eyes; and when I saw my precious blood flowing, I certainly would have wept aloud, but for the terrible energy which rage had given me. The punishment had its evident effect, however, upon Wolstang, for he became agitated and alarmed, grew pale, and entreated me to let him go. "Never, you villain, till you return me back my body. Let me be myself again, and then you are free."

"That is impossible," said he, "and cannot be done without the agency of another person, who is absent; but I hereby solemnly swear, that five days after my death your body shall be your own."

"If better terms cannot be had, I must take even these, but better I shall have; so prepare to part with what is not your own. Take yourself back again, or I will beat you to mummy." So saying, I laid on him most unmercifully—flattened his nose (or rather my own), and laid him sprawling on the earth without ceremony. While engaged in this business, I heard a sneeze, and looking to the quarter from which it proceeded, whom did I see emerging from the wood, but my old acquaintance with the snuff-colored surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg. He saluted me as usual with a smile, and was beginning to regret the length of time which had elapsed since he last had the pleasure of seeing me, when I interrupted him. "Come," said I, "this is not a time for ridiculous grimace; you know all about it, so help me to get my body back from this scoundrel here."

"Certainly, my dear friend. Heaven forbid that you should be robbed of so unalien-

able a property. Wolstang, you must give it up. 'Tis the height of injustice to deprive him of it."

"Shall I surrender it, then?" said Wolstang with a pitiable voice.

"By all means: let Mr. Stadt have his body."

In an instant I felt great pains shoot through me, and I lay on the ground, breathless and exhausted as if from some dreadful punishment. I also saw the little gentleman, and the tall stout figure of Wolstang, walk away arm in arm, and enter the wood. I was now myself again, but had at first little cause of congratulation on the change, for I was one heap of bruises, while the unprincipled author of my calamities was moving off in his own body without a single scratch. If my frame was in bad case, however, my mind felt relieved beyond conception. A load was taken from it, and it felt the consciousness of being encased in that earthly tenement destined by Heaven for its habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

ALAS, how transient is human happiness! Scarcely had an hour elapsed when a shudder came over me, precisely similar to that which occurred some weeks before on entering the College of Gottingen. I also perceived that I was a stronger, taller, and more vigorous, and, as if by magic, totally free of pain. At this change a horrid sentiment came across me, and, on looking at my shadow in a well, I observed that I was no longer myself, but Wolstang; the diabolical miscreant had again effected a metempsychosis. Full of distracting ideas, I wandered about the fields till nightfall, when I returned into the city, and threw myself into bed, overpowered with fatigue and grief.

Next day I made a point of calling at my own house, and inquiring for myself. The servant said that I could not be seen, being confined to bed in consequence of several bruises received in an encounter with two highwaymen. I called next day, and was still confined. On the third I did the same, but I had gone out with a friend. On the fourth I learned that I was dead.

It will readily be believed that this last intelligence was far from being unwelcome. On hearing of my own death I felt the most lively pleasure, anticipating the period when I would be myself again. That period, accord-

ing to Wolstang's solemn vow, would arrive in five days. Three of these I had spent in the house, carefully secluding myself from observation, when I heard a sneeze at the outside of the door. It opened, and in stepped the little man with the snuff-colored surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. I had conceived a dislike approaching to horror at this old rascal, whom I naturally concluded to be at the bottom of these diabolical transformations; I, however, contained my wrath till I should hear what he had to say.

"I wish you much joy, my dear friend, that you are going to resume your own body. There is, however, one circumstance, which perhaps you have overlooked. Are you aware that you are to be buried to-day?"

"I never thought of it," answered I calmly, "nor is it of any consequence, I presume. In two days I shall be myself again. I shall then leave this body behind me, and take possession of my own."

"And where will your own body be then?"

"In the grave," said I with a shudder, as the thought came across me.

"Precisely so, and you will enjoy the pleasure of being buried alive; that, I suppose, you have not calculated upon."

This remark struck me with blank dismay, and I fell back on my chair, uttering a deep groan. "Is there then no hope? cannot this dreadful doom be averted? must I be buried alive?"

"The case is rather a hard one, Mr. Stadt, but perhaps not without a remedy."

"Yes, there is a remedy," cried I, starting up and striking my forehead. "I shall hie me to my own house, and entreat them to suspend the funeral for two days."

"I saw the undertaker's men enter the house, as I passed by, for the purpose, I should think, of screwing down the coffin-lid. The company also, I find, are beginning to collect, so that there is little hope of your succeeding. However," continued he, taking a pinch of snuff, "you may try, and if you fail, I have a scheme in view which will perhaps suit your purpose. I shall await your return."

In a moment my hat was on my head, in another I was out of the room, and in a third at my own house. What he had stated was substantially true. Some of the mourners

had arrived, and the undertaker's men were waiting below, till they should be summoned up-stairs to screw down the lid. Without an instant of delay I rushed to the chamber where my dear body was lying in its shell. Some of my friends were there, and I entreated them, in imploring accents, to stop for two days, and they would see that the corpse which lay before them would revive. "I am not dead," cried I, forgetting myself,—"I assure you I am not dead."

"Poor fellow! he has lost his senses," said one.

"Ah, poor Wolstang," observed another: "he ran deranged some weeks ago, and has been going about asking for himself ever since."

"I assure you I am not dead," said I, throwing myself upon my knees before my cousin, who was present.

"I know that, my good fellow," was his answer, "but poor Stadt, you see, is gone forever."

"That is not Stadt—it is I—it is I—will you not believe me—I am not myself. For heaven's sake suspend this funeral." Such were my exclamations, but they produced no other effect but that of pity among the bystanders.

"Poor unfortunate fellow, he is crazed. Get a porter, and let him be taken home."

This order, which was given by my cousin himself, stung me to madness, and, changing my piteous tones for those of fierce resistance, I swore that "I would not turn out for any man living. I would not be buried alive to please them." To this nobody made any reply, but in the course of a minute four stout porters made their appearance, and I was forced from the house.

Returning to Wolstang's lodgings, the old man was there in waiting, as he promised. "What," said I with trepidation,—"what is the scheme you were to propose? Tell me, and avert the horrible doom which will await me, for they have refused to suspend the funeral."

"My dear friend," said he in the most soothing manner, "your case is far from being so bad as you apprehend. You have just to write your name in this book, and you will be yourself again in an instant. Instead of coming alive in the grave, you will be alive before the coffin-lid is put on. Only think of the difference of the two situations."

"A confounded difference indeed," thought I, taking hold of the pen. But at the very moment when I was going to write, I observed above the following words:—

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"What!" said I, "this is the old compact the one you wished me to sign before?"

"The same, my dear friend."

"Then I'll be d——d if I sign it."

"Only think of the consequences," said he.

"I will abide the consequences rather than sell my soul."

"Buried alive, my dear sir—only think."

"I will not sign the compact."

"Only think of being buried alive," continued he,—"stifled to death—pent up on all sides—earth above, earth below—no hope—no room to move in—suffocated, stupified, horror-struck—utter despair. Is not the idea dreadful? Only think what your feelings will be, when you come to life in that narrow charnel-house, and know your situation."

I gave a shudder at this picture, which was drawn with horrible truth; but the energies of religion, and the hopes of futurity, rushed upon my soul, and sustained it in the dreadful trial. "Away, away," said I, pushing him back. "I have made up my mind to the sacrifice, since better may not be. Whatever happens to my body, I am resolved not to risk my eternal soul for its sake."

"Think again," said he, "and make up your mind. If I leave you, your fate is irrevocable. Are you decided?"

"I am."

"Only reflect once more. Consider how, by putting your name in this book, you will save yourself from a miserable death. Are you decided?"

"I am," replied I firmly.

"Then, fool," said he, while a frown perfectly unnatural to him corrugated his brow, and his eyes shot forth vivid glances of fire—"then, fool, I leave you to your fate. You shall never see me again." So saying, he walked out of the room, dispensing with his usual bows and grimaces, and dashing the door fiercely after him, while I threw myself upon a couch in an agony of despair.

My doom was now sealed beyond all hope; for, going to the windows a few minutes thereafter, I beheld my own funeral, with my

cousin at the head of the procession, acting as chief mourner. In a short time I saw the company returning from the interment. "All is over, then," said I, wringing my hands at this deplorable sight. "I am the victim of some infernal agency, and must prepare for the dreadful sacrifice." That night I was supremely wretched, tossing incessantly in bed, while sleep was denied to my wearied eyelids. Next morning my haggard look was remarked by my servant, who proposed sending for a physician; but this I would not allow, knowing that woe like mine was beyond the reach of medicine. The greater part of that day was spent in religious exercises, from which I felt considerable relief. The day after was the last I was to behold upon earth. It came, and I endeavored by every means to subdue the terror which it brought along with it. On arising from bed, I sent for my servant, an elderly woman whom I had got to supply the place of Barnabas and Louise, and gave her one hundred gilders, being all the money I could find in Wolstang's bureau. "Now, Philippa," said I, "as soon as the clock of the study has struck three, come in, and you will find me dead. Retire, and do not enter till then." She went away, promising to do all that I had ordered her.

During the interval I sat opposite the clock, marking the hours pass rapidly by. Every tick was as a death-knell to my ear—every movement of the hands, as the motion of a scimitar levelled to cut me in pieces. I heard all, and I saw all in horrid silence. Two o'clock at length struck. "Now," said I, "there is but one hour for me on earth—then the dreadful struggle begins—then I must live again in the tomb only to perish miserably." Half an hour passed, then forty minutes, then fifty, then fifty-five. I saw with utter despair the minute-hand go by the latter, and approach the meridian number of the dial. As it swept on, a stupor fell over my spirit, a mist swam before my eyes, and I almost lost the power of consciousness. At last I heard *one* strike aloud—my flesh crept with dread; then *two*—I gave an universal shudder; then *three*, and I gasped convulsively, and saw and heard nothing further.

CHAPTER V.

AT this moment I was sensible of an insupportable coldness. My heart fluttered, then it

beat strong, and the blood, passing as it were over my chilled frame, gave it warmth and animation. I also began by slow degrees to breathe. But though my bodily feelings were thus torpid, my mental ones were very different. They were on the rack; for I knew that I was now buried alive, and that the dreadful struggle was about to commence. Instead of rejoicing as I recovered the genial glow of life, I felt appalled with blank despair. I was terrified to move, because I knew I would feel the horrid walls of my narrow prison-house. I was terrified to breathe, because the pent air within it would be exhausted, and the suffocation of struggling humanity would seize upon me. I was even terrified to open my eyes, and gaze upon the eternal darkness by which I was surrounded. Could I resist?—the idea was madness. What would my strength avail against the closed coffin, and the pressure above, below, and on every side? "No, I must abide the struggle, which a few seconds more will bring on: I must perish deplorably in it. Then the Epicurean worm will feast upon my remains, and I shall no longer hear any sound, or see any sight, till the last trumpet shall awaken me from slumber, and gather me together from the jaws of the tomb."

Meanwhile I felt the necessity of breathing, and I did breathe fully; and the air was neither so close nor scanty as might have been supposed. "This, however," thought I, "is but the first of my respirations: a few more, and the vital air will be exhausted; then will the agony of death truly commence." I nevertheless breathed again, and again, and again; but nothing like stifling seized upon me—nothing of the kind, even when I had made fifty good respirations. On the contrary, I respired with the most perfect freedom. This struck me as very singular; and being naturally of an inquisitive disposition, I felt an irresistible wish, even in my dreadful situation, to investigate if possible the cause of it. "The coffin must be unconsciously large." This was my first idea; and to ascertain it, I slightly raised my hands, shuddering at the same time at the thought of their coming in contact with the lid above me. However, they encountered no lid. Up, up, up, I elevated them, and met with nothing. I then groped to the sides, but the coffin laterally seemed equally capacious; no sides were to

be found. "This is certainly a most extraordinary shell to bury a man of my size in. I shall try if possible to ascertain its limits before I die—suppose I endeavor to stand upright." The thought no sooner came across my mind than I carried it into execution. I got up, raising myself by slow degrees, in case of knocking my head against the lid. Nothing, however, impeded my extension, and I stood straight. I even raised my hands on high, to feel if it were possible to reach the top: no such thing; the coffin was apparently without bounds. Altogether, I felt more comfortable than a buried man could expect to be. One thing struck me, and it was this—I had no grave-clothes upon me. "But," thought I, "this is easily accounted for: my cousin comes to my property, and the scoundrel has adopted the most economical means of getting rid of me." I had not as yet opened my eyes, being daunted at the idea of encountering the dreary darkness of the grave. But my courage being somewhat augmented by the foregoing events, I endeavored to open them. This was impossible; and on examination, I found that they were bandaged, my head being encircled with a fillet. On endeavoring to loosen it, I lost my balance, and tumbled down with a hideous noise. I did not merely fall upon the bottom of the coffin, as might be expected; on the contrary, I seemed to roll off it, and fell lower, as it were, into some vault underneath. In endeavoring to arrest this strange descent, I caught hold of the coffin, and pulled it on the top of me. Nor was this all; for, before I could account for such a train of extraordinary accidents below ground, and while yet stupefied and bewildered, I heard a door open, and in an instant after human voices. "What, in heaven's name, can be the meaning of this?" ejaculated I involuntarily. "Is it a dream?—am I asleep, or am I awake? Am I dead or alive?" While meditating thus, and struggling to extricate myself from the coffin, I heard some one say distinctly, "Good God, he is come alive!" My brain was distracted by a whirlwind of vain conjectures; but before it could arrange one idea, I felt myself seized upon by both arms, and raised up with irresistible force. At the same instant the fillet was drawn from my eyes. I opened them with amazement: instead of the gloom of death, the glorious light of heaven burst upon them! I was con-

founded; and, to add to my surprise, I saw supporting me two men, with whose faces I was familiar. I gazed at the one, then at the other, with looks of fixed astonishment. "What is this?" said I; "where am I?"

"You must remain quiet," said the eldest, with a smile. "We must have you put to bed, and afterwards dressed."

"What is this?" continued I; "am I not dead—was I not buried?"

"Hush, my dear friend—let me throw this great-coat over you."

"But I must speak," said I, my senses still wandering. "Where am I?—who are you?"

"Do you not know me?"

"Yes," replied I, gazing at him intently—"my friend Doctor Wunderdudt. Good God! how do you happen to be here? Did I not come alive in the grave?"

"You may thank us that you did not," said he. "Look around, and say if you know where you are."

I looked, as he directed, and found myself in a large room fitted up with benches, and having half-a-dozen skeletons dangling from the roof. While doing this, he and his friend smiled at each other, and seemed anxiously awaiting my reply, and enjoying my wonder. At last I satisfied myself that I was in the anatomical theatre of the University.

"But," said I, "there is something in all this I cannot comprehend. What—where is the coffin?"

"What coffin, my dear fellow?" said Wunderdudt.

"The coffin that I was in."

"The coffin," said he, smiling; "I suppose it remains where it was put the day before yesterday."

I rubbed my eyes with vexation, not knowing what to make of these perplexing circumstances. "I mean," said I, "the coffin—that is, the coffin I drew over upon me when I fell."

"I do not know of any coffin," answered he, laughing heartily; "but I know very well that you have pulled upon yourself my good mahogany table; there it lies." And on looking, I observed the large table, which stood in the middle of the hall, overturned upon the floor. Doctor Wunderdudt (he was professor of anatomy to the college) now made me retire, and had me put in bed till clothing could be procured. But I would not allow him to depart till he had unravelled the

strange web of perplexity in which I still found myself involved. Nothing would satisfy me but a philosophical solution of the problem, "Why was I not buried alive, as I had reason to expect?" The doctor expounded this intricate point in the following manner:

"The day before yesterday," said he, "I informed the resurrectionists in the service of the University, that I was in want of a subject, desiring them at the same time to set to work with all speed. That very night they returned, assuring me that they had fished up one which would answer to a hair, being both young and vigorous. In order to inform myself of the quality of what they brought me, I examined the body, when, to my indignation and grief, I found that they had disinterred my excellent friend, Mr. Fredrick Stadt, who had been buried the same day."

"What!" said I starting up from the bed, "did they disinter me?—the scoundrel!"

"You may well call them scoundrels," said the professor, "for preventing a gentleman from enjoying the pleasure of being buried alive. The deed was certainly most felonious; and if you are at all anxious, I shall have them reported to the Syndic, and tried for their impertinent interference. But to proceed. No sooner did I observe that they had fallen upon you than I said, 'My good men, this will never do. You have brought me here my worthy friend Mr. Stadt. I cannot feel in my heart to anatomize him, so just carry him quietly back to his old quarters, and I shall pay you his price, and something over and above.'"

"What!" said I, again interrupting the doctor, "is it possible you could be so inhuman as to make the scoundrels bury me again?"

"Now, Stadt," rejoined he with a smile, "you are a strange fellow. You were angry at the *men* for raising you, and now you are angry at *me* for endeavoring to repair their error by reinterring you."

"But you forget that I was to come alive?"

"How in the deuce was I to know that my dear boy?"

"Very true. Go on, doctor, and excuse me for interrupting you so often."

"Well," continued he, "the men carried you last night to deposit you in your long house, when, as fate would have it, they were prevented by a ridiculous fellow of a tailor, who, for a trifling wager, had engaged to sit

up alone, during the whole night, in the churchyard, exactly at the spot where your grave lay. So they brought you back to the college, resolving to inter you to-night, if the tailor, or the devil himself, should stand in their way. Your timely resuscitation will save them this trouble. At the same time, if you are still offended at them, they will be very happy to take you back, and you may yet enjoy the felicity of being buried alive."

Such was a simple statement of the fact, delivered in the professor's good-humored and satirical style; and from it the reader may guess what a narrow escape I had from the most dreadful of deaths, and how much I am indebted, in the first instance, to the stupid blundering of the resurrectionists, and, in the second to the tailor. I returned to my own house as soon as possible, to the no small mortification of my cousin, who was proceeding to invest himself with all that belonged to me. I made him refund without ceremony, and altered my will, which had been made in his favor; not forgetting, in so doing, his refusal to let my body remain two days longer unburied. A day or two afterwards I saw a funeral pass by, which, on inquiry, I learned to be Wolstang's. He died suddenly, as I was informed, and some persons remarked it as a curious event that his death happened at precisely the same moment as my return to life. This was merely mentioned as a passing observation, but no inference was deduced from it. The old domestic in Wolstang's house gave a wonderful account of his death, mentioning the hour at which he said he was to die, and how it was verified by the event. She said nothing, however, about the hundred gilders. Many considered her story as a piece of mere trumpery. She had nevertheless a number of believers.

With respect to myself, I excited a great talk, receiving invitations to dine with almost all the respectable families in Gottingen. I had the honor of being waited on by Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, who, after shaking me by the hand in the kindest manner, made me give a long account of my feelings at the instant of coming alive. Of course, I concealed every thing connected with the Metempsychosis, and kept out many circumstances which at the time I did not wish to be known: He was nevertheless highly delighted, and gave it as his opinion (which, being oracular, was instantly acted upon), that a description of the

whole should be inserted in the Annals of the University. I had the farther honor of being invited to dinner at his house—an honor which I duly appreciated, knowing that it is almost never conferred except on the syndics, burgo-masters, and deacons of the town, and a few of the professors.

These events, which are here related at full, I can only attest by my own word, except indeed the affair of the coming alive, which everybody in Gottingen knows of. If any doubt the more unlikely parts of the detail, I cannot help it. I have not written this with the view of empty fame, and still less of profit. Philosophy has taught me to despise the former, and my income renders the latter an object of no importance. I merely do it to put my fellow-

citizens on their guard against the machinations of the old fellow with the snuff-colored surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. Above all, they should carefully abstain from signing any paper he may present to them, however plausible his offers may be. By mere thoughtlessness in this respect, I brought myself into a multitude of dangers and difficulties, from which every one in the same predicament may not escape so easily as I have done. I shall conclude with acknowledging that a strong change has been wrought in my opinions; and that from ridiculing the doctrines of the sage of Samos, I am now one of their firmest supporters. In a word, I am what I have designated myself,

“A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.”

THE THIRD PERSON VERSUS THE FIRST.—The other day, in one of the Paris *restaurants*, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as, “Monsieur X. has the honor to inform —,” and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were more ceremonious, more polite.

“That’s a good idea!” replied Monsieur A. “The foundation of all politeness, in letter-writing, is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May, I received from my friend D., the Chief of Division, a *billet-doux*, which I will show you.”

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:—

“Monsieur D., Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.”

“You can fancy my delight at reading this note,” continued Monsieur A. “I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver’s, and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, ‘Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.’ I ran to a jeweller’s, and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk-mercier’s, and bought a piece of the richest red *moiré* ribbon for my button-hole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last, I ran to my friend D.’s; as soon as I caught sight of him, I threw myself into his arms. ‘Ah, my dear fellow,’ I exclaimed, ‘you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I

ever thank you sufficiently?’—‘You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.’—‘Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.’—‘How is that? Have you received the Order?’—‘Certainly; have I not?’—‘No, my good friend; ’tis I who am now made Chevalier.’—‘You?’—‘Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me.’—‘But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.’ I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. ‘The deuce take you and your note!’ I said to D. ‘Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly “My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am *decoré* Chevalier?”’

“I left him in a rage; I will never speak to him as long as I live. Don’t talk to me of your polite notes written in the third person.”

WHOLESAME IDLENESS.—Talk not of the idleness which is full of quiet thoughts. Is it idle to be up with the day—to feel the balmy coolness of a rich May-dew—to watch the coming splendor of the sun—to see the young lambs leap—to hear singing, a mile above us, the strong throated lark, the spirit of the scene,—is this idle? Yet by some ’tis called so. The sluggard who wakes half the night to lay lime-twigs for poor honesty the next day; the varlet who acknowledges no villainy on the safe side of an act of parliament,—he calls one a loiterer and a time-killer; be it so—it does not spoil the fishing. Idle! why, angling is in itself a system of morality!—*Jerrold*.

From The Athenæum.

A History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. Vol. II. 1770-1780. (Parker and Son.)

MR. MASSEY conducts his story as he began it, with care, with spirit, and with liberality. Readers who know the period over which he trips so lightly may complain that Mr. Massey's knowledge is neither wide nor deep—that his anecdotes are worn—that his illustrations, and sceneries, and characters are familiar to the eye and to the ear. Readers who know it in part and who wish to know it better, may contend that, inasmuch as the whole unwritten history of George the Third lies in the secret presses of the State Paper Office—never seen by any writer save Adolphus—it was the duty of a historian, having the advantage of being an Under-Secretary of State (Mr. Massey's position in the late Government), to explore these virgin fields and bring their treasures to the light of day. Such remonstrance and complaint would be just, and yet they might be thought little to the purpose. Mr. Massey writes for the general reader more than for students; his merits are those of an ordinary politician,—sharp, gentlemanly, and well read, with little enthusiasm and no pretence to profound or original views; and if he can catch the public ear by a popular manner and a plausible tale, he may dispense with the pleasure of also gaining over the critics.

In spite of a thousand memoirs, the early part of the reign of George the Third is still the least known part of English history. What is the best known part of it, perhaps, is the history of manners, and the pages of Mr. Massey's new volume devoted to the exhibition of aristocratic and popular life are his best. From this part rather than from that which describes or denounces the intrigues of courtiers and statesmen, we propose to draw the extracts to be laid before our readers. Mr. Massey seems to be of opinion that the corruption of English society (which began in the days of James the First, paused for a generation under the Republic, and rapidly progressed under the Restoration) attained its height under the second or the third George. The corruption was at this time appalling—Walpole paying M. P.'s to vote, even for what they thought good measures—and the elections into the Coterie

representing the two extreme forms of the moral disease. The outward forms of depravity first gave way. As Mr. Massey says:—

“It was something gained, when the grossest of Wycherly's and Centlivre's comedies were withdrawn from the stage, and when Mrs. Behn's and Mrs. Heywood's novels were no longer generally read. Royal mistresses still occupied a high position at court; but lord high chancellors and generalissimos no longer thought such a position a desirable preferment for their sisters and daughters. The courtiers of George the First were not expected to accompany him to the levees of the Duchess of Kendal, nor were the manners of the Countess of Suffolk, like the manners of the Countess of Castlemaine, those of the most degraded of her unhappy class. It was true, that a maid of honor would sometimes make a slip; and with so little scandal, that the offspring was openly christened by the name of the heir-apparent. But I doubt whether even Frederick Prince of Wales, or his household, would have thought it a morning's amusement to dissect the still-born offspring of a lady of the court.”

Mr. Massey describes for us a man of fashion—a figure well known to the reader of plays:—

“The man of fashion of this period was a compound of effeminacy and affectation. He painted and perfumed like a woman. His toilet occupied a great proportion of his time; his dress was of the most costly materials, and the most fantastic patterns. Silks and brocades, embroidery, gold lace, and jewelry adorned his person, both in morning and evening costume. He seldom stirred abroad on foot, except to take a turn in the mall; and if he had to cross the street only from his lodging to a tavern, he was conveyed in a chair. Gaming was his chief employment; gallantry occupied the hours which could be spared from dress and play. He had made the grand tour, and, consequently knew the world. Of books he knew little or nothing. Men of education he called ‘prigs’ and ‘pedants.’ The only literature which he cultivated was plays, novels, lampoons, or tracts in ridicule of religion. Such were the beaux and fribbles of the time of Anne and of the Hanover succession. The reader who would know more of the manners and conversation of this class, will find their affectation and ignorance, their profligacy, insolence, and inanity, sketched, without exaggeration, in the ‘Foppington’ of Cibber, the ‘Fellamar’ of Fielding, and the ‘Whiffle’ of Smollett.”

These were the fribbles of Fleet Street and

the popular theatres. Above them in social rank, in wit, and in pretensions stood a class of men no better in morals and scarcely in manners:—

“At the head of this class may be placed the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole himself. Since the establishment of representative government in this country, no minister has ever been assailed by such a formidable combination as that which, for a series of years, vainly endeavored to drag down the great defender of the revolution. Discarded Whigs; orators of shining parts and of the highest promise, whose eager ambition was baffled by his arrogance of power; partisans of the banished family, whose sanguine expectations had been balked by his vigilance and sagacity; men who could agree on no other point—were firmly united in the one object of destroying Walpole, as the common enemy. Every variety of invective which faction, jealousy, and personal hatred could suggest, was heaped upon his head but the topics principally relied upon, and which could not be disputed, so far from being a reproach, are the very grounds on which his reputation as a wise and faithful minister must ever rest. That he was not scrupulous in the application of public money is undoubted; but the charge of personal speculation, by which the vindictive rage of his enemies sought his life as well as his honor, not only failed, but is discredited by the fact that he died largely in debt. The really vulnerable parts of his character were never attacked. The evil example of his private life; his utter contempt of decorum; the proverbial grossness of his conversation, and the periodical debaucheries of Houghton, which were the talk of the whole county—all these passed uncensured. It would have been impossible, indeed, for such men as Bolingbroke, Yonge, Carteret, and Chesterfield, to have vindicated the cause of insulted morality; but there were among the foremost assailants of Walpole, some who might have ventured on such ground, without being hooted for their impudence and hypocrisy. Shippen and Barnard, Pulteney and Pitt, were men whose moral characters were fair; but though the delicacy and forbearance which in modern times mitigate the asperity of political conflict were then unknown, I am not aware that, during twenty years of party warfare unparalleled in virulence, any allusion was made to these scandals. The truth is, that the habits and manners of Walpole were congenial to the coarseness and depravity of the times.”

Others were as bad as Walpole:—

“The Duke of Grafton, some time at the

head of his Majesty's government, was in the habit of appearing in public with his mistress, a common woman of the town. Lord Sandwich and Sir Francis Dashwood, the one successively Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty—the other, Chancellor of the Exchequer, were the most notoriously profligate men of their day. They were the founders of the Franciscan Club, an association of a few audacious men of fashion, for the purpose of celebrating a blasphemous burlesque upon the monastic system and the rites of the Church of Rome. They took a ruinous building in Buckinghamshire, called Medmenham Abbey, which, as its name implies, had once been a religious house. Here they fitted up cells, assumed the habit of the order of St. Francis and with grave mockery, performed the ceremonies and observances of the conventual service. I need not describe the quality of the nuns who were admitted to the participation in these solemnities, nor of the choruses which were chanted, nor of the images which represented the Virgin and the saints. Nor was this the passing freak of a few thoughtless young men of wit and fashion. The Franciscan Club was for some time the wonder and scandal of the town. It assembled several times; and comprised, besides Sandwich and Dashwood, such men as Wilkes, Potter, and Selwyn, most of whom were of mature age.”

No survey of society in that age would be complete without reference to the universal habit of gambling. Mr. Massey tells us:—

“The vice which, above all others, infested English society during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was gaming. Men and women, the old and the young, beaux and statesmen, peers and apprentices, the learned and polite, as well as the ignorant and vulgar, were alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting of every description, with the ordinary resources of cards and dice, were the chief employment of many, and were tampered with more or less by almost every person in the higher ranks of life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses. But every fashionable assembly was a gaming-house. Large balls and routs had not yet come into vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples; and the practice of collecting a crowd of fine people to do nothing, is an invention of recent date. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests; and even where there was dancing, cards formed the principal part of the entertainment. Games of skill were seldom played. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre,

hazard, commerce, and spadille—the very names of which are hardly known to the present generation—furnished the excitement of the play, and enabled people of fashion to win and lose their money without mental effort. Whist was not much in vogue until a later period, and was far too abstruse and slow to suit the depraved taste which required unadulterated stimulants. The ordinary stakes at these mixed assemblies would, at the present day, be considered high, even at clubs where a rubber is still allowed. The consequences of such gaming were often still more lamentable than those which usually attend such practices. It would happen that a lady lost more than she could venture to confess to a husband or father. Her creditor was probably a fine gentleman, or she became indebted to some rich admirer for the means of discharging her liabilities. In either event, the result may be guessed. In the one case, the debt of honor was liquidated on the old principle of the law-merchant, according to which there was but one alternative to payment in purse. In the other, there was likewise but one mode in which the acknowledgment of obligation by a fine woman, would be acceptable to a man of the world.”

This paragraph leads us directly to the consideration of the character and manners of the ladies of that generation—to the amusements they preferred and the education they obtained. As a rule, the daughter will renew the father—the wife reflect her husband and her home. What were these in the early part of the reign of George the Third? Says Mr. Massey:—

“To a woman of any education or refinement, an English manor-house, during at least the earlier years of the Hanoverian succession, must have been an intolerable home. The library of the Hall probably consisted of a book of receipts, the ‘Justice of the Peace,’ a volume of drinking songs, a book of sports, and a tract or two against Popery. The country book-clubs, and the London circulating libraries, which convey the newest works to the extremities of Cornwall and Cumberland, within twenty-four hours after they have been laid on the tables of the club-houses in Pall Mall, had not yet been invented. The country town, unless it was one of the first class, had probably not a bookseller’s shop, and was dependent for its literary supplies upon the occasional visits of a hawk or travelling agent of a large firm, who opened his pack, or set up a stall on a fair or market day. The state of the roads, during a great of the year, was such as to render visiting impracticable. The aspect of the country itself was for the most part dreary and desolate.

. . . The neatness and taste which now surround the humblest villa seldom adorned the residence of a country gentleman before 1760. Landscape-gardening was confined to the seats of the great proprietors; and even a common flower garden was not a usual appendage to the house of a gentleman qualified to be knight of the shire. The house itself, though a substantial structure, was rarely kept in the state of repair and cleanliness which the modern sense of comfort and decency requires. The stables and kennels were close to the house, occupying the site which is now covered with conservatories and parterres. The rough fields through which this gloomy mansion was approached, presented a very different aspect to the highly-cultivated lands and neat enclosures which now surround a lawn, laid out in well-kept walks, and ornamented by shrubs and plants from every quarter of the globe.”

A varnish of civility was laid on the manners of women by the free intercourse of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Madame Cornelys’s in Soho Square, and afterwards at the Pantheon:—

“To Ranelagh, visitors from the country and foreigners always repaired, to see the world of London and English society. Many persons, who did not venture into other public assemblies, found nothing objectionable in the Rotunda at Chelsea. Dignified clergy, statesmen, philosophers, authors, here mingled with fops, fine ladies, country gentlemen, city people, apprentices, kept-mistresses, highwaymen, and thieves. But these assembly-rooms, though open to the public, were, to a certain degree, kept select by the price of admission; and spacious well-arranged halls, where people could walk about without inconvenience or restraint, meet their friends, and see a variety of manners, while conversation was relieved by brilliant music, must have been far more agreeable than the modern fashion of crowded assemblies at private houses or formal concerts at which no voices must be heard but those of the paid, or still worse, perhaps, of the unprofessional performers. But there were other assemblies a century ago, for which even the dreary dissipation of 1857 is a happy exchange. We have abandoned, I hope for ever, the manifold profligacy of Vauxhall, Cornelys’s, and the Pantheon. The gardens on the Surry side of the river were frequented by persons of fashion up to a recent period; but no person now living has witnessed the debaucheries which were of nightly occurrence at Vauxhall from the time of Queen Anne to an advanced period of the reign of George the Third. The boxes were scenes of drunkenness and riot. The dark vistas and secluded alleys were infamous for still more heinous vice and crime

A lady, who, by a chance which frequently occurred, lost for a few minutes the protection of her party, was in imminent danger of insult or even outrage. Young women of every condition were, in every place of public resort, unless vigilantly watched, exposed to impertinence from persons who, by social position, were entitled to be called gentlemen. In nine cases out of ten, indeed, such advances would not be met with resentment; and when it happened that a gallant was so unfortunate as to encounter a lady to whom his insolent addresses were unacceptable, it was not without the greatest difficulty that she could escape from her incredulous persecutor. The lessee of Vauxhall made an attempt, in 1764, to retrench the debauchery which made it scandalous, if not unsafe, for any decent woman to enter the gardens. He closed the secluded walks, and lit up the recesses; but the young gentlemen of fashion, resenting this invasion of their license, immediately tore down the barriers, and put out the new lights."

This was not the worst;—

"Mrs. Cornelys kept a house in Soho Square of a very exclusive character, but of questionable reputation. Masquerades and operas were the ostensible amusements; assignations were the real business of this establishment. Mrs. Cornelys was prosecuted, in 1771, under the Licensing Act, and she was convicted as a rogue and vagabond for having had an opera performed before people of the first fashion, who paid a guinea each for their tickets. This uncouth interference of the law was highly resented by the patrons of these amusements, and had the effect for a time of rendering her house still more attractive. But the open license of manners reached, perhaps, its utmost limit at the institution of the Coterie. This was a mixed club of ladies and gentleman; the ladies balloting for the gentlemen, and the gentlemen balloting for the ladies. It was composed exclusively of people of the highest fashion, and the numbers, therefore, were limited. Such a breach of delicacy and decorum was almost too flagrant for the coarse taste of that day. The Coterie became the subject of satire in every form; and the lampoons, both in prose and verse, to which it gave rise, were of so gross a character, that it is difficult to understand how a woman, who retained any self-respect, could continue, or be suffered by those who had control over her to continue, a member of such an association. This period may, perhaps, with some degree of accuracy, be fixed as that at which the depravity of manners reached the extreme point."

Such was the state of English society from

which the American colonies revolted. Mr. Massey tells once more the familiar tale of the American War of Independence, but without new lights or illustrations. It is an excellent story—full of trial and vicissitude—of daring and heroism—one that will never tire a reader of the Saxon race. Yet it gains little by the mode in which it is now told, and Mr. Massey's account will be valued on the other side of the Atlantic less for its facts than for its temper. Americans will be glad to see how calm and philosophic is the view now taken by independent and liberal Englishmen of that great contest in which their fathers fought and conquered.

From The Spectator.

In this second volume of his History of England under George the Third, Mr. Massey exhibits, we think, some improvement as regards style and the general treatment of his subject. The objection urged against his first volume still remains. He does not exhibit the natural qualities of a great historian, whether displayed in a vividly picturesque composition, in a penetrating perception of the deeper characteristics of the events and persons with which he has to deal, or in a practical political philosophy. Neither has he given that full *account* of the decade treated of (1770–1780,) which a painstaking industry might have achieved, and which would have been valuable as a store-house of information. The details of war form no part of Mr. Massey's plan; his real object, at least, as developed in his work, being a political and Parliamentary history. This is neatly enough done; the more salient points are well selected and presented in an easy, terse, and readable manner, but without any remarkable force, and too much overloaded by comment. Indeed the larger part of the book is a species of commentary, mostly interwoven with the narrative, sometimes distinctly standing out as a discussion. Such is the case with the argument in the use of mercenaries arising from our engagement of the Hessians during the American war; and the more elaborate disquisition on the partition of Poland. These commentaries are moderate in tone and sensible in conclusion; though they do not always command assent. For instance, we do not believe that the London mob is "to this day the most brutal and odious rabble in Europe." The military expe-

rience of Washington was indeed "limited," but he had as much experience in the kind of war which the nature of the country compelled as his antagonists, if not more. He had been actively engaged in the Indian and French wars, and had witnessed the disastrous defeat and death of Braddock. It is said, indeed, that his experience on that occasion shook his faith in the power of regular discipline engaged in a country like America, and inspired him with hopes of successful resistance. Horne Tooke might not in the estimate of some persons be a quite respectable man; but the author of the "Diversions of Purley," should not in a history be characterized as "Parson Horne," "ribald priest," "one of those bullies whose tongue and pen were more formidable than the weapons of an ordinary swaggerer," and so on. The representations of Burke's ill success in the House are hyperbolic. Mr. Massey confounds the failure of the philosophic orator twenty years later, when, broken in health, disappointed in public affairs, and drawing near to death, he ceased to command the ear of the House, with the triumphs of his early prime. How could Burke have obtained the contemporary reputation of an orator if he had always failed of effect? The elder Pitt and Gibbon were surely as good judges of the impression made upon listeners, as Mr. Massey writing eighty years after the fact.

In the preface to the first volume the author observed that he proposed "to follow with some minuteness the progress of society, and to describe the manners of its various orders, the court, the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the laboring people." In noticing this volume we remarked that, "strange to say, he had not attempted to execute his own idea; and of all the historians of the period of which he treats, with whom we are acquainted, he deals most with Parliamentary party struggles, contests between the Crown and the great Whig chiefs, intrigues of chiefs with one another, and dry summaries of campaigns." These are still the characteristics of the work so far as the materials of the second decade of George the First's reign resemble those of the first. The present volume, however, opens with an elaborate chapter on manners, morals, and social progress, probably suggested by Macaulay's celebrated survey of the state of England at the close of the reign of Charles the Second.

Mr. Massey, however, goes further back than Macaulay, starting with the middle ages, chivalry, and the Reformation, and gradually descending through English society till he reaches the true subject of his theme—manners, morals, arts, learning, and the social condition of England during the period of the second and third Georges. From the want of depth and soundness in Mr. Massey's mind, his representations cannot always be relied upon without some qualification. Still this chapter is upon the whole the newest and most interesting in the work. There is a good deal of reading and inquiry if it cannot be called research, and the results are cleverly presented; as, for instance, this picture of domestic accommodation during the middle ages.

"The fortresses raised by the pride and grandeur of men who must be considered as petty princes rather than feudal barons, were designed for the accommodation of numerous military retainers, and for security against attack. The internal arrangements of these structures made no provision for domestic privacy. The great hall was the common resort for the whole household, and for visitors and wayfarers of every description. The small unglazed windows near the ceiling, while they let in rain and wind, hardly admitted the day. Without the ventilation, however, which such apertures afforded, the atmosphere of the apartment would have been insupportable. The accumulated odors of viands, of smoke half returned from the imperfect chimney, of human beings of every description, men-at-arms, footmen, serving-men, minstrels, wandering friars, devotees under vows against clean linen, and mendicants swarming with vermin, dogs and cats, and, beyond all, the stench arising from the untold abominations of the floor, on which layers of rushes were spread, like the compost of a farm-yard, must frequently have bred pestilence, had it not been for the current of fresh air which continually circulated through the chamber. A bed was a luxury rarely found in the castles and mansions of the Plantagenet nobility; separate chambers were also rare; and, for the most part, knights and ladies, horseboys and scullions, littered down in one common dormitory, after a fashion which would hardly be tolerated now in a well-appointed Refuge for the Destitute.

"The dwellings of the inferior gentry, though not pretending to belong to the class of fortified houses, were constructed mainly with a view to defence against robbery and violence. A moat generally surrounded the building, and the access to the upper apart-

ments was by an external staircase, which was drawn up like a portcullis. The interior arrangements, like those of the baronial castles, were deficient in almost every provision for comfort and decency. Few of the manor houses built before the time of the Tudors, are now occupied by gentry; and those which are so inhabited, have undergone considerable alterations, both within and without; some of them are still used as farm-houses and dwellings for laborers.

"It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that any considerable progress was made in domestic architecture. Many of the most commodious and stately mansions, inhabited by the rural aristocracy, date from this period; and beyond some points of detail, it may be doubted whether any improvement has been made on the fine old English manor house of the sixteenth century."

One of the greatest difficulties in generalized descriptions is to preserve breadth of effect, without passing into exaggeration, or leaving a false impression. Macaulay himself cannot manage this; from an indifference to accuracy, and a love of effect, he is ever apt to present the singular or exceptional as the rule. A similar error is visible in this account of the streets of London in the middle of the last century. Every annoyance here enumerated, might happen at times, but if brought altogether as Mr. Massey brings them, the London ways would have been not "difficult" but impassable.

"The insolence, licentiousness, and ferocity of the people, especially in the capital and other great towns, were such as a traveller would hardly now encounter in the most remote and savage regions of the globe. No well-dressed individual of either sex could walk the streets of London without risk of personal insult or injury. It was, indeed, an undertaking of difficulty to pass through the streets at all. The narrow footway, separated from the carriage-road only by a line of unconnected stakes or posts, at wide intervals, was frequently blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, and other obstructions, some of them placed there wantonly, to annoy foot-passengers. Carmen and hackney-coach-drivers considered it excellent sport to splash decent people from head to foot; and when a terrified female or bewildered stranger was tumbled into the kennel the accident was hailed with shouts of delight. Yet, on the whole, it was as safe and less disagreeable to traverse the streets on foot than in a conveyance. Chairs and carriages were upset and collisions were constantly occurring; the least inconvenience was, that the progress of vehi-

cles through the great thoroughfares was interrupted by the absence, or rather disregard, of regulations for the traffic. But the delay was not the only annoyance. When a stoppage took place or an accident happened, the ears were stunned by a storm of oaths, and abusive altercation from the drivers and servants. Thieves were always ready to take advantage of the confusion, which they had themselves probably originated for their own purposes. Beggars, also, availed themselves of the opportunity to ply their trade. The dismal tale of sickness and famine was drawn out, and corroborated by horrible exhibitions. Stumps of limbs and diseased children were held up to the carriage-windows of the quality. If there were ladies in the family coach, a street vocalist would probably begin chanting some filthy doggerel, of which the refrain would be taken up by the bystanders."

The subject of Ministerial levees is one continually encountered in the satires and novels of the last century. Smollet draws a bitterly ludicrous picture of the Duke of Newcastle on such occasions; Pope and Swift frequently allude to them; Johnson, in his imitation of the Tenth Satire selects them as one of the tests of a politician's approaching downfall

"Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door,

Pours in the morning-worshipper no more."

Mr. Massey's description is so informing as to furnish a useful commentary to the allusions.

"It was a custom of those days for the principal Ministers of State to hold daily levees, which were attended by people who had public business to transact, who had favors to ask, and who sought to keep themselves in the eye of the great man. Bishops and reverend aspirants of every class, Members of both houses who wanted their jobs done, men about town who wanted a place or a borough, mayors and corporations who had boroughs to sell, agents, pamphleteers, coffee-house politicians, ordinarily composed this motley assemblage. And as each principal Minister usually stood upon his own credit, independently of and sometimes in open opposition to his colleagues, a First Lord of the Treasury or a Secretary of State could collect from the daily attendance at his receptions a pretty accurate opinion as to the stability of his position. After any mark of court favor had been shown him, or after a successful struggle in Parliament, his saloons were thronged. And it often happened that the first significant intimation a Minister received of his declining power was in the ab-

sence of some vigilant and far-sighted jobber or place-hunter, who had gone over to a rival. For many years, the levees of Sir Robert Walpole were always crowded; the attendance diminished after the failure of the Excise scheme, and the death of his firm and faithful patroness, Queen Caroline. But the Duke of Newcastle had the largest number of clients. The well-known mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields was, during a succession of years, resorted to as the most extensive mart of patronage that had ever been opened in this country; and probably Newcastle gave, or rather bartered away, more places than any Minister before or since. It was said, that almost the whole of the bench of Bishops had

been filled by him; and every department of the public service was crowded with his creatures."

Mr. Massey originally proposed to complete his work in four volumes, but this will be impracticable on his present scale. If the first twenty years of George the Third's reign occupy two volumes the last forty must at least require four or five; for though the historian does not "undertake to write in any detail the history of India, of Ireland, of America, or of wars," Parliament, and politics, with the progress of manufactures, arts, and society, will demand a larger space in the latter than the earlier period.

THE ABUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

AN ODE TO APOLLO.

PHŒBUS APOLLO, brilliant son of Leto
By cloud-compelling thunder-wielding Zeus,
Audacious mortal men are putting thee to
A vile, ignoble, base, unworthy use.
The flaming Sun from East to West thou guid-
est,
Holding the ribbons of his fiery steeds.
O thou, the blazing orb of day that ridest!
Hear how low slaves profane it for their needs.
Patron of artists, sons of art abuse thee,
Art's graceless sons, discrediting their name;
Some of their impudent pranks may but amuse
thee,
Thine indignation others will inflame.
Photographers, on Science basely trading,
The Sun thou rulest to their ends pervert,
And make it do the drawing and the shading
Of pictures cheap and scandalous as dirt.
O monarch of the Muses and the Graces,
Down on this earth a moment cast thy gaze,
And see what foolish, vulgar, snobbish faces
Those fellows to portray compel thy rays.
The silly smirk, the grim of vacant folly,
The sensual mouth, low front, and snubby
nose,
The leering eye, or maudlin melancholy,
Of pert, affected, Cockney belles and beaux.
And not alone the mean, unlovely features
Of suchlike brutes thy Sun do they make
paint,
But likewise all the antics of the creatures,
Acts worse than bad enough to shock a Saint,
Their apish revels, by this new invention
The sunbeams pure these knaves oblige to fix,
Perpetrating scenes too gross to mention,
Of human beings playing monkeys' tricks.
Phœbus Apollo! take thy bow and arrows,
And quell these horrid Pythons of the mud;

Transfix them, nail them, as boys shoot cock-
sparrows;

Chase them like clouds before thy face that
scud.

Let thy sharp shafts, unerring as the rifle,

The foul, offensive brood of reptiles smite;

Make them know what it is with thee to trifle:

Teach slaves of darkness not to shame the
light.

—Punch.

IRON SHIPS.—There are undoubtedly two essential particulars in which iron ships have an advantage over wooden ones, and these are the trifling character of the necessary repairs, together with the comparative ease with which any repairs can be effected, and the great durability of iron ships. The usual calculation is probably not far from the truth, that the expense of repairs in a timber-built ship will, in ten or twelve years, have equalled the first cost. But in a well-built iron steamer repairs to the iron work will not, it is believed, have become necessary within that period, provided the vessel has not been injured by accidents; and it is also frequently more expensive to keep in repair the copper sheathing alone of a wooden vessel than to effect the whole repairs in the hull of an iron vessel. The frequency with which the bottom requires to be cleansed and painted, or otherwise protected, entails the greatest expense and delay in iron vessels; but doubtless, in the course of time, greater facilities will exist for effecting this. It is found, too, that a large vessel, built with plates of proportionate thickness, is durable in proportion to her size; for oxidation proceeds no faster on the surface of thick plates than on that of thin plates; so that plates of half an inch have at least double the durability of those of only a quarter of an inch.—*National Intelligencer*.

From Household Words.
TRIED FRIENDSHIP.

It is not many years since the making of a new street in the City of London swept away—among others of those old places which our city can so ill afford to lose—the house and playground, of the Brewers' School. My father was a stockbroker, and he sent me to this school; not as one of the foundation-boys—of whom there were but twelve, who were dressed in black gowns—but as the son of a gentleman who could pay for my education. I wore a trencher-cap, the only thing which distinguished me from the foundation-boys; though I was very proud of the distinction, as were all of the commoners of the school, as we called ourselves. Some boys lived in the master's house; but I did not, for my home was but a few streets distant. The boarders were all grave boys, who moped about the dismal playground, or sat on a stone coping, looking through the rusty, paintless, weather-eaten rails into the lane in which the school-house stood;—a silent way, with grass growing between its paving-stones, for it was not a thoroughfare for horses, and few foot-passengers could have business thereabouts. I say the playground was a dismal place, because it must have seemed so to others, though it is pleasing to me to think of it as it was in that time. It had been the site of a church, and of a churchyard, too; though the churchyard must have been very small. The fire of London destroyed the church, which was never rebuilt in the same spot. The Brewers' School bought the plot of ground, and erected its house upon part of it soon after the fire. As in several other such little vacant spaces in the city, a stone tablet, under a fig-tree against the wall, still told, in spite of soot and weather stains, that "before y^e dreadful fire" the Church of Saint Margaret stood there.

We thought ourselves, as I have said, superior to the foundation-boys, though we did not object to play with them. Sometimes, however, we did not scruple to joke upon their difference of position. A favorite method of tormenting them was to bleat at them like sheep; for none of these boys, unless their friends paid for them, were provided with any other meat than mutton, that being the only viand prescribed for their diet in the founder's will. We had other odd relics of the wisdom of by-gone times. We said prayers

in Latin, and sung rejoicings at Christmas time in doggerel Latin verse. Quainter still, no boy's admission to the foundation, nor even his friend's payment, if he was a commoner, provided him with lights. In the wintry mornings when we were at school from six o'clock till eight, each brought his little roll of colored taper, for which he paid sevenpence-halfpenny at Cowan's the wax-chandler's and which he stuck upon an iron pin standing upon his desk; and those whose friends objected to the school's heavy charge for fires had always been permitted to bring each morning a small log, as a contribution to the school-fire, for we boasted that we never burnt sea-coal.

I have lived to a good old age; but I was never a strong boy, and could not take pleasure in the rougher games and amusements which the others delighted in. I had, besides, a pride in being neatly dressed, and had a dread of getting a spot or soil upon my little frill. My sky-blue pantaloons, and neat black silk waistcoat, with its standing collar, were the pride of the school; but the crowning glory came when I first put on a pair of Hessian boots; a small, but beautifully polished and elaborately wrinkled pair, cut heart-shaped at the top, with black tassels hanging from the fronts. They were made by Oldisworth, in Salters' Court, the city Hoby of that day, who served the greatest dandies among the city volunteers. I believe if anybody had wished to establish the superior respectability of our school over Merchant Taylors', or Saint Paul's, he would have begun by challenging them to match this pair of Hessians. Glorious indeed they were; and I never begrudged a twopence to the shoe-black round the corner who would polish them all the way up, tucking in some paper, round the tops to keep my pantaloons from being soiled. Even our master, Doctor Crouch, was at last overawed by them. He rarely chastised me; but, one day, I having given him a sharp answer, he aimed at me a blow with his cane as I sat high upon the third form, behind rows of other boys. I know not what prompted me to such boldness, though most likely it was a desire to preserve my external appearance from injury; but I instantly raised my right leg with both hands, and presenting my boot—received the cut full upon the sole. Some boys tittered at this. A second and a third blow followed; but with

wonderful dexterity, I warded these off in the same way. A faint murmur of applause expressed the delight of the school. The doctor seemed puzzled. He hesitated a moment, and then desired me to come down, and walk into his room. I obeyed in great fear; but, to my surprise, when I had got there he only pointed out to me the impropriety and probable bad effects of my insubordination, and let me off with an apology. When school was over, one daring boy came up to me, and patted, and stroked my boot with his hand as you would a favorite horse who had just won a race, which made us all laugh; and, at the next breaking up, Garnett, the cleverest boy in the school, privately made Latin verses in their praise, and called me by the nick-name of Hess from that day forth.

Garnett was the only schoolfellow of mine with whom I formed a friendship. I was too little with them, and joined too little in their amusements, to know them well; though all were civil to me, as I to them. But Garnett was an exception. Why this was so at that time, it would, even now, be hard for me to tell. Certainly, if a similarity of character be necessary to close intimacy, it would be harder still. He was a fine, healthy, open-faced boy; fair haired, but browned by sun and wind, and strong and nimble as a trained wrestler. I never saw him fight, or heard him brag of his power, or insult any one. He would put an end to a quarrel in a good-tempered way; but it never entered the head of any of us that he was restrained by fear. We all knew that boys of greater size would have little chance against him, if he chose to attack them. In every other respect he was as different from me as any boy could be. He was always clean; but in other things careless of his appearance. His rough, starchless, shirt-collar was crushed and wrinkled; his black neckerchief hung with two long, loose ends fluttering in the air as he walked the street. His regulation gown was always rent, and he generally had one ragged corner tucked into his pocket, which got him in the good-humored nickname of Tatter-Garnett. I have no doubt that if he could have been dressed as I was, he would have felt like a malefactor hung in chains.

I have spoken of his gown, which was another reason why it was remarkable that I became intimate with him. He was, in fact, a foundation-boy. Even foundation-boys were

not educated gratis, as the founder had intended. Ingenious evasions, which no one dreamed of using to avoid the absurdity of the perpetual mutton diet, had nevertheless been employed to defeat the charitable aims of his will. Nor could a presentation to the foundation be obtained without interest with the great city people, who managed the charity, and generally gave their patronage to members of their own class who were reduced, but still able to pay school fees less heavy by two-thirds than ours. Nobody in the school, however, thought the worse of Garnett for being a foundation-boy. But there was a far greater objection still to my becoming intimate with him. His father was, like mine, a stockbroker, but of a lower grade; and even from this lower grade he had miserably fallen. Respectable men in the same business, like my father, did not recognize such men as old Garnett. He had no office; but only a wretched garret in a court out of Saint Swithin's Lane; on the door of which his name was painted, but with the word "private" to warn clients, if indeed he had any, not to enter without knocking, for this, besides being his office, was his bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen. He hung about the Stock Exchange in a greasy old coat and a rusty hat, or loitered on the steps of offices in courts adjacent, talking with other men as greasy and rusty as himself, about nobody knew what kind of business, for he had no money to buy for himself, and would hardly have been entrusted to buy or sell for others. He must have had some remnant of pride, too, for he felt himself to be too shabby in appearance, even for the father of a boy on the foundation of the Brewers' School; and, when he visited his son, made an appointment to meet him in the garden of Salters' Hall, where I often saw them talking and pacing to and fro together.

Notwithstanding all these things, I had a profound admiration for Garnett's noble qualities, and what were, to me, his marvellous powers. It often happens that boys so bold and hardy, so full of active life and spirit, are slow in acquiring book knowledge; but he was not. He was, indeed, first in most things. There was no Pons Asinorum at which he broke down. His verses had rarely a false quality. He had what, for a boy, must have been a wonderful knowledge of algebra. He could draw better than any of

us; and even in his sports was equally dexterous and clever. Many boys were jealous of him; but no shadow of such feeling fell on me. I gloried in his success, as if it was my own; and was fond of praising him to my friends and others. What was there that Garnett could not do? "Ah!" I used to say, "I wish you could hear Garnett." I was proud of knowing him—proud that he should choose me, above all the others in the school, to be his friend and constant companion. Walking about with him, my arm in his, or leaning on his shoulder, I was always cheerful and content, for I never thought of his slovenly appearance. On holidays, the boys went roaming about where they pleased. Some sat in Guildhall, on raw, wintry, and foggy days, looking at the painted giants and the sculptured tombs, and warming their numbed fingers at the charcoal fires, kept burning in braziers, round the great stone hall. Others found their way into Saint Paul's, or played at hide-and-seek in the covered walk of the old Royal Exchange, until the merchants came at four o'clock, and the beadies turned them out. In fine weather, those who were anglers took a little willow stick and line and strolled into the marshes of the River Lea, near Old Ford and Leyton, or into one of the docks, where they caught small flounders in between the floating timber. But I and my constant companion preferred the old Custom House quay, and the band that used to play there in those days; though sometimes we wandered all along the tortuous alleys through the wharfs at the river side, picking our way among cases of fruit, and bags of spice, and hogsheads of sugar, and merchandise of every kind, and stopping generally at Queenhithe stairs, one of the few spots among the wharfs which are picturesque, still preserving as it does a Dutch quaintness, by reason of the clean old granaries there and the trees. It was pleasant, on a hot day, to stand upon the rotten, weedy stairs, and watch the water washing up, and gaining step by step with the rising of the tide, or to see the watermen's boats shooting the little cataracts in the river under the arches of old London Bridge. It made you think of pleasanter places still, to which the running stream would carry a cork or feather if you threw it out, or slowly carry the boat of a lazy steerer—cool reaches, bordered by meadows where cattle were feeding,

and studded by shady osier islands, under which anglers fix their punts and fish for gudgeon all day long. There was no prohibition in the school of boating or bathing; indeed, no one inquired where we went, or what we did, on holidays. Sometimes we got a waterman to row us to Chelsea; but Garnett, who could row, would hire a boat when he could induce the owner to trust us with one, and pull himself; while I sat in the stern carefully guarding my clothes from injury, and steering. We have been, in this way, as far as Putney, where we found a gravelly plot of beach for bathing. Garnett could swim, float, and play with the water as if it was his natural element, and he tried hard to teach me, holding up my chin and directing me how to strike out. But I did not learn. I was slim, and did not float easily, and grew timid when the water carried me off my feet.

One day we had been upon one of these trips, and were returning on the river, near Chiswick, in the afternoon. The morning had been fine, but clouds had come up, and a little rain began to fall, with gusts of wind. Garnett said we must run in-shore for shelter, and, if the rain continued, leave our boat at a boat-house to be taken on to London, while we took the coach home. To do this, I began to turn her head across stream. Midway in the river was another boat, with two rowers, pulling like us against the tide, and the alteration of our course, looking to them like an act of rivalry, or an attempt to pass them with one rower, or cut them out, as it was called, they set up a cheer and began to pull vigorously. We scarcely noticed this till they were close upon us, and my bad steering did not help to prevent a collision. They cut our boat right across, and in an instant we were struggling in the water. The strong arm of Garnett held me up for a time; but the two rowers and the steersmen of the other boat rose suddenly to assist us, and in so doing swamped their boat also. One of them seized my companion, and so encumbered him that he lost his hold of me. After this, I drifted up the river, and sank with a great roaring of water in my ears; but rose again, scarcely conscious of any thing but a kind of faith that my friend could save me yet. So, indeed, it proved; for when I came to life again, in great pain and misery, I was lying in bed in a whitewashed room, with Garnett

there—and I knew that I owed my escape to him. His attempt to hold me, while the rower from the other boat was hanging to him, had so exhausted him that when both his incumbrances had dropped off, he had drifted away like me, and only recovered breath by floating. In this way he found me again, and held my chin above water until help arrived; but the occupants of the other boat were drowned.

My accident caused me a serious and long illness. It ended with a dangerous fever. Garnett watched and tended me all the while I was at Fulham. When it was safe to do so, they removed me to a little country-house of my father's at Hoxton—a white house covered with a vine, and having a garden hidden by a red-brick buttressed wall, in a lane called Grange Walk. I daresay that the busy streets and shops of London have long ago spread over this neighborhood, and destroyed all traces of its former rural character; but I have often stood at the door in the wall of our garden next the lane, and looked far away over a field of oats or barley, in which the reapers were at work, and seeing no houses anywhere, save a rustic tavern with a painted signboard swinging between two elms before its door.

In this quiet retreat I at last began to recover; and, wasted as I was, could put on my clothes once more, and walk about the sheltered garden with a stick. Garnet was always with me. Till this time I had never brought him to my house—not that any feeling of pride prevented me; it was rather consideration for him, and, perhaps, some fear that he would refuse to come, knowing my father's position and his feeling. Now, however, all such thoughts were at an end. My father said to me one day:

"My gratitude to your young friend is, of course, very great, and any thing I could do to advance him hereafter would delight me; but you know I cannot be brought into contact with old Garnett. It would not do, and I would not have it on any account."

I thought this very unfeeling; but I answered that I did not think Garnett wished his father to come.

"I dare say not," said my father; "he is a fine young fellow, and has, I am sure, a great deal of good sense."

I had another companion in my illness—a gentler, if not a kindlier, or a better nurse.

This was my cousin Alice Vanderlinden. Since my father had been a widower her old maiden aunt had managed our household, and Alice was often with us. Her father was a merchant, with a house in one of the yards behind the Monument, where the firm of Vanderlinden, with some changes of partners, had been established ever since the reign of William the Third. At that time the ancestor of Alice's father—a merchant whose ships traded to the Indian seas—had come over from Amsterdam, in which city the firm had still close connections. Some of the Vanderlindens had served certain periods in the Amsterdam house, and had come back to England with Dutch wives; but Alice's mother was an Englishwoman, and Alice had herself no trace of the ordinary type of Dutch face—the abundant light hair, and smooth, round, cheerful countenances of Hobbima's pictures. She was dark-haired, of an oval face, somewhat pale, but very beautiful, I thought, though then scarcely fifteen. I have a portrait of her of that time, and in this she stands beside a little table, while on the other side are two Greek columns hung with heavy folds of purple curtain, ill suiting with her simple beauty, and her plain black dress. On the table is a basket made of straw tubes of various colors, such as our French prisoners were then allowed to make and sell. In this basket she used to bring her needlework, and many a book or little article that might please or amuse me in my long illness.

The house of Vanderlinden was full of fine traditions. Its English founder was honored with something very nearly like a friendship with the great Sir William Temple, some of whose autograph letters relating to large sums of money to be transmitted by means of bills of exchange, to our minister at the Hague, were still preserved by them and cherished. They had always been staunch Whigs, and busy partisans in the old noisy Middlesex elections. Their names were among the loyal subscribers for a large sum to the original stock of the Bank of England. Up-stairs, in the large room of their heavy old brick house in the city, where they lived and carried on business still, hung portraits of their trading ancestors with unmistakable Dutch faces; one of whom whose skin was of a cinnamon brown, had been a spice merchant, long established at Amboyna, and concerning him there was some legend which the

Vanderlindens did not care to speak of. Alice, however, did not mind telling us stories about all these. She had been on a visit to Holland, and often entertained us too by describing the Dutch people's life; their canals and endless pipes; their dairies and clean homes; their dykes and gardens.

Her society delighted me. In the listlessness and indolence of my sick room, when she was gone, I had no other pleasure than to think of her—to go over again the stories that she had told us, giving to all the women in them only one sweet face. I knew her ring, when she pulled the handle of the iron bell across the garden. At the sound of her step, all the lassitude and peevishness of my low weak state were gone. But there was no greater pleasure to me than to hear her read. The Vanderlindens had never been remarkable for a taste for books. In English literature they knew of no author but Sir William Temple. They had, I think, a notion that nothing of any importance had been or could have been published in England since his death. The two volumes of his complete works, with Swift's preface and memoir, came to me by the carrier, soon after I was removed from Fulham—unwieldy folios, which I perhaps should never have looked into. Their heavy binding, their clumsy gilt letters, and their very title were repugnant to me. Our garden which was well stored with flowers and wall-fruit, suggested to us the *Essay on Gardens*, which she read aloud.

It was indeed a great pleasure to hear my cousin Alice reading, in her clear voice from that great volume, the author's eulogium upon his favorite pastime, the inclination as he calls it of kings, and the choice of philosophers, the pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low.

Garnett liked Alice; but he could not feel that dreamy pleasure in her society which I did. He used to tell her droll things and laugh with a boisterous heartiness that told me better than any words how differently he regarded her. I talked to Alice of my friendship for him, and of what a noble and wonderful fellow he was; so that we became all great friends. I taught Garnett to play at chess when I was getting well; for Alice had no patience to learn, and we sat and played while she worked. I was not a bad player;

but Garnett learnt to beat me very soon; and at last could even put a ring over a piece, and give me notice that he would checkmate me with that piece and no other. Alice, who knew nothing of the game, would watch him do this, and laugh when he succeeded; but it never ruffled me. Garnett knew an infinite variety of things which would amuse us. He was particularly skilful in jugglers' tricks with cards and dolls, and other more elaborate apparatus, which made him a still greater favorite with us all. I have nothing more to tell of this time, save that Alice gave me one day a goldfinch in a lacquered cage, which I kept for years till the bird grew old, and blind, and lost half his feathers.

My school days came to an end soon after my recovery. In the very last term, there was a great examination, to be followed by a formal adjudication of prizes in the presence of the friends of the scholars and patrons of the school. I had won prizes at such examinations, and felt little doubt of getting some prize this time, particularly in Euclid and in Roman history; but none knew the result until the great day of the award, when the winners would be called up to the table by the master, and presented with the prizes in the presence of the company. I had a strong wish to win something on this occasion—the crowning point of my school life; and on the afternoon of the distribution, felt more excited than I had ever felt before. Walking to and fro in the lane before the school-house alone, for I had not seen Garnett that day, I met my godfather, old Mr. Moy, who was a lawyer, and lived behind the Mansion House, or in Stocks Market as he called it, from its name when he was a boy. Alice Vanderlinden was leaning on his arm, looking, I thought, more beautiful than ever; but I was too nervous to say more to her than "good morning." My godfather asked me what prizes I meant to take.

"I may perhaps get one in Euclid, sir," I answered.

"We shall be there," said Alice, "I hope you will gain it."

"So you have given all your time to Euclid?" said my godfather.

"I have done my best in other things," I replied. "But I have many clever school-fellows who have done the same."

My face flushed as I said this, with a thought that never before had caused me any

shade of pain; but it passed away quickly: though, after they had left me, I continued walking about the street till most of the scholars had gone in. When I went in, and took my place, I looked round the room, and saw Garnett at a distance from where I sat. He had come in unperceived by me, and the rows being filled up, I could not go over to speak to him. Alice, too, was there, with my godfather and other friends, sitting among pompous aldermen, and merchants, and rich city traders, in a semi-circle round the table so conspicuously that I was not sorry to sit behind, where I could see them unobserved.

Garnett took two prizes early in the ceremony. The prizes in Roman history fell to other boys. The Euclid prizes were adjudged nearly last; and as yet my name had not been mentioned. When we came to these, I glanced towards Alice, and saw her looking attentively at the table. The names were called, but mine was not among them. The first was the son of the then Lord Mayor elect; the second—some movement in the school told me so before they called the name—was Garnett. He advanced to the table in his gown as a foundation boy, and took the little case of books, which was the prize, with a bow to the company. The master spoke some words of compliment as he sat down amidst the boys' cheers. I had glanced again at Alice a moment before. She was then looking round the room, as if in search of me, for she could not have seen me where I sat. When the prize was given, she was looking down with a thoughtful expression. Was she grieved, I thought, for my failure?

I did not care to see my friends just then; but, with a cowardice of which I was afterwards ashamed, I stole away, before any of the rest, to walk down by the wharves alone. As I came out of the playground I saw some one stealthily peeping round from the corner of the lane—some one who withdrew quickly on seeing me; and, as I came to the end of the lane, I saw the same figure walking away up a yard which was not a thoroughfare. It turned back before I had passed it long, and looking behind me after a while, I saw the same person where I had first seen him still peeping round, and ducking the head, and shrinking back in a manner which even to me then seemed very ludicrous. It was old Garnett, more shabby and greasy than ever.

He was watching for his son, no doubt to get the earliest news of the result of his examination, and unwilling to be seen by the company in their holiday attire.

I knew that Garnett would soon join his father, and walk away with him into Salters' Hall Garden, and I was glad to think that for this reason he would not miss me; but it was a rare thing, indeed, and it seemed strange to me to go down by the river without Garnett. Something of the feeling which had come upon me unawares, when talking to Alice and my godfather of the boys who would compete with me, returned. What it was exactly I shrank from asking of myself, but I felt that it did injury to my whole nature. Never till then had I dreamed that I regarded my old friend and schoolfellow with the faintest thought of envy; but now I remembered that my preparation for this prize day had been different from all other such occasions. I had never told Garnett those things in which I had taken most pains, and for which I hoped for success. I had thought that there was no other reason for this than a wish to win my prizes fairly—not taxing his generosity to let me win by his neglect—for how could we two strive against one another for the same thing? But now I felt that there had been another feeling, which he had never suspected—a shrinking from the whole subject of the examinations, closely akin to the cowardice with which I now stole away from him to walk about alone.

There was some public festival that day, on what occasion I have now forgotten; but all along the river above bridge the barges and small vessels had colors flying, and from some of the wharves they fired guns. Many people were about; the day, though at the beginning of November, and rather cold, was fine and cheerful, and the exercise of walking, and the bustle that I saw, helped to raise my spirits. I determined to shake off my gloomy thoughts and ungenerous feelings, and go back at once. As I drew near the school again, I met Garnett just coming from Salters' Hall Garden. He came up to me and shook hands, looking so cheerful, and so far from suspecting what had been my feeling that I was struck with remorse. I would gladly have told him the whole history of that day; but dared not least even a breath of such a sentiment as envy should so change our friend-

ship, that it could never be again what it had been.

Nor was this all. I could not rest without giving some active tokens of this feeling towards him. When I went into my father's counting-house, I begged my father to take him also, that he might serve his articles with me, which was agreed to. And now Garnett, living in the house with me, and being my constant, faithful companion, as before, all thought of that unlucky day soon vanished. Such was his openness and generous nature, that no dream of rivalry had ever ruffled it. I could not help feeling this and growing to admire him and respect him more and more. Indeed, I had become now so used to his society—for I had no other friend—that when he had been absent in the country on business for a few days, the place seemed empty, and I as if all the habits of my life had suffered violent change. Nor even when his term was ended, and he began business for himself, were we less together; for his office was not far off. He took at first some troublesome business, which my father did not care to have, but which to him was welcome; and with this, and some connection which he secured for himself, he soon began to make a little way. The most remarkable change, however, which this introduced was in the appearance of old Garnett. From the first the son had treated him as the head of the new business, writing up on the door of his office the words "Garnett and Son;" and now the old man was seen no more loitering about the courts in the city, or chatting on door-steps, with his old companions. Whether he was the chief of a fraternity of greasy, shabby old men, which fell into complete dissolution when he resigned his post, or whether he helped at once to clothe them better, or by what other surmise to explain the fact, I know not; but certain it is that, from that day, even his old associates seemed to have vanished. Some of their faces and other characteristics I knew well; but I often looked for them in vain, wondering where they had gone, or what had become of them. Old Garnett himself was indeed so changed that it would have been hard to recognize him, if I had not been prepared for it. His long, gaunt figure had become more upright. Over his few, thin, gray hairs, he had put a neat brown wig. His white cravat, though still touched with a little of the old mouldiness, was broad and full,

and ornamented with a large pin; and his blue coat with metal buttons, his Hessian boots, and gray pantaloons, wrinkled and shrunken as they looked, were infinitely superior to any thing I had ever seen him wear. But the crowning ornaments were his thick-rimmed silver-gilt double eye-glass, hanging round his neck, and the spotted Malacca cane, with which he walked about. Everybody noticed the change; and it was a pleasure to me to hear what they said of his son. Was I not right, who from the first had seen in Philip Garnett one of the noblest fellows in the world?

Alice often saw, and talked with the old stock-broker; and even my father was not too proud to recognize him now, but would shake hands with him when they met in the street, and say, "How d'ye do, Garnett? How d'ye do?" when some such conversation as this generally took place:

"Oh, pretty well, thank you: all but the old enemy."

"Troublesome again, is he?" said my father, who had no notion of what complaint he was speaking.

"He never lets go of me."

"How does business thrive?"

"Very well; only our Phil——."

"Your son?"

"Yes: he is so very——." Here the old man would raise his hand, and shake it several times in the air, and wink, as if my father must understand that better than any words.

"No serious complaint against him, I hope?" said my father puzzled.

"No, no," replied Garnett, dropping into a whisper; "but the fact is, he is hardly fit for this business. He won't look abroad. He has talent enough to make a Goldsmith; but he'll never be one. I might have had a share in a courier the other day with a Hamburgh house—a glorious chance; but no."

"A good sign," said my father. "Depend upon it, he has a longer head than most young fellows, and will beat us all, in time."

At this, old Garnett would shake his head, and go up the street, shaking it still, and talking to himself aloud, while he flourished his cane to and fro, sometimes striking pieces of waste paper or leaves from the ground, and tossing them high into the air, in a way which

I used to fancy yielded a relief to his mind, as best expressing to himself how he would strike moral obstacles from his path, had he but as a young and vigorous man to begin the world anew.

"Poor old Garnett!" my father used to say. "What little brains he had, are clearly gone." My father had indeed a high opinion of the prudence of the son; and when a kind of business was offered to him, which required a surety for a considerable amount, my father voluntarily undertook to give the bond.

Alice Vanderlinden had now grown into a woman. All the time I had been in my father's counting-house, she had been our playmate and our friend. The Vanderlindens being my relatives, we passed to and fro between the two houses, as if they were but one,—Garnett and I often dining with Alice and her father, when she sat at the head of the table, as mistress of the house. Nobody else ever dined there, save the old head-clerk; occasionally a Dutch correspondent of the house, equally grave; and once or twice Garnett's father, whose oddity pleased Mr. Vanderlinden. Alice's life was dull enough, but she did not complain; but took to her duties, her household accounts, and the huge bunch of Keys which she kept in her basket with a sort of matronly dignity which often made me laugh, and yet was beautiful in my eyes. Month after month, in winter and in summer, she saw nothing but the square paved yard under her window, and its sooty looking tree, whose leaves came out late and dropped off early,—except on Sundays, when she went to church in a lane close by, running down to the river, where a sleepy preacher, in a pulpit carved and ornamented by Gringling Gibbons, drawled out discourses which had no merit but their shortness.

Shall I say, that in all this time I had no secret from my old schoolfellow and loved companion, my more than friend and brother, and that our trust and confidence was so perfect, and without shadow of reserve, that there was not a thought or feeling, or inward wish, which could have been imagined to be mine, of which he could not speak, or say it could not be, because unknown to him? Not one: for how could I speak of that which even to myself, was still vague and shapeless, and only to be guessed from signs and hints, by which he himself might have known it, but did not,

any more than I? So it was, until one memorable day.

I was in the long drawing-room in the Vanderlindens' house, with Alice and her sister. I had been with them more than ever lately; for Garnett had been away on some business in the north of England. Something led me to talk of him, as indeed I often did with Alice, to whom he was as familiar a companion as myself. I was never tired of praising his good qualities, his kindness to his father, his great talents; and Alice would always join me, adding something to my praises. But this day, for the first time, she avoided the subject.

"It is a droll thing," said I hardly noticing this, "that poor old Garnett, fond as he is of Philip, thinks him not half so business-like as himself."

Alice was silent, bending over her work while I continued:

"The old gentleman has all kinds of wild dreams. He thinks that with Philip's talents, he ought to command wealth; and all in a moment."

Alice was still silent: but I was walking to and fro in the room, and looking out of windows, as I spoke, at the withered leaves, which were twirling about in little eddies in the yard—so that even now I hardly observed that she made no response.

"For my part," said I, "I feel sure that whatever he does is best: for what is there he could not do, and do well? At school he threw us all into the shade; and in my father's counting-house everybody remarked his industry and good sense. You have heard your father speak of this. Do you remember?"

She made some answer, but so faintly, that I looked round.

She had dropped her work, and was arranging the beads of a necklace on her younger sister, who was sitting beside her on a stool, with her head lying back in her lap. There was a slight confusion in her manner, so unusual with her, that it struck me in an instant; and when she looked up, her face was crimson.

What life was ever yet so long and so perfect in its happiness, that it could outweigh the misery which that moment cost me! I said no more to Alice; nor she to me then. I wanted time to think over the suspicion which had now entered my mind, to steal its

peace and rest for many a day and many a night. I loved Alice deeply; had loved her all along. Witness the anguish of my heart that day.

I had been so much with her,—had known so little obstacle to my seeing or talking with her,—had so seldom missed her for one day,—that even the happiness I owed to her had become part of the habit of my life, and passed unquestioned. There had been no break in all that long time of pure delight by which I could measure or guess its absolute perfectness. Had I ever gone away from home, even for short periods, as Garnett had, I could not have failed to have known it. Would that I had! or that something else had told me, or prompted me to speak to him of it long before.

How could I doubt that she loved Garnett? Her silence, her confusion, her flushed and troubled countenance, when I spoke of him, told me better than words, or any sign could tell me. Never before had she shown this. Perhaps his long absence had made her more than ever mindful of him. It was possible that my words, coming at the very moment when she was thinking of him, had startled her with a suspicion that I knew her secret, and sought to wring it from her; though Heaven knows how far this had been from my thoughts. But why had I not suspected this before? Who could help liking Garnett? Who that had been with him so much as she had been, seeing all that was great and generous in him, his power, his talent, and his happy temper, could fail to love him? Had I not myself done all I could,—ay, even to that very hour,—to make him still more glorious in her eyes?—voluntarily abasing myself before him—taking a pleasure, even—so perfect was my friendship—in confessing my inferiority in all those things which could touch a heart so tender, and so good as hers?

I felt it was in vain to regret, and yet how often, and how deeply I did regret, that Garnett had not from the first suspected, my feeling towards her. I knew too well his nature, to doubt what course he would have taken. He would have stifled all thought of any thing but brotherly affection; or, if he could not trust himself, would have shunned her, for my sake. I was sure he would. Yes; even this he would have done; for when did I ever know him willing to pur-

chase pleasure for himself, at any cost of pain to me? But there are sacrifices too great—sacrifices impossible even for a friendship such as his. If, in all his steady industry—never dreaming of my affection for her—he had cherished a hope of winning her one day, and had revealed this to her by some word or action,—and if she, as was too clear, loved him no less,—it must be so. I thought I would satisfy myself of this; and, having done so, would henceforth be true towards him, as I had ever been. This was plainly what I ought to do. It should not be said that my friendship had been mere idle words, a selfish bond to be broken without scruple, even for such a cause. This was my final resolution. But oh, the trial! oh, the pain and sorrow of that time!

I was glad that he was away; because it gave me leisure to think on these things, and to recover something like calmness. I even saw Alice as before, carefully concealing my trouble, not mentioning Garnett again, but determining to wait for any other thing which might confirm my suspicion. I saw them meet when he came back, and there was the same look of confusion in her face when she caught my eyes upon her; a look of trouble, so far beyond all doubt that I felt that some kind of hope, which I had secretly held till then, was suddenly gone; and with that went out, and left them there.

Garnett had come back from his journey pale and ill; and indeed there had been, for a little while, a change in him which, slight as it had been till now, was visible to me. I had not spoken to him, taking it for some care of business, which it was better to try to dispel by talking of other things; and now it was too late. I dared not question him; but guessed what it was, in various ways; yet all having reference to the one idea that haunted me at all times, and in all places; but never with one bitter thought towards him—never with a doubt that even his secrecy, so unusual as it was, must have good reason for it.

Something, indeed, weighed heavily on his mind. I could not doubt that; I felt it when I was with him, in every tone and movement. Some months had passed like this, when one evening I went to his counting-house to talk with him on some trifling matters. He generally took tea with his father, or sometimes alone in his room, among

his papers, where he would sit till it was late, writing or reading. I came down a passage into his house, and could see into his room in the daytime, across a grated area on one side. This evening he had not drawn down his curtains, and with the light in the room, I could see through the wire blind of his window. His tea-service was beside him as usual: but the fire was out, and the lamp beside him threw a dim light even with its shade. Garnett was seated at his table, where he had evidently been busily engaged. His arms were resting on the desk, and his face was buried in his hands. He was not asleep; for I saw him move, look up, and then return to the same attitude.

It might have been merely weariness, or perhaps some feeling of illness resulting from his unceasing labor; but I felt that there was something more than this. In spite of my own trouble, I was touched with compassion for him. What could that grief be in which I might not soothe him? The question startled me, even then, as if it had never come before, by day or night, to torture me. But I resolved that I would not be silent any more. That night should bring my trouble to some issue.

Garnett opened the door to me, and I followed him in. He asked me if I had seen his father, who had been away, he said, nearly all day, on business, and had promised to return earlier. I took this for a passing remark, and answered that I had not seen him.

"You are in trouble, Garnett," I said; "What is it?"

He started slightly, and answered, Nothing,—nothing that he need worry others with; he was not well.

I was not deceived by this; I knew that there was something more; some cause for that depressed and anxious look, which, for some reason, he would not tell me.

"Phil," I said, after a while, "you must tell me this; for I cannot rest until I have done my part to relieve you. Is it not for my sake you are silent?"

He made some involuntary motion that looked like assent; but seemed to check himself.

"Come," I said, laying my hand upon his arm, "let me try to guess it. Your trouble is in some way connected with my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden?"

To my surprise, he looked at me calmly; shook his head, and even smiled. It was clear to me that he felt relieved, for his tone was at once more cheerful. "Why, Hess," said he, shaking hands with me, in his old way, "this tells me quite a long history. You have got into your head that I had fallen in love with your cousin, and hoped to rob you of her—for yours, if I can interpret signs, she shall be one day. Absurd! Never in my life did I dream of such a prize. I was always a poor man, even when I thought myself most prosperous; and she always rich compared with me. Besides I never thought of this."

His sudden change of manner, and the unexpected declaration which he had made, struck me dumb. What folly had I been guilty of? How had I racked myself without any cause, where but one plain outspoken word had sufficed to end all in a moment!

"What could make you think this, Hess?" he continued. "So often as I have seen her, if I had nourished such a thought, it could not have been secret. It was a thing which her father must have known—and which you, above all, could not have been ignorant of."

I could only grasp his hand, and say "God bless you, Phil," and own that I had been hasty and unjust towards him.

"Why it would have been a base thing," he continued, to steal into her house, and try to win her in the way you have imagined."

"It is true, Garnett," I said, after a while, "Quite true. I thought my friendship for you perfect, absolutely without spot or stain,—such a friendship as must be rare indeed. Now I know that there was something wanting, something that could have made such thoughts as I have lately encouraged quite impossible."

"Think no more of it," said Garnett. "Alice, I am sure, will find that she has no less affection for you; and her father, I know, esteems you too well to regret this. May you all be happy."

He said this, as he held my hand, with so much tenderness, and in a tone so low and impressive, that all my anxiety about him returned. I pressed him again to tell me what ailed him; but he tried to treat it lightly, and promised that I should know all by that night week. While he was speaking, I heard a tapping at the outer door, at which I had entered. Garnett rose when he heard it, and

bade me hastily good night, letting me out by another way, I heard him afterwards open the other door, and let in his visitor; and I could hear two voices, one of which I felt sure was that of his father.

So now I was sure that all my long suspicion of Garnett's rivalry was but a bad dream. A great load was off my heart; but something of it still remained. Why had Alice looked confused at the mention of his name? Why was she silent when I talked of him? Why did her face flush crimson when I asked her to bear testimony to his goodness? This, indeed, was no dream; and the truth to which it pointed was scarcely less fatal to my hope. But even this suspicion was happily soon ended. I spoke boldly to Alice's father, and to Alice herself; and the last remnant of my foolish doubts, with all of fanciful or real that had stood between me and my happiness, vanished in a moment.

The truth was simple. I learnt it from something that I heard from Alice's father, some hints accidentally let fall by his Dutch correspondent, who was then in London, and often dined with them; and finally I learned the truth from Alice's own lips. It was this. On the very afternoon of the day when I was first startled by Alice's confusion, Garnett's father had been with them. He was more than usually garrulous, and seemed elated by some success, or the hope of some success. He talked of his son's prospects, and in his foolish way, said he deserved to marry Alice, and he was sure he loved her, and should marry her one day. Few persons now heeded what poor old Garnett said. But Alice could not forget it. It grieved her; and was the cause of her trouble and confusion when I spoke of him, and when she met him. That was all.

It was exactly one week after my visit to my old friend that I had this last conversation with Alice. On that very night, or before then, Garnett had said that I should know what was the meaning of his recent change of manner; but my own happiness was so great that I had no foreboding. I hastened to his chambers soon after dusk, the hour at which I had gone before. As I came down the passage, I saw that the room in which he usually sat was dark. The whole house, indeed, seemed empty and deserted, with nothing but blank windows all the way up; for the merchants and business men having

chambers there lived elsewhere, and were gone at that time. The iron knocker fell with a dull, dead sound, which made the silence when I waited for an answer to my summons still more oppressive. An old woman who was the housekeeper came at last, and told me Garnett had gone away with his father early that morning, and had left a letter for me, which she gave me.

I took the letter, and bade her good-night, and she closed the door. Then I read it, tremblingly, by the light of a street-lamp. It told me that Garnett had fled; that his affairs were in so great an embarrassment, that he dared not stay; that he had taken his father with him; that he could never hope to see me again, or make clear to me how he fell into this trouble. He bade me do him, in my thoughts, what justice I could, when all should become known; spoke of my father's suretyship, and of his hope, one day, if life and health should last, to regain something of his lost name; and ended with the simple word, Farewell.

Oh, what an end to all our years of friendship! Bitter fruit of such a life of promise! But the worst of all was still to come. His flight was known by the morrow, and terrible rumors were abroad. It was said that there were not simple debts only, but forgeries—acceptances in fictitious names, negotiated by him; by Garnett, my old schoolfellow and friend, whose name to me was honor itself. A crime was charged against him for which, in those days, men had again and again been given to the hangman. Even my father, whose loss by his flight was considerable, shook his head, and said there could be no doubt. A reward was offered for his apprehension, and the walls placarded with his name. Nobody doubted of his guilt.

Save one. My friendship had been tried before, and proved, and now could not be shaken. Some mystery there was, beyond my power to guess, but my faith was not the less. I knew him best: admired him, loved him, still. Not all the proofs that would have taken his life could change my thoughts of him. Show me a man, I thought, who, from such a height of purity and worth, fell without a warning, thus. Others, seeing his flight, might have laid their crimes to him; but he had no hand in them. My sorrow for him was great; but it was sorrow only. Many a night I thought of him in his exile;

but I did him no wrong, thank heaven! even in a thought.

Nor did Alice. Month after month, till several years were past, we looked for his return as a joyful event, that must happen one day; when all this mystery would be cleared up; but the time was long. My father died. Alice (now my wife) and I, with our little children, lived in his old house; but we often passed to and fro, dining in the old Dutch merchant's mansion, where her aunt, so long my father's housekeeper, had taken Alice's place. And still there were no tidings of my poor friend Garnett. Attempts had been made to trace his flight; and it was believed, from some circumstances, that he had fled to Holland. Had we dared to speak of him, the Vanderlinden connections in Amsterdam might have helped us to discover him; but, in the world's eyes, he was still a forger. At length, however, something like a trace of him was revealed. The clerk of their house in Amsterdam, staying in London, and dining, as usual, at Mr. Vanderlinden's, told us that an old man, very decrepit, had once or twice inquired if they had heard of me or Alice; if we were living, and well. But he had lately ceased to come.

Time could never more restore to me my lost friend; but it brought us consolation. Late one bitter winter's night, as Alice and I were sitting together by the fire, we were startled by the sound of a coach driving into the quiet yard in which our house stood. It stopped at our door, and the bell was rung. Alice turned pale, as I did; for the same anxious hope had struck us both. I took the lamp in my hand, and went down myself.

There was a hackney-carriage at the door, with two trunks upon it; the horses were standing in the biting air, steaming in the light of my lamp. The driver had the coach door open, and was calling to his passenger to alight. "He had dropped asleep," he said; "tired enough, I dare say, for he has just come off a sea-voyage."

He called to his passenger again, and seemed to shake him, as I rushed to the door, holding up the light, which showed me the inside of the vehicle. Huddled up in two cloaks, and lying sideways on the seat, was the figure of a tall man, with thin grey hair. It was poor old Garnett.

"He seemed very weak when he got in at Deptford," said the coachman. "I think he must be ill."

"He is dead," I said, as I felt his hand, and threw the light upon his ghastly features. "Dead!"

The doctor, whom the man fetched confirmed my belief. The wintry weather, and the sea-voyage, and an illness from which he seemed to have been suffering, had destroyed the last weak remnant of his life. He had something to tell us, we knew; but his lips were sealed in death, and we could only gather it from the papers in his trunks, which were addressed to me. They contained letters between himself and his son. A memorandum, like a will, in the hand-writing of my old schoolfellow—whom I ascertained had died suddenly in Amsterdam, of an epidemic fever, not long before—was also there; and from these, and many papers in the father's hand, I pieced out his dreadful story. It was the old man's dream of making wealth rapidly by speculation which had involved them. The forgery was his; the ruin and disgrace all brought by him. Garnett had no choice but to accuse his father, or to fly. In Amsterdam he had made a friend, and found employment in a merchant's house; and there were traces among his papers of an intention of going to America shortly before his sudden death. He had scraped together a small sum of money, which the old man, on the day of his leaving Amsterdam, had deposited in the hands of the Vanderlindens there, for their creditors in England.

So the dark cloud that had rested on him passed away, and left no stain upon his brightness; for none who had known him remained ignorant of his story. I told it, touching tenderly the weakness of the poor old man, who had really loved his son, and in this miserable way had dreamed of lifting him to wealth and honor. I told it in the old Brewers' school, to another generation of boys, who had long heard of his name with only evil associations. I told it to his creditors, whom I called together at my house. I grew rich by my business, and by the wealth which others bequeathed me; and it was but a small thing to me to pay his debts, even to the last guinea; but I would leave nothing undone that could restore his name, long after loved and honored by us all.

From The Westminster Review.

TRAVEL DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

1. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compasse of these 1600 Yeres, &c. &c.* By Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. Anno 1599.
2. *The English Cyclopædia. A New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Geography.* In 4 volumes. Conducted by Charles Knight. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

ONE of the discontents of our saucy modern days is at the smallness of the globe we live on. Between the recent discoveries in astronomy, on the one hand, and the prodigious achievements in geographical exploration on the other, together with the saving of time from steam-travelling, we seem to have obtained a command over the spaces of the globe which considerably diminishes the popular reverence for the mysteries of our planet. In the old times it was regarded as practically unlimited as an area of human habitation; whereas we now see the foremost nations contending, by force or trickery, for the one, two, or three spots remaining available for colonization. A colony must have a great river, and possess its outfall; but there are no more great rivers, we are told. This really was the reason of the intensity of the struggle about Oregon—the American and the British Governments being both convinced that the Columbia was the very last great river that was to be had, all the world over. Since that, to be sure, the Russians have appropriated the Amour to very good purpose; and Dr. Livingstone has opened up the Zambesi; so that prudent people will not assume that all the commodity of great rivers has been taken up by the human race, and much less by the civilized part of it. Still, there is so small a portion of the globe that is absolutely unknown to the existing generation, and they have so compassed its dimensions by sailing round it, and then, by finding the magnetic pole in the north, and determining its place on the so-called antarctic continent in the south, that the ancient wonder and awe have been converted into an interest of a very different character. It may be no misemployment of an hour, in

this year 1858, to glance at the changes introduced into the life of the present generation by the extended travel of recent times, even going no further back than our own century.

There is no doubt about what travel was in its early period, when war carried men abroad as commerce and science do now, and when colonization grew up in the rear of war, establishing a chain of posts between the natural homes of men and the uttermost parts of the earth, as the earth was to them. The images of the early travelling period are familiar to all of us who love modern travel; Abraham resting in the Libyan desert, and looking up at the glazed and pictured Pyramids; Thales saying farewell to the priests at Thebes, and hastening home to Ionia to amaze his countrymen with warnings of an eclipse, which really happened, and which suspended a battle between the Medes and Persians; and the grave, observant olive-oil merchant, who appeared at Memphis from Athens, and carried home something more than Egyptian corn—even that knowledge of legislation which causes every great lawgiver to be called after him—a Solon; and Pythagoras meditating among the tombs beside the Nile; and Plato training himself in speculation in the schools; and others who dropped hints when they returned to their various homes that the wise men in Egypt could tell of a way round Africa by sea, and that there was land far out in the Atlantic, immeasurably beyond the Pillars of Hercules. We are all familiar with the conceptions of Herodotus in his wanderings; and of Alexander carving his way to the Indus; and of the curiosity of Roman officials holding place in the outlying colonies of the empire; and of the antique Christian missionaries, attaching themselves to Mongolian caravans, and bearing up against the horrors of Central Asia, in order to carry the Gospel to China; and of Marco Polo, living two lives in the term of one,—looking back from his Chinese existence upon his Italian life as we fancy the departed surveying their mortal career; and the travelling students, and the Crusaders, and the merchant-speculators, and all the various wanderers in the early period of locomotion, which furnished such wonderful supplies of domestic entertainment during the stay-at-home term which succeeded. We have all been amused, in our time, at the

popular curiosity and reverence which waited on voyagers during the period intervening between the decline of the old causes of travel and the birth of the new. Othello's account of this mode is perhaps the prettiest we have; but there are other images clustering round the great new birth of travel in the sixteenth century. Among them is that of the vivacious and inquisitive boy, Richard Hakluyt, who delighted in visiting a rich relative, that he might stand for hours before the charts spread out on the walls, and devour every book of "cosmography" on the library shelves. We all have our sympathies with the youth and the maturity that grew out of such a boyhood,—mastering all languages which contributed books or MSS. of travel; now concentrating all the geometrical and nautical science of his time on the charts with which he illustrated his lectures at Oxford; now deciphering the MSS. which he had fetched from distant countries, at great cost of pains and money; now deep in consultation with Drake and Walsingham, or receiving letters from Ortelius or Mercator; and at last yielding to the fascination of Raleigh's incitements as they worked together over the "Naval History of England," so that he became one of "the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" engaged to plant and inhabit Virginia. Many of these images flit across our memories as we pass Hakluyt's tomb in Westminster Abbey, or see in any old library the set of his works; but perhaps the truest idea of the man and his occupation may be obtained by contrasting those works with the most recent books on geography, or narratives of extensive travel. Hakluyt was not aware of any absurdity in offering to the public "The Principal Navigations and Discoveries of the English Nation, by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years;" whereas a single expedition now furnishes more to relate than the travel of a thousand years did then. Hakluyt devoted one volume to the north and north-east, from Lapland to the Sea of Japan, and a second to the south and south-east; while the third was occupied with the new western world; whereas a duly qualified traveller would fill the three with any one of the countries in Richard's whole catalogue.

At the opening of a period so new, the

delight in voyages and travels was chiefly as a luxury of the imagination. The luxury itself was ancient enough,—witness the popularity of the *Odyssey*, and the welcome awaiting the wayfarer in all places and at all times at which any mental development was present; but every new country opened up by adventurers afforded, or was expected to afford, new stimulus of wonder—new material of the marvellous. If readers had outgrown stories "of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," they had no distrust of monkish narratives of tribes in Africa who married beautiful damsels one day, in order to breakfast on delicate steaks of them the next morning. It was a received fact that in Ireland everybody had a familiar spirit, and that the convenience of getting every thing done by diabolical skill was so great, that no exhortation availed to break the bond. Such racy anecdotes, with a background of scenery of like fidelity,—on land, whole wildernesses of monkeys, elephants, and serpents that swallowed a village for supper, and slept coiled up on an area of twenty miles every way; on rivers, the leviathan and crocodiles, from which there was no security but that they were so long that they could not turn; golden sands, moreover, and broad channels strewn with pearls and gems; and at sea all manner of strange fishes below, and strange birds above, and ghosts on the horizon, and cloud-lands painted by the devil, and mermaidens, and pirates, and spontaneous illuminations of the sea. These things, with the actual perils and exciting adventures of a period when travellers were unaccountable strangers wherever they went, made narratives of travel the favorite literature that they were for a century from the time of Henry VII.

How different is the interest now! The value of Hakluyt's books was great, not only because they gave some knowledge of the existence and characteristics of remote countries but because they expanded and enriched the minds of readers with new imagery and associations, and liberalized their conceptions of mankind in its variety of life and ways. Paths of commerce were thus opened, also, and roads to other good things; but no man then living, were he Bacon himself, could suspect what could be achieved by travel in the course of half a century, when once the impulse was given, as it has been in our days.

It was not then conceivable how the conditions of life itself would be changed to millions of our island-nation who have never crossed any of its "four seas,"—to hundreds of thousands who have done so little travel in their own persons as never to have seen the sea at all. It was not then imagined that by measuring a degree of the earth's surface, the system of the heavens could be revealed; or that men could weigh the globe by the specimen of a mountain; or that the constitution and history of our planet could be illustrated by visiting the sea-beaches of South America; or that men should compel the sun to "paint instantaneous pictures of precipices overhanging the Pacific; or volcanic rifts in mid-air, by which the formation of the globe might be traced at home. Nobody dreamed that, by going over the surface of the earth, secrets might be learned about its centre. Nobody supposed that, by introducing to one another's knowledge by hearsay, populations living on opposite sides of the globe, millions would be added to both by the creative operation of commerce. Few could have imagined even how far history might be disclosed by antiquarian travel; much less could it have occurred to the most far-sighted that interpretation would lead to prophecy, both in science and in history; that the imagination of fireside voyagers would be more richly feasted than ever, the more real the tale of travel became; and that the life of men universally would be tempered by new arts, adorned by fresh and innocent luxuries, secured by a perpetual expansion of political science, grounded on wider and wider induction, and rendered altogether more worth having, by a spreading participation among all peoples in the special inheritance of each.

The interval between the fit of travel of the sixteenth century and that of our own, exhibited a rather dull way of going about the world; and much less of it than might have been expected after such examples had been set as those of Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Marco Polo. The gentlemen of Europe still visited other countries before settling down in their own; but it was in the way of making the grand tour, as a finishing part of education.

their travels were no pleasure to people at home, but rather the contrary—like the narratives of Rhine travellers thirty years ago, and of the Alps, and the Nile at present. In 1779, Horace Walpole was "much amused

with new travels through Spain by a Mr. Swinburne. He says, "These new travels are simple, and do tell you a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but muleteers and fandangos." This style of relating travels is accounted for in the next sentence. "In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing but prospects; and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations were so wretched."* There it is! Bad accommodations kept our locomotive gentry on one track; and when they returned, they could tell of courts, and politics, and modes of society in continental cities; but all the rest of the wealth of "foreign parts" was neglected and undreamed of. Even enlightened men suppose there was nothing but "prospects" to be seen. Arthur Young introduced the idea of a more edifying way of traversing foreign countries; but his social observations and economical inferences did not prepare a good reception for the more adventurous class who were about to set forth on fresh explorations of the globe. The more conventional were the narratives of gentlemen who were handed over from one ambassador to another at the stations of the grand tour, the less chance had the adventurous sort of being appreciated. The mournful story of Bruce reveals, in the clearest light, the spirit of the time. It does not occur to travellers like Bruce, and like some other educated and honorable gentlemen who might be pointed out, that their accounts of what they had seen would be utterly disbelieved at home, and that they should be pronounced impostors, as soon as they had any thing to relate which comfortable and conceited domestic people did not know before, and had not happened to imagine. Horace Walpole, who could sit at home and conceive of marvels in a "Castle of Otranto," could write in this manner of a gentleman who was more amazed at being supposed a liar than all the Walpoles and Selwyns of his time could be at any thing that happened in Abyssinia.

"Would you believe that the great Abyssinian, Mr. Bruce, whom Dr. B—— made me laugh by seriously calling the *intrepid traveller*, has had the intrepidity to write a letter to the Doctor, which the latter has printed in his book; and in which he intre-

* "Letters of Horace Walpole," vol. vii. p. 187.

pity tells lies of almost as large a magnitude as his story of the bramble, into which his Majesty of Abyssinia and his whole army were led by the fault of his general, and which bramble was so tenacious that his majesty could not disentangle himself without stripping to the skin and leaving his robes in it; and it being death in that country to procure or compass the sovereign's nudity, the general lost his head for the error of his march.

"In short, Mr. Bruce has not only described six Abyssinian musical instruments, and given their names in the ancient Ethiopic and in the court language, but contributed a Theban harp, as beautifully and gracefully designed as if Mr. Adam had drawn it for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, with a sphinx, masks, a patera, and a running foliage of leaves. This harp, Mr. Bruce says, he copied from a painting in fresco on the inside of a cavern near the ancient Thebes, and that it was painted there by the order of Sesostris, and he is not at all astonished at the miracle of its preservation, though he treats poor accurate Dr. Pococke with great contempt for having been in the cave without seeing this prodigy, which, however, graceful as its form is, Mr. Bruce thinks was not executed by any artist superior to a sign-painter, yet so high was the perfection of the arts in the time of *Sesac*, that a common mechanic could not help rendering faithfully a common instrument. I am sorry our Apelles, Sir Joshua, has not the sign-painter's secret of making his colors last in an open cave for thousands of years.

"It is unlucky that Mr. Bruce does not possess another secret reckoned very essential to intrepid travellers—a good memory. Last spring he dined at Mr. Crawford's: George Selwyn was one of the company. After relating the story of the bramble, and several other curious particulars, somebody asked Mr. Bruce if the Abyssinians had any musical instruments? 'Musical instruments,' said he, and paused—'Yes, I think I remember one—lyre.' George Selwyn whispered his neighbor, 'I am sure there is one less since he came out of the country.' There are now six instruments there."—"Letters of Horace Walpole," vol. vi. pp. 313, 314.

This Theban harp, so fit for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, and therefore so clear an invention of Bruce's, is the very thing now so well known to Egyptian travellers in the tomb called Bruce's at Thebes; and there, in the hollow of the rock, has the old harper stood for thousands of years, while scores of generations of giggling fine gentlemen have gone to their graves quizzing stout adven-

turers who have seen more than their critics can imagine. Walpole vented his contempt on the whole class. After Bruce went Banks; and then Cook's "Voyages" came out. We find Walpole saying in 1783—

"When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks, in search of islands in the Atlantic (*sic*) where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints."—"Letters," viii. 438.

And in 1784 he wrote:—

"Captain Cook's 'Voyages' I have neither read, nor intend to read. I have seen the prints—a parcel of ugly faces . . . rows of savages, with backgrounds of palm-trees . . . uncouth lubbers: nor do I desire to know how unpolished the North or South Poles have remained ever since Adam and Eve were just such mortals."—"Letters," viii. 482.

Franklin, D'Urville, Wilkes, or Barth would have pleased him no better, while he measured all lands and peoples by the standard of home. If it was incredible that an artist in Ethiopia could use better colors than our Reynolds, we cannot wonder that the barbaric spectacles seen in Abyssinia should be pronounced audacious inventions, or that the insulted traveller should become somewhat savage in his resentment. "Come, now," said an impertinent intruder, who had penetrated to Bruce's study, in his house near Loch Lubnaig; "I want to know about those Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw." Having heard the facts, he went on: "Come, now; you must eat a beefsteak raw;—you must, indeed. You say you have. I can't believe you, you know, unless you prove it." Bruce rang the bell, and ordered up some raw beef, salt, and pepper. His visitor looked on with delight while Bruce slashed the meat, and salted and peppered it. "Now, then," cried the visitor. "Now, then," said Bruce, rising, and motioning the guest to his seat, "you eat that." "I! why, I want you to eat it." "And I mean *you* to eat it. You come here, a stranger, to insult me in my own house; and I must prove my own statements in my own way. You shall find that raw beefsteak can be eaten. You see my staircase." (Our readers may know that it was a rather formidable one.) "If you do not completely empty that plate, I will fling you from the top to the bottom." No ordinary man could measure his forces with those of the stalwart

Bruce; and the intruder could only eat his very strong leek. His host stood over him, and made him swallow enough to be able to aver that raw beef is eatable, and then turned him out. Bruce could not often get even such relief as this; and bitter were the pangs he had to endure from the mere impossibility of answering his accusers. He was not the only explorer so served in the last century; nor has that kind of insult been wholly laid aside even in our own wiser time. It is not thirty years (1829) since an eminent continental *savant*, Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Dorpat, made the ascent (attempted in vain by several predecessors) of the higher Ararat, escorted part of the way by a group of comrades, and to the summit by two Russian soldiers, who gave their narrative at the convent below when they came down, and confirmed it, as is customary, by affidavit afterwards. On the appearance of the Professor's volume, an English literary journal (aptly described as acting on a policy of pain-giving) did, in regard to Dr. Parrot, what the Selwyns and Walpoles of a former time did to Bruce, only in a yet more insufferable mode. The reviewer set aside Humboldt's laudatory notices of the Professor as of no value, because the two were not personally acquainted; marshalled the whole array of difficulties in ascending Ararat, and the reasons why, in his judgment, sitting in London, the ascent was antecedently improbable; and then, pretending to balance evidences, but casting out altogether the traveller's own testimony and narrative, pronounced that "from these united considerations we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that M. Parrot did not ascend the summit of Mount Ararat." Many honest English hearts fired up with indignation; but there was nothing to be done. The Russian soldiers could add no force to affidavits, even if they could be got at; and there was nothing for it but letting the malicious libel stand. Yes, there was one thing more—travellers were put on their guard. A large party, who spent five fortunate days at Petra, not long after, agreed that the literary journal in question would, if possible, deny the feat; would marshal the unsuccessful attempts to reach Petra, and the difficulties in the way, and would conclude "from these united considerations" that none of the company had ever seen Mount Hor; and the party engaged to

avenge one another, in case of such a reception of any of them. They were, however, too many and too strong. It is the single traveller, and after his witnesses are gone out of reach, who is so treated.

The chance of it must solely aggravate the penalties, and qualify the triumphs of adventurous travel, even now when the character of such adventure is so changed, and our reading of men is so much improved as to obviate, in a great degree, the folly of taking honorable men for imposters because they surprise us with new knowledge. We still commit the folly in the analogous cases of exploration into other regions of nature. The first witness of wonderful phenomena of any kind is always subject to insult from individuals, and usually from society; and, as in Bruce's case, the most trustworthy suffer the most, because honorable people are unsuspecting, and confide in the world before it occurs to them that the world does not always reciprocate the confidence. It is a grave chapter of the melancholy old story of mankind's treatment of its benefactors; and the most pathetic seat in which that tale can be meditated must be in the wilds, hitherto impenetrable, where the solitary traveller, worn by toil, and surrounded by dangers, thinks of home, doubting whether he shall ever return there, and more painfully doubting whether, if he does, the men of his own race and tongue will not mock at his claim to have sat where he is sitting now, and to have seen what is at the moment spread before his eyes. When Bruce leaned over the fountain of the Abyssinian Nile, he had no misgivings of the sort, for he was blind to his coming fate of being the warning of his tribe; and the party on the terrace at Petra were secure in their numbers; and the old traditional German who won his way to the sources of the Danube was too complacent to have any apprehensions. Standing at the fountain, and filling up the channel with his great boots, he exulted, crying out, "How the nations will wonder that the Danube does not come!" But when Lewis and Clarke drank at the source of the Missouri one day, and at that of the Oregon on another, they may have asked one another whether they should be believed at home, where these rivers were conceived of as coming down from a region of impenetrable snows, and guarded below by myriads of buffalo and of savages, which would leave no white man untrampled or unscalped.

Humboldt and Bonpland might have discussed the same sort of chance on the highest Natural Bridge in the Cordilera, or in the reeking, teeming, chirruping forest where the infant Orinoco oozed into the light. Huc and Gabet might have looked round them in the Land of Grass, and wondered how many of the strange things they had to tell would be credited in Europe. Above all, William Morton, Kane's friend and comrade, must have lamented being alone at the solemn moment when he stood at the margin of the Polar Sea. He was the man, and that was surely the moment, most highly favored of all, in the whole course of Polar exploration; the moment when the unfrozen sea, so long believed in, so often sought, again and again so nearly reached, was surging at the feet of the solitary stranger, and dashing against the icecliffs on either hand, and again, rolling on the far horizon when seen from a height of five hundred feet; and yet if the doubt crossed his mind whether his story would be questioned, and the evidence of his senses denied, the glorious moment must have had its own bitterness, and the mixed credulity and hard unbelief of ignorance might taint the freshness of even that strand where no human foot had ever left its print. It is almost a question which must be worst—to leave one's tale untold, or to have it rejected—to die in the wilds, full of the knowledge so hardly gained, and to be so uselessly buried there, or to return rejoicing, bringing one's sheaves, and to have them thrown away as chaff, and be told that one has never been out to the field at all. Who has not sympathized with Mungo Park's agony in drowning, his keenest pang being the thought that he would never be heard of more, and that the river would remain unknown as if he had never tracked it? And with Clapperton, burning to death with fever, but burning yet more to tell at home of the great lake and the fertile region in the heart of Africa? And with Douglass, the hale and fearless, the bringer of so many forest and garden treasures, the fine fellow who hoped to do so much for us yet, and who was gored and torn like a red rag, in a bull-trap in the Sandwich Islands; or worse, murdered and thrown in by an escaped convict? And with Franklin and his comrades, turning southwards with, probably, the great polar secret in their possession, overtaken by want and death in the snow. And with Wyburd,

and Stoddart, and Conolly—one murdered *en route*, and the other two beheaded in a sordid nook of a mud city in Central Asia, after many months of weary hope of relief and return, at the last moment kissing each other before their enemies, and each knowing that the other's heart was swelling at the thought of the dumb departure, and of so much that could be told being shoved underground, never to come forth again. We all feel how bitter were such deaths; but we can fancy that it might be almost worse to have one's tidings rendered useless in the other way, not by the death of the narrator, but by the want of life in the receivers. The discoveries of the last half century, however, have diminished the risks which we dare not assume to be quite over. A spirit so grave, so scientific, so unselfish, so simple and business-like, has been infused into exploratory journeying within the lifetime of the prince of modern travel, Humboldt, that it is nearly beyond the malice of the superficial and the ignorant, who can no longer spoil what they cannot appreciate.

As to the mere style of narration, we do not know that there is, or need be, any great improvement on some good old travellers; "Honest John Bell," for one. Bell was no bookmaker; and for several years after his return to Scotland (where he died in 1780), he amused his friends with his traveller's tales about Russia and the Great East, supporting his statements only by the jottings of a note-book which he had kept in his pocket wherever he went. He yielded to the request of Lord Granville, then President of the Council, to commit his story to paper, and let Dr. Robertson revise it for publication. Dr. Robertson committed the task to a friend, who asked his opinion about style and method, receiving the answer, "Take 'Gulliver' for your model, and you cannot go wrong." Bell's travels are the Gulliver of fact; and, so far, are as good as any recent books of the class; but we have a new order of works in the scientific narrations which have been worthily supported from the earliest days of Humboldt to the latest of Darwin, Lyell, Hooker, Lepsius, and the Polar navigators.

At the opening of our century, Bell was our favorite authority about Russia—(and a somewhat old-fashioned one, as he saw St. Petersburg rise up from the swamp)—some glimpses over the steppes having been af-

forded by Karamsin. Sir Robert Ker Porter told us something of Sweden, and also of Russia; and Linnæus was our sole authority for what was doing in Lapland. Sir Joseph Banks and his narrator, Von Troil, had been to Iceland; but they had so little to tell, that our associations with the island were still chiefly eider-down and ling, no translation existing of the work of Olafsen and Povelsen. Von Troil's account seems, indeed, a bait to draw the scientific traveller in that direction. "The Icelanders," he says, "have nothing else but volcanoes and boiling fountains, some scarlet, and some as white as milk." Siberia was a dread region, shrouded in frost-fogs, and supposed to be the cold half of hell, where the damned were sent "to starve in ice." Its horrors were infinitely exaggerated when the conception was made up of the two elements of excessive cold, rendering the territory a desert, and of punishment for political offences—always the most fiercely avenged. Of China, nothing was known but its tea, and those items of etiquette which made as secure a ring-fence round the empire as a hedge of prickly pear does round a robber village in Syria. Japan was altogether closed, to the great indignation of Sydney Smith, who proposed a general alliance of the civilized world to compel the Japanese to throw open their islands. Sydney Smith's position was that no one people had a right to claim to be sent to Coventry by all the rest, but ought to wait patiently for the pleasure of the world to send it to Coventry. At school, our fathers, and perhaps some of ourselves, were taught that Borneo was the largest island in the world. This, the only thing to be said about Borneo then, was not true; but our notions of Australia were very misty. It was only in 1798 that it was discovered that any sea flowed between Van Diemen's land and New Holland. Botany Bay was a familiar name enough; but the rest of the great Australian region was as obscure to us as the interior of Borneo is now. The interior of Asia and the interior of Africa were cloudlands also. Geology was in its infancy; and men no more dreamed of asserting beforehand that there must be steppes and high table-lands in Thibet, and a great, well-watered, fertile area in the heart of Africa, than their forefathers thought of calculating eclipses before the conditions of the heavenly bodies were discovered. In those days school children were

taught that the Andes (themselves rather a new idea) were the highest mountains in the world, unless it were the Mountains of the Moon in the centre of Africa, which had not yet been measured, though nobody doubted their existence. By degrees, Europeans were creeping up into the Himalayas—one in Nepal, and another near the sources of the Five Rivers; by degrees, the altitude of that mighty range became disclosed; and then we had a burning curiosity to know about the prospects and the descent on the other side. By degrees it came out that there was not much descent by the passes on the northern side, but a good deal more of ascent, so that the central table-land is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. As for Africa, the Mountains of the Moon dwindled as the Himalayas had grown; and the sandy deserts which in old maps are marked with an ostrich here and a lion there, turn out to be green valleys, thronged with life, prodigious forests, and lovely hills sloping down to brimming rivers, where millions of people may live and enjoy themselves, as well as on the Ganges or the Amazon. Of South America a good deal might have been known; but scarcely any attention was directed that way till the Braganzas went to Brazil, and Canning and Henry Clay interested England and the United States in the emancipation of the old Spanish colonies; and the progress of geology indicated South America as a good field of observation on account of its volcanoes and its beaches. As for North America, all westward of the Alleghanies was treated as wilderness, and all westward of the Mississippi as desert. Baffin's Bay was supposed to be the limit of human knowledge to the north; and impracticable land and ice stretched over somewhere to the other side of the globe, unless indeed there were some foundation for the romance of a Polar sea, with its arches of emerald, and its rose-colored rainbows, and crystal grottos, and wonderful marine creatures. Central America was rarely heard of, except as it included the narrow isthmus which separated two oceans. The associations with the Pacific islands were those of Cook's Voyages. Prince Lee Boo stood representative for the population of the whole Archipelago.

Where shall we begin in reviewing our gains within our own century? Shall it be in the tropics or at the poles? We will take the more concentrated view first.

Captain Cook did not know what a commotion he was creating when he told of the desire of the Chinese for the fur of the sea-otter. American ears were quick in those days, as they are now, to intimations of commercial openings; and when our century opened, Yankees and Russians were coasting the western shores of the New World, buying up sea-otter skins, and selling them to the Chinese. The Columbia was sure to become known; and it was seen by Captain Gray, an American, in 1792, and followed upwards for one hundred miles by Lieutenant Broughton, just afterwards, and subsequently downwards throughout its course by Lewis and Clarke in 1804. Before they had set out, however, a new region was thrown open to our curiosity by our own Mackenzie, who groped his way from Canada to the mysterious Frozen Ocean, east of Behring's Straits, and also to the Pacific. The curtain drew up on the Esquimaux, and on the traffic between our North-West Company and the natives. We are shown the fleet of birch canoes, the portages, the bargaining, and drinking, and speech-making, and the dispersion of the parties to their hunting and fishing; and we find pregnant hints of the mischief caused by our previous ignorance. While the Americans and Russians were carrying great cargoes of furs to China, wintering in the Pacific Islands, to save loss of time, the Canada and Hudson's Bay cargoes had to cross the Atlantic to London, and there await the pleasure, and pay the dues, of the East India Company before they could start for China by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mackenzie's work was noticed in the first number of the "Edinburgh Review," October, 1802; and it may be regarded as opening up the whole great picture of the life of the North-American Indians, from the wild demons whom we demoniacally employed in our American wars, to the Esquimaux, to whom we have now sent for the last tidings of our latest polar martyrs. Our readers need not be told what a spectacle has since been disclosed to us, as one band of adventurers after another has pushed further and further north, till one member of Kane's party stood alone on a shore far beyond the Frozen Sea of Mackenzie, on the beach of the unfrozen Polar Sea. We know of a vast northern archipelago which our fathers never dreamed of; we have witnessed the junction of various discoveries in the completion of

the line of the continental coast. The North-west passage—the dream of centuries—has been accomplished before our eyes. Our science is the richer in various ways; our human and national self-respect is raised even more by the noble spirit shown in the whole process of research than by the glory of being able to extend our maps to the pole. It was an American who attained the highest latitude; and they were British who opened the North-west passage: and this is all well, as the two nations have been brotherly in this pursuit. We have gained much in the imagery of the mind, and in the enlargement which new wealth of that kind makes in our elastic faculties. We have pleasures which our fathers never enjoyed in our familiarity with those seas, now surging noisy with clattering and crashing ice, and now level as a floor, and still as sleep, except for the dream-like moanings of the imprisoned winds, startling the traveller in the starlight like the lament of underground ghosts. Every child who has devoured the polar voyages of our time, or seen the panoramas of their scenery has within him a picture-gallery of snow-fields and ice-fields, of bergs built up of gems, and skies woven out of rainbows, and of the aurora borealis and the rolling planets, looking like new heavens over-hanging a new earth. Captain Parry gave us some Spitzbergen scenery, too; and we have found that Russian merchants now live for fifteen or twenty years together in that desolate place, which, to the readers of "Sandford and Merton," has always appeared only a living grave for four shipwrecked sailors. Fine marble, good coal, plenty of fish and whale oil, brighten up the old-fashioned idea of Spitzbergen. Iceland is, in comparison, too mild and moderate a place to be worth much notice; but Mackenzie, Hooker, and Holland, and subsequent visitors, have told us all about the scarlet and milky fountains, and much about the past literature and possible trade of the island. We hear now of factories and shipping, and of exports of wool, and of sulphur, besides the fishy products and eider-down of the latitude; and we have learned to regard with respect an ancient Christian community which has reared a series of scholars, from the erudite monk, who wrote history in the twelfth century, to existing correspondents of learned societies. Our notion of Iceland is decidedly altered.

It is of some consequence to the politics of Europe that Lapland is now open to travel. When we young there were stereotyped representations of reindeer, and of the little people of Lapland, to whom they belonged. Within a few years the Scandinavian peninsula, and especially the northern parts, have been abundantly resorted to by geologists and mineralogists, by sportsmen, by merchants, and by seekers of the picturesque; and, in consequence, the curtain is lifted up there, too, and Russian intrigue is revealed in the north-east of us as in the furthest west. It was during the war that we first became aware how the Czar Nicholas, dissatisfied with his maritime outlet by the Baltic, was providing himself with another, fully commanding our islands. How, in 1852, he deprived the Laplanders and their deer of their grazing-ground on the frontier, and how he was stealing round the point, and preparing to annex the Varanger fiord and the Norwegian fort of Vardohus, under the name of a fishing-station; and how the Russian maps were altered so as to place Vardohus at the mouth of the Varanger fiord, instead of nine Norwegian miles away; and how this encroachment was taken up in the Norwegian parliament, and how far it is supposed to have been the cause, or at least the stimulus, of our treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sweden and Norway, in 1855, our readers are all probably aware: but it may not have struck them that this timely check on Russian encroachment at one important extremity of the empire is owing to modern travel, which has opened the whole scenery, with all its stirring interests, to the gaze of all the world. We have not only the facts of the Russian policy placed within our ken, but the manner in which they were received by the people most concerned. When the "Oxonian in Norway" was at Wadsöe, in 1853, a grave little Fin gave him the political intelligence in this form:—

"The Czar sent to the King of Sweden to give notice that he meant to annex Sweden and Norway to Russia, and that there was no use in opposing the scheme. King Oscar, in a great fright, applied to Queen Victoria; and she sent to warn the Czar against attempting any thing of the sort. The Czar wanted to fight the British immediately; but Queen Victoria said it would suit her better the next year. Nicholas, in a rage, sent her a sack of barley, saying that there were more

grains than she could count, but not more than he would send soldiers against her; and if they were not enough, he had ready as many more. Queen Victoria sent Nicholas a peppercorn, and bade him put it in his mouth; and this was her message with it: 'My army is small, and so is this peppercorn, but this corn bites sharp; so my army will be sharp—much sharper than you will like.' So the Czar put off fighting for another year."

Thus is history born under Lap tents much in the same way that all our old histories were generated, no doubt. And thus does the lightest and most amusing travel of holiday-men serve good political purposes when a power like Russia is travelling in another fashion, all over the globe, to find some river-mouth, some bay of an inland sea, some fountain in the desert, some spur of a mountain, or some warm fissure in a bleak tableland, where she can make an unobserved settlement, and create a centre of future operations. Her greatest obstacle in this department of her policy is the pleasure-seeking tourist. The sportsman, with his rod and gun, is the best of explorers; unless it be the American author, who has adopted travel, and the description of it, as a profession. These men make a point of going where few or none have gone before; and they are, therefore, our earliest informants of Russian settlements, and detectors of the tricks in Russian map-making. They, in the political service they render to all Europe in this way (to say nothing of Asia and America), exemplify some of the gains for which we are indebted to travel in the nineteenth century. The best travellers of this class that our age supplies are the Americans. Stephens was a capital specimen, united courage, diligence, and perseverance as an explorer, to the quick and humorous observation, the unflagging spirits, and admirable narrative style which are the appropriate accomplishments of his class. Herman Melville is of a lower order, but infinitely amusing; and he tells us exactly what we should hear from nobody else. The cursory traveller, *par excellence*, at present, is Bayard Taylor, who seems to intend to give us the whole world within a few years, in his rapid style of description. He would come in appropriately at many points of our new annexations of known territory; and in this place we may say that his latest work on "Northern Europe" gives the scenery of a Lapland winter to perfection. Those who,

like ourselves, have an insane fondness for voyages and travels, and have therefore devoured almost every modern book in that department of authorship, can nowhere point to descriptions of arctic days and nights which convey any thing like the impression ineffaceably stamped on the reader's imagination by Bayard Taylor's narrative of his audacious trespasses on the domains of the Frostgods, in the sacred season of wintry silence. He did not deserve to come back again; but he is probably by this time somewhere under the line; and, if he does not ride his hobby too hard, he may obtain much pleasure and profit for himself, and do the world substantial service by disclosing many an untrodden region yet.

The next step seems to be into Siberia. Our imagery there was very meagre till lately. Cochrane's pilgrimage did not give us much beyond a mere pedestrian track. Baron Wrangel, living on the polar ice for fifty-eight days, searching for a continent which never appeared, enlisted our sympathy nearly forty years ago; and we next heard of him as tossing about in an open sea on a fragment of ice, near Behring's Straits, without food or shelter, and at the mercy of currents which floated him to and fro, in dreary suspense, till one flung him ashore, nearly dead from cold and hunger. He told us of the extraordinary spectacle which has carried geologists to the North of Siberia, in the full mosquito season, to see the remains of elephants, and other mighty strangers from another clime, not their skeletons, but their full, fleshy forms, embedded in ice below the depths which the sun can soften during the short arctic summer. He told us of moss growing a few inches above the eternal ice; of stunted shrubs; of reindeer on land, and morse and seal off the shore; of fishy lakes and swamps breeding fevers and mosquitoes. From Pallas we heard of the rhinoceros ice-buried so far from home; and of interior forests and lakes, and the cliffs which overhang the awful Lake Baikal in one place; while, at another, the fur-bearing animals come over the plain to its margin,—the lynxes, ounces, sables, martens, which appear trooping among the wild-goats, bears, wolves, and elks. These, and forests where the winds pass among the pines as over a thousand fairy harps, and where nothing else is heard but the snap of an old tree under its snow-burden, and dreary

mines where men work in chains, were nearly all our ideas of Siberia, unless we believed in the scenery of Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth." Now we have become familiar with the residences of the exiles, and the road-side views from end to end; and the horrors diminish with the mystery. We know, from the narrative of lady exiles ("Revelations of Siberia"), what life at Berezov is like, though the writers may not inform us why they were sent there. The towns of the interior, where the exiles generally live free and unmolested, and enjoying such solace as they can create for themselves, or accept from others, are much like towns everywhere else, with more dissipation, champagne, gaming, idleness, and ennui than most, but with none of the physical torture and imprisonment that afflicted our imaginations before the country was opened to observation. We know the colonies of exiles now, and the real case of those who work in the mines; and as for the road scenery, it is almost hackneyed,—the woods, the steppe, the salt lakes and fresh rivers, the hosts of the post-house, and the robbers of the road. Till a few months ago, however, we could scarcely form any distinct conception of Central Siberia, with its peculiar phenomena. Faint traces remain of the passage of a Christian missionary or two by that route to China, under the hardships of the old caravan travelling; but Mr. Atkinson, who has disclosed this region to us, is probably right in believing that he has explored mountains and plains never before visited by an European. We know a vast deal now about Central Siberia, though nothing was further from the traveller's intention when he was hunting, shooting, painting, riding like a centaur, wrestling with dangers like a modern Hercules, and treating the natives as an English gentleman should. It is easy to criticise the book.* It is a heap of fragments, thrown together with far too little pains to distinguish various expeditions, and to give the dates of any. The style is indescribably bad for its desultoriness, and sometimes even for grammar. But we have really no right to criticise in this case. It is looking a gift horse in the mouth. Mr. Atkinson declares himself to be no writer, and to have made no preparations for publishing. Somebody had convinced him that he had something to tell which we

* "Oriental and Western Siberia," &c., &c. By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. 1857.

want very much to know, and he gave us the best he had. A very little care on the part of some friend might have sorted the paragraphs, or the clauses of the same paragraph, so as to give something like connection to the narrative; and a good supply of dates is urgently needed,—not only the years, but the months or seasons, without which the significance of many phenomena—as of storms, droughts, crops, and dearth—is lost. But, after all, there is not a reader of the book, we will venture to say, who does not entertain an admiration of the writer, from first to last. His seven years of open-air life—most of his time, when not occupied with painting, being spent on horseback—are heartily refreshing to us homestayers, who are far too industrious and anxious to deserve or hope for his health of body and mind. His descriptions of all kinds of objects are at first sight unpromising, from their roughness, meagreness, and singular artlessness; but they turn out admirable in the long run. They are like copies from his rough sketches—mere jottings of blue here, red there, three greens somewhere else; a peak, a curve, a blot of shadow, five ranges of summits, and so on; but the result is a remarkably clear image deposited at last. In the seven years he travelled 39,500 English miles, plunging into Mongolia at one time, and scaling the precipices of the Altaï Mountains at another; standing a siege of wolves for a whole night occasionally, and escaping from pillage and slavery many another time by sagacity, coolness, bold defiance of traitors, and genial trust in the faithful among his hosts and guides. The volume is rich in illustrations, many of which are beautiful. They inspire a keen curiosity about the author's sketches, of which he brought home five hundred and sixty. Where are they? When are we to have the benefit of them? Many of them are for the Czar, it is clear, but surely the rest of the world may have copies.

Mr. Atkinson discloses prospects of great wealth for Russia, and therefore for the nations which trade with Russia, in the neglected regions which he explored. We saw enough at the Great Exhibition to be aware that prodigious mineral treasures exist in the Czar's dominions: and now we know that it is only the extreme mismanagement and gross corruption attendant on Russian administration everywhere which intercepts an in-

calculable amount of wealth at the threshold of the mines and quarries, and wastes no less upon the road, and filches the greater part of the remainder before it is brought to the emperor. The materials of a vast commerce are stored up in the region where our artist-hero dared the storm-kings and the chiefs of banditti in their fastnesses. Here are specimens of life among the Kirghis, and of steppe scenery:

"About half-past three o'clock we stopped on the bank of a large river, now dry, with the exception of a few deep holes. In April and May, when the snow is melting on the mountains, it is a majestic stream, more than a verst broad, washing out holes in the steppe, in some places twenty and thirty feet deep, and sweeping every thing away in its course. Here we ate our dinner, during which I pointed out to our guide a small column of white smoke, evidently a very great distance off, which I supposed to be at a Kirghis *aoul*; but he assured me that there were no encampments in that direction, and that the smoke proceeded from the reeds burning on the shores of Nor-Zaisan. Our dinner was soon finished, and we travelled straight towards the smoke—sometimes over rich pastures, at others over gravel and stones, on which there was little vegetation. After riding two hours, we were near enough to see that the steppe was on fire, and not the reeds. Our route had been along the foot of some low, grassy hills for many versts, where our guide expected to find an encampment. We discovered the place, but the Kirghis had left some days before. One of the Cossacks dashed off up the hill, riding along the summit a short distance, and then returned, saying that he had seen a single *yourt*, and that we should not find another for thirty or forty versts. Our horses were turned up the hill, and we soon gained the summit, near a fine old tomb: the crests of these hills are studded with them, and some are of great antiquity. From this elevated position I observed that the fire was spreading fast over the steppe. Just at dark we reached the *yourt*, and found it a poor, miserable place, in which were a dirty Kirghis woman and four young children, three of whom were very ill. She added fuel to her fire, and made our kettle boil; in return I made tea for herself and the children; the latter were lying on a *voilock*, covered up with skins. When the woman gave them the tea, I saw that they had not a rag of clothing to cover their little bodies. No one can conceive the wretchedness of some of these people, and more especially the females. The only part of this woman's garments which indicated her sex, was a piece of dirty cotton

thrown over her head, forming a cap. She had on a pair of old leathern *tchimbar* (wide trousers), boots with very high heels, and an old sheepskin coat, with many rents in it, proving beyond all question that she had not a rag of underclothing. This poor creature and a man had been left with the sick children—the *acoul* having been moved to fresh pastures, many versts distant.

"While sitting drinking my tea, I could see on the steppe the reflection of the fire, which was advancing very fast; and as we were not more than half-an-hour's walk from the old tomb on the hill, I determined to go there, whence the whole extent of the conflagration could be seen. Three of my people accompanied me, and when we reached our destination, what a scene was presented to us! The fire was still about ten versts to the east, but it was travelling directly west and along our track, extending in breadth across the Steppe, probably twenty-five or thirty versts. The flames ran along the ground, licking up the long grass with their forked tongues with great rapidity, making tremendous glare. We remained more than an hour looking upon this sublime and awful scene, and then returned to our lodging. I sat up in the *yourt* a long time, watching the woman feed the fire with dwarf bushes and camel's dung—she might have been taken for a witch blowing up a fire for some unholy rite. Strange and dirty as this place was, I wrapped myself up in my cloak and slept soundly.

* * * * *

"Almost immediately we arrived at the *acoul* a sheep was killed; two Kirghis set about dressing it, and in an incredibly short time it was cut to pieces, put into a large iron cauldron covered with a wooden lid, and placed over a fire made in the ground; a boy was constantly employed putting small quantities of wood under the iron vessel to keep up a blaze. The men who had dressed the sheep took their stand beside the seething pot, each having a wooden ladle, and occasionally lifting up the lid to skim the boiling mess. The Cossacks dined with the Kirghis; I did not, having seen the entrails put into the pan after undergoing but a very slight purification. This induced me to order tea, which I knew would be clean. I did not even enter the *yourt* during dinner."—(pp. 254-257).

Traces of advanced civilization indicate that there is nothing in the natural features of Central Asia to prevent its being the abode of industry, the arts, knowledge, and enjoyment; and if the products seen and described by Mr. Atkinson were made the foundation of an honest and open trade, a great ultimate destiny might prove to be in store

for Asiatic peoples. Even if the prophecy of greatness moving westwards be still revered, the turn of Central Asia must come again. Seeing what we do of the kindling up of the great American continent, the settlement of the Pacific, the development of Australia, the arrival of the day for the penetration of China, and the growing consequence of the Eastern Archipelago, we cannot say what may be the limit of the development of Oriental countries, certainly richer than we yet know.

Sydney Smith died just too soon to learn that Japan might be opened without the compulsion of a league of the human race. The Americans are rivals of the Russians in penetrating to out-of-the-way corners, and obtaining entrance in spite of prohibitions. While all the world hears or sees reports of our public meetings about the Niger, or may read volumes about our doings on the Indus, or in Caubul, the Americans penetrate further in the same direction without a word spoken. They are found fingering cotton in the interior of Africa, just when our explorers have set down in their diary that no white man had ever before been there; and while we are gazing over into Affghanistan from Scinde, they stealthily move up before our faces through Beloochistan into Tartary, bringing back tortoise-shell, and goats' hair, and wool, which they have obtained in exchange for their "domestics." The only question about Japan was, whether the Americans or the Russians should throw it open. The Americans were first, and the Russians followed immediately. In 1852, Commodore Perry was sent out from Washington in command of an expedition to Japan, where he was to obtain, by negotiation or by force, a commercial treaty. In 1854, the President announced to Congress the success of the enterprise—only the exchange of ratifications of the treaty remaining to be effected. The Japanese did not quite understand the matter in the same way; but whether they meant to open their ports altogether, or only to afford shelter, temporary and restricted, in cases of nautical mishap, Japan has been entered, and sketched, and described. We now know what the mysterious, metropolis Jeddo, looks like, with its water streets, and rows of trees, and large one-story palaces; and we learn better and better what to expect, in the way of commerce, from the dili-

gent agriculture of Japan, its mineral wealth, its fibrous substances, and its primitive arts. We even have an ambassador there at this time—unless Lord Elgin has finished his business, and left. China and Japan, which stood for mighty mysteries in Watts's hymn, will soon be simply foreign countries to the rising generation. Mr. Fortune has opened China to us in one view, and Mr. Meadows in another; and we may hope that all the rest will follow as a result of Lord Elgin's negotiations. Even the idea of tea being exclusively a Chinese article will soon have disappeared; for, thanks to the travel of our own century, we have not only obtained and improved vast tea-grounds by the acquisition of Assam, but have covered some of the slopes of the Himalaya with plantations of our own. We have followed the Americans in discovering that the Chinese have other commodities than tea to sell; and the supply of silk is so vast that no demand on our part is likely to affect the home-markets of China in the slightest degree. We may have cotton also, and grain of various kinds, in any quantity. Without going through the long list of Chinese products, we may say that the old notion of the Chinese as having nothing to sell us but tea will be dismissed as mere ignorance as soon as we have "tapped the interior," in the way no doubt intended by the European plenipotentiaries recently on the spot. We have already a greater gain from the lifting up of the curtain on China than any commercial advantages, in the conception opened to us of a state so ancient and so primitive, with its religions, antique before Christianity was heard of, and its faith, notions, and manners unchanged and isolated, as if for our instruction as to how men may live, and think, and feel, without our formative ideas and influences. These preserved peoples and states, sleepers of the fairy-tale to us, who think ourselves the fortunate princes or knights who penetrate the shrouding forest to enter the enchanted palace, and rouse the old immortals, whereas those immortals have been busy at home all the while, and are a fine lesson to us, if we have but the grace to use it, against the folly of supposing that all wisdom and welfare come out of our favorite ideas and manners. We have had some strong hints to this effect from other quarters within our own century, among the monuments of extinct peoples;

but, as the Chinese themselves remain, as well as the traces of their polity, they serve better as a standing rebuke of our narrowness and conceit. In saying this, we regard the Chinese, not as represented by Commissioner Yeh, photographed by the *Times* correspondent, but as the people of the country appear to men who know them better—to Mr. Meadows, Mr. Fortune, and American merchants, whose long residence and open minds have qualified them to judge with some fairness of men so unlike themselves. The wisest of our forefathers would certainly have considered that generation a fortunate one which should witness the throwing open of China and Japan, and for other reasons than the new realms of trade to be thus acquired. We are that generation; and it is for us to show to the next what the privilege really is.

Before we look at Egypt, which analogy would prompt us to do here, we must note the development of modern colonization as one great result of recent exploration of those eastern seas. In our century, the art of colonization seemed to be lost; and the wretched failures of our settlements on various coasts and islands seriously discredited emigration as a means of relief from pressure at home. Circumstances worked together for good in our age when emigration was needed, when there was a wide choice of localities, and when the progress of civilization forbade the introduction of negro slavery on a new soil. The Wakefield theory was perhaps the offspring of modern exploratory travel as much as of political economy. At all events, there are Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, settlements composed not exactly according to the theory or proposed model, but still, of a tolerably complete society, at the best points of highly-promising territories. Instead of a languishing group of fever-stricken men, hungry and helpless, on some river or bay, where they wait for rescue or death, or at best to leave their families an inheritance of struggle only less painful than their own our colonists are now little nations of self-governing men, exhibiting all ranks and orders essential to a body politic, from the ruler and legislature, through the learned professions, capitalists, and artisans, down to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The organized peoples are living on territory which was but lately the domain of the savage and the

wild beast. The kangaroo and the emu have almost disappeared where millions of sheep supply the finest wool in the world; and "the diggings" have opened under the feet of the staring aborigines. By a steamer on the Murray, the interior has been tapped, and Yorkshire is likely to be the better for it; but the greater part of the country stands over for investigation. Whatever may remain for disclosure, we have already obtained so much in a vast territory, fit for British occupation, conveniently placed for trade, and at present supplying the world's growing need of an increased circulating medium, that it would not be too much to say that the omission of the discovery of Australia would have retarded our progress in the proportion of centuries, and have essentially altered the aspect of society all over Europe. When we look forwards, anticipating the career of our young, self-governing colonies, we may gain some conception of what the difference would have been if Australia had not been discovered at all, or had been still supposed a cluster of islands, touched upon at Botany Bay, and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

This is the indication on which we ought to proceed in regard to Borneo. We have said in a former volume * what we think of the Sarawak settlement, and its beneficent ruler. Every thing that has happened in the interval of four years has conduced to prove the value of the place, people, and opportunity, and to exalt the mission and character of Sir James Brooke. One of the most pressing duties of Government, now is, to extend such protection to Sarawak as will secure the freedom and welfare of its native inhabitants in a career which has opened so well, and give our country the advantage of the secure harbors and productive rivers of Borneo, its coal and other products, its admirable position as the portal of China, as a centre for electric communication, and as the basis of our future welfare and interest in the Eastern Archipelago. The Rajah of Sarawak is our hero of adventure in this advanced century, when it was feared the type was broken. It is not lost, nor impaired, but simply modified. Our roving hero is no more a knight riding after a shadow of fame than he is a freebooter. He is a chief, a champion, a discoverer, a law-giver, but for no self-seeking purposes. He offers to his country something better than an

Eldorado or a "plantation" to be peopled with slaves and convicts. He offers the friendship and reciprocal-advantage of a productive and well-peopled territory, which can abundantly overpay the little protection it requires. It would be a sorry ending of our tale of gains from the adventure of our age that our Borneo settlements should be handed over to the Dutch, or the French, or the Americans, for no reason whatever, and with no better excuse than sheer apathy. Yet this is what must happen, unless the people compel Parliament, and Parliament compels the Ministry, to attend to the securing of Sarawak before it is too late.

At the time when scientific men at home were speculating on the existence of gold in Australia, and a wayfarer here and there was unconsciously stumbling on a block of it; and at the time when James Brooke was contemplating the enterprise which was opening before him, the charts of all nations represented Borneo and New Holland as the largest areas of land south of the great continents. But navigators from three nations were about to show cause for a memorable change in the world's maps. Commander Wilkes, of the United States' Exploring Expedition, sighted the land of the Antarctic Continent on the 16th of January, 1840. From time to time, for seventeen years, various points had been touched upon by navigators of divers nations, close to the Antarctic circle, and taken for islands, which some of them were; but now, the American expedition traced a long line of mountains for several days—vigilant eyes being bent on the coast without intermission during the perpetual daylight. Commander Wilkes tells us:—

"We had a beautiful and unusual sight presented to us this night; the sun and moon both appeared above the horizon at the same time, and each throwing its light abroad. The latter was nearly full. The former illuminated the icebergs and distant continent with his deep golden rays; while the latter, in the opposite horizon, tinged with silvery light the clouds in its immediate neighborhood. There now being no doubt in any mind of the discovery of land, it gave an exciting interest to the cruise, that appeared to set aside all thought of fatigue, and to make every one willing to encounter any difficulty to effect a landing." *

When snow-squalls drifted off, and left a

* "Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition," &c., vol. ii. p. 296.

* "Westminster Review," vol. vi. p. 331.

clear view of a towering summit, or a dark amphitheatre of rock, a joyous shout rang through the ships; but the grandest cheer was when soundings were found;—"a natural burst of joy on obtaining unquestionable proof that what they saw was indeed the land." They saw seventy-five miles of it at one time, rising behind its icy barrier to the height of three thousand feet; and as much as fifteen hundred miles of it has been traced. On the return northwards, the Americans saw, on the 30th of January, only fourteen days after their discovery, the French discovery ships, under D'Urville, at first supposing them to be Ross's expedition. The French refused to speak, and sailed away, to make the same discovery just entered in the American log-books, and leave their names on the Point Adélie. Commander Ross, then destined for south polar exploration, was supplied by the Americans with their charts, and an account of the proceedings of their squadron; and next year he carried the survey much further, penetrating to lat. 79° S., and astonishing the world with the image of the burning Mount Erebus, flaming away among the eternal ice, at a height of twelve thousand four hundred feet. He ascertained also the southern magnetic pole; and the three nations having thus gone forth so nearly together, all found what they were looking for; the English navigator, the last in point of time, being first in note, on account of the extent to which he has laid open the scenery of those mysterious seas. Few pictures can be more striking to the imagination of successive generations than that of the prodigious pair of mountains—the Erebus and Terror, the latter being nearly eleven thousand feet high, and the other, a loftier peak, throwing up its flames and smoke-clouds far above the snow-fields, and where no eye had ever before seen it, though it might be largely influencing the economy of the globe in some of its habitable parts.

Returning from those goblin solitudes to more central regions, where in old days the human race most did congregate, we find wonderful and acceptable lights cast upon many of them within the memory of living men. Travelling westwards from the Asiatic seas, by any practicable route, we find much laid open that was hidden from even the last generation. We hear from eye-witnesses of the Oxus with its yellow sands and shoals, and the slopes which were so well watered

and fertile in ancient days. During our Caubul campaign, many of our countrymen and countrywomen were in expectation of being sent there, with little hope of returning to tell us what that old classical region is like; and the "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings" of M. Ferrier give us too much reason to apprehend that considerable numbers of our lost force are now in slavery to the Turcomans. These wandering tribes hold Russian and Persian prisoners by tens of thousands; and the universal testimony along the road about men with green eyes and red beards—the British invaders of Caubul—agrees only too well with the information given by a disguised Englishman to M. Ferrier's moonshie, "that many of his countrymen, who had formed part of the army of occupation in Caubul, had been sold into slavery in Turkistan, where, less fortunate than himself, they still dragged on a mournful existence." If any of these captives should return, what will they not have to tell? And, if the American trader can make his way up to the central Asian markets for purposes of traffic, is there no route for us, who have so much deeper an interest deposited in those barbaric retreats?

Who would have dreamed, half a century ago, of becoming familiar with the plains of Mesopotamia by means of panoramas, or of studying the sculptures of old Nineveh in the British Museum? Who is not astonished now at the idea of running telegraphic messages along the course of the Euphrates, and of setting up a high road through those Scriptural old regions, where we think of Nebuchadnezzar grazing on the plain, and Babylon as far too terrible to be approached. Yet Mr. Layard and some continental explorers are at home in "the land between the rivers;" and on those rivers the natives are familiar with the "ease her;" "stop her;" which are adopted into every language as soon as our steamers appear. Asia Minor was nearly as obscure to us as Mesopotamia till Admiral Beaufort published his "Caramania," and Sir Charles Fellows, with his zeal and diligence, and his useful oiled paper and lamplack, hunted out the antiquities, and brought home the inscriptions and the monuments which have opened up many things in the past. Egypt, however, is the great field of discovery in this way. Our fathers knew the Nile as their children learned it in school-books; and it was no great disgrace to confound the hun-

dred-gated Thebes with the other. What a difference now! The disclosure dates from the expedition of Bonaparte's party of *savans*; and it has gone on since, till, as some scholars undertake to say, there is nothing to be learned by going there;—a decision which we would not venture upon in regard to any place on the earth's surface. Great was the amazement to circulating-library readers when it became popularly known that before Abraham ever saw the Pyramids the people of Egypt wore clear muslins and printed calicoes, and had self-moving river-ships, and remarkably elegant couches, and chairs, and foot-stools, and musical instruments, and roast-geese and plum-cakes very like our own. Of all the avenues opened backwards into the past, none is of so much significance or of so various an importance as that through Egypt. In the opinion of some scholars of our time, more is involved in our Egyptian discoveries than is yet conceived of by any but the few who see the connection between them and certain Asian mysteries. However this may be, the enlargement of our knowledge, and the value to history of the great series of Egyptian researches, are a gain which will distinguish our age more than any extension of commerce in any quarter, and to any amount. But we have our material gains, too, from the throwing open of the Nile valley; to it we owe our new route to India, with all its blessings; and every Englishman now knows how to appreciate them. The dreadful gulf, entered by the "Gate of Lamentation"—(Bab-el-mandeb)—the Red Sea, on which over-bold travellers used to toss about for three months together, is now like a tamed horse to the rider. We have a watch-tower above it at Aden; we plough it by our steamers from end to end; we are going to make it the channel of our electric current of news; and some people want to join it with the Mediterranean. We have our doubts whether this will be done; but, how its character has changed in one generation! Our fathers would go a good way to see a man who had floated on the Red Sea; and now every cadet and every bride who goes out to India has picked up lustrous shells from the drift on its shores, and can tell the parish-school children at home all about the two places which contest the honor of letting the Hebrews pass, and swallowing up Pharaoh's host.

Not satisfied with the Lower Nile valley,

travellers have passed the Cataract, and explored Nubia; and Melly and Bayard Taylor have described to us the junction of the Blue and the White Nile at Khartoom, while the latter penetrated so far as to make Khartoom appear almost like a home on his return. Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Life and Landscapes from Egypt," is perhaps the most wonderful piece of continuous description, the most marvellous reproduction of the sensations of travel, that can be conceived. To any reader who knows the Nile, it is quite the next thing to being on it again.

Thus has Africa been pierced in one direction. Meantime, a gifted adventurer was coming out of the Arabian desert to penetrate nearly to the point at which Mr. Bayard Taylor turned back. Lieutenant Burton has seen Harar, at the risk of his life. He tells us why.

"Harar," he says, "had never been visited. The ancient metropolis of a once mighty race, the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa, the reported seat of Moslem learning, a walled city of stone-houses, possessing its independent chief, its peculiar population, its unknown language, and its own coinage, the emporium of the coffee-trade, the head-quarters of slavery, the birth-place of the Kat plant, and the great manufactory of cotton cloths, amply, it appeared, deserved the trouble of exploration."*

Our manufacturing classes may be thankful to him by and by for discovering the state of their arts, as regards textile fabrics in barbaric Abyssinia, and for opening up a prospect of cotton supply.

"The tobes and sashes of Harar are considered equal to the celebrated cloths of Shoa: handwoven, they as far surpass in beauty and durability the rapid produce of European manufactories, as the perfect hand of man excels the finest machinery. On the windward coast, one of these garments is considered a handsome present for a chief. The Harari tobe consists of a double length of eleven cubits by two in breadth, with a border of bright scarlet, and the average value of a good article, even in the city, is eight dollars. They are made of the long-stapled cotton which grows plentifully upon these hills, and are soft as silk, whilst their warmth admirably adapts them for winter wear. The thread is spun by women with two wooden pins: the loom is worked by both sexes."†

But these feats in Abyssinia, these "First

* Preface to "First Footsteps in Eastern Africa." By Lieutenant Burton.

† "First Footsteps," &c., p. 342.

Footsteps in Eastern Africa," are less wonderful in the eyes of reading nations than Lieutenant Burton's achievement of visiting Mecca and Medina. The risks in Arabia were more peculiar, more imposing, more protracted than those in Abyssinia, and we at home care more about the scene. How few years is it since Burckhardt hurried through Petra at the risk of his life, and sacrificed a goat as the only means of getting a glimpse of Mount Hor! and how lately did we suppose that Mecca and Medina were shut up from observation as hopelessly as Japan! and that neither Jew nor Christian would tread the site of the Temple of Jerusalem while one stone was left upon another! Yet have the Mohammedans been induced, or compelled, or cheated into harboring Christians in all these holy places. English ladies now walk in and out of the rock chambers at Petra, and pity poor Burckhardt when they pass, on the shore of the Gulf of Akaba, the spot where he was compelled to turn back without having seen Solomon's famous old trading-port of Ezion-gebir. English ladies have walked through the halls and the crypts of the Mosque of Omar, as a consequence of the Russian war; and the late Lord Nugent had a strange notion of looking for the Ark of the Covenant under the pavement of the same place. If the Moslems generally were aware of what Lieutenant Burton has done in actually living in their holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and describing them with all minuteness to the Christian world, their wrath and consternation might well cause an Indian mutiny, or any other method of explosion. Meantime, the laying open of these "last recesses" of Mohammedan sanctity is a benefit which we owe to adventurous travellers of our own day and generation.

These Mohammedan mysteries extend into the heart of Africa, and seem to be the main ground of difficulty and peril to European explorers there; and there also a large corner of the curtain has been drawn up in our time. While Harris explored the "Highlands of Ethiopia," and the D'Abbadies and Burton pushed their perilous way eastwards of the Nile, and the Hamiltons and St. Johns penetrated westwards, hunting up the oases, and disclosing the architectural remains of a range of Roman colonies, a succession of heroes, scholars, and naturalists have achieved the yet more serious task of exploring the in-

terior of Africa from the north, south, and west. From their collective narratives we are able at last to picture to ourselves the aspect of that unknown territory as distinctly as that of any other foreign region. Richardson and Barth have familiarized us with the scenery of which we had gained some idea from Denham and Clapperton; and we can travel in imagination through Fezzan, and over the tremendous table-land of the Desert, and down its slope, and among its fissures, where it subsides into the region of fertility; and there, where so many routes converge, Baikie by the Quorra attaining the same region as Barth from Tripoli, what a scene of life opens upon us! Formerly the tantalized traveller strained his sight southwards, when compelled to turn back half-way, and bitterly longed to stand on the mountain summit which lay like a cloud on his horizon; he would have surrendered any thing but his life to know what could be seen thence;—whether a broad, engrossing range of Mountains of the Moon, or a boundless waste of sand, or perchance a broad river, with its results. Those who have merely been up the Nile, beyond the first and second Cataracts, know the pain of turning away from the tempting southern horizon, with its uneven line and its two or three amethyst peaks, suggesting broad views beyond. If it is so in the case of a half-explored country, what must it be where all is mystery, of which the world is waiting the explanation? The happier adventurer of our day not only achieves the task, but gets home to report it. A Richardson, a Vogel, and an Overweg perish, as Park and Clapperton did before them; but a Barth and a Baikie come home, and tell us what is going on in the heart of Africa. We see tribes and nations busy in industry, or play, or war, and so full of the true Mohammedan insolence as to show that they really belong to our world. We see the forests towering, and the rivers brimming, or dashing down precipices, and lakes spreading wide among the reeds, and hippopotami bathing, and elephants roving in troops, and crops stored up in granaries, and cotton gathered in the fields, and the movement and hum of social life going on where our maps always told us to imagine boundless areas of sand, with only the ostrich, the gazelle, and the little jerboa to inhabit them. We now know Kano, street by street, and almost house by house; the Quorra is as

conceivable to us as the Missouri; and the new Lake Tehad is far more familiar to us than the old Caspian. We thought it a great thing to be assured of the existence and character of Lake Ngami when Andersson returned from South Africa; and now we have the history of Livingstone's crossing the continent at a lower latitude, from coast to coast. It would be absurd to prophecy the consequences of such an achievement. It is enough to know that it cannot possibly remain barren; but that, on the contrary, such a revelation of one part of the globe and the human race to the rest must modify the life of all more or less.

How little we knew of South America in our school days! And now, by following Humboldt in the forests and along the rivers, and alighting on the coasts, from place to place, with Captain Basil Hall, and fighting the battles of the republics with Lord Dundonald in Lady Callcott's narrative, and scouring the Pampas with Sir Francis B. Head, and studying the Patagonians with *savans* of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, we have as clear a notion of that continent as of any other. Sir F. B. Head galloped at the rate of one hundred miles a-day (and once one hundred and fifty miles in fourteen and a half hours), over plains such as we had formed no conception of till the working of the silver mines in the speculative season of 1825-6, and the independence of the Spanish colonies, gave us an interest in the country at large. This was our first view of the Pampas:—

"The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, producing long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its color from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-

field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed: not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles, with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant."*

Again:—

"In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style, but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the gaucho's horse is often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided."†

* "Rough Notes," &c., by Captain F. B. Head, p. 2.

† Ibid. p. 247.

Then, too, we began to look into the recesses of the Cordillera—to estimate the feat of ascending it—and to image to ourselves the commotion made there by such earthquakes as that which shivered Valparaiso to rubbish. The human mind had gained something in that conception of collapsing mine-shafts, shaking the miners from their sides like flies, or meeting overhead to bury them alive; and of avalanches rolling, not one at a time, but making thunder and an atmosphere of dust on all sides at once; and of the flashing meteors which seemed to be sporting between the summits and the distant sea; and of the thorough instability of the most ponderous mountain range then known.

Still we knew next to nothing of the southern extremity of the continent. We had the wonderful tales of Commodore Byron and others about the gigantic Patagonians, contrasting singularly (if the description was credible) with the dwarfish Esquimaux introduced to us near the other pole. It was not long before Captains King and Fitzroy, and their company of wise men, disclosed that region too. To this hour we do not know what to make of the statements of a former century as to the stature of the Patagonians, well supported and reiterated as they are; but we are now somewhat acquainted with the people as they exist at present—whether diminished from the proportions of their forefathers, or less disguised from scientific eyes by the mirage and fogs of their strange land. A first meeting with unmitigated savages is a circumstance of mark in social, as in individual life; and Mr. Darwin has enabled us to enter into it. In reporting of the first interview with the natives on the Fuegian shore, he says:—

“In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success. While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea; and as we passed by they sprang up, and waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbor consists of a fine piece of water, half-surrounded by low, rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense, gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from any thing I

had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

“In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was, without exception, the most curious and interesting spectacle I had ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family: the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away.”*

After describing their dress, he proceeds:—

“Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

“They are excellent mimics: as often as we coughed, or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes), succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed to them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet

* “Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H.M.S. *Beagle*,” &c. By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. p. 227.

we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language.

"The tallest amongst the Fuegians was evidently much pleased at his height being noticed. When placed back to back with the tallest of the boat's crew, he tried his best to edge on higher ground and to stand on tip-toe. He opened his mouth to show his teeth, and turned his face for a side view; and all this was done with such alacrity, that I dare say he thought himself the handsomest man in *Tierra del Fuego*. After the first feeling, on our part of grave astonishment, was over, nothing could be more ludicrous or interesting than the odd mixture of surprise and imitation which these savages every moment exhibited."*

Still Central America was nearly a blank to us. Few cared for a country which promised nothing to Europe but a future short cut to the Pacific, when science should enable us to overcome the engineering difficulties of a canal. It might strike upon some impressible imagination, here and there, that the invading Spaniards found the chiefs speaking one language, and the common people another (or several others), and that the Caciques held by tradition that they were a race of conquerors come down from the North. This was nearly all the interest, except to mahogany merchants trading to Honduras. Old travellers had noticed that mines existed; and Dupaix supplied some details of them, above half a century since; but when Mr. Stephens entered Guatemala, sent on a political mission by President Van Buren in 1839, he had little expectation of what he should find. Mr. Catherwood, the artist, who was familiar with old monuments in the east presented us, in Mr. Stephens's work, with an astonishing reproduction of an antique age, in his portraits of the temples and sculptures of Central America. Thousands of the countrymen of both the explorers have in imagination followed with eagerness their efforts to pierce the tangled woods under which whole cities were buried, and to strip away the weeds which completely muffled the façades of the temples, and to remove the soil which made mounds of the pyramids. All this was deeply interesting; and the anxiety to learn more and more of the primitive inhabitants grew from page to page, as the pursuit met with varying success; so that

readers were prepared to sympathize with the excitement into which the travellers were thrown by a hint that some of the aborigines might yet be seen—not skulking in slavery and degradation, but living in a great city, amidst such civilization as was recorded on their monuments—a civilization so considerable as to render their obscure history a subject of deep and serious significance to the students of mankind. After living for weeks and months amidst damps and gloom, or in a scorching sun, lodging in stone caverns (as the overgrown temples were) in company with beasts, reptiles, and ill-omened birds, and in danger from suspicious natives, all this being undergone for the sake of gleaning some knowledge about a people who presented a superficial resemblance to the old Egyptians, it must have been a memorable night when the travellers heard what follows. They were supping with a good old cura from Spain, very learned, but so merry that he would have been remembered as always laughing, if the subject of the aborigines had not been started:—

"The padre's whole manner was now changed; his keen satire and his laugh were gone. There was interest enough about the Indians to occupy the mind and excite the imagination of one who laughed at every thing else in the world; and his enthusiasm, like his laugh, was infectious. Notwithstanding our haste to reach Palenque, we felt a strong desire to track them in the solitude of their mountains and deep ravines, and watch them in the observance of their idolatrous rites; but the padre did not give us any encouragement. In fact, he opposed our remaining another day, even to visit the cave of skulls. He made no apology for hurrying us away. He lived in unbroken solitude, in a monotonous routine of occupations, and the visit of a stranger was to him an event most welcome; but there was danger in our remaining. The Indians were in an inflammable state; they were already inquiring what we came there for, and he could not answer for our safety. In a few months, perhaps, the excitement might pass away, and then we could return. He loved the subjects we took interest in, and would join us in all our expeditions, and aid us with all his influence.

"And the padre's knowledge was not confined to his own immediate neighborhood. His first curacy was at Coban, in the province of Vera Paz; and he told us that four leagues from that place was another ancient city, as large as Santa Cruz del Quiché, deserted and

* *Idem*, p. 230.

desolate, and almost as perfect as when evacuated by its inhabitants. He had wandered through its silent streets and over its gigantic buildings, and its palace was as entire as that of Quiché when he first saw it. This is within two hundred miles of Guatemala, and in a district of the country not disturbed by war; yet, with all our inquiries, we had heard nothing of it. And now the information really grieved us. Going to the place would add eight hundred miles to our journey. Our plans were fixed, our time already limited; and in that wild country and its unsettled state, we had superstitious apprehensions that it was ominous to return. My impression, however, of the existence of such a city is most strong. I do most earnestly hope that some future traveller will visit it. He will not hear of it, even at Guatemala, and perhaps will be told that it does not exist. Nevertheless, let him seek for it; and if he do find it, experience sensations which seldom fall to the lot of man.

"But the padre told us more; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. . . . The thing that roused us was the assertion by the padre, that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep underground to prevent their crowing being heard.

"There was a wild novelty, something that touched the imagination, in every step of our journey in that country; the old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra

to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

"Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied. From other sources we heard that from that sierra a large *ruined* city was visible, and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see any thing. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied."*

It is enough to mention, without enlarging upon, the Mormon settlements in the inhospitable salt regions of North America, and the rich California, teeming with gold and with vegetation; and then we have glanced at all the chief areas of geographical or antiquarian research in our century. Though we cannot enlarge on any discoveries above, below, or beyond the solid land, we trust our readers will not forget how far beyond the immediate area the discoveries of geographers extend. The Roman soldiers who believed they stood on the edge of the world in reaching the rocks of the Portuguese coast at sunset, and who told with due solemnity, on their return, how fearful was the reflection of the flames of hell shooting up from the abyss where the sea ended, were in their own way extending their explorations beyond the land; but in our days of expanding and various science, things equally grand, and much more true, are disclosed to the imagination of mankind. We have not seen hell, nor even the reflection of its flames; but the earth has been weighed. The bottom of the sea is almost as well known, in some parts, as the surface of the land;

* "Incidents of Travel in Central America," &c. By George L. Stephens. Vol. ii. pp. 192-197.

and its mountains, and valleys, and plains might be modelled with almost as much particularity as our own island. By means of this kind of research, and, we may add, of the discovery of gutta-percha, we have laid our telegraphic cable between Ireland and America on a ridge fit for the purpose; and the dip in one place, and a precipitous ascent in another, are as well known and provided for as if we were making a viaduct and a tunnel for a railway. Lieutenant Maury has taken up the noble work carried so far by Major Rennell, and promises fair to make us as familiar with the world of waters as his able engineering countrymen have with the surface of American or any other territory. All the great currents of the ocean are likely to be mapped out, like roads in a travelled country; and this kind of certitude, when combined with an improved meteorological knowledge, must generate a security and speed in navigation which would have appeared miraculous to the first crews who ventured out on the deep. And our meteorological knowledge must improve, judging by all analogy. There is no branch of science in which we are more backward: but we have taken measures to advance. All the foremost nations are acting together, we believe, in the great object of ascertaining the phenomena and facts of their common world: and one glorious consequence of the explorations of our time is that some of the foremost men of the race are posted in stations of observation all over the globe—on remote shores, on mountain-peaks, in all latitudes, and at all altitudes where men can live—watching the stars, watching the tides, watching the winds; now entertained with the frosty aurora, and now with the blazing meteors of the tropics; some so vitalized by love of science as to survive a twelve days' sojourn on the edge of the crater of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, where the American expedition left their date (1841) carved in the lava on Pendulum Peak; and others, like Smyth and his comrades, giddy on the Peak of Teneriffe, catching glimpses through the clouds of the globe below them, and being enraptured with the splendor of the arch above them.

As these conditions of existence on our planet have become better known, the life that is on it is better known in an ever-increasing proportion. Ethnological science was conceived of many ages ago; but it did not ad-

vance beyond the rudiments till the recent times which have brought into light the various races of men living in all latitudes. We are likely to arrive at more rational views of our human life than have ever been held yet, now that we can study various races of men in all stages of civilization below our own, and provide for our own further progress by the physiological studies indicated by ethnological discovery. As for knowledge of a lower scope, we have even now obtained enough to modify our daily life considerably. We transplant animals, and trees, and grain crops, and fruits, grasses, and flowers from their homes into all other countries where they can live. The camel is a great new blessing in central and western America, and bees in New Zealand; and there is a good prospect of the alpaca goat being propagated over various countries, to almost as good purpose as the merino sheep in our own. As to our homestock, what do they not owe to the Asiatic grasses, and Lucerne and Bokhara clover, and oil-cake which our travellers have put within our reach? The old-fashioned English farmer who, a generation or two ago, would hear of nothing that was not indigenous, is eager for guano from Peru, and grasses from central Asia, and gutta-percha tubing, for which we are indebted to the far east. When our graybeards were young, they thought it a great thing to see the dahlia introduced from Spain by Lady Holland, and to become acquainted with the fuchsia in its undeveloped state, and with the China rose; but now we have the Californian tree-trunk in the Crystal Palace, and the Victoria Regia; and at Kew, orchids, which seem to set us down in the wilds of Java; and at all noblemen's seats, pines and other timber trees, such as our old Druids little dreamed would ever rival their oaks in England. Our cottagers' gardens are gay with Californian annuals; and the small farmer feeds his stock with swedes, and yellow turnips, and white carrots, and red mangold, which have all been introduced since his grandfather's day. From the Pampas we can get any quantity of bones for manure; and let our carriers and our artisans say what we should do without the hides, and the material for glue which we get from the same place. Has not gutta-percha alone modified life in Europe and America? From the shoe-soles and cloak of the pedestrian, and the "bands" on the lawyers' and publi-

cists' papers, to the telegraphic cable which carries on *impromptu* conversations between empires, gutta-percha is in hourly use. We must stop, or we shall be giving an account of four-fifths of the articles of commerce. Suffice it, that travel has supplied the stimulus under which our remaining wants will assuredly be supplied. The most urgent of these wants are cotton, and fibrous substances which will answer for paper, and to fill the place for which Russian hemp and Flemish flax do not suffice. There can be no rational doubts of these needs being presently supplied. In conjunction with improved ethnological science, the discovery of new sources of tropical products, like cotton and sugar, will extinguish slavery. Other social wretchedness will be diminished with the expanded scope of commerce. A free trade in corn has cured a vast amount of misery and guilt already, though we have hardly tapped some of the great grain countries of the world. Mr. Fortune has, no doubt, largely reduced the amount of future drunkenness by opening up new fields of tea-cultivation, and indicating prospects of wine-supply. There are many countries now known to us as favorable for vineyards; and good innocent wine from many countries, driving out alcoholic drinks, will do more, in conjunction with coffee and tea, to swamp drunkenness among us than all the Temperance Societies in either hemisphere. Another obvious result of geographical discovery, but far too extensive for treatment here, is the creation of entire new classes of artisans and operatives, and the elevation of more. The agricultural improvements of the last twenty years have supplied employment to tens of thousands of new workmen in the mere making of the apparatus; and when we look at the larger sphere of manufacturing industry, we may see that life is, to that order of society, something quite unlike what it was at the opening of the century. More demands, new products; more wants, new markets; and, latterly, a fresh supply of gold in the nick of time; these results of exploratory travel show a prodigious modification of the popular life of our country, without taking into the account the comforts and conveniences which fall to every man's share in the distribution of foreign commodities. His dwelling, furniture, clothing, food, locomotion, pleasures, are all more or less made up of the results of geographical discovery; and his

thoughts and feelings must necessarily be so too.

If these topics are too large for present treatment, much more must that of political relations, as affected by improved knowledge of our globe, be out of our reach. If our readers will but glance at our fifty colonies of to-day, and compare them and their condition with the settlements and "plantations" of former centuries, they must see that not only must our vast colonial population lead a very different life from that of their predecessors, but we at home are passing through almost as great a change in relation to them. A study of our interests in one group—the Australian—will suggest as much as we could say. Not less important, perhaps, is the effect on international relations. There need be no type of the general fact, no clearer prophecy as to the future, than the group of ambassadors just dispersed from Tien-sin. Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States all coöperating in one band to throw open China to the commerce of the world is a picture so strongly in contrast with ambassadorial meetings, and with the policies of empires in old days, that it will speak for itself: and whatever affects international relations modifies the life of every individual of those nations—of those of them, at least, which are free. We might go on another step, and show how travel having improved science, science, so advanced, affects political relations, as the single item of modern naval construction and management modifies our relations with France and every other maritime power. But there would be no limit to such developments.

We have said enough, perhaps, to lead our readers to reflect on the influence of geographical exploration on the life of our century. After meditating the whole sweep of change, some will fix their admiration and gratitude on the advancement of science in its many departments; others on the arts which are reciprocally the cause and effect of commerce; all being under a common obligation to the same benefactors—the travellers. Some, again, may dwell most on the political effects of a better acquaintance with the globe we live on, while others relish most the thought of the benefit to individual minds of having the past laid open, as if cities arose in the desert by the magician's spell, and the present circle of ideas prodigiously expanded, and

perhaps some salient points of the future dimly indicated by ever-multiplying analogies between the past and present. One thing may fairly be hoped—that we shall look in the right direction for further accessions to our knowledge. We have heard people complain, as we have already said, that our world is too small, now that we come to know it. It has lost its mysterious charm of indefiniteness; and a man may go round it many times in the course of his life. If it were true that more was laid open than really is, there would remain what can never come to an end, the exploration into other conditions of our planet than the features of its surface. Whenever the preliminary geographical stage is passed through, and left behind by some remote future generation, natural philosophy will still be opening new avenues to fresh regions, in which the human race may find a more and more advanced guidance in the use they may make of their planetary abode, and the purposes to which they should apply the life they lead upon it. It must be in the infancy, and not in the maturity of the race, that Alexanders weep for more worlds to conquer.

With our knowledge of the earth our geography books must alter. A comparison of the gazetteers and school-books on geography, and of the maps and globes of the last century and the present day, would be a

fruitful text to the preachers of progress. They might profitably contrast the two books at the head of our article, and see how much space old Hakluyt required for a detailed narrative of all the voyages and travels of our nation for one thousand six hundred years, with all manner of accessory matter, such as voluminous charters, correspondence, &c., in comparison with the scope required by Mr. Knight's corps for the record, not of personal travel with all its adventures, but of the known facts of geography in our time. By common consent this "Cyclopædia of Geography" seems to be an excellent work. Our best previous resource was the *Géographie* of the French Academy, which supplied much (and especially about Spain) in which we were deficient; but that work, as it stands on the shelves of English libraries, is now nearly twenty years old from its close. The new "Dictionary of Geography" before us took its rise in the "Penny Cyclopædia," where the department of geography was particularly well managed. All later discoveries, and the multitude of facts of all magnitudes revealed by our recent wars, and recorded by the penmen of the camp and the ship, have been carefully incorporated with the work, and make it the richest we have. Another generation will see what is sent home by the world's rovers to swell the next generation's new cyclopædias.

NO PLACE FOR LADIES.—The *Aberdeen Press* narrates a scene of considerable absurdity, which occurred the other day at a Scotch Episcopal Synod held at Aberdeen. The Bishop who presided, observing some ladies present, desired them to withdraw. Here are two strange circumstances in conjunction. On the one hand, the ladies could have had no business at the Synod, and on the other, they could have found little pleasure there. Theological discussion could have had no charms for them, and it is improbable that the Bishop had any himself. On the other hand, they were surely doing no harm where they were, and it seems to have been rather ungallant of the Bishop to try and turn them out. This, however, was not so easily done. The ladies would not stir, and the Bishop had to repeat his injunction three times, and to threaten the adjournment of the Synod, before they would move. Nor did they go even then, but remained until the Bishop was as good as his word, and did adjourn the Synod. This seems rather strange behavior, both on the part of the Bishop and the ladies, though the latter were not to blame if they believed they had a

right to be present. Why should the Bishop have deprived them of any gratification they might have experienced in listening to what they could not have understood, if anybody else could have understood it. Besides, it is just possible that they merely wanted to show themselves.

What sort of conversation do ecclesiastics hold in a Synod, that they find it necessary to bid ladies retire? Such a proceeding is calculated to raise a suspicion that a Scotch Episcopalian Synod is of the nature of a free-and-easy, at which the Bishop presides in an arm-chair over a bowl of whisky toddy, and calls on the constituents of the assembly to sing songs, which are not exactly anthems. Still, if the free-and-easy were at all respectable, the presence of ladies might be tolerated in a gallery, either with or without a screen, according to their own ideas of what is proper, unless the prelate and his pot-companions desired that there should be one, to keep the fair visitors out of their sight, in order that their too susceptible minds might have nothing to distract their attention from their tobacco and whisky-toddy.—*Punch*.

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THE STORM.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce, answers to the angry sky,—
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main;
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,—
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind, and pelting rain,
Beat on the nursery window pane:—
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
“The storm will wake the child,” they said:—
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
“Father, save those at sea to-night!”
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play,—
Gloria tibi Domine!

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro,

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;

The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall,
“Patience! that village shall hold ye all!”
—*Church Journal.*

ROBIN REDBREAST.

A CHILD'S SONG.

GOOD-BY, good-by to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright, yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do!
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow
Alas! in winter dead and dark
Where can poor robin go?
Robin, robin redbreast,
O robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for robin,
His little heart to cheer.

—*William Allingham.*

From The National Review.
PROFESSIONAL RELIGION.

The Confessions of a Catholic Priest.

London: Chapman, 1858.

Scenes from Clerical Life. By George Elliot. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1858.

Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. Three vols. London: Longmans, 1857.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland, A. M.; with Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Shephard. Two vols. London: Bohn, 1852.

Preachers and Preaching. By Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: William Lay, 1858.

REVIEWS, like railway-carriages, must sometimes bring honest men and knaves together. Between the respectable literature represented by the four last titles on this list and the fellow-traveller in the first seat there is nothing in common, except the destination to which we propose to convey them. However various their purposes and merits, the point at which they all alight is the same; and presents a pretty wide view over the ecclesiastical landscape of the hour. Each of these books deals with the officials of the altar and the pulpit,—Romanist, Anglican, or Nonconformist; and from the combined impression of them all arises a picture tolerably distinct, in spite of its mixed effects, of the administered or professional religion of the present age.

The "Confessions," however, throw no light whatever on the character of the Catholic clergy, but only on the malignant *animus* with which they may be regarded. If, indeed, the autobiographical pretensions of the book were veracious, its pages would make us acquainted with *one* "Priest" not a shade better than the dark fancies of Exeter Hall, only vain enough to parade his wickedness, and stupid enough to make it simply tiresome or revolting. And could we further rely on the word of such a reporter, we should have to believe that the Parisian priests in general are even more shameless hypocrites and profligates than himself, and are accustomed to pass straight from their holiest offices into ribald jests and atheistic blasphemies. But what credence, nay, what hearing in any honest court, can be given to an anonymous reviler, who at the very moment of assuming the rôle of offended virtue was, by his own admission, celebrating mass

for temporary hire, with the full consciousness of broken vows and utter unbelief? The very attempt to procure reception for such statements, without the open voucher of the witness's name, appears to us a heinous offence against literary morals. We know of only one thing worse, viz. that the alleged witness should be not nameless simply, but *fictitious*; invented to confer the semblance of fact on the suspicions of a malign imagination. Yet such a personage, the internal evidence inclines us to fear (and *external* there is none, the "Editor" being anonymous like the "Author," and of indistinguishable identity,) this Hungarian "Catholic Priest" must be. His story, from the moment of his exchanging the vows of the lover for those of the priest to his adulterous passion and suicide at last, is without unity or verisimilitude. His descriptions have no touch of reality; his personages no life; his reflections no sincerity of actual experience. How far, indeed, a nature unhinged and demoralized may be brought to pass through life without a clue of continuous tendency, however low, and with only hazy perceptions of people and things, it is difficult to say. But we hardly think that any real career could be relaxed in its delineation to such shapelessness as this. We lay no stress, therefore, on the statements of our pretended "exile." We do not believe in the systematic hypocrisy and secret flagitiousness of Paris priests or any other order of Christian clergy, but take them to be neither less nor more sincere than other men. We refer to the sickly rhapsodist who brings the charge, partly in protest against such anonymous indictments, partly in evidence of the appetite there is for rumor damaging to the sacred class.

It is no wonder that clerical character should be a favorite topic in the literature of domestic and social fiction. The sitter for portraiture is everywhere; he sits in public, so that every one can read the likeness: and his presence throws off daily photographs in every variety of light. The lawyer and the doctor are indeed almost equally ubiquitous; but people without parchments know nothing of the one, and the healthy have only bowing acquaintance with the other. The parson, be his nature ever so retiring, leaves a distincter and wider impression. He is not only seen, but heard; and on the tones of his voice his

personality flows forth, reporting and repeating in others the life or death within himself. Genially or querulously we all criticise him, and take our measure of him. There are few who do not ponder, or at least feel, the two lives apparently coexisting in him,—that which prays in the church, and that which gossips at the table; the solemn heart that beats under the cossack, and the organ of flesh and blood that throbs in the world's hot race. He is the visible representative of this mystery to all, to some perhaps its true interpreter; and while shrewd people of course believe only in his secular side, and young reverence only in the spiritual, observers with any depth as well as tenderness of eye see their own reflection in them both. In one way or other he is the object of a universal feeling; even those whose pride it is to care nothing for him being pleased to see him treated with indifference. The novelist has but to set him up, and a whole host of ready-made sympathies and antipathies are at hand to give interest to the figure. If in passing a print-shop you saw in the window a picture of your neighbor or your rival, you would stop to look at it. And on the same principle, the tale-writer who would bring a crowd of faces before his glass naturally sets an image there, friendly or frightful in the sight of all.

To this must be added, without the least disparagement of such artists as Mr. Eliot and Mr. Trollope, that where there is a broad groundwork of class-characteristics, the delineation is sure of a certain grade of success on easy terms. Costume in portraiture is a great help to the recognition of likeness; and it needs but an individual trait or two, added on to a given and familiar kind of character, in order to leave a sufficiently concrete impression. And no one can deny that the class is strongly marked by something far deeper than "the cloth." In fact, there is a tempting facility about ecclesiastical natural history most seductive to the observer who is eager for specimens to fill his cabinet of character. The genera of the order *Clerus* are peculiarly distinct;—the Catholic priest, with his alien sympathies, his mediæval training, his skill in the archæology of Art, his solitary life, his meek absolutism;—the Episcopalian clergyman, insular and national, steeped to the lips in the academic tincture of Oxford or Cambridge, presumed to be a gentleman

without the trouble of proving it, and sure to be the scholar rather than the divine;—the Nonconformist minister, *bourgeois* in his manners, American in his politics, cosmopolitan in his philanthropy, too little of a Heathen to be a great scholar, and too polemic a Christian to be ill-equipped as a special theologian,—with a weakness for eloquence, a dependence on popularity, and a contempt for quiet forms of strength. Nor are the *species* under each of these heads hard to discriminate. No one, for instance, could be five minutes in the presence of Dr. Pusey, Dean Close, and Bishop Thirlwall, and suppose them churchmen of the same complexion. And even further down still, High-churchism is conspicuously different, according as it is Catholic or English, springing from sacramental doctrine or from conservative reverence for the social hierarchy; Low-churchism again, according as it means a zeal for the Genevan type of dogma, with indifference to ritual, and insensibility to art, or simply expresses the infinite need to the human soul of a grace and communion open only to faith; and Broad-churchism, according as it is critical and rationalistic in its basis, or verges to the Christian Gnosticism of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, or is merely liberal, ethical, and whiggish. So well determined is the moral physiognomy of all these, that they are not less attractive to the novelist than the face of Lord Brougham and the person of Lord John Russell to the caricaturist. To some of their parochial varieties we are introduced in the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, whilst *Barchester Towers* never quits the precincts of the Cathedral, presents us to City society, and domesticates our fancy with the dignified clergy of the Deanery and the Close.

It is foreign to our purpose formally to criticise these productions as works of art. But in gratitude for pleasant hours spent over them, a word is due to their respective merits. Mr. Eliot's strength lies in the conception of female character; and each of his three tales is but a framework for the setting of a woman's portrait. The second of these,—an Italian orphan, adopted by a stately English house, and, in spite of its sedative world of kindly decorum and opulent trifling, asserting her heritage of music and of passion, is original and vividly wrought out. The effect in this instance depends on the

surprises of so unique a combination, nursing in the still air of country gentility wild storms of love, revenge, and sorrow. In the other cases the pathos rather arises from the picture being not exceptional, but representative. The native grace and ladyhood of the poor curate's wife, her overpiled strength worn down before his stupid eyes by his children and the impossible problems of his house, her genius for self-sacrificing contrivance and achievement, her all-harmonizing tact and love bringing leaf and blossom of life out of sordid conditions, and the early sundering of so fine a fibre under so great a strain,—are drawn with tender truth, and raise the sadder sighs because in a hundred churches every Sunday that gentle lady kneels. The third picture opens the interior of a more afflicted home: where, by brutal abuse, a hard-headed hard-drinking country lawyer drives his noble, trustful, childless wife to secret intoxication. In a crisis of agony, turned out of her home, she falls under the influence of an evangelical clergyman, who himself had passed through an act of repentance into rare self-devotion; and who, in spite of local resistance, led by her husband, is quietly conquering the heart of the place. It is only in this third tale that we have any *interior* "scene of clerical life," with events really hinging upon its spring of character. In the first story it is the outward lot, not the inward personality, of the curate, that spreads the stage for the drama; and in the second, it is a mere accident that there is any clergyman at all. The title of the book is thus far a little misleading, the principal character-painting being thrown upon other personages than the clerical agents in the scene.

With Mr. Trollope's clever novel it is quite otherwise. His humor delights in studies of ecclesiastical human nature. The snug dwellings, with trim gardens, that cluster within hearing of palace-rookeries and cathedral-bells, show him their interior as if made of glass. True, we miss in him any very deep and subtle penetration to the springs of feeling, any attempt to construct a character from within by the working of its living essence. But he well understands the artificial affections, of taste and antipathy, formed by the mingling of self with religion,—whether the gross self of mere personal interest and desire, or the refined self of cultivated intellect, tact, and admiration. The superciliousness of

Anglican scorn, the meanness of Evangelical spite, the easy-going goodness of the old-school clergyman, kept right amid party storms by the gentlemanly moderation of a Christian mind, are forcibly impersonated. And the very slightness of the plot,—all turning upon the appointment of a new Dean and a new Warden to a hospital,—serves to give point to the satire. The scale and quality of clerical life receive significant illustration from the mere fact that you are carried through three volumes of humor, excitement, and intrigue about these golden apples of the palace-orchard.

Indeed, the one deep impression which we carry away from all these books is, that the order of men of which such things can be plausibly written must have, and deserve to have, but very feeble hold of the world. Nor is there any thing to relieve that impression in the glimpses into Nonconformist life opened by such biographies as that of Foster. Traces are found there also of embarrassed and waning professional power; of indeterminate and therefore uneasy relations between people and pastor; of conditions imposed which are repulsive to ministers of large culture and scrupulous sincerity; of a certain style and standard of religious pretension false to men's real reverence and out of harmony with the best facts of life; and of the comparative rarity with which the pulpit rises above its heavy reputation. Into the cause of this last fact Mr. Christmas inquires, in his pleasant little volume on *Preachers and Preaching*; without, however, any appreciable result beyond a personal appreciation (sensible enough) of a few favorite Christian orators. For, with all his zeal to effect an improvement, he denies the inferiority of the best modern sermons to those of the most honored ages of Christendom, and doubts whether a Basil or a Chrysostom would especially draw a London congregation. He does not admit that *the average* is lowered, or that, on the whole, church and chapel were ever taught by a more able and earnest set of men. He reminds us that the complaint of dullness is not new; that to those who have no inward preparedness, spiritual addresses speak in vain; that in every age the number was probably small, in comparison with the careless world outside, that thronged the pavement round the pulpit, and made it here and there a power and a name. If this be so,—if the grievance be of

so old a date and such obstinate persistence, —how are we to meet it? What does our author counsel should be done? Choose your text with judgment: succinctly explain it in your exordium: clench it in your peroration: practise action before the glass: study punctuation and emphasis: give the hearers intervals to cough. Discreet advice, perhaps; but a little out of proportion, surely, to the estimated difficulty to be overcome. The evil lies, you say, in the permanent sluggishness of human nature; and you prescribe nice doses of rhetoric breath. Your frigate is becalmed: send for the bellows to fill her mainsheet! The proposal of so petty a remedy in so great a case sounds to us more dreary than the dullest sermon. Fancy Isaiah “declaiming before the glass,” or St. Stephen “attending to his punctuation.” Not that we undervalue the personal gifts of pure speech and irreproachable utterance. By all means let the human organ of the Divine Spirit have what perfection it can. But in clearing away instrumental blemishes, let not the preacher be seduced into the paramount disqualification of all,—of setting his office before him as *an Art*, in which he plies his own dexterity and criticises his own performance. If now, as of old and always, the Power of the Spirit declines to pass upon the world except through souls that can forget themselves and yield their faculties as the vehicle of Higher Will, —then, wherever you create the attitude of self-attention, you cancel the capacity for Christian preaching, and substitute the dead for the living Word. Leave it, we entreat you, to actors, whose business it is to *represent* and not to *be*,—to set their laugh to music, and accentuate the “crescendo” and “diminuendo” of their grief: but let the chief of all realities remain a first-hand simplicity. If it hurts the natural feeling of every sincere spectator to see an act of prayer put upon the stage, commit not the same offence conversely by putting the stage beneath the acts of public prayer and forgetting the difference between the pulpit and “the boards.” No true emotion bears tutoring as to its natural language: it becomes simulated in very act. The angry girl who cries and sobs “to pattern,”—the parting friends that should do their embraces “before the glass,”—the mourner’s lament that should rehearse itself beforehand,—would disgust us with their unreality, and none the less though the acting

were “to the life.” Why should the expression of religious affection be considered as more innocently open to the operations of the posture-master and the elocutionist? For us the inefficacy of preaching would require no explanation in an age when clergymen should learn from stage-players how to “read the Service” of the Church.

If the fact be so old and steady, that sermons are felt to be unprofitable things, it is at least curious that we hear so much of it just now. All the authors we have cited groan over it with more or less of anger or pathos. Some of them even profanely wish that such part of the Service as follows the text were altogether abolished. This remarkable hint, with the prevailing disparaging picture of the preaching class connected with it, raises the doubt, whether there is not something unhealthy in the whole system thus complained of,—a fatal variance between the *represented* and the *real* religion of the living generation. Not only is the complaint more emphatic than ever before; it has also this peculiarity, that it proceeds from a more serious-minded laity against a more earnest clergy. It is not the sceptical and frivolous who complain: it is not the negligent and incapable that are complained against. That the devout and thoughtful preacher should have uninterested hearers among the selfish or sensual, in whom love and reverence sleep, would be nothing new. That devout and thoughtful hearers should be aggrieved by a preacher without sympathy or insight for the deeper life of men, is natural enough. But neither of these cases corresponds entirely with the fact. Could a comparison be instituted between last Sunday’s sermons all over the country, and those of any corresponding day fifty years ago, we feel convinced that the products of the new time would show a vast and indisputable superiority. And could account be taken of the yawners and grumblers at the two dates, they would be found, we believe, chiefly among the careless and unawakened in the earlier instance, but in the later among the reflecting and susceptible. The modern discontent with the pulpit is the expression not so much of hardened indifference as of balked capacity,—of wonder disappointed, of conscience unaided, of reverence unexercised, of aspiration sent thirsting away. The minister in such cases is not equal to the religious demands of his hearers. Yet be-

cause they, who are in the real battle of life, perplexed by its problems, and eager for sympathy in its duties and temptations, care little for his technical theology and commonplaces of morality, he often treats them as carnal-minded, and lectures them for their coldness in things Divine. How often may you hear this sort of consecrated libel from lips the least entitled to pronounce it,—uttered by some shallow-hearted closet-priest, made up of artificial veneration, in the presence of manly nobleness and womanly tenderness and childlike simplicity less far from the kingdom of heaven than himself! The patience with which it is borne by hearers conscious of not deserving it, is part of that fatal English courtesy which is exceptionally paid to the professional representatives of religion, and which so much disguises their real position. The clerical mode of insulting the laity is by anathema and incontinent speech; the retort of the laity is a studied politeness and careful reticence. In such a game the balance of success is certainly not with the clergy; and the success, like every substitution of retaliation for sympathy, is pernicious to both. The real meaning, we fear, of the outward respect paid by men of the world to men of “the cloth” is often this: “We cannot stop your mouth on Sundays, and you must have your fling at us: it is the regular thing expected of you, and we shall not take it amiss. But you shall know nothing about us; you are bound to be squeamish; your ears shall not be gratified: we keep all the pleasant things till you are out of the way.” This relation between the two classes is more like a borrowed piece of French good-breeding, which thinks itself stupid without its little hypocrisy, than the manly veracity of English courtesy. If, indeed, it were merely this, that the presence of a person representing the sanctity of religion and the moral law acted as a reminder to the real conscience of his companions, and maintained the spontaneous authority of their right affections, the influence would be one of genuine sympathy, the healthy power of higher character on lower. But if their decent reserve be a mere personal concession, a deference to an official rule of right which is another’s and not their own,—then it indicates a fatal chasm between the professed and the really felt standard of obligation: it is a sign that the public teacher enforces a law to which men’s conscience does not respond,

praises what they do not admire, denounces what they do not abhor, and exhibits to them a life foreign to their ideal. When once it comes to this, when the tacit understanding prevails,—you go your way and we go ours,—it is all over with the living power of the “Company of preachers” as interpreters of the eternal sanctities: the Church and the World coexist by established insincerity, having found their terms of mutual indulgence and immunity, but without action of heart on heart, or recognition of a common worship.

How can it have come to this? Whence the failure of the religious teachers in recognized possession to carry with them the responding convictions of their time? It certainly arises from no want of opportunity; for what set of men ever found so commanding a position ready made for them? They have not to watch and seize the spare moments we begrudge, and fling themselves across the world’s tide to stem it as it flows: it pauses of itself in their behalf, and freely leaves them the seventh part of all the years. They have not, like the politician or the author, to win a preoccupied ear, and prove our concern in what they say: they find us waiting, not only without aversion and resistance, but with hope and longing sympathy. Say what they will of the natural distaste for Divine truth, they have unexampled advantages in the mood we carry to them. So lately worn and weary, we are fastidious about nothing that belongs to the new refreshing hour. In the recoil from too much action, there is a welcome relief in thought; dazzled with the glaring surface of things, we gladly sink for shade into the invisible deeps; the withering heats withdrawn, the pores of natural feeling open and lie thirsting for the gentle rain. And are our spiritual guides stinted in their resources for moving an audience thus prepared? Is not the Revelation they interpret coextensive in its bearings with the entire range of human character and condition? Is it not theirs to draw forth the sacred meaning from the common look of things, and take away the veil of every scepticism and scorn that hides the awful beauty underneath? The materials for which the tale-writer racks his memory and invention are scattered in profusion at their feet. Domestic interiors lie open to their eye in strange variety, dark with troubled temper, or gleaming with pure affections. The young promise of life is consecrated by them at the

beginning, and its story often recited to them at the end. They see the problems of conscience struggling to a solution under marvellous contrasts of condition. As occasional confidants of bitter doubt or temptation, they look into tragic depths concealed from the common eye. All that has an interest for the human heart,—from the daily cares and crosses of every lot to the rarest mysteries of grief and passion,—is part of the theme they are called to treat. Appointed to guard the springs of Pity and of Trust, they can never want a cause to plead so long as the world has sorrows unnoticed or unsanctified. Nor are they confined to the moral phenomena before their own eyes. As interpreters of an historical religion, whose Divine source lies far up in time, and whose scheme embraces the whole life of humanity, they have the scenery of the past placed at their disposal; and can often leave the truest lessons by reproducing the images of sacred story, or presenting portraits of faithful men in the setting of a just reverence. On another side, the topics permitted them verge toward philosophy. Not only are the great bases of Natural faith which Christianity presupposes deeply laid in the human soul; but the most familiar phrases and antitheses of Scripture,—Nature and Grace,—Spirit and Flesh,—Faith, Works, and Love,—Temporal and Eternal,—the Father and the Son,—have the very fibres of their life far down in reflective experience and speculative thought. There is therefore scarcely a special taste of the intellectual, or an affection common to us all, that is not open to the preacher's appeal. His scope is practically unrestricted. He may be poet, moralist, philosopher, historian, without prejudice to his function as a divine. Why does he not, with so many appliances, mould us as potter's clay within his hand?

Partly, perhaps, because of this very breadth of his scope,—too great for a definite official class to occupy with success. To constitute a distinct "Profession" there is need of distinct duties and powers: and in proportion as the range is left indeterminate, energy and concentration become impossible. Inherent in Protestantism itself there is a difficulty in creating and practically working a separate profession for "the cure of souls." The Roman Catholic Priesthood is an intelligible thing, the necessary Executive of a Sacramental economy. If there be in the world a fund of

supernatural grace, vested in a sacred corporation and inaccessible through other media, trustees are needed for its distribution: their qualification and their function are simply official and perfectly precise,—the one arising from regular appointment, the other consisting in the use of given forms. These conditions being satisfied, all the essentials are there; and the main end is not disappointed by any thing amiss in the personality of the sacerdotal agent, or by the total absence of any moral relation between him and the object of his ministrations. He has been duly passed by the Scriptural-Service Examiners, and has his bureau for business, like any Comptroller of Customs or Distributor of Stamps. Men of this kind,—without whose wet cross upon the forehead no baby can have grace, without whose benediction on marriages its children are illegitimate, and whose anointing of the dying body is the needful passport to the flitting soul,—have a clear and unmistakable *status*, and can give a consistent account of their separate existence. But this whole theory in spite of Anglican attempts to patch together some shreds of it again, was practically torn to pieces by the Reformation. In one form or other, sacerdotal mediation has vanished from modern Christendom. It matters not whether you say, in the phrase of one theology, that *all* Christians are Priests, or, in the terms of another, that *no* Christians are Priests but only the Saviour himself; the result is the same: universalized on earth, or concentrated in heaven, the official order is gone. What room, then, it may be asked, is there any longer for a clerical profession at all? What now can be its essence and idea?

It rests in fact upon a twofold need. The sources of Divine truth are *written* and *unwritten*, the Letter without, the Spirit within: the one, the depository of God's past dealings with mankind; the other, his living Witness in the soul and in the world to-day. Both of these are certainly open in one sense to all: there is no outward hindrance barring access to them; they are the property of none. But the inward fitness to use them is any thing but universal, and involves special qualities which form the groundwork of an exceptional class. To interpret and appreciate sacred records written in foreign and ancient tongues, to reproduce and explain the social and spiritual life of which they are the expression, to make intelligible the identity and

the difference of human feeling in their day and in our own, to trace, by gleaming lights of good and beauty, the steps of the Divine Guide through history,—all this requires ripe scholarship and disciplined thought, such as it were vain to expect but from a specially trained body of men. It is one of the incidental blessings, indeed, of a historical Revelation, that it snatches its believers from the tyranny and isolation of their own age, widens their Time-view, makes them conscious of belonging to a rich and ripening world, and glorifies their heart with a thousand saintly sympathies and heroic admirations. Without a learned and accomplished Ministry this blessing, with all that it involves, would soon be starved out: they are the indispensable store-house for its distribution. In sects that depreciate this systematic culture, Christianity rapidly degenerates,—confuses itself with every stage of Judaism, or runs up into spiritual egotism; and losing the Divine breadth by which it moulds the individual, sinks to the measure of private experience and passion. And if, in Churches which give academic training to their clergy, no adequately ennobling contrast is presented, it is because they give a timid half-culture, full of insincerities and reservations; with no hearty devout trust in reality,—turn out as it may,—but with foregone purpose to work up to a given scheme, and prohibit all paths that do not hit it. No man can serve two masters. Either scientific theology, or else doctrinal fixity; but not both. If you are bound to a confession, you are not free as a scholar; and your attainments, not reverently serving God's hidden ends, but skilfully securing your own preconceptions, sink to the rank of unconsecrated personal adornments. The erudition of a clergy pledged to certain critical and dogmatic results can have no judicial balance and breadth: it will be full of disproportion, empty and silent in one part, noisy and browbeating in another; ever tending to rabbinical trifling and antiquarian punctiliousness; and will want the fresh, manly, hopeful, and believing voice which makes you feel the difference between patched-up conviction and unreserved faith. The poor results of the clerical teaching-function in this country can surprise no one who considers the restraints under which the whole professional mind lies. How can a man in the stocks rise up and show you the way?

At best, however, were the exposition of the records and history of our faith ever so well achieved, the result would only be a *Theology*,—a knowledge or intelligent scheme of Divine things; not *Religion*,—the inward consciousness of God and reverent acceptance of his guiding will. Theology, as the critique of Religion, always stands at one remove from its reality and essence; and no more involves it than Scientific Ethics involve personal conscientiousness. Take away every hindrance from the free development of biblical, historical, and philosophical studies, suppose even a clerisy, such as Coleridge imagined, at the head of all liberal knowledge, still they would thus far only form a body like the Divinity Professors of Germany; from whom indeed, as prevailingly *lay* teachers, theological literature receives all its richest accessions, but who are in no closer contact with the moral life of their nation than the jurists or the physicians. By learning from the best-equipped instructors the truest doctrines in the most demonstrative forms, no single soul was ever saved. There is need, therefore, of a yet higher function; which we have described as the interpretation of the *unwritten Word*, the appeal to the *Living Witness* of God in our humanity. That Witness is present in every movement of Conscience, every pure admiration, every secret reverence,—holy and gentle leadings that pass from us as a transient mood, unless some true diviner's voice finds their authority for us and awes us by what they are. The dim and mystic zone of our higher nature, where the human meets with the divine, grows so clear to some, that they can divide the light from the darkness, and turn what to us is a confused chaos into a firmament of stars. The indeterminate suspicions that sleep within and make only a sadness there, they lift into vivid consciousness and set above us as our heavenly guide. Describe the fact as you will,—say, if you please, in mere psychological language, that the sentiments of duty and worship are infectious and spread from mind to mind; or, in what we deem the truer terms of Christian realism, say that God's Spirit abiding in us is recognized by all as soon as seen and shown by any,—certain it is that men there always are whose simple outpouring of reverence, pity, and trust, finds ready in other hearts a solemn and loving response. This is the true *pro-*

phetic function, the discovery in our nature and life, of the meeting-place of God and man; where alone is the key of all our force and the consecration of all our work. Those who can exercise this are God's natural ministers, with or without ordination: those who cannot are but secular, though their names be in the Clergy List. Here, it is evident, is the essence of religious power, without which historical Revelations lie off at a distance, and all churches and chapels are but as the glass-cases in a Museum to preserve and exhibit the sanctities dried and classified. The testimony of history to God's providence, of Scripture to his spiritual dealings with our race, and of all things to his being, is rich and various and worthy to be shown forth. But greater than any testimony is the thing testified; that, with all his seeming silence, he hourly speaks with us, pleading with us in our temptations, appealing to our trust in sorrow, and living in all our better love; that he is in our midst, forming, in communion with all willing fellow-workers, his kingdom of Heaven; and that not death at last, but faithfulness and self-surrender at any time, will translate the soul into his life eternal. These realities, kindling in the light of immediate consciousness, cast all theological media into the shade. The mountain from which yesterday's sun was seen to set becomes sacred as Horeb or Tabor; and the obscurest room in London where any sacrament of love is fulfilled to-day shines like that upper chamber in Jerusalem. When your friend is with you, you no longer discuss the evidence that he exists.

Of the three conceivable functions, then, constitutive of a clerical order,—the Priestly, the Rabbinical, and the Prophetic,—the first is with us extinct. The other two agree in requiring a special class, with qualities separating them from the mass of mankind. They differ, however, in this, that the Rabbi can be made, the Prophet cannot. The one is a scholastic product; the other a divine gift. "Schools of the prophets," indeed, there must always be; not, however, in the vain hope of inspiring the scholar, but, through humble patience, to make a scholar of the inspired. This, no doubt, it is often difficult to do. It has been the frequent error of enthusiasm (as among the Quakers and Moravians) to pronounce it impossible or superfluous; nor is it uncommon among less eccentric be-

lievers to hear the heaviness of a preacher referred to the weight of his erudition, the cold reserve of his affection explained by the polish of his intellect. A learned man is even expected to be dull. In these vulgar impressions there is a confused mixture of just observation and illusion. It is true that the temperament susceptible of high intellectual training is much more common than the gifts by which the depths are stirred of secret religion in men's hearts; so that great attainments afford no presumption of moral power. It is also true that there is no tendency in the study of scientific theology to change the climate of any mind, and give a tropic fervor to an arctic nature: so that from a man's "sacred" learning you can no more infer an earnest, godly soul, than you can be sure from his acquaintance with the Flora of the equator that he is not a phlegmatic Swede. It is further true, that the native prophetic fire often burns into false heats of impatience and presumption upon young hearts, and tempts them to decline the toils and despise the discipline of steady culture. But this belongs to its human infirmity, not to its divine excellence; and entails the vitiating curse inseparable from pride and haste. Where the religious call is faithfully and meekly answered, an anxiety will surely prevail to place at its disposal faculties in highest order. If the Divine Guest proposes to take up his abode with you, it were a rude negligence to leave the house unclean and let the rooms be dark. The simplest reverence requires that, ere he "stands at the door and knocks," you have it "swept and garnished," and adorned with every grace attainable. Far from allowing the irreducible, uncontrollable nature of the prophetic impulse, we are convinced that if it is not eager for the yoke of patient discipline, and fears to be stifled beneath any store of finite knowledge, it is a spurious glow not all from heaven.

There is, then, a foundation in the natural specialties of men for an order of religious guides. And there is an imperative reason in the constitution of the Christian faith for making them accomplished scholars and theologians. How far does this abstract defence apply to the system which exists? How far does the *natural* sacred class coincide with the *actual*? What provision is there for selecting persons of some religious genius, and excluding those in whom no incense ever

kindled? Every one familiar with Puritan history will remember with what devout care the gifts and graces were scrutinized of each young aspirant to the pulpit, and how it was deemed a downright sacrilege to choose one whom God had not chosen. Of those who were to be "his ambassadors" he had of right the prime and real nomination, which we had only to discover and accept. Some faint remnant of this reasonable no less than pious usage is still found, we believe among the Nonconformist bodies; a large proportion of whose ministers are accordingly determined to their profession by intrinsic fitness, real or supposed. But how is it with the parochial clergy? What proportion of them would the tutors at Oxford and Cambridge report to be drawn to their office by true affinity? In hundreds of families where a son is destined for holy orders, the question is never asked whether any divine mark is on him indicating a higher will. Mr. Christmas defines the Preacher the "Ambassador of God." How, then, was he chosen for so lofty a diplomacy? His uncle promised the lad "the living" at his park-gate; or his father was a shrewd attorney, and bought an advowson cheap. Shocking as the contrast is between this shameless scandal and the sublime pretensions of High-Church office, the connection between them is perfectly natural. In a sacerdotal system, personal qualities go for nothing, or sink to non-essentials; whoever can administer the sacraments, can dispense God's grace; and, so long as that condition is safe, a traffic in benefices which may put a blockhead at the altar is held to involve no fatal sin. Carry the theory fully out,—scarce a step indeed beyond the point it has reached at Rome,—and, as the human attributes are inoperative in the work, you would seem not to need a man at all. And when we read of the Archbishop at the Cherbourg festival baptizing the locomotives with holy water we could not help asking why an engine, instead of a live dignitary, might not, after suitable consecration, be qualified to sprinkle as well as receive the drops of grace. But the Reformed Church, disowning material consecration, and throwing the whole stress of the evangelizing process on living faith within a conscious soul,—at once the gift and the vehicle of the Spirit,—must ever keep its eye on the personality of the minister, and shrink from taking any whom God has left.

In humbler, yet not dissimilar things, we follow better rules. You would not rank yourself with poets from being Shakspeare's cousin, or because you inherited a studio write "Artist" after your name. Profane not a greater sanctuary on guiltier plea. Nothing, we presume, but the system of patronage can account for the fact that our English Church, with a high average of clerical worth, contains more indifferent preachers than any Church in Christendom. All observant foreigners, resident for awhile amongst us, are struck with the fact; and we have heard from Swiss and German, from Swede and American, expressions of astonishment that a people with whom religion is not a farce, and who for their other wants are accustomed to insist upon the best supply, can be content with such poor draughts for their spiritual thirst.

Suppose, however, that by some happy device none but persons of the true prophetic type were admitted to the sacred office, the difficulty of constituting it as a profession would by no means be at an end. Its power is a subtle and mysterious essence, intense and deep till too broadly recognized; but no sooner formulated than lowered, and perhaps gone. The ordinary division of labor out of which the several trades and professions arise affects only the outward employments; assigning, indeed, different and limited tasks to our activity, and so far giving a partial direction to our development; but leaving free the great currents of inward affection and character to work and play in their own channels. The doctor, the lawyer, the banker, may have each his special prejudices and incapacities; but these need not hurt the moral staple of his mind or constrain the action of his natural sentiments as a man. The basis of the sacred profession is different. Here the proposal is to build a life upon a particular order of feelings; to detach these, and consign them to a representative class for their custody and nurture; to gather them up from being the diffused function of our integral nature, and concentrate them as objects of distinct attention and disquisition. Wonder, —Reverence,—Admiration; these it is which the expounder of holy things has to keep alive in men's hearts, and rightly direct upon divine realities. Secret roots as they are of not only every gracious blossom, but every pure fruit of life, to bring down the dews upon them and open their withered cells is

indeed a blessed office, if only it be possible. But can this miracle be wrought stately and at will? Can such highest affections be reduced to a business, and be acted on by rule? Their whole excellence depends on their simplicity, spontaneousness, unselfishness, carrying us out in trust and love to what is above us. But if you create an art for taking charge of them, how can you, as a proficient in it, retain that simplicity? The emotions for which you have to contrive, you no longer healthfully experience; in looking at them you lose them. It was their divine object that entranced you once; but you turn the focus inwards, and the object slips away. The best inspirations of our nature are meant to remain fresh and first-hand, and lose their identity in losing their originality. Charter them as a craft or guild; and passing into the hand of conscious skill, they contract the tincture of self, and awaken the vanity of possession. A class-interest in regard to them, a class-criticism, a class-technology arises, and chatters and chafes and scrutinizes till the bloom is all rubbed off. The verdant places of the heart have but a tender grass, and will not bear the tramp of too much speech. This, we think, is a serious danger to those who follow Art as a profession; their pure sympathy with the expressiveness of nature, their creative instinct of Beauty, need great intensity to hold their ground against the tyranny of opinion and fastidious self-comparison: and hurtful as the slang of hardened criticism is to the reverential faith of the young artist, is the technic of theology to the simple piety which it complicates, bewilders, and talks down.

In an official class for sacred things the Primary devoutness which lives in God must dreadfully tend to pass into the Secondary stage of "Concern for Religion;" to slip from the Infinite reality to the ecclesiastical drama, and, wakened from its vault of midnight worship, detect itself kneeling in the glass. This self-conscious reflection busies itself with analyzing and estimating either other people's religion, or else its own. The former habit is almost inevitable in the presence of so many sects and schools within the nominal embrace of our common Christendom. The tangle, indeed, is too intricate and thorny for even professional patience to unravel as a whole; but when every layman falls in with people that carry some queer creed

within their head and an odd hat without,—when every parson in his rounds meets rivals on the same field,—when the gilt cross on St. Nepomuc's looks loftily down on the thin brick Ebenezer,—when the church-going stranger in town, walking on the wrong side of the street, gets shown by mistake into a Unitarian chapel,—it is not surprising if curiosity about the faith of neighbors, and the comparative anatomy of doctrine, should too much take the place and assume the guise of a more simple and childlike piety. Does any one doubt the evil of this, or suppose that the spread of theological connoisseurship is equivalent to the deepening of the Christian life? Let him give his attention, for two or three months, to the newest offspring of this tendency—the so-called "Religious Newspapers;" and when he has watched the interior of which they give him a view, let him say whether on the whole any more bitter satire was ever produced on the unity, the guilelessness, the humility, and heavenly-mindedness of the Christian Church. Even the party-ties which might be supposed to compensate the loss of gentler bonds, partake more of corporate egotism than of personal affection. They are not so much positive sympathies drawing close to a centre of spiritual attraction, as a residual circle left clear by the repulsive power of antipathies all round, and inscribed with the motto, "Thank God, *We* are not as other men are." How rare, accordingly, it is to find a clergyman who does not live in the perpetual consciousness of opponents near him! or to hear a sermon without allusion to unbelievers or misbelievers! or to be taken up by the Preacher on the side of one's human tenderness and genuine conscience, and thence translated unresistingly into the higher atmosphere of aspiration, trust, and inmost prayer! He speaks to us through a dogmatic screen that muffles all his tones, and deadens the ring of their humanity. He looks at us with the glazed eye of ecclesiastical decorum and reserve, that shuts us up and leaves us dark. Would he but meet us face to face and glance to glance, and appeal to us in the open vernacular of every true heart, he would find us not dry at the fount of tears and penitence and faith.

The other form of professional elaboration of religion is sincerer in its source, but not much better in its effect. It turns inward in-

stead of outward; and analyzes not other faiths, but its own feelings. In the eye of many a preacher, the essence of what is called "personal religion" consists in keeping the finger of observation ever on the spiritual pulse, in marking the temperature of the clime within, in shuddering at every shadow and suspecting every gleam. He tells you your experience with a magnifying particularity that makes it hideous, and that would reduce the eye of a saint to mere blood-vessel and tissue. Too often he produces the very disease which he describes, fixes evanescent ills by dwelling on them, and lectures on our epidemic sins till the healthy world turns sick and finds its home a hospital. His lesson is differently taken by different minds, but wholesomely by none. The coarse-grained and ungenial believe all the evil of their neighbors; the pure and susceptible of themselves: while the morally sound and firm know it to be false of both, and writhe under a teaching which insults every natural admiration, systematizes spiritual slander, and disowns the watchful guidance of God. The teaching which works us into a hectic of self-consumption is as untrue to the Gospel as that whose tact and scruples are at home among the creeds. Christianity is not a pathology whether of the beliefs or of the affections; and will never have power till this critical demon be cast out. Yet how shall *those* cast it out who, whatever sacred name they may pronounce, are steeped in the influences that tempt its approach; whom, therefore, it chiefly possesses; who know no incantations, — scarcely any prayers, — except what it secretly suggests? There is but one hope: let them acknowledge their failure, feel their powerlessness, go straight to the Living Source, and own, "We could not;" and perhaps He may reply, "Bring it hither to me!"

Closely as these dangers cling to the religious office, we do not mean to urge them as objections to its institution. Where, as in the Society of Friends, it has been dispensed with in favor of the bare "movements of the Spirit," the results have not been encouraging. And indeed, had these good people conceived rather of an "Indwelling" than an "Eruption" of the Spirit, they would perhaps have imagined a less fitful relation between God and man, have spared a little consecration for habitual personal qualities, and admitted that

some men might be, more than others, *permanent* organs of divine influence in the world. Admit this, and a clerisy must follow. If it brings difficulties and temptations into existence with it, nothing remains but to keep feeble spirits out, and let the strong struggle through the dangers as they may. This would assuredly be done with much more frequent success, had the profession to bear only its natural burden, without enormous increase from an artificial ecclesiastical system. The conditions imposed upon the Christian preachers, in the vast majority of cases, are enough to suppress the clearest religious genius; and the nobler and finer it is, the more will they be intolerable. Can it be pretended that any mind of the first order could move freely under the weight of dogma it is expected to carry? How much of that dogma, avowed in the creeds every Sunday, has any week-day reality? Where, in the scenes of men's earnest life or spontaneous thought, does it come into expression? What proportion of the beliefs contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, or in the symbolical books of any Church, comes naturally out in the poetry, the fiction, the philosophy of our time? The men of letters are so silent of them as to indicate that a few only of these ideas, — though infinitely solemn, — appear in their picture of the universe. And it is notorious that a literature has been created on purpose to supply the defect, and, for the sake of a special public, to exhibit life under more orthodox aspect. The fact is painfully significant. "The Religious Public?" And what other Public have you a right to recognize or to ignore in this God-created world? Where are the people from whose nature he has omitted the springs of Wonder, Love, Reverence, and quite hidden the beauty and mystery of life? Who formed the "religious public" of the "Friend of Sinners?" Oh ye masters of holy things! has it come to this? that ye cannot find the inner sanctuary of our common heart, and bring us to kneel with you, though dumb worships sigh and wait within us? and must ye have your little private chapel, and your pet audience admitted by ticket, and no light but what streams through the forms of select and cannonized saints? And as for what is called a "Religious literature:" time was that *all* literature was religious; and poets, historians, philosophers looked on as sacred world, and

breathed as natural a prayer as the divine. Is it not theirs to set before us the ideal side of life, the essential thought and meaning that runs through it? And how should they do this, did they think it has no inner side at all, and seen in it only a scramble of appetites and a dust of "phenomena"? The natural alliance of every unconstrained literature is with the real religion of its time, to whose inner admirations its appeal is made. They may be low idolatries; but how have they become so? Through the death of higher faiths in those who pretend to keep them; but who, instead of keeping them in the only possible way, viz. by a life and mind grown from their idea, have handed them to the custody of formulated words. The very way to create a defiant worldliness, proud of its sceptic and outcast position, is to disparage such veneration as a man has, and attach impossible conditions to those which he has not; and virtually tell him, "Either repeat after us the following sentences, or else pass for one who sees nothing sacred in heaven or earth." While the demand for sympathy and approximation is all on one side, the chasm between the secular and the ecclesiastic spirit can never be crossed. Till the higher stoop, the lower will not rise;—stoop, not merely in voluntary humility, but in simple, manly fellow-feeling; heartily sinking down to the solid ground of some common conviction,—if possible, some common enthusiasm; and forcing no ulterior growth, till it springs of itself from the root thus warmed and nurtured. This is precisely what a Christ-like teacher, deep alike in human sympathy and spiritual insight, would spontaneously do; but is rendered most difficult to men bound not only to visit and heal the ailing soul, but to carry and everywhere unpack the huge medicine-chest of ancient dogma, and prescribe in the symbols of an unknown tongue. There are few among the clerical body, we are convinced, on whom the encumbrance of so much doctrine sits easily, like the natural dress they give to their common thought and affection. They take it up in set speech and with official voice. They shape it into the same stiff folds of phrase and order, straight from the memory, not fresh flowing from the heart. Whatever decorous disguise it may give to the cold and formal, it taxes heavily the flexible and loving soul. It cannot, indeed, seal

up the fountains which God opens there; but the running waters are slackened and half-choked, when forced through the mill-rails of the church canals, instead of winding their own sweet way along the meadows of a pure nature.

How, indeed, can it be otherwise? We do not live in a Nicene, an Athanasian, or even a Lutheran world. From a distance, and by an effort, we may understand and not deny the schemes of doctrine which they have handed down. But if so, it is only by reference to the antecedents out of which they grew, and the opposites which they pushed from the field. Apart from these historical lights, now quenched for so many centuries, and totally absent from the common consciousness of to-day, the very language of the old creeds and confessions is quite dark: the pregnant phrases in which the distinctive meaning is wrapped have dwindled to a husk in the climate of our modern thought, or contain, if any living idea, an altered one. Hence these formulas, where they do not positively suggest the false, fail, like foreign speech, to strike upon the home truth of men's inward belief. They are a set of judicial decisions cut off from the cases on which they pronounce; and to say nothing of their being ever open to revision, the perpetual recital of them, and administration of religion exclusively through them, is a monstrous oppression on noble consciences and high affections. If even the Scriptures, with their broad popular language and that one divine image which, so speaks for itself, need to have the temporary separated from the permanent, the letter of their age translated into the spirit of ours, how much less must the rigid definitions of metaphysical divinity, framed in terms of dead controversies, be capable of sincerely uttering what our generation wants to say! Each period of the world has its own questions to answer, its own burden to bear: and who can believe that if the Son of Man were to reveal himself again in our present England, he would exercise us in the Nicene Creed or the Augsburg Confession; and not rather find anew the springs of conscience and of faith, conversing with us by the way, in the language of the workshop and the home, about the sins we too well know and the sanctities we too feebly trust? Leave, them, to those who are fittest to represent his spirit, a freedom congenial and essential to it. Let the

champion of God have courage to live out of his freshest aspirations, and go forth with the simple shield of faith and sword of the Spirit. An archangel's strength would sink under the chain-armour of the creeds.

We are far from charging the professional representatives of religion with any special insincerity. We have no doubt that in general they are pretty well made-up into at least a belief that they believe the whole dogmatic system to which they stand committed. But, except with dull men, it does notoriously take a good deal of "making-up" to bring them to this not very triumphant result. Those who are sufficiently behind the scenes to know what is implied in this process, and along what doleful paths often lie the approaches to Ordination, will understand us when we say that too frequently that goal is reached by parting with a Holy Spirit which the hands of no Bishop can restore. In many an Oxford room a youth has been found with dawning suspicions of a world other than that imagined by the "great dons." Even there his Heaven will find him out, and try whether the spell of custom or the life of God is to be strongest within him. With the scholar's musical heart, he cannot escape stray, far-off tones penetrating through the local air, and wakening unknown chords of his nature. Does not Tennyson lie upon his⁴ table, and Carlyle stand upon his shelf? Has he not been reading Niebuhr, and hearing something of Ewald's *Life of Christ*? Snatches of influence from powers like these haunt him with strange visions, at once terrible and divine. Alone, past midnight, at the week's end, he closes his books, and reads before the lamp is put out a sermon of Tauler's or a chapter of the "German Theology." Why does it sink to such unspeakable depth in him, and fill his prayers with such real communings, while the service at St Mary's next morning carries its solemnity scarce below the surface? What is "belief"? What "unbelief"? What "mysticism"? Wherein differ the "natural" and the "supernatural"? How stand related God's historical and his perennial manifestation? Are these things fully known to our Heads of Houses? and when were they fathomed, and the chart of the survey finished? Such questionings flash in upon him as his wings are growing, urging him in due time to rise in his strength and follow the light to its source. But nearer to

his eye lies the long-destined parish. The old rector is impatient for his curate; the letters from home are reckoning the months to the time of ordination. He is lonely with his secret, on which every thing about him seems to frown. Social conservatism, scholarly prestige, ecclesiastical taste, academic casuistry, draw their silent lines around him, and lay to him so close a siege that he surrenders, with or without an agony. Or if he unbosoms himself to his tutor, he is referred to the standard recipe for such cases—approved alike by High Church and Broad Church—to repair the flaws in his creed by parochial work; to live on the given doctrine as an *hypothesis*, in the hope of its striking root as a reality; to profess, that is, a lie to-day for the reversion of the truth to-morrow. It is possible enough that he may find such advice succeed: there is nothing to prevent it: "parochial work" will serve as well as any other to stifle the misgivings of conscience, and complete the "quenching of the Spirit;" and in time he may forget his doubts, and recite what he has to say without a twinge. When the "hypothesis" is covered over with the glebe grass, and smiles with garden-beds and shrubberies,—nay, is strong enough to support the school and village-library as well,—he ceases to ask how deep it goes, and is content with the report of a living rock beneath. There are, however men of finer nature, to whom a course of "hypothesis" (we had nearly said "hypocrisy") cannot be administered with the same success, and on whom the penalties quickly fall which are righteously annexed to all profession in advance of conviction. Smothered misgivings revive, and move with broader shadow across a mind no longer innocent. The offices of worship are crossed with passages of shrinking and of shame, and almost cease to be true except in their words of penitence. Preaching becomes not an outpouring of faith and love, but a diplomatic act of caution. When the struggle between inward self-contempt and the outward religious function becomes too intolerable, the cure is thrown up, perhaps for some secular profession; but perhaps only to change the scene, to repeat, yet abate, the agony, till custom had done its stupefying work, and the soul has obediently shaped itself to the dimension of its task. What is a man worth as a religious guide, when through such processes (which, alas, are no fictions) he

finally gets made-up to the orthodox point? He has sold his divine gift into servitude, and will prophesy for God no more.

If in other cases, the system, instead of subjugating the man, is made to bend to his individuality, and assume the meaning he wants to put upon it, the consequences are, doubtless, less deplorable, and a practical latitude is won: but the inference is still the same; there is too much dogma for the living force that is to work in it. The disproportion is equally manifest, whether the adjustment is brought about by coercing the person or coercing the doctrine. Men of deep and original nature, like the Preacher at Lincoln's Inn and the Greek Professor at Oxford, cannot be suppressed or moulded by enclosure in any framework stiff with age. It glows and softens by their very contact with it, and takes their shape instead of giving its own. The results are startling enough. Mr. Maurice is the apostle of a faith more strongly contrasted,—we do not hesitate to say,—with the prevailing-received doctrine of his Church than the Christianity of the second and third century with the serious Paganism before which it stood. Religions more absolutely different than his, and, for instance, Dr. McNeile's, according to any just measure of the intervals between faiths, can hardly be found within the circuit or near the margin of Christian history. Yet he recites the same creeds, not only, we are sure, with the purest sincerity, but, we conceive, with a careful fullness of meaning in every phrase, and a consistent realization of the connected whole, very unusual among his contemporaries. Nor is his construction, as many persons erroneously suppose, a personal invention for his own use. It reproduces in some important points the genuine thought of the early Church; and would rest upon, very strong grounds, were there no gospel but the fourth, and no ecclesiastical theology but of Alexandria. But as an account of what was meant by the founders of his Church in the sixteenth century,—of the sense, therefore, in which its formularies are imposed,—it must always seem far-fetched and untenable, and leave the advantage with its opponents. Fettered by obligations from this side, he is not free to raise simply the issues whether his doctrine is scriptural or unscriptural,—is in the sense of the first centuries or not,—above all, is in itself true or false: be his success ever so great on these points, the final

sentence turns upon another,—whether this is what the English Reformers meant, and what he undertook to teach. Failing to convince even his warm admirers of this, he is shorn of his proper strength: his justest reasonings, his genial learning, his religious insight, his exemplary goodness, are neutralized by the repute of a false position. A mind like his wants more room than the constitution of his Church allows him; and even the portion of room which he has taken, with no idea of transgressing loyal limits, is regarded by almost every one else as an irregular latitude. Still more painfully perplexing to the moral sense of unskilled observers like ourselves was Mr. Jowett's promptitude in signing an article of faith which directly affirms the very doctrine of atonement (that Christ by the sacrifice of himself reconciled *God to man*) which he directly denies. That he found some means of doing this with a clear conscience, we do not for a moment doubt; by what Hegelian resolution of contradictories into a higher unity the feat was accomplished we may perhaps learn from the second edition of his Commentary. But meanwhile, if the most anxious candor can suggest no presentable explanation of such compliances, they cannot but produce a truly devastating impression of clerical unvaracity and academic casuistry. What can be more unfortunate than that men's best feelings,—their love of plain dealing and good faith, their abhorrence of all "paltering in a double sense,"—should be enlisted *against* a scientific theology and a deeper religion? Yet so it must be, as long as scholars, having bound themselves in honor to a closed circle of doctrine, forthwith set to work to open it. What can be said for a system which makes the movement of thought a breach of trust? We owe it to the excessive encumbrance of authoritative dogma that faithful orthodoxy sinks into powerless routine, and irrepressible genius and learning violate their vows. Our illustrations of the melancholy fact have been drawn from the Church of England. But the results are precisely the same in every Non-conformist body which emulates the Church of England in the rigor of its creed and the liberality of its culture.

That the clerical religion is quite artificially made up, and divided by a fatal cleft from the lay state of mind, is evident on comparing in the world the classes who lived and learned together in their college-years. The under-

graduates in any given University, and the graduates too for a considerable time, are tolerably homogeneous in their tastes, their admirations, their convictions; with their marks, indeed, of individuality, and their varieties of pursuit, but with no differences of principle and feeling that are not quite miscellaneously distributed. Bring a few hundreds of them together again twenty years later; give all the clerical men credit for faithful adherence to their ordination vows; and see whether this does not mark them out as altogether "a peculiar people." How many of the lawyers believe all those doctrines in the lot? how many of the doctors? how many of the men of science and letters? Without counting exceptional heretics and sceptics, is not the proportion remarkable of those to whom the phraseology and formulas of divinity are an uncomfortable sort of speech, answering to nothing deep within them, and which would never rise to their own lips? Why should this be? Why should the lives that began with many a common enthusiasm, so widely diverge on the very field which is *not* professional, but absolutely human and universal in its interest? It is simply because, in the representatives of sacred things, the living humanity is overlaid with a dead crust of ecclesiastical deposit which oppresses without sharing the pulsations underneath.

And accordingly, whenever a Preacher appears with inspirations too strong to heed professional restraints, he has to wait scarce an hour for a response, and the suspended tide of sympathy is glad to flow. What was it that drew men, with irresistible attraction, around the pulpit of Robertson of Brighton? His eloquent lips? his graceful person? his fearless heresies? All these, no doubt, provided you take them only as the organs and manifestations of the true prophet-soul within; the soul leavened through and through with an all-surrendering faith, and meeting God in whatever is real and true. He had the courage to live the life of his age, as the nearest expression of the life of all ages; to shrink from none of its doubts, to go down to the core of its sins and sorrows, to carry his sympathy into its saddest problems; to keep no separate theology, but let the central fire of heaven within him fuse down his poetry, his philosophy, his scholarship, his moral sentiment, into one entire religion, identical

with his Christian faith. Nothing came from him at secondhand, with any dust or soil of use, but fresh as morning air. Not that he was above being influenced by the men and books that held any true converse with him. On the contrary, he had all the susceptibility to deep impressions, the affectionate dependence on other minds, which is the glorious paradox of original natures, the self-confession of their common kindred. But, as in all such cases, each foreign light that struck his heart, instead of being reflected back from a mere repeating surface, entered only to prove that he, too, was luminous, and must burst into a beacon-flame for the guidance of trackless wanderers. It is vain to tell us, in disparagement of such men, and in apology for pulpit humdrum, that there is no room for originality in religion,—that its truths, once for all revealed in Christ, are fixed, and can only be repeated in the ear of one generation after another. Like every thing in God,—his holiness, and the beauty of his world,—they are indeed eternal: but, like these, they are ever born anew into manifestation before us and consciousness within us; and, above all, they have a fresh genesis in every greatly-believing and divinely-tempered soul. What more surely eternal than the Holy Spirit? yet even this may have a day of Pentecost, and sweep over the heart "as a mighty rushing wind," and find utterance in "new tongues," and hurry its Stephen upon heresy and death. One who, like Robertson, speaks to the sleeping nobleness of men's hearts out of the waking nobleness of his own, wields a truly revealing power; opening unsuspected worlds where the inner eye saw nothing before, and so lifting the roof as to let in the heavens. The eagerness with which such men are listened to, shows how little the influence of the pulpit has really declined, wherever it is relieved of the oppressive weight of traditional dogma and conventional style, and taken as the station of some self-forgotten organ of the Living Word.

If the public services of religion spoke with adequate power to the real wants of men, the clerical profession would have no serious discontent to fear. Did it worthily wield that one great instrument, it would meet with grateful recognition, and be followed with no unkindly eye through the six silent days of the week. But, as it is, the clergy suffer a great disadvantage from the absence of some

clearly-defined and positive work other than speech,—work visible, punctual, and of recognized utility. Far be it from us to deny or underrate the impalpable influence of wisdom and sympathy circulating through the homes of a parish or a congregation, and ever accessible where counsel is needed or sorrow calls. But how can you erect it into a distinct business, to carry about the essence of your character? What would your character be worth, if you really thought it fitly set apart for this sort of currency? The simple duties of Christian pity and affection cannot be delegated, without equal injury to those who, by deputing, evade them, and to those who, in being their deputies, strip them of their spontaneous grace and charm. The secret sense of this truth fosters a deep social distrust of pastoral charities and attentions; and creates a false and morbid conscience in the minister himself. It is notorious that into the scenes most needing the offices of Christian faith and love a man can carry no such disadvantage as the clerical costume; and it takes no little time for even the sincerest self-devotion to remove the dislike of the black coat. Grown men and women in these days do not sincerely want to be as sheep to a shepherd; and the attempt to work out the details of such a relation incurs all the penalties and miseries of pretence. Between the servility of those who want to use him, and the shyness of those who are afraid of being used, the clergyman steers an embarrassed course; and where frank and friendly treatment assures him that he is with those who do not distrust him, he begins to distrust himself; he is full of wonder and compunction that he is unable to speak and act differently from others; that he cannot set himself above the common humanities; and that, especially in the presence of sorrow and death, he so naturally falls into the attitude of reverential learning and looking up, as to a higher mystery, that he is rather the awe-struck child than the superior and master of the hour. Or, if he be a man of dry and formal nature, he will force himself into professional mannerisms and sentences, which do indeed difference him from the layman, but having no fine fibres of connection with the antecedent and succeeding life, never grow into the heart of the occasion on which they are stuck. These indeterminate spiritual relations of man with man are too delicate, we fear, and too depend-

ent on spontaneity of affection, to be made the chief business of a profession. It is in no slight degree the need of something outward, something which the will can at any moment command, that tempts the clergy to lean on some *opus operatum*, and encourages the reaction into sacerdotal formalism. They know not what they are good for, or how they differ from private Christians, unless they have some mystic activities to exercise. We are convinced that nothing would so surely dissipate this High-Church disease, as the obligation, could it be made effectual, of some healthy, definite, intelligible social work, fixed to nameable hours and visible to the community around. The anarchy and self-will into which our moral police has fallen, render it difficult to recover such tasks of service for a staff of religious teachers: else who, in theory, would be more natural administrators, under suitable checks, of many of the agencies of our higher culture and civilization? The energetic and faithful among them do actually carve out work of this kind for themselves, and are found in the schoolroom, at the Board of Guardians, and in committee-rooms of public institutions. But as they meet there many a lay citizen who takes his share of such duties of his own accord and "out of hours," these things are set down to the account of individual character, and do not help the credit and clear the conception of the profession. Were the minister of religion to become,—by general usage as he often is by personal choice,—the organ of valuable knowledge to his people; to open to their intelligence the very things that lie before their eyes,—the antiquities of their village, the natural history of their coast and fields, the story of the old families of honorable name, whose mansions are in sight,—he would stand before the popular imagination as a schoolmaster of adults, a superior in something which they readily appreciate. Until in some such way greater body can be given to the clerical functions, they will fail to obtain a basis of firm trust; they will suffer in repute from indefinite expectations; and take morbid directions from the mere misery of uncertainty.

It is very natural for preachers to measure the faith and piety of their time by the numbers in habitual attendance on churches and chapels, or giving support to connected institutions. Such a standard, we are convinced,

is entirely delusive. Disaffection towards the organized worship of the country is not so groundless as to stand in evidence of a mere godless insensibility. The classes in whom it is strongest, and who have most completely passed out of clerical influence,—viz. the artisans on the one hand, and the academical and professional laity on the other,—are certainly not the least impressionable; but, on the contrary, show in other directions a ready susceptibility of enthusiasm and reverence. It is not amongst them that you chiefly find contempt for poetry, stupidity as to art, disbelief of nobleness, sordid Phœnician politics, or distrust of unprofitable truth. Would you bring together an audience where Burns's verse would strike most home, where Ruskin would have most believing hearers, where Miss Nightingale's name would be greeted with deepest honor, where patriotic sacrifices would be demanded least in vain, it is precisely from these classes that you would do well to draw it. And is it to be supposed that those who are quickest in response to these lesser religions of life, can be hardened against the infinite reverence that comprehends them all? Where genius, beauty, goodness, in their human apparition, are so willingly believed and welcomed with so pure a joy, depend upon it there is an eye of recognition ready for their auguster and diviner form. Antecedently to experience, who would say that the elements of religious character existed with any distinctive force in the social ranks that are found around the pulpits of the land? With all their intelligence and worth, the trading middle-class, and the upper circle just beyond, are, of all their contemporaries, the most inaccessible by habit and education to any self-forgetful fervors, the most conventional and cautious in their judgments, the most disposed to bow down before wealth and station, and the most anxiously studious of decorum. Many virtues may doubtless be interwoven with such a staple of character. But these are prosaic qualities, closer by far to the actual than to any ideal world, betraying an admiration and secret homage not very free to aspire beyond the near and visible, and tending, in any endeavor after higher ascent, to a religion of mere longer prudence. The administration of Christianity, adapted to such temperament and capacity, cannot be taken to exhaust its power, or to justify an ungenial despair of those to whom it does not

speak. Traces abound of an unorganized religion sleeping or struggling in men's hearts beyond the circle of the organized. The most powerful literature of our age, even when heretical and rebellious, merciless to parsons and disrespectful to creeds, is in its essence any thing but irreligious; its hold on the time is not through the bitterness and scorns, but through the wonder, the veracities, and the tenderness of our nature. The tendency of Art is more and more to break with the conventional, and in humble conscientiousness to reverence the true. Nor are we discouraged by the signs of the times which are most often adduced in evidence of decadent or diseased belief. The theurgic or demonologic superstitions which are fevering and deteriorating so many minds, attest, no doubt, something worn-out in the current teachings of Churches; but also, some continued through desolate groping of faith, assured that a divine world still lives and is not far. And the political coldness and indifferentism about which all journals voluminously lament, and which honorable but unhappy members meet in conclave to remove, have perhaps a certain propriety and veracity in them not altogether profane. We had rather see men wait quietly, and rest upon their oars, till some just object of admiration and pursuit brought its appeal to them, than work themselves into a fume about nothing, or pretend to a passion they have not. In the total dearth of awakening questions in public life, under the sleep of heroic virtues, in the absence of great dangers, with a sluggish cloud hanging over Europe, a people rushing into enthusiasms must be made of knaves or fools; and we respect the impassive reserve which holds back, and damps the fire down, and will not burn its fuel to the waste air. We do not doubt that, when true appeal is made to any worthy zeal, the responsive chord will be found in tune; when there is any thing admirable, it will be admired; when sacrifice is wanted for noble ends, it will be ready. Taken all in all, we doubt whether the hearts of Englishmen were ever more prepared for being drawn together by common sentiments of reverence, conscience, and aspiration. Would that the symptoms were more wisely and kindly judged; and the organized religion more capable of interpreting and appropriating the unorganized!

From Chambers's Journal.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

JOHN MARSHALL OF FENCHURCH STREET.

THIS pharisaical nineteenth century, which seemed never weary of giving thanks and praise to itself for immeasurable superiority in all things over every preceding one, has of late received some startling rebukes from unexpected quarters. Light has leaped out of the huge, unsightly fissures that have suddenly yawned in its surface-civilization, precisely where the glittering crust was presumed to be solidest—most reliable—by which society may photograph its features with, we will hope, a salutary, if self-humbling truthfulness, vainly to be looked for at the hands of its portrait-painters in ordinary. It happens that, from position and other circumstances, I have neither been startled nor surprised by those, to many, utterly confounding revelations. So familiar, indeed, have I long been with many of the dark secrets that palpitate and writhe beneath the flimsy veils—which the merest accident, a breath, may at any moment rend away—of seeming probity, seeming riches, seeming piety, that I am only astonished such discoveries are not very much more frequent than they are. But this morning, hardly ten minutes before I sat down to pen this narrative—and which but for that reminding circumstance might not have been penned—my heart leaped to my mouth as a highly respectable City-name flashed upon me in the police columns of the *Times*: a second glance reassured me: the gentleman, however, was only before the magistrate to give evidence against a lad he had seen pick a lady's pocket in the Crystal Palace. On Sunday next I propose going some distance to hear a reverend gentleman preach—and most admirably he does preach—who, if a saving miracle is not wrought in his favor, will, I much fear, and before long too, be either the inmate of a madhouse, or have perished by his own hand—with such vengeful fierceness does the unseen vulture tear at his heart!

"Who, then are you," the reader naturally asks, "that pretend to have penetrated to the Purgatorio and Inferno of man's inner life, and read the sad secrets shrouded there? A Romish priest, mayhap?" Nay, I am neither priest nor parson; and, by profession nothing better or worse than a skilled accountant. You may have seen many years

ago, my advertisement proffering aid to the embarrassed, in placing their tangled affairs in order, or, at the worst, setting them forth in such scientific array—wondrous factors are figures when skillfully manipulated—that the initiated only should be able to detect the fallacious arithmetic. I had abundance of occupation; the reputation I had acquired for tact, address, and fidelity, caused my services to be eagerly sought after in other than monetary difficulties; and as those opportunities for close observation were diligently improved by the unconquerable inquisitiveness which has ever been my besetting weakness or strength, my success in groping my way to dark conscience-crypts, and discerning there, with more or less distinctness, the shadowy skeletons with which, it has been said, most human homes are haunted, will surprise no one. I shall, it is right to premise, take scrupulous care, by fictitious names, by changing the localities and so forth, to render the identification of the actors in the scenes I am about to sketch impossible—except, of course, by themselves. Let me add, too, that I do not enter upon my self-imposed task in a spirit of smirking self-superiority; such a mood of mind would, in sooth, ill become me, for, albeit that I am honest enough as the world goes, *there is a skeleton in my own house*, which, unsuspected by friends or acquaintance, has dwelt with me since the golden days of youthful prime; and as the shadows of the now swiftly coming night of life gather around me, gleams with every passing hour into ghostlier distinctness.—*Christie Eleeson!*

Enough, at all events, for the present, of my own secret griefs. To-day, I have only sufficient courage to probe and lay bare those of others. Vaulting, therefore, over my first five-and-twenty years of life, I alight from a northern coach, in London, on a wet, gloomy evening in 1827, the year of the great panic caused by a general collapse of the madly dilated paper-wings of commerce. To that catastrophe, my arrival in the metropolis was wholly attributable; the bank wherein I had been many years clerk having, upon the stoppage of the London establishment to which it was affiliated—Sir Peter Pole's—followed suit with an instant alacrity marvelous to the outer world, though not at all so to me, who had some time before managed to make acquaintance with a terrific skeleton,

coffined, not confined, in a large iron safe, wherein was inscribed, in neatly painted white letters, "The Earl of ——'s Bonds, Shares," &c.; and which we used to lower into the vaults every evening with the cash and book chests. Could we have let down his grim ghastliness to the centre of the earth, he would not, I am quite sure, have been the less constantly visible to the worthy banker; nor his mocking iteration of "the Earl of ——'s bonds and shares," less distinctly audible to that much-respected individual. I had for some time suspected that those neatly painted white letters lied audaciously, and I one day found an opportunity of verifying that fact. That the banker surmised, or feared, I had possessed myself of his frightful secret, was made plain to me on the day his bank suspended payment, when I was at once dismissed with a handsome douceur, and a half-dozen most flattering introductions to houses in London; amongst them, to Hamlet's the eminent gold and silver smiths at the east end of Coventry Street, Haymarket, who, Mr. —— intimated, was in pressing need of a skilful accountant, and that I should act wisely in presenting myself there without delay. Moreover, every one of the letters, which were given me unsealed, expressed the writer's implicit reliance upon my "honor and discretion—qualities invaluable in persons intrusted with the confidence of their employers;" *ad misericordiam* phrases, addressed, I well understood, to myself, and which, though not needed for their real purpose, proved of service to me. I left the same evening for London; and the banker, relieved for a time of his worst fears—the Earl of —— being abroad and likely to remain so for a long period—set the requisite machinery to work for effecting an arrangement with his creditors, in which he succeeded; the bank kept its staggering feet till his death, three years afterwards, when it went down with a crash; and great was the fall thereof.

The affairs of the house of Hamlet were already in the hands of official Philistines when I reached London; other firms to whom I had recommendations were actually, or proximately, in the same condition; only two of my introductory letters remained to be delivered; and I was standing in the Poultry, wearily watching the crowds of people pressing forward to the bank to exchange their notes for gold—a demand which the Mint,

by working night and day could barely keep pace with—when my eye lit upon a number of Cobbett's *Register* just placed in a stationer's window. I had been long familiar with that wayward writer's currency crotchets, and should not probably have bestowed a second glance on the publication, had it not been that poetry-despising William Cobbett had, for the first, and, I believe, last time in his life, headed his *Register* with a poetical quotation. It is from *Macbeth*:

"Now be those juggling fiends no more believed,
Who palter with us in a double sense:
Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Accursed be they:
And damned all those that trust them!"

Cobbett had so evidently been carried out of himself by delirious exultation over the downfall of so many "rag-rooks," that, feeling somewhat anxious to read a *brochure* inspired by such a state of the Cobbett mind, I entered the shop to purchase it. I had no small-change about me, except some loose coppers in my breast coat-pocket; so, first taking out, and placing upon the glass case on the counter my two undelivered letters, I groped amongst the remaining sundries for the required sum. That accomplished, I received the *Register*, and was about to take up the letters, when a gentleman, who had been scrutinizing, impertinently, I thought, the addresses through his gold hand-glasses, said:

"One of your letters, young man—this one—is addressed to a person who died by his own hand about two hours since."

"God bless me!" I exclaimed. "And the cause, sir?"

"Bankruptcy. Ruin! He is another victim of the senseless panic that is raging around us. But you, I suppose, agree with Mr. Cobbett, that bankers and bull-frog traders are noxious vermin, that it is a pleasure to see hunted down."

"You are much mistaken sir. Cobbett amuses me by the heartiness of his humor; but in monetary science, I have long held him to be one of the veriest quacks that ever, by force of sheer impudence, imposed upon the folly of fools."

"That is a bold opinion from so young a man—and a young *countryman*, too, it is easy to perceive."

"May be so; but as these letters testify, I have been familiar with finance, both in theory and practice, from boyhood."

"Indeed! May I cast my eye over one!"

"Certainly sir;" and I handed him both.

Whilst he, with evident interest, peruses them, I will describe what manner of man he at first view seemed to be.

In years about forty-five, I thought, though a certain undefinable age-shadow, that now and then flitted over his sallow features, hinted at longer life than that if reckoned by emotions and impressions, and not by years. There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except its scrupulous neatness. His frame was strong and unbowed, and his dark hair, though slightly silvered, was unthinned by time. His face was decidedly handsome, and not the less interesting to inquisitive me, on account of the tremulous disquietude of his dark, changeful eyes. How nervous he was! The hasty entrance of a bustling customer caused him such a start that he let fall the letter he was reading! Were those symptoms only of the prevailing epidemic—commercial embarrassment? or were more affrighting *spectra* than the Gazette and Court of Bankruptcy discernible by that keen, apprehensive glance in the dark distance?

These alike vain and unauthorized speculations were presently interrupted by Mr. Marshall, as we may call him, who, as he returned me the letters, and looked with keen scrutiny in my face, abruptly said: "If you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be glad to speak with you."

I bowed assent, and followed him to a neighboring tavern, every room of which we found filled with people in a state of extreme excitement, among whom such phrases as "national bankruptcy," "suspension of cash payments," plentifully intermingled with curses of "Peel's bill," were bandied about on all sides.

"One can hardly hear one's self speak here," remarked Mr. Marshall; "but," he added, drawing me towards the end of the passage, "what I have to say will require a very few words. You are strongly recommended, Mr. Henry Johnson, in those letters by Mr. —, your former employer—whom by reputation I know something of—not only for rare skill as an accountant, but for tried honor and discretion. Now I happen to want such a person, and if"—

Mr. John Marshall checked himself, again perused with sharp scrutiny my face, then said:

"Have you many acquaintances in London?"

"Not one; neither relative nor acquaintance."

That reply decided him, and it was quickly settled that I should enter his service the next day at a very liberal salary.

I was at Fenchurch Street punctually at the hour named, and was forthwith installed in Mr. Marshall's private counting house. He had, I found, a flourishing business, and the books, though there were arrears that required some time to get up, were well and methodically kept. He had also established a good discounting account at the bank of England which means, that all the acceptances he received, presumed in the regular course of business, were, as of course, credited to him as cash, *minus* interest at the current rate. An often fatal facility, which I was not long in discovering, had tempted him to discount the paper of a number of persons at a high rate of interest, himself, of course, pocketing the difference. That, however, was a section of his affairs of which I knew nothing, except as it was set forth in his bill-book; and to judge from that, it was very profitable. All this being so, I came to the conclusion that it could not be to commercial difficulties that the dreadful depression of mind, under which (as at first sight of him I had suspected) Mr. Marshall had habitually labored, was attributable; a depression, which often, when he thought himself unobserved, I have seen suddenly change to wordless frenzy, to gnashing of teeth, wild wringing of the hands, maniacal fighting with the air, as if he were struggling in the gripe of some living, bodily foe!

Whence, then, arose that maddening disquietude? Not from his family. His marriage had been one of affection; and Mrs. Marshall was a singularly amiable woman; resembling in cast of features the French empress; though it may be I only fancy so, because the line of pain across her forehead was the same, and as distinctly marked as that which gives such touching expression to the imperial brow of the beautiful Eugénie. They had, moreover, three children—Maria, Ellen, and Francis—bright-eyed, golden-haired elves, the eldest nine, the youngest four years old. In short, it must have been a home of paradise, but for the serpent coiled about the husband's heart; but for the fiend that whispered in the wife's ear vague, torturing hints of the true

source of the cankering care that was eating away the life of the father of her children.

Suddenly the dark riddle was, I thought, made clear. Two females called at the warehouse during Mr. Marshall's absence; one a fierce-featured woman of between forty and fifty years of age; the other, her daughter, and of a mild, dejected aspect. They would give no name; but the mother said, with a kind of menace in her look and tone, that they would return towards the evening. They did so, just as I was mentioning the circumstance to Mr. Marshall. The elder woman pushed boldly into the counting-house, dragging her daughter with her; and a terrible scene ensued. The intruder's insolence was met by a torrent of derisive, rageful abuse. She was to the full as fierce and bitter; and the fiery war of words was at length terminated by both being thrust into the street by Mr. Marshall; and as even then the virago's tongue continued to pour forth maledictions, she was finally given in charge to a city constable, and taken off to the lock-up house in Giltspur Street. Mr. Marshall himself left the office immediately afterwards for his private residence at Stamford Hill.

The next morning I was called into the private room; and Mr. Marshall confided to my "honor and discretion" a troubled chapter of his early life. He and his father had been with hundreds of others seized by Napoleon Bonaparte at the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and detained in France as prisoners of war on parole. An intimacy ensued between them and an English family of the name of Curtis, who were similarly situated; and in December 1804, John Marshall was wedded, by civil contract only, to Julia Curtis, the bride being in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his twenty-second year. A most unhappy marriage it proved to be; and so early did unappeasable discords arise between the ill-matched pair, that before the birth of a daughter in October 1805, legal steps had been taken by mutual consent to obtain its annulment; and the interval prescribed by the French law having expired, sentence of divorce was duly pronounced. The child, which the father had never seen, was with his ready acquiescence consigned to the absolute guardianship of its mother; and it was further agreed that an income of forty pounds per annum, which Julia Curtis had brought to the marital treasury, should revert to her.

"Directly, peace was restored," continued Mr. Marshall, I returned to England, engaged in business forthwith; and the following year, 1815, married my present wife. I heard nothing directly of the Curtises, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from the woman, Julia Curtis, you saw her here yesterday. She had passed over from the Isle of Man, where she has for many years resided, to Yorkshire, to ascertain if anything could be got out of the guardian of her somewhat wealthy brother, Robert Curtis, who has been long hopelessly insane. He is known—Mr. Willesden, the said guardian, and an old friend of mine, has informed me—to have made a will in her daughter's favor when he was *compos mentis*; and she fancied it might be possible to obtain an advance of money upon the security of that instrument. Failing in that, and some silly fool having persuaded her that an Englishwoman once a wife is always a wife till divorced by death or act of parliament, she wrote to me, threatening that unless a large sum of money was immediately sent to her, she would take legal proceedings for the enforcement of her rights."

"Common sense might have taught her that what the French law could do, it might undo, especially as no religious ceremony took place."

"To be sure. Well, I took no notice of the preposterous letter; and what occurred yesterday you know. And now to finish, I trust for ever, with this hateful topic. Mrs. Marshall has urged me to make the woman a present of a hundred pounds. I consent to do so, upon condition that she solemnly promises never again to annoy me; and if you Mr. Johnson, will arrange the matter for me, I shall be obliged."

I found no difficulty whatever in doing so. The fierce-willed *divorcée* before I reached the prison had seen a solicitor, who convinced her that she had no legal claim upon Mr. Marshall; and she gave the required promise not to molest that gentleman again, in exchange for his hundred-pound cheque, with alacrity, adding, of her own grace and favor, that they should sail on the morrow for Douglas in the Isle of Man, by the *William and Mary*, a passenger and trading vessel, lying in the Thames. The daughter seemed to be just as meek and docile as the mother was fierce and wilful; the poor girl

sobbed aloud with emotion, when I hinted to her, unheard by her mother, that the money was really a gift to *her*, from Mr. Marshall, who did not forget—and upon my solemn word, I fully believed what I was saying—that she was after all his child. “Bless him, bless him!” she murmured; “I have always thought of him with love and reverence.”

It was unfortunate that I, though in all sincerity, had induced the young woman to believe that Mr. Marshall thought of her with regretful tenderness, for it excited in her an irrepressible desire to see and speak with him alone before leaving London; and as soon as she could give her mother the slip, she hurried to Fenchurch Street for that purpose. I was not at the warehouse when she called, but I knew from the clerk, who partially witnessed what passed, that the scene was a painful one. Mr. Marshall, who could be cold as steel, hard as flint, received her with chilling indifference, and quickly wearying of her prayers and protestations, forcibly ejected her, not with intentional violence, but still with so much force, that the unhappy girl slipped and fell upon the pavement. Mr. Marshall raised her; but believing she had sustained no hurt, he reëntered his house, slamming the door after him; and the heart-broken girl limped away, her right ankle having been strained by the fall. On the morrow, it was so much swollen, that her mother, with whom it was urgent to return at once to Douglas, was compelled to leave her behind in lodgings.

I was quite unaware of that circumstance, which would have much mitigated the shock I felt on reading about eight days afterwards the following paragraph in the shipping intelligence of the *Times*: “The *William and Mary*, Captain Hearn, from London bound for Douglas, Isle of Man, was driven on shore at the island of Anglesea, during the late gale, and almost immediately went to pieces. The crew and passengers all perished.”

I silently placed the paper upon the desk before Mr. Marshall with my finger upon the paragraph, and immediately left the counting-house. I saw him again ten minutes afterwards, and God forgive me if I misjudge him, but there *did* seem to be a lustre upon his face as of a subdued, vengeful exultation; but I am, I know, prone to rash judgments.

The dark cloud which encompassed Mr. Marshall was not, however, lightened by that catastrophe; and it was in another, and by me totally unsuspected direction, that the dread spectre, of which it was the aforecast shadow, presently revealed itself.

The monetary and commercial panic had long since terminated, though its effects were still felt in the fall of houses that, shaken to their foundations by the financial earthquake, slipped from time to time through the makeshift, concealed props, that for a while sustained them, into cureless ruin. One of these was a firm whose paper Mr. Marshall had been in the habit of privately discounting, and when, upon seeing their name in the list of bankrupts, I turned hastily to the bill-book, I saw, to my dismay, that we had rediscounted acceptances of theirs to over four thousand pounds at the Bank of England. This was a heavy blow, the more so, that our account at the bank was not just then, from various causes, in a quite satisfactory state, and a hint had indeed been given us that the amount of our discounts must for the future be considerably restricted. Still the loss, if a total one, which was not likely, would not be ruin, and I was almost as much amazed as shocked at the effect the intelligence from my lips produced upon Mr. Marshall. He stared as if thunder-smitten in my face for a few seconds, and then realizing the full horror of his position, turned as if to flee, staggered a few steps, and fell with a doleful cry upon the floor.

Fortunately, there was no one present or within hearing but myself, and I soon quietly restored him to consciousness—to consciousness, alas! that the hand of time was at last close upon that hour of which the prophetic tolling had for so many miserable months sounded in his ear!

I strove to calm his agitation by urging that the bank, which would, of course, as a matter of business, prove against the bankrupt's estate to the amount of the acceptances—not one of which was nearly due—would still hold them as against the acceptor till they reached maturity; and that, moreover, an excellent dividend might be rationally hoped for. I spoke to the winds; the wretched man heard as if not hearing me, and at last stopped my mouth, and for a time my breath, by suddenly exclaiming:

"You speak of you know not what! Those bills, those acceptances are—are forgeries!"

"Forgeries!"

"Yes, Mr. Johnson, forgeries! And—and I'll be poisoned with it no longer;—all—all all—my private discounts—all the bills made payable here, and entered in red ink—are forgeries!"

"Almighty powers! All in red ink—forgeries! Why, they are over nine thousand pounds!"

"Yes, yes—I know—I daresay! I have not dared to add them up for many a day. Miserable man that I am—infatuated fool that I have been! It commenced with three hundred pounds, to save my credit. Accursed credit! Would to God it had not been saved. And now—now, Mr. Johnson," he went on to say, perceiving that I was utterly confounded, "will you, can you stand by me? I trust in you. You have a cool head, strong nerves; will you, for my wife, my children's sake, strive to save me?"

I did not, could not immediately answer; but he had touched the right cord. For his children's sake! Yes, I would do much to shield their fair young lives from blight and sorrow so untimely and so terrible. I pledged my word as soon as I could speak with calmness, that I would do so.

It was settled, during the long and gloomy conference which followed, that every thing should be left to me, and that Mr. Marshall should keep close under pretence of illness—no pretence, by the way—at Stamford Hill, where I could see him every evening; lest, peradventure, his nervous terrors, now that the frightful peril he had incurred was become imminent, should betray him.

Eight clear days were before me in which to collect, without aid from discounts, £4000; for on the ninth day, the first meeting under the fiat in bankruptcy would take place, and the forged bills be tendered in proof against the estate of the acceptors. I succeeded in raising the money, and not six hours too soon; but there was still time to get possession of the bills without exciting suspicion or remark. I went over to the bank, and with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, placed a list of the acceptances I required before the clerk who had the management of Mr. Marshall's account. Although I well remember it was a bitterly cold morning, and I heard people say that the Serpentine was

frozen completely over during the night, my shirting, I know, was wringing wet, and my blood at fever-heat.

"Oh, you want those acceptances?" said the clerk, after glancing over the list. "We intended proving upon them to-morrow. You do not, I hope, propose," he sharply added, "to withdraw them by a cheque; because, your account being already a trifle overdrawn, I"—

"No, no," I interrupted; "I bring you cash for them."

"Do you? Why not, then, pay your cash into account, and let the bills run on to maturity?"

"Because, my good sir, we can do better with them than prove under the bankruptcy."

"Ho, ho! I understand; you have an offer for your debt. But mind what you are about. The estate will cut up very well, I am told."

I said he might let us alone for that; and after another torturing ten minutes, I held the terrible bills in my hand, checked with difficulty a frantic impulse to run, walked sedately out of the bank, and drove off to Stamford Hill.

So far successful; and although there was still much nervous work to do, there was more time to do it in. I must do myself the justice to say that I persevered valiantly the next four weeks, now elate with hope, now sunk in despair; and the nights were very much worse than the days; for so surely as I dozed off was either Mr. Marshall or I going to be hanged; Mrs. Marshall and the girls to be in some other way disastrously dealt with; and once I went through the whole process of being hanged, cut down, coffined, and buried, though still unaccountably alive, and able to read my own epitaph, written in red ink, upon a tombstone.

The main difficulties were at last surmounted; the accursed red list was reduced to three items, altogether about fourteen hundred pounds; in fact, the fearful race against time was as good as won, when I was suddenly tripped up and flung on my back, without chance of regaining my feet again, and in this way. Of course, the scraping together, in so short a time, of nine thousand pounds, over and above what was required for the ordinary outgoings, obliged me to make tempting allowances for prompt payments, and to press customers who thought

themselves, and indeed were, entitled to longer credit; operations which could not but damage the character of our establishment; and one consequence was, that Mr. Jay, of Leadenhall Street, a creditor for upwards of two thousand pounds, insisted upon being immediately settled with. That, as I told him, was quite out of the question; and we were next threatened with a writ, which I cared very little about, as we could have pleaded to it, and it would be months before judgment was obtained. Finding I was not to be frightened, Mr. Jay went to Stamford Hill; and although, fearful of some such trick, I had warned Mr. Marshall that he must see everybody that called, he was weak enough to bid the servant deny him. She did so to Mr. Jay, and the next day was bribed to make an affidavit of that fact (she at least did make the affidavit, and I certainly *saw* no bribe given), which, of course, established a clear act of bankruptcy; and Mr. Jay sent me notice that if he was not paid by four o'clock on the following day, a docket would be struck against Mr. Marshall, without further notice.

I went to Mr. Jay, but he was deaf to remonstrances—though, if he had been treated with the same harshness about two years previously, he would not have been the big man he then was—and I took my way to Stamford Hill to warn my unhappy principal of the fatal turn that, through his own folly, affairs had taken.

The announcement was a renewed dagger-stroke, so to speak; though outwardly, he was less violently agitated than I had seen him; and a suspicion which had before crossed my mind that he had secretly armed himself with some potent means of avoiding public shame, forcibly recurred. Seeing no possible means of withdrawing the three remaining *red* acceptances from the bank, I urged immediate flight; promising, of course, to do all in my power to soften the blow to his wife, who, I had ascertained, apprehended nothing worse than ordinary bankruptcy. Mr. Marshall listened gloomily, with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire; till suddenly recollecting I had a note for him, I said:

"By the by, sir, I have a note for you—left at the office, Roberts told me, by a Mr. Willesden."

"Mr. Willesden! Let me see."

Mr. Marshall opened the note, read it, started up, paced to and fro the room in a state of great excitement for a few moments; then suddenly arresting his steps, he exclaimed, as he shook me by the hand: "Good-night, Johnson. God bless you. I shall be at the warehouse by nine—perhaps earlier. Good-night, good-night!"

Here was apparently a new and promising turn of the wheel. I had a notion of having heard the name of Willesden, but when or from whom I could not recollect. A rich friend or relative, I hoped, just turned up in the very nick of time, as they always do in plays. And it proved so! Mr. Willesden called at the warehouse precisely at nine; saw, and had a long conference with Mr. Marshall; left, as did Mr. Marshall, but not with him; and both returned within ten minutes of each other. Their second interview was a brief one; and very soon after Mr. Willesden left I was summoned by Mr. Marshall. His face was as white, I afterwards remembered, as its natural sallowness permitted, and there shone a light in his eyes as of fever, or intense excitement.

"Take this cheque," he said, "and when you have cashed it, arrange with Jay. No doubt he will take half-down; in which case you can settle the other matter. This very afternoon were better, if it can be done quietly."

The cheque was drawn upon Jones, Lloyd, & Co., for £2700, in favor of John Marshall or bearer, by Richard Willesden. I seized and posted off with it without a word, hardly feeling my feet for uplifting joy, when—wonder upon wonders!—the ghost, as I for half a heart-beat deemed it, of Julia Curtis the younger tapped me on the shoulder and arrested my eager steps. She looked very thin and ill; and I soon understood how it was she had not sailed with her mother in the *William and Mary*, and that she, moreover, had been so unwell, that she had not left her room till the day previously. "And I should not be here now," she continued, "but for a letter which has reached me, in a round-about way, from Douglas, intimating that a Mr. Willesden has gone to London to inquire about us, and that he purposes calling for that purpose upon Mr. Marshall of Fenchurch Street, who, he has heard, is likely to know where we are. So," added the young woman, "I thought I would wait here, taking

my chance of seeing you, as I did not dare, you know, to call at the office."

"Come with me," I exclaimed, "to Jones, Lloyd, & Co. It is very likely they may know where Mr. Willesden is stopping. If not, I will ask Mr. Marshall."

I was about to ask the clerk who cashed the cheque if he knew where the drawer was to be found, when, chancing to look toward a distant part of the bank, I saw Mr. Willesden. He had apparently finished the business that called him there, and accosting him I said:

"There is a young woman outside who wishes to speak with Mr. Willesden."

"What is the young woman's name?"

"Julia Curtis."

"What Julia Curtis?"

"Julia Curtis, sir, the younger. Here she is."

"Miss Curtis!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe my eyes? Why, I was assured by Mr. Marshall hardly ten minutes since, that you were too ill to leave your lodgings at Cheshunt."

"My lodgings at Cheshunt!" echoed the mystified girl.

"Yes. Upon my word, there is some strange mystery here. Come with me; we will seek Mr. Marshall at once."

During that brief dialogue, a dreadful suspicion was flashing through my brain; and with a look and gesture, supplicatory of silence, to Julia Curtis, I hurried away to Fenchurch Street. The crossings and crowds hindered me; but at length I burst, panting and breathless, into the office. Mr. Marshall was still there, and standing with his back to the fire.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed, before I could speak.

"I do not know. Mr. Willesden has met with Julia Curtis: they will be here immediately."

He started as if shot, and grasped the mantel-piece for support.

"Here they are," I wildly exclaimed, and rushed out into the warehouse to meet and whisper a warning word to the young woman, who, I felt, would not, for the world's wealth, betray her father knowingly.

I snatched her away, as it were, from Mr. Willesden's arm, and in a few brief sentences intimated the purport of my fears and sus-

picious. She replied by an assuring pressure of the hand. "He is saved," I mentally ejaculated; and looking up at the moment, I saw Mr. Marshall's white face at the office-window, looking into the warehouse—a ghastly face, and instantly withdrawn.

I hastened forward with Julia Curtis, preceding Mr. Willesden, and exclaiming aloud: "All right—all right! Mr. Marshall, Miss Curtis presents her respects to you."

Mr. Marshall was standing with his hands resting upon a table in front of him, in a rigid, upright posture, and a mocking expression seemed to glitter in his eyes, and play about his lips. He spoke not—moved not, nor did either of us for a few moments; and then Julia Curtis sprang towards him, screaming "Father! dear father!" The unfortunate man feebly strove to remove her clasping arms, murmured something—Ellen, I thought—his wife's name—and fell forward on the table.

Help, swiftly as it came, arrived too late; John Marshall was dead!

I have but a few words to add. Mr. Marshall had received the cheque for and on behalf of Julia Curtis, whose name was signed to the receipt which he had given to Mr. Willesden. The money was part of what she was entitled to under the will of Robert Curtis, deceased; and Mr. Marshall had represented that, at that particular moment, such a sum would be of great service to her. He, of course, believed that Julia Curtis was drowned, and must, I think, have intended to return Mr. Willesden the money at some future period. Possibly, however, in the harassed and confused state of his mind, he only knew that such a sum would for the time save him.

His secret was faithfully kept; the three *red* acceptances were quietly obtained and destroyed, and the business was disposed of much more advantageously than I expected. One word more: the coroner's inquest, guided by the confident dictum of the medical gentleman who attended Mr. Marshall for the four or five weeks previous to his decease, that he had died of disease of the heart, did not think a *post-mortem* examination of the body was required, and returned a verdict of Natural Death. My own conviction does not harmonize with that verdict.

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Five Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo. London: John W. Parker and Son.

THE position of Dr. Trench, as a divine, is somewhat perplexing to persons who are always disposed to classify their fellow Christians under certain special designations—designations meant to be expressive of honor or reproach, according to circumstances. This eminent person can by no means be accounted a Rationalist, though he bears the suspicious mark of being a good German scholar, and certainly owes much to his extensive and careful reading in that language. Nor can he be called a Tractarian, though his tastes in regard to the literature of theology and ecclesiastical history, and to literature generally, present much in common with that school. Nor can he be said to have his place with the Evangelical clergy as that body is generally known, though he manifestly retains the great substance of their doctrine, divested, indeed, of the shibboleths and mannerisms of that party. From no section in the Church of England is Dr. Trench more separated than from the old high and dry orthodox section, a party, we presume, which is now pretty nearly extinct, and which can have left but few mourners behind it. Our ecclesiastical Romanticists, who are popularly known under the name of Puseyites, have taken the place of the last-mentioned school; and could they have managed to keep their romancings from running into those puerile fancies which have disfigured their proceedings, they might, with all their faults, have been an unquestionable improvement on the school they have displaced. The history of the Tractarian party shows that there were tastes and wants in the public mind which neither the Evangelicals nor the Orthodox knew how to meet. The province of art in regard to religion is a very important one, and its claims in this respect cannot be long suppressed. Romanism abused it, and Protestantism in consequence disowned it. But the reaction became excessive, unnatural, and was sure to give place in its turn to larger and more genial influences. There is no human capacity to which religion should not give its object—to the sensibility and to the imagination, no less than to the understanding. It is only a par-

tially developed humanity that can be content with a partially developed Christianity. It belongs to a real manhood in these things not to suppress any faculty or susceptibility of the soul, but to assign its due place, and its true object to each.

Dr. Trench is where he is as a Churchman, for the same reason that not a few men are where they are as Nonconformists. He is, upon the whole, more in his place, according to his own convictions, in being a Churchman, than he would be in any other connection. With many Nonconformists the case is precisely thus. The pretence, that by ceasing to be Churchmen, we cease to conform to anything we disapprove, is ridiculous. Every thoughtful man, whatever be his church connection, conforms to many lesser things which he does not approve, for the sake of the greater things with which they are connected, and of which he does approve. The adjuncts of a sect, which have come from the accidents of the past, are one thing; its great principles, which have come from inspiration, are another. God forbid that one's acceptance of the latter should be understood as implying approval of all that may be included in the former. The great error of the Church of England has been, not in requiring conformity, but in requiring the profession of approval beside. Apart from this material point, the question about conformity or nonconformity, as between the two great parties, would be simply a question of degree, for we all conform to things which are not to our mind for the sake of other things to which we attach great value. Gentlemen at St. Stephen's are sometimes disposed to pride themselves on being "independent members." But it is not only our legislative bodies that include such members; they exist in all our leading ecclesiastical bodies; and as these bodies become more enlightened, they will feel less difficulty in ceding space to such independence.

With admirable feeling and judgment, Dr. Trench appears to have appropriated what is best in the several sections of the Church of England, without directly identifying himself with any one of them. This is not the course to be taken by any man ambitious of notoriety in the way of party leadership. Too commonly such men buy their ascendancy at costs to which no mind possessing a high sense of truthfulness and honor could submit. In the history of parties, the leaders and the led are

too often the tools and slaves of each other. There are minds which cannot breathe in such an atmosphere, and the mind of Dr. Trench seems to be of this order. We must confess that this circumstance disposes us to look with interest to every thing of a religious character proceeding from his pen. We come to it expecting to find in it the fruit of retired, calm, independent, and Christian thought—not so much a theme addressed to a sect, as a truly Catholic message, designed for God's universal Church.

These five discourses, "preached before the University of Cambridge," have a consecutiveness in their subjects. The titles are as follows:—I. Christ the Only Begotten of the Father. II. Christ the Lamb of God. III. Christ the Light of the World. IV. Christ the True Vine. V. Christ the Judge of all.

There is something unusually reverential and profound in the spirit with which the author approaches every tract of thought having relation to "the Only Begotten of the Father." According to the view of this eminently devout and thoughtful writer, the fact of the Incarnation should not be regarded as a special manifestation of the Son of God, of which nothing would have been heard in the universe if sin had not entered this world, and if man had not fallen. Revelation, he complains, is often viewed too much on the side of its relation to man's need, and not sufficiently on the side of its relation to God's glory. Our theology, accordingly, is often too much of a science about man, not enough of a science about God, thus falsifying its name:—

"Let us beware, brethren, lest we allow selfishness to intrude into a region where least of all it should find place, but which yet too easily may become its special haunt and home; so that we shall measure the value of truths, not by the utterance which they contain of God's attributes, his wisdom, his love, his righteousness, his truth, not by the glory which they bring to Him, but solely by the bearing which they seem to have on ourselves, and on our own individual spiritual life. Something of this kind may perhaps be traced among us now; when the truths for which Augustine struggled, the doctrines of grace, are still precious and dear to us, because they seem to bear, and do bear, on our every-day life, on our daily conflict with sin and temptation; while those other truths of the eternal relation of the Son to the Father, for which Athanasius strove, for which he was contented to be an exile and a

fugitive, a dweller in caves and in wildernesses, to brave the extremest wrath of the world's mightiest potentate,—these, with others which like them seem to lie remote from our own immediate need, awaken no lively sympathy in our hearts. We confess their importance; we should strive, it may be most earnestly, against those who should deliberately seek to rob us of them; we should probably then understand that they were the strong substructures which, however out of sight, did yet support the fabric of our faith, that would be weak and tottering without them; but they are not now in any sense dear and near to us, like those doctrines of grace, for which Augustine witnessed, or of justification, from which Luther shook the dust of ages three centuries ago. Yet surely it was not for nothing that in the early Church the word 'theology,' with more special reference to its derivation, was restricted to that portion of what *we* should call theology, which had to do with God Himself, with the ever-blessed Trinity, or with the Son in his divine nature; while by other words, as for instance the 'economy,' men were used to designate the appearance of the Son of God in time, his life and walk in the flesh, his directly redemptive work. Those who employed this language did feel, and rightly, that in God the root of all theology lay; that He was the subject-matter of it, and consciously or unconsciously they expressed this conviction by the limitation which they assigned to the word.

"And the dangers which beset us when we at all forget this, are indeed neither few nor insignificant. Theology, when it limits itself to the immediately practical and useful, dismissing every thing which it does not esteem such, will not long retain even that practical and useful to which it has been willing to sacrifice every thing besides. Its pastures will lose their greenness soon, its lower levels will become dry, and parched, and barren, if they be not fed and refreshed from the upper springs. Its conversation must be habitually in heaven, if it shall really have any thing which is worth the telling upon earth. It is a Jacob's ladder, but angels must *descend* upon it, no less than *ascend*. If there be none descending, there will, in a little while, be none to ascend. In it we must have the story, not *merely* of man's upward striving to God; indeed, not of this at all, except as the result of God's downward looking upon men. It is not the record of a religious sentiment in man, a pathology of the human soul under certain of its higher aspects, but a record of a divine revelation from God, of what He has announced to men of His own being. In the fact that we are sometimes forgetting this, that there is so much

man, and so little about God in our modern theology, lies in great part the secret of its weakness; of the feeble hold which it has upon numbers who would gladly learn what God has declared of Himself; but who care much less for any secondary notices as to the exact manner in which this message has affected others; and least of all for what others have thought and speculated about Him."

If we would be delivered from such dangers, and raise theology to her true place, as "the queen-science of all," it behooves us, we are told, to look steadily to what is said of Christ in Scripture touching his existence, relations, and history, before his incarnation, as well as what is said concerning him subsequently to that event. The preacher is aware that there is a special elevation and mystery in the subject thus approached—yet he must approach it:—

"It behooves us, indeed, to speak with hesitation and modesty on a matter like this. Had there been no Fall, the conditions under which that transcendent manifestation of love and of honor done to man must have taken place, would of course have been infinitely different from those under which the Eternal Son did actually exchange the form of God for the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Those conditions, more glorious seemingly, would have been less glorious in reality, for they would have lacked the glory of suffering, the unfathomable wonder of that infinite self-denial which stooped to the fallen and the guilty, and shared the miseries of the one and the penalties of the other. But the thing itself, we may reverentially believe, would not the less have been. They only reaffirm what has been the conviction of many theologians in all times, who are persuaded that the headship of the race of man would have pertained to Him not the less, to whom all headship of men or of angels rightly appertains; all things in heaven and in earth being recapitulated in Him; since only in this recapitulation could the race of Adam have attained the end of its creation, the place among the families of God, for which from the first it was designed.

"In this view, the taking on Himself of our flesh by the Eternal Word was no makeshift, to meet a mighty, yet still a particular emergent, need; a need which, conceding the liberty of man's will and that it was possible for him to have continued in his first state of obedience, might never have occurred. It was not a mere result and reparation of the Fall, such an act as, except for that, would never have been; but lay bedded at a far

deeper depth in the counsels of God for the glory of his Son, and the exaltation of that race formed in his image and his likeness. For against those who regard the Incarnation as an arbitrary, or as merely an historic event, and not an ideal one as well, we may well urge this weighty consideration, that the Son of God did not in and after his ascension strip off this human nature again; He did not regard his humanity as a robe, to be worn for awhile, and then laid aside; the convenient form of his manifestation, so long as He was conversing with men upon earth, but the fitness of which had with that conversation passed away. So far from this, we know on the contrary that He assumed our nature forever, married it to Himself, glorified it with his own glory, carried it as the form of his eternal subsistence into the world of angels, before the presence of his Father. Had there been any thing accidental here, had the assumption of our nature been an afterthought (I speak as a man), this marriage of the Son of God with that nature could scarcely be conceived. He could hardly have so taken it—taken it, that is, forever—unless it had possessed an ideal as well as an historic fitness; unless preestablished harmonies had existed, such harmonies as only a divine intention could have brought about between the one and the other."

Concerning that humanity which has thus been manifested, and its little agreement with that worship of "heroes" and of "force" which some speculators have labored so hard to introduce among us, the preacher has expressed himself in clear and weighty terms:—

"When, however, the light shining in the darkness proved ever more unable to scatter it, for 'the darkness comprehended it not,' then there followed another step in the manifestation of the Eternal Word. He who was the divine ground of man's being, Himself became man: 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.' 'We beheld,' exclaims the Apostle, 'his glory.' And what was the glory which he beheld? The fulness of his grace and truth. Not in the fulness of his power, not in the mighty works which He wrought, or which were wrought on Him, not in signs and miracles and wonders, not in any of these did the Apostle detect 'the glory as of the only begotten of the Father;' but in this, that He went up and down the world with words of truth, and gracious deeds of healing; that He preached the Gospel to the poor, that He stooped to every need, had a heart for every woe. In

these things shone out the glory which the beloved disciple saw.

"O brethren, what potent medicine is here for the pride and swellings of our souls! We have in *his* life of whom St. John is speaking the human when it is most godlike; nay rather, we have here man in his actual identity with God. Surely this must be man, as he most ought to be; and oh! how unlike He proves to that dream of human greatness which we sometimes would fain realize for ourselves, which we are ready to wonder after when realized in others. What a witness is here borne against that worship of force,—moral or immoral, it matters little,—to which some would so earnestly invite us, which is only too welcome to ourselves; as though strength, if only it be strong enough, contained ever an apology for itself, justified and redeemed its own excesses, became a law to itself, and might own no other law; the ten commandments, with their 'Love God' and 'Love your neighbor,' having been never meant for the leading spirits of the world—so that, to hear some speak, we might suppose that holiness and righteousness are only one of the many ways in which men are free to develop themselves and their own inward life; while if their taste and impulses are in another direction, they are equally free to choose that other. But here at length is the divine idea of humanity; the one man, about whom if we believe any thing, we must believe that his life is normal and regulative for the lives of all other men; and that life how different from, and how far rebuking, those lives of 'the men of the earth,' the proud and strong, for whom our admiration is demanded."

Simple fidelity requires that the Christian minister should be thus out-spoken—but there are men sustaining that office whose compromises on such topics look too much like treason against the master they profess to serve. Our conviction has long been, that it is only through the human as presented in Christ, that man will ever be found to ascend to the true worship of the Divine—that the choice before us is truly a choice between Christian-worship and Man-worship. We are glad to see this thought put so admirably in the following passage:—

"And then, as another fruit of the Incarnation, it not merely delivers us from false standards of glory and of greatness, giving us for these the true, but, much more than this, supplies us with a deliverance from the same disease of our spirits, when it has reached a far higher intensity. We have thus a man whom men may worship, and yet not be guilty

of idolatry; whom they are bound to worship for He is also the Son of God, if they would not be guilty of impiety. Herein is deliverance from the last and subtlest form of all idolatry, the deification and worship of man, and, worst of all, of him in all which constitutes his shame no less than his glory. The race of mankind, growing intellectually to man's estate, may outlive and leave far behind every other form of false worship. It may no longer fill a profaned pantheon with birds and beasts and creeping things. The beneficent powers of nature may no longer attract, nor the blind forces of nature extort, its homage; hero and demigod may pertain to creeds outworn and a long vanished past; but there is an idol-worship which remains still behind, and from which there is no deliverance, except in Him in whom alone is deliverance from all idolatry, and who alone satisfies the yearnings out of which it springs. 'God is man,' or 'Man is God'—we must choose between these two statements, and accept the tremendous consequences of our choice. A time in the development of the history of our race arrives, when these are the only alternatives for every man. And if we are willing to believe St. Paul and St. John, be sure, brethren, that the question in the end, will present itself to every man in a very palpable form, and one from which there shall be no escape, but that he must answer it one way or the other. Will he accept the God-man, Him who was God from everlasting before He was made man; or in lieu of Him, a man-god, a man that has lifted up himself, and been lifted up by the consent of his fellows, to this blasphemous height?

"Nor is it Scripture alone which declares this; he must be blind indeed to the moral signs of the times, who cannot perceive this mystery of iniquity, the last and the crowning one, already working; this world-wide conspiracy, the same of which David spake in the second Psalm, spreading through an apostate Christendom, which is ripening more and more for an open revolt from its Lord. 'Man is God,' this is the new Gospel, which is seeking to supplant the old, or 'God is man.' It needs hardly be observed that this new gospel is indeed atheism, and that veiled under thinnest disguise. For 'Man is God,' what after all does it amount to but this—'Man is man?' for they who so speak, having in this very utterance evidently renounced a belief in God, in a Being, that is, greater, better, holier, wiser than man, have no right to retain and juggle with a name which belongs to another and a higher range of things than any which they would acknowledge, to deck themselves with its spoils, and by aid of these to cover and conceal their own miserable poverty; crouching, like some barbarous horde, beneath

the ruins of temples and palaces which they themselves have destroyed."

These are reasonable utterances, and cannot be spoken in vain. The frivolous may make light of them, the wise will husband them. The second sermon is on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world:"—

"It is impossible to estimate too highly the significance of these words, or the place which, in a true scheme of Christian doctrine, they must assume. As the Church understands them, they set forth our Lord in his central function and office, as the one perfect sacrifice, 'the Lamb of God;' they set forth the effectual operation of his sacrifice of Himself, as a bearing, and a bearing away, of the world's sin. They may therefore fitly constitute our starting-point from which to consider what the Church's doctrine of the atonement, or of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the consequences which follow thereupon, may be; and this, with especial reference to objections brought against this doctrine, as failing to commend itself to the conscience, as indeed outraging that sense of right, that revelation anterior to all other revelations, which God has planted in the heart; as a doctrine, therefore, which, however it may seem to be in Scripture, however a superficial interpretation of certain passages may favor this impression, it is impossible can be truly there.

"The gravity of the matter thus brought to issue none can deny, nor yet the very serious and far-reaching consequences which must follow, if, while the word 'sacrifice' should indeed be left us, all wherein the essence of sacrifice consisted, as mainly its *vicarious* and *satisfactory* character, were to be exploded from the new Testament. One of the first of these consequences would be a loosening, that I say not a dissolution, of the bonds between the Old Testament and the New. There can be no question that in the Old, the doctrine of sacrifice, of the vicarious suffering of one for another, of satisfaction resulting thereupon, everywhere prevails. If there is nothing of this in the New, if this is Jewish only and not Christian as well, if Christ, for instance, is only the Lamb of God because of his innocence and purity, and not because of his sacrificial death, if He takes away the sin of the world only in the way of summoning and enabling men to leave off their sins, all bonds between the New Testament and at least the Levitical sacrifices of the Old are broken. These last point to nothing. They are a huge husk without a kernel; types without their antitype; shadows, but not 'shadows of the true,' and thus with no substance

following; a promise without performance; an elaborate and enormous machinery for the effecting of nothing."

Dr. Trench insists that if the sacrifices of the Old Testament be divested of their relation to the sacrifice of Christ, they not only fall down to the level of the heathen sacrifices, but they sink even lower, for the heathen offerings did possess a sacrificial significance in the eyes of their worshippers, and they would thus be of a higher moral meaning than the Levitical offerings. The preacher affirms that the doctrine for which he contends in relation to the design and import of the death of Christ, does not offend the moral sense of men, as some assert, but rather commends itself to the approval of the moral judgment of the race. He undertakes to show that the doctrine which sets forth the death of Christ as a "*vicarious* offering," and as a "*satisfaction*" for sin, is not an unreasonable doctrine:

"The objection, then, as I take it, to Christ's *vicarious* offering,—for I will first deal with this,—to the assertion that He died not merely for the good of, but in the room and in the stead of, others, tasted death *for* them, commonly assumes this form. Must not righteousness, it is said, be the law of all God's dealings? Most of all, must we not expect to find consistent with highest righteousness that which is the most solemn and awful dealing of God with his creatures? But how is it agreeable with this, how can it be called just, nay, how can it be acquitted of extremest injustice, to lay on one man the penalties of others, so that he pays the things which he never took, so that they sin and he is punished, on him being laid the iniquities of them all? What have we here, an adversary will insist, but in the awfulest sphere of all, and in matters the most tremendous, the same injustice which, even in least things, provokes our indignation; as, for instance, when some playfellow of a young prince is constituted, as we may sometimes have read of, to suffer the consequences of *his* idleness; so that one neglects his tasks, and another is chastised; one plays the truant, and another bears the smart?

"But the case is not in point; and, since it has been started, it might be worth our while to make it in point, and then to consider whether it presents itself in any aspect so monstrous and absurd. To make it in point, the parts which the several persons sustain must, in the first place, be reversed. It must be that the young prince suffers for his humbler truant companions, not one of them for him; it must be that he does it, not of com-

pulsion or constraint, but of his own free will; it must be that only such an act as this would overcome their perversity and idleness; that he offers himself to this correction, knowing that nothing else would overcome it, and that this would be effectual to do so. A submission with this knowledge to the punishment of their faults and negligences and shortcomings might be strange, even as all acts of condescending, self-offering love are strange in a world of selfishness and pride; but surely there would be nothing in it either monstrous or ridiculous.

"And exactly in the same way, when we hear it urged, How can it be righteous to lay on one man the penalties of others? surely we must feel that the question, to be effectually answered, needs only to be more accurately put; that the form which it ought to assume is this, How can it be righteous for one man to *take upon himself* the penalties of others? and none who remember the 'Lo! I come' of the Saviour, the willing sacrifice of our Isaac, prefigured by his who climbed so meekly in his father's company the hill of Moriah—none, I say, who remember this, will deny our right to make this change; while surely the whole aspect of the question is now by this little change altered altogether. For how many an act of heroic self-sacrifice, which it would be most unrighteous for others to demand from, or to force on, one reluctant, which indeed would cease to be heroism or sacrifice at all, unless wholly self-imposed, is yet most glorious when one has freely offered himself thereunto; is only *not* righteous, because it is so much better than righteous, because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, but only known no more because it has been transfigured into love. Wherein else is the chief glory of history but in those deeds of self-devotion, of heroic self-offering, which like trumpet tones sounding from the depths of the past, rouse us, at least for a while, from the selfish dream of life to a nobler existence; and of which if the mention has become trite and common now, it has only become so because the grandeur of them has caused them to be evermore in the hearts and on the lips of men. Vicarious suffering; it is strange to hear the mighty uproar which is made about it; when indeed in lower forms,—not low in themselves, though low as compared with the highest,—it is everywhere, where love is at all. For indeed is not this, of one freely taking on himself the consequences of others' faults, and thus averting from those other, at least in part, the penalties of the same, building what others have thrown down, gathering what others have scattered, bearing the burdens which others have wrapped together, healing the wounds which others have in-

flicted, paying the things which he never took, smarting for sins which he never committed; is not this, I say, the law and the condition of all highest nobleness in the world?—is it not that which God is continually demanding of his elect, they approving themselves his elect, as they do not shrink from this demand, as they freely own themselves the debtors of love to the last penny of the requirements which it makes? And if these things are so, shall we question the right of God Himself to display this nobleness which he demands of his creatures? Shall we wish to rob Him of the opportunity, or think to honor Him who is highest love, by denying Him the right, to display it?"

Such is the full tide of high thoughts and of ripe Christian devoutness which Dr. Trench can bring to discussions of this nature. He next looks to the death of Christ under the second great aspect of it, and this he does in a manner adapted to raise the conceptions and feelings of his auditory into something like a meetness for contemplating a theme so much in harmony with the world in which we live, and yet so much above it.

"But the sufferings and death of Christ were not merely vicarious; they were also satisfactory; and thus atoning or setting *at one*, bringing together the Holy and the unholy, who could not have been reconciled in any other way. When we speak thus, we are sometimes taunted at the outset with the fact that the word 'satisfaction,' as applied to the death of Christ and its results, nowhere occurs in Scripture; so belongs to the later Latin theology (Anselm being the first to employ it), that the Greek theology does not so much as possess the word,—I mean of course any Greek equivalent for it. This is true; but though the word 'satisfaction' is not in Scripture, the thing is everywhere there, and we are contending not about words, but things; the idea of it is inherent in ransom, in redemption, in propitiation, in scriptural words, and phrases, and images out of number; and just as in the Arian controversy the Church had a perfect right to the 'homousion,' careless whether the *word* were in Scripture or no, so here to 'satisfaction,' seeing that this best expresses and sums up the truth which in this matter she holds.

"But not to tarry longer with this objection at the threshold, how, it is further urged, could God be well-pleased with the sufferings of the innocent and the holy? What 'satisfaction,' since we will have this word, could He find in these? Here, as so often, the faith of the Church is first caricatured, that so it may be more easily brought into question. Could God have pleasure in the sufferings of

the innocent and the holy, and that innocent and holy his own Son? Assuredly not; but He could have pleasure, nay, according to the moral necessities of his own being, He must have pleasure, yea, the highest joy, satisfaction, and delight in the love, the patience, the obedience, which those sufferings gave Him the opportunity of displaying, which but for those He could never have displayed; above all He must have rejoiced in these as manifested in his own Son. For even, we ourselves, when we read in story of those who for the love of their fellows have made their lives one long, patient martyrdom, or who, witnessing for the truth, have been borne from earth in the fire-chariot of some shorter but sharper agony, do we not feel that we have a right to rejoice in these martyrs of truth and love, yea, in the very pains and sufferings which they endured? that only as the nerves of our own moral being are weak and unstrung, only as we have become incapable not merely of doing, but even of appreciating, what is noble and great, do we grudge them those pains, do we wish for them one of these to have been less; seeing that these were the conditions of their greatness, that without which it could never have been shown, without which it might never have existed?

"Even the heathen moralist could say of God in his dealings with good men, '*fortiter amat*;' there is no weakness in his love; it is love according to which He does not spare his own, but thrusts them forth to labor, and difficulty, and pains, in which alone they can be perfected; even as the same heathen could affirm that God had joy in nobly suffering men; not, of course, for the sufferings' sake, but for the virtues which were manifested therein. And should not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ have pleasure in the faith, the love, the obedience of his Son? Yea, it was a joy such as only the mind and heart of God could contain, that in his Son this perfect pattern of self-forgetting, self-offering love was displayed. We do not shrink from accepting in the simplest sense the assertion of the Apostle, that Christ, giving himself for us on the Cross, became therein and thereby 'a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour' unto God; that He was well pleased therewith, and said at length what He would never else have said, 'I have found a ransom.'

"Christ satisfied herein—not the divine anger—but the divine craving and yearning after a perfect holiness, righteousness, and obedience in man, God's chosen creature, the first fruits of his creatures; which craving no man had satisfied, but all had disappointed, before. There had been a flaw in every other man's escutcheon; every other, instead of repairing the breach which Adam had made,

had himself left that breach wider than he found it. But here at length was one, a son of man, yet fairer than all the children of men, one on whom the Father's love could rest with a perfect complacency, in regard of whom He could declare, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' in whom He had pleasure without stint and without drawback. And that life of his, the long self-offering of that life of love was crowned, consummated, and perfected by the sacrifice of his death, wherein He satisfied to the uttermost every demand which God could make on him, and satisfied for all the demands which God had made upon all the other children of men, and which they had not satisfied for themselves.

Persons observant of the thought of our time on this subject, will be aware that many who bow to the authority of Scripture as really teaching the doctrine of satisfaction for sin by the death of Christ, profess themselves at a loss to trace an intelligible connection between the one event and the other. That Christ died for this purpose, seems to them to be a clear lesson of Scripture; but how his death should lead to such a result they see not. In the last passage cited, Dr. Trench has said much, adapted to meet this feeling of difficulty. But he returns to the subject, and becomes still more instructive on this point.

"But if the question is here asked, How could one man satisfy for many? how by one man's obedience could many be made righteous? the answer is not far to seek. The transcendent worth of that obedience which Christ rendered, of that oblation which He offered, the power which it possessed of countervailing and counterbalancing a world's sin, lay in this, that He who offered these, while He bore a human nature, and wrought human acts, was a Divine person; not indeed God alone, for as such He would never have been in the condition to offer; nor man alone, for when the worth of his offering could never have reached so far; but that He was God and man in one person indissolubly united, and in this person performing all those acts, man that He might obey, and suffer, and die, God that he might add to every act of his obedience, his suffering, his death, and immeasurable worth, steeping in the glory of his divine personality all of human that He wrought. Christ was able so summarily to pay our debt, because He had another and a higher coin in which to pay it than that in which it was contracted. It was contracted in the currency of earth; He paid it in the currency of heaven. Nor was it, as some among the schoolmen of the middle ages

taught, that God arbitrarily ascribed and imputed to Christ's obedience unto death a value which made it equal to the needs and sins of the world, such a value as it would not have had but for this imputation. We affirm rather with the deeper theologians of those and of all times, who crave to deal with realities, not with ascriptions and imputations, that his offering had in itself this intrinsic value, that there was no ascription to it, as of God's mere pleasure, of a value which it did not in itself possess; for then the same might have been imputed to the work of an angel or of a saint; the whole exclusive fitness of the Son of God undertaking the work would then pass away; and another might have made up the breach as well as He. We affirm rather that what the Son of God claimed in behalf of that race whereof He had become the representative and the Head, he claimed as of right—although, indeed, that right was one which the Father as joyfully conceded as the Son demanded. Without a satisfaction such as this the eternal interests of that righteousness whereof God is the upholder in his own moral universe would not have permitted Him to be, as He now is, the passer by of transgression, the justifier and acceptor of the ungodly.

"Such, my brethren, is the Church's faith in respect of the atonement. That atonement is not, as some would persuade us, a one-sided act; it looks not one way, but two; having a face with which it looks toward God, as well as one with which it looks toward man. It is no mere reconciling of man to God, as though its object were to remove the distrust, to kill the enmity in man's heart, to persuade him to throw down his arms, and yield himself the vanquished of eternal love. It is most truly this, but it is much more than this. It is a reconciling not merely of man to God, but of God to man; whose love could not have gone forth upon the children of men in its highest forms, in those of forgiveness, acceptance, renewal, if this had not found place. Think not then, my brethren, of Christ the peace-maker, as though He came only to announce peace; to say to the doubting and distrustful children of men, 'Why will ye remain at such a miserable and guilty distance from your Heavenly Father, when his arms are stretched out to receive you, when He is only waiting to enfold you within them?' No doubt Christ did come bringing this message, did proclaim that those arms were open, that Heavenly Father waiting to be gracious, but He only brought this inasmuch as He made the peace which He announced. 'Having made peace (*εἰρηνοποιήσας*) by the blood of the Cross,' 'He entered into the Holiest of all, having obtained (or, having Himself found, *εὗράμενος*) eternal redemption for us.' In Him and through Him, through

the sacrifice of his death, the disturbed, and in part suspended relations between God and his sinful creatures, were reconstituted anew; his blood being shed to cleanse men from their sins, and not to teach them that those sins needed no cleansing, and could be forgiven without one.

"And will any faith which is short of this faith satisfy the deepest needs and cravings of your souls? You may struggle against it with your understandings; though, I think, very needlessly; for it seems to me to approve itself to the reason and the conscience, quite as much as to demand acceptance of our faith; but you will crave it with your inmost spirits. There are times when, perhaps, nothing short of this will save you from a hopeless despair."

It is refreshing to meet with a mind so gifted, and so rich in various culture as the mind of Dr. Trench, thus completely at one with this great central truth in the divine message to humanity. His profound, reverential, and confiding spirit in this connection, contrasts strongly with the spirit in which the same truth has been regarded of late in some other quarters. Mr. Maurice, from whose speculations on this point and some others we have often had occasion to express our dissent, is, in our estimation, an intelligent, devout Christian man—and a man we feel assured, who would be ashamed to witness the affectations of difficulty and profundity in which not a few of our neophytes have been disposed to indulge on this subject under the sanction, as they imagine, of his example. In his view, the character of Christ is representative. He is the head of a redeemed humanity. By means of this doctrine, his doctrine of the atonement, deficient as it may be, is clearly distinguishable from the purely unitarian conception on that subject. It is in vain to quarrel with the word "vicarious," or with the word "satisfaction;" both *ideas* must be admitted, whatever may be done with the *words*, if this idea of headship is to have any meaning. In all in which Mr. Maurice may be said to differ from Dr. Trench, he differs at the cost of consistency, and often the difference would be found to be a difference about words, more than about things. His dislike of the evangelical church party as a party, and his wish to make out a strong case against them, has been indulged by the preacher at Lincoln's Inn at serious cost to his logic, his temper, and his reputation. But we are willing to hope the worst is past.

The most plausible objection to the doctrine of atonement, and which neither Mr. Maurice nor Dr. Trench has attempted to meet, is that which alleges, that however improper it might be for a magistrate to acquit a criminal merely on a profession of penitence, it could not be so with the Divine Being, inasmuch as He must *know* where such professions are sincere; and all that any moral administration can propose in relation to offenders is to reclaim them. In reply to this view of the matter, we scarcely need say, that in the estimation of most evangelical divines, no man will ever become a penitent in the evangelical sense, except as placed under the influence of evangelical truth. It belongs to the same authority to "give repentance" and "remission of sins." But not to insist on this point—it is clear from what we know of the Divine Government, that penalties are often inflicted as acts of pure retribution and warning, where the restoration of the sufferer is not the end contemplated. Providence is full of instances of this nature. Moreover, we venture to say, that it is not consistent with the known providence of this world, that even where repentance is real, all penalty incurred by the wrong-doer should be remitted. The spendthrift, the drunkard, the debauchee, who have brought ruin of all sorts upon themselves, may repent ever so sincerely of the past, but that leaves them to struggle with all the evils in the present which that past has entailed upon it. In a few rare cases these evils may be in part counteracted, but it can never be more than in part. The scheme of divine providence, accordingly, knows nothing of the doctrine,—that to repent of evil is enough of itself to ensure a remission of its penalty. As a rule, where the evil comes, the penalty comes; whether the evil-doer be penitent or not. Nor is this unreasonable. The lives of such men have fallen as a curse on multitudes. The effects of their vices have gone out into society in forms that cannot be defined, and in degrees that cannot be measured. What can their repentance do towards repairing that world of mischiefs? Next to nothing. And if the offender's penitence can do next to nothing towards removing evil from those on whom he has inflicted it, is it to be allowed to do every thing in the way of removing evil from the offender himself? Is there no pitying power, no stern moral guardian-

ship to be exercised in behalf of those who have become the victims of his bad passions? We scarcely need repeat in this place, that the Divine mind, which is no doubt present in the relation between parent and child, is also, and as truly, present in the relation between magistrate and subject. The true ethics of family government and of national government are from the same source. God could be no God to enlightened humanity, if, while, "delighting in mercy," he were not also known as making himself a terror to the evil-doer. The injured all have their pleas against such doers, and a just, moral government must not ignore those pleas, but must listen to them, and, where valid, must accept them according to their due weight. Take the following passage, as showing how the experiences of life may prepare the way, not merely for the reception of the doctrine of the atonement, but for the reception of it as a great truth which meets, and is alone sufficient to meet, one of the deepest needs of our nature:—

"Let me imagine, for example, one, who, with many capacities for a nobler and purer life, and many calls thereunto, has yet suffered himself to be entangled in youthful lusts, has stained himself with these; and then, after awhile, awakens, or rather is awakened by the good Spirit of God, to ask himself, What have I done? How fares it with him at the retrospect then, when he, not wholly laid waste in spirit, is made to possess (oh, fearful possession!) the sins of his youth? Like a stricken deer, though none but himself may be conscious of his wound, he wanders away from his fellows; or if with them, he is alone among them, for he is brooding still and ever on the awful mystery of evil which he now too nearly knows. And now, too, all purity, the fearful innocence of children, the holy love of sister and of mother, and the love which he had once dreamed of as better even than these, with all which is supremely fair in nature or in art, comes to him with a shock of pain, is fraught with an infinite sadness; for it wakens up in him by contrast a livelier sense of what he is, and what, as it seems, he must forever be; it reminds him of a Paradise forever lost, the angel of God's anger guarding with a fiery sword its entrance against him. He tries by a thousand devices to still, or at least to deaden, the undying pain of his spirit. What is this word sin, that it should torment him so? He will tear away the conscience of it, this poisonous shirt of Nessus, eating into his soul, which, in a heedless moment, he has put on. But no; he can tear away his

own flesh, but he cannot tear away that. Go where he may, he still carries with him the barbed shaft which has pierced him; 'heret lateri letalis arundo.' The arrow which drinks up his spirit, there is no sovereign dittany which will cause it to drop from his side—none, that is, which grows on earth; but there is, which grows in heaven, and in the Church of Christ, the heavenly enclosure here. And you too, if such a one be among us, may find your peace, you will find it, when you learn to look by faith on Him, 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' You will carry, it may be, the scars of those wounds which you have inflicted upon yourself to your grave; but the wounds themselves He can heal them, and heal them altogether. He can give you back the years which the cankerworm has eaten, the peace which your sin had chased away, and, as it seemed to you, forever. He can do so and will. 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow'—this will be then your prayer, and this your prayer will be fulfilled. The blood of sprinkling will purge, and you will feel yourself clean. Your sin will no longer be yourself; you will be able to look at it as separated from you, as laid upon another, upon One so strong that He did but for a moment stagger under the weight of a world's sin, and then so bore, that bearing He has borne it away forever."

The claims of moral government are all so honored, elevated, sublimated by the homage rendered to them in the self-sacrifice of Christ, that the most injured may well be content to forgive where He is disposed to exercise forgiveness. Satisfaction for "the sins of the past," which no penitence or amendment on the part of the offender could ever make, is thus made by the Divine Mediator and Representative of the race. The vengeance that must otherwise have come on the delinquent and to the full, is stayed. Pardon exercised through the sublimest manifestation of rectitude and goodness the universe has ever seen, cannot be said to have been exercised on a basis of indifference to rectitude and goodness. The divine estimate of these attributes is indicated in the cost at which they are thus manifested. It is quite true that the suffering of the innocent is accepted in this case in the place of the suffering of the guilty; but it is not true that this is a putting of injustice in the place of justice. The being who accepts the self-consecration of the patriot and the martyr for the purposes of his providence, accepts the self-consecration of a greater than they for the purposes of his grace. It does

not belong to his nature to care for nothing beyond the barely just. He attaches his highest value to the willing services of the generous. He expects us to see a majesty in rectitude, and he expects us to see also a beauty in goodness. The first of these objects awakens veneration, the response of feeling proper to the second is love. God means that his moral universe shall be a richer domain than some men seem willing to suppose.

The three remaining discourses in this brief series are rich in beautiful thoughts, but they are not characterized to the same degree as the first and second by distinctness and unity of subject. Nor do they contain the same clear and pregnant references to the phases of religious thought especially prevalent in our time. Our readers, however, will find them well deserving an attentive perusal. The text of the third discourse is John viii. 12:—"Then spoke Jesus to them again, saying, I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." This language is noticed as being in harmony with our Lord's general manner of speaking concerning himself—a manner so peculiar to him, and so full of lofty self-assertion, as to render it marvellous that any man professing to admit the ordinary historical truthfulness of Scripture should fail to see that the alternative before him is, to receive Jesus Christ as more than man, or at once to class him with the deceiving or deceived:—

"But to consider these words more nearly, I would entreat you to observe, my brethren, how the Lord assumes in them, as in so many other of his words, as indeed more or less distinctly in all his words, a central position in respect of the whole family of mankind; so that all men stand in a relation to Him in which they do not stand to one other, or to any child of man except only to Himself. He presents Himself, not as other men are, a point, it may be an important one, but still a point, in the vast circumference of humanity. He is rather the centre to which the lines from every other point converge; from which they diffuse themselves again. And in respect of this, how different is Christ's self-assertion, from the self-negation of every other good and holy man. Every other, in proportion as he is a good man and true, rejoices to make himself nothing, to divest himself of every glory and of every claim. The Baptist was great (we have an angel's word for it), but when his countrymen asked him, 'Who art thou? what sayest thou of thyself?' the ut-

most he would claim was, to be 'a voice crying in the wilderness;' he was, he proclaimed, of the earth, and being earthly, spake of the earth, and seemed to rejoice in words of self-disparagement.

"But while he and every other godly man thus abdicates every claim, puts back, at least before God, the honors which others would thrust upon him, while every other thus makes himself nothing, Christ, on the contrary makes Himself every thing. He puts Himself, I will not say into the foremost rank, for that would ill express the fact, but into a rank quite by Himself. And yet He who did so was, as we know, the meek and the lowly one, was clothed with humility, came seeking not his own glory, but the glory of his Father; while for all this no words are too large, no statements too magnificent, for Him to utter in respect of Himself. All the weary and heavy laden in this vast wilderness of woe are to come to Him; He has rest and refreshment for them all. He predominates over all human relations, the nearest and the holiest; to love father or mother better than Him, is not to be worthy of Him. He is the Bread of God, which men may eat of and not die—the Resurrection and the Life—the Way, the Truth and the Life—the True Vine—or, as here, the Light of the world.

"Surely this fact, this contrast between Christ's language about Himself, and other good men's language about themselves, may well give rise to profound meditations; the conclusions which we may deduce from it are of infinite importance. How many heresies which have torn the Church it ought to have rendered forever impossible. For how impossible is it to reconcile these declarations of

the Lord about Himself with any other view of the dignity of his person save that which the Catholic Church in all ages has held. He is either that which the Church teaches Him to be—or that which we may well decline to utter in an assembly of Christian men. There is no other alternative. If these declarations which Christ makes about Himself are true, then all temporizing middle positions, Arian, and Unitarian, are such as it is impossible to maintain. Men cannot rest in them for long; but must either rise higher, that is, to the faith of the Church in respect of her Lord; or else sink lower, and renounce the Lord of glory as a deceiver, or a deceived. For as many as accept the Evangelist's record of our Lord's words as perfectly representing what He did utter, unmodified, uncolored by prejudices and prepossessions of the relater, every other position but one of these, is one merely of transition, is one logically untenable, and is sooner or later discovered to be so, and forsaken."

The truth is, the Unitarianism of half a century since is pretty well extinct. A philosophical mysticism has come into its place. Wardlaw on the *Socinian Controversy* shows clearly enough how the case stood forty years ago; but such books have lost nearly all adaptation to things as they are. The modern Unitarian believes a great deal more in the supernatural than his predecessors, but he believes a great deal less in the Scriptures. He accounts himself a much wiser man than Isaiah or St. Paul, and has no thought of being bound by their authority.

MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Artificial teeth were for a long time made of the tusk of the hippopotamus, which nearly resembles the human tooth and is susceptible of a high polish. They are now made of a kind of porcelain, of silex and feldspar, of such hardness as to resist a file; they are ground with corundum-wheels. Different makers use different portions of these materials, giving a more or less natural appearance and color. There is scarcely any art which has made greater progress within the last few years than the dental art, and none in which American skill and ingenuity stand more preëminent. This superiority is silently acknowledged by the well-known fact that the best dentists of the capitals of England and France are Americans; American dentists

having operated on the mouths of half the crowned heads of Europe. For filling, gold leaf is chiefly employed, and is the best perhaps, though costly. Various other substances have been used, as tin-foil, various hardening pastes, wax, gutta-percha, vulcanized rubber, &c.; a good material, cheap, durable, and easy of introduction, is yet a desideratum in dental surgery. But it is chiefly in the manufacture and adaptation of artificial teeth that American inventive skill has been displayed. The beautiful imitation of the teeth and gums, and the practical as well as ornamental purposes to which they are applied, is quite surprising. No loss of teeth or absorption of socket and gum, or deficiency of palate even, seems too difficult to remedy.—*National Intelligencer*.

From Fraser's Magazine.
HANWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. RAMSAY was the widow of a merchant and the mother of one grown-up daughter. She had been the mother of two, but of the eldest she was wont to say, being very much addicted to quotations, that she was "not lost but gone before." It would sometimes happen when she addressed this observation to a new acquaintance, that the intimation would be received with a proper sigh of sympathy and a condoling expression of countenance, and then Mrs. Ramsay would say, soothingly—"Don't distress yourself, my dear madam; my eldest daughter is "gone before" only in the matrimonial sense, and I have quite got over it now, for it is four years ago that she married, and her husband, Sir Simon Howell, is really an excellent man, and Elderslie is a very fine place. To confess the truth, Sophia was so handsome and so accomplished that it was impossible to hope to keep her by my side for longer than one whole season, nor could I with any conscience wish her to 'blush unseen,' or 'waste her sweetness on the desert air;' and I assure you that I am indeed only very thankful that the difference of age between my children (there are five years between them) leaves me still one daughter." On this explanation the acquaintance annoyed at having been cheated into a misplaced sympathy, would without any touch of sentiment, wish her the same good fortune with her youngest, and then leave the mother to finish her rising sigh alone.

Mrs Ramsay admired and esteemed her eldest daughter, Lady Howell. She admired the attractions that had induced Sir Simon to offer her his hand, his title, and his estate, and she esteemed the good sense that had induced Sophia to accept them. It was true that Sophia's pretensions were not small, for she had the two great gifts most likely to ensure a lasting affection, beauty and fortune, and she added to these a good deal of accomplishment, that is to say, she sang extremely well, and could play her own accompaniments efficiently; but still, a baronet with £10,000 a-year and a fine seat in the country was an undeniably good alliance for the daughter of a merchant's widow, who herself was, as her friends observed at the wedding-breakfast, "nobody," and never had been "anybody;"

or was even "worse than nobody," for it had been once whispered that the rich merchant had taken his beautiful wife off the boards in some remote provincial town, a rumor to which Mrs. Ramsay's trick of quotations, mostly Shaksperian, gave an air of considerable probability. It was no doubt a day of severe trial to Mrs. Ramsay's cotemporaries and early friends when the wedding cards were received: but consolation, when duly sought for, is always to be obtained, and when the distressed mothers met together in council, they silenced the uncomfortable sensations of envy by passing a decree that Sir Simon Howell was a *fool*.

What the council declared, however, and what decree they passed, made no difference in the prospects of the married pair, for the days of fairies are gone by, and though there is no want of malevolent hags, their maledictions have ceased to take effect; and so it happened that, in spite of shaking of heads and gloomy prophecies, Lady Howell's children were born with as much sense as other people's, and with more than the common share of beauty. With her handsome children, her fine house in town, and her large parties, she soon became an object for admiration; and by the time her eldest boy was five years old, she was generally forgiven for the fault of having made a good marriage. But Mrs. Ramsay was still a favorite mark for ridicule, which she drew upon herself by her indiscreet pretensions. Now that her beauty was gone, or only existed in her daughters, she felt it necessary to give up the airs of coquetry, but then she assumed instead, the airs of literature and sentiment, and it was to support these that she talked, as some authors write, in inverted commas.

Mrs. Ramsay had virtues, no doubt; a graceful exterior, an amiable temper, and plenty of money; but they were marred by a vice that is with difficulty forgiven, the vice of affectation, and society revenged itself by suggesting that the effect of her second daughter Margaret's classical beauty was damaged by an air of pride; that she was twenty-two already; that four seasons had passed; that she was too hasty since her coming out in rejecting offers, and that she might live to repent it. Margaret, it was true, had rejected some offers that might be called advantageous ones, but she had too much understanding and too much heart to make such

a marriage as her sister had done, and the only fault that she deserved to be charged with was a certain air of contempt with which it was her custom to reply to these unwelcome suits. At the time, however, that this narrative begins, a report was circulating to which the first impulse was given by Mrs. Ramsay, that Margaret was the object of an admiration that was not unwelcome, and that Lord Hanworth, a man remarkable for his acquirements and for his fine character, and with whose tastes her own peculiarly sympathized, was her suitor.

Mrs. Ramsay was willing to promote her daughter's happiness, so she gave dinners to which Hanworth was invited, and she gave a ball. This ball had now just taken place, and it had been successful; the house was restored to its accustomed order, and the drawing-room showed no sign of disturbance, but Mrs. Ramsay was still tired, and Margaret, and Margaret's friend, Edith Somers, who was their guest, were still both very tired; indeed, so much so, that while they all three sat together, half an hour had passed without their exchanging one word. The silence was at length broken by Edith commenting upon it.

"How silent we have been," said she; "I am sure no three men would have remained so long together without a word; but then no three men could ever be so completely exhausted, or have such important things to think about. Mrs. Ramsay, I have been pondering seriously over it all this time, and I have come to the conclusion that your ball was successful."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ramsay, laying a book of poems that was open in her lap, down upon a small or-molu table near her, and yawning, "We have been met in the day of success: when I looked in upon the dancers, really there were so many, that once or twice it seemed to me that they could hardly find room to turn round, and I myself could scarcely see or speak for the crowd; and then it was not a vulgar crowd—not a mere squeeze. No; some of our guests were distinguished; such as might well 'sit upon a hill apart.'"

"To sit anywhere apart was difficult last night," said Edith.

"You should not say so, my dear," said Mrs. Ramsay, "for I certainly saw *you* apart in my own little room, with our poet Char-

ton: don't you remember? and I said,—ah, there you are, Mr. Charlton, 'sporting with Amaryllis in the shade.' But I was not allowed to hear his answer, for Mrs. Hamilton called me away to introduce her daughter to somebody. Poor thing! such a dear, nice girl, but unfortunate in her looks, and I had to make a strict search for a partner for her."

"Mr. Charlton would have perhaps observed to you," said Edith, "that we were not 'in the shade,' for your room was brilliantly lighted; nor were we 'apart,' for not far from us were sitting Margaret and Lord Hanworth."

At these words Margaret looked up and blushed, and Mrs. Ramsay smiled.

"True," said she; "and, do you know, I could not help noticing that Lady Allerton, as she passed through the room, looked so vexed. 'The still vexed Bermoothes:'—she has certainly thought of Lord Hanworth for her daughter Adeline. But what of that; 'what's Hecuba to me?' I don't want to part with my daughter; indeed, I don't at all understand this kind of feeling."

"Why should you?" said Edith. "Let us talk of something else: it is to my thinking the worst part of a ball, that it calls into play, or at least that it brings to the surface, so many mean jealousies."

"As for that," said Margaret, "mean and jealous people will be jealous and mean everywhere."

At this moment a knock at the door caused Margaret to start and color with some secret expectation, and Mrs. Ramsay to rise from the sofa to adjust the ribbons of her cap. She had just resumed a becoming attitude, when Lady Allerton was announced. Mrs. Ramsay and Margaret were both disappointed, and by their languor of manner they both betrayed their feelings, so that it became incumbent upon Edith to support the bulk of the conversation, and to answer Lady Allerton's many inquiries with a sufficiently lively air; but this was not enough to satisfy Lady Allerton it was not the amount of attention that she required, and she soon remarked that Mrs. Ramsay appeared fatigued almost to the point of exhaustion; "but then, no wonder," she added, "for it is a very fatiguing thing to give a ball: it is not only the standing about and receiving one's friends, but it is the *anxiety of mind*, the *misgivings* that will occur, and the little *disappoint-*

ments that must be encountered. I mean when it is not an everyday affair, a mere matter of routine."

Upon this hint, Mrs. Ramsay began to rally and to recover an appearance of spirits. But Lady Allerton didn't intend to stay; she was sure that Mrs. Ramsay *ought not to talk*, that she *ought to lie down to rest*: she should not, *in fact*, have come in at all, but that she had received and accepted an invitation to Elderslie for the following Friday, and she was anxious to know whether Mrs. Ramsay and Margaret were to be there.

"Yes," said Margaret, "and Edith Somers."

Lady Allerton was very glad; Lady Allerton was not aware that Miss Somers and Lady Howell were acquainted.

"All my friends are Edith's," said Margaret in reply.

Lady Allerton observed that this was quite a romantic friendship, and took her leave.

CHAPTER II.

ELDERSLIE HALL, the seat of Sir Simon Howell, was very near being one of the show-places of the county which was honored by its existence in it. Fortunately, however, for its inhabitants and their visitors, it had escaped this inconvenient distinction. Ladies were not chased from room to room of a morning, in order that their abandoned work and their books hastily laid down might be subjected to the scrutinizing examination of strangers, whose curiosity is often more alive to the tastes and occupations of the owners of the mansions to which they have obtained entrance, than to the wonders of art or of upholstery which give the only fair excuse for their admittance. Yet Elderslie might easily have taken its place among the houses recommended to the attention of visitors in the "Handbook," of —shire. A very little more architectural merit, a very few more pictures and statues, and a very little more historical interest, would have made it equal with many houses through whose rooms admiring parties are now hurried by magnificent housekeepers.

The house was a large one, and had about it all the appurtenances of terraces, flights of steps, formal gardens, and picturesque out-buildings, which serve so well to connect art and nature. Ornate but less artificial pleasure-grounds lay beyond the clipped hedges and trim parterres in one direction; and be-

yond these again were shrubberies merging insensibly into the natural woods, and clothing the sides of the amphitheatric semicircle of hill which lay beyond the house, and through which walks were cut at various levels and in different directions. On the other side was a spacious walled garden, with a mulberry tree in the centre; while a sun-dial and a small fish-pond balanced each other at opposite corners. The walls and beds bore testimony to the diligence and skill of the gardener out of doors; while a row of forcing-houses and a grapery showed that all the modern science of horticulture had been added to all the old-fashioned excellencies of former days. In winter winds or summer heats, the walls gave protection alike from sun or blast; and a few roses and other simple flowers were ranged along the paths, so that the eye was at once gratified by their beauty and satisfied by the sight of the goodly rows of edibles which occupied the chief portion of the ground.

The interior of the house was comfortable and roomy, without exceeding the limits of domesticity. The principal feature was a library, or long gallery for books, which ranged the whole length of one side of the house. Over the main chimney-piece of this room hung a portrait, to which the attention of strangers was sure to be directed by Sir Simon before they had been long his guests. It was a good full-length picture of a placid-looking gentleman in a flowing wig and a damask silk gown, covered profusely with golden flowers, standing at a table, and absorbed in reading the address of a letter which he held in one hand, and which was superscribed to

"The Right Honorable
SIR SIMON HOWELL,
Chancellor of the Exchequer."

This Sir Simon was, in fact, an ancestor of the present baronet, in the third or fourth generation back, who had been member for the county, and who, for a short time, had held the office in the robes of which he was depicted. His name is of course duly recorded in *Beatson's Index*, but it made little noise in history and beyond the walls of Elderslie is now seldom seen, and never heard of. Upon his descendant, however, the sometime minister continued to exercise a curious influence. The fact that one of his family had once been a statesman in office, however obscure, and

had sat in Parliament for his native county, was never absent from Sir Simon's thoughts. He had been in Parliament himself for a short time, but under circumstances to which he was not very fond of alluding. A vacancy had occurred in the representation of a neighboring borough a few months only before the expected termination of a Parliament. The noble lord who was almost omnipotent in the disposition of the seat, and who was anxious for once that it should not be held either by a member of his own family, or by some elsewhere seatless member of the Government which he supported, had thought it a favorable opportunity to admit the voters to some apparent exercise of their choice, by permitting Sir Simon to be elected. Sir Simon was eminently respectable, not unpopular with his neighbors, and entirely unconnected with himself; and the omission for once to nominate in the usual way might perhaps help to save the borough from inscription in the Schedule A or Schedule B of a future Reform Bill. So far the noble lord's motives were intelligible. It was more surprising to his friends in what manner Sir Simon was induced to forego his dignity, and to allow himself to be returned for what was obviously a temporary purpose; in short, to allow himself to be used in the character of that somewhat old-fashioned domestic utensil, called a warming-pan—perhaps not a vulgar copper warming-pan, but of nobler metal, yet certainly a warming-pan. If all that passed between the noble lord or his active agent, Mr. Burgage, and Sir Simon could have been brought to light without still farther offence to Sir Simon's wounded dignity, the process would have been understood. In truth, as may be surmised, more was said than was meant, or Sir Simon chose to think so. Sir Simon never forgot the great article of his family creed, that Elderslie should be represented in the House of Commons, and indeed almost believed that the British Constitution was in danger and open to perilous censure if he were not in Parliament as head of the house of Elderslie and lineal descendant of his obscurely great namesake. Sir Simon, in short, was dying for a seat. Why he did not sit for the county as a matter of course, was a question he never could satisfactorily answer to himself; but although one or two general elections and one or two death vacancies had occurred since he was of age, he had never

come forward. He would not quite confess it to himself, but he was not at heart sure that the leading men in the county thought it so necessary for themselves as he did, that he, Sir Simon, should be one of the knights of the shire. So he never broke ground on the subject with any of the great magnates, or any of the subordinate but not less powerful managers of such things, upon whose wishes or interests the much coveted honor of parading the county town on the day of election, with a sword girt round his body depended. Yet whenever an election was impending, Sir Simon's hopes were high within him. He opened his letters with a peculiar interest; he glanced anxiously at the column headed "Electioneering News" in the local newspapers; he even expected that every carriage that rolled up the avenue might contain a deputation, or a confidential mission, to request him on the part of the influentials of the county to suffer himself to be put in nomination, with every promise of support from the proper quarters. The Baronet's letters, however, on such occasions were as dull as usual; the newspapers obstinately refused even to give currency to a rumor, afterwards to be contradicted, "That it was with much pleasure they had to announce that a well-known gentleman, the owner of Elderslie Hall, one of whose ancestors had formerly served the country in a high office, had been requested to stand for the county;" and the suspicious vehicles approaching the house, only contained the doctor from the neighboring town come to see one of the servants; or his own lawyer, who did no business in Mr. Burgage's line, bringing him ordinary papers to sign. So that when the specious offer to occupy the vacant seat for Calverwells was artfully presented to Sir Simon, it found him ready to swallow the bait, and eager to enter Parliament even as a borough member; viewing in his own mind the deferred honors of the county representative as the reward of the parliamentary experience and distinction to be gained in his humbler and preliminary capacity while sitting for Calverwells. The offer was of course accompanied by many expressions of esteem, and of regret that his services had been so long withheld from the country. Sir Simon would have told any one at the time that his tenure of the seat was to be permanent; Mr. Burgage, on the contrary, would both then and ever

afterwards have taken his oath that it was distinctly intimated to Sir Simon—or at least must have been understood between men of the world—that Sir Simon must have known—that the seat was not to be his a second time. And if he were speaking to a friend of Sir Simon's, he would of course throw in, that Sir Simon was really looking to the permanent representation of the county—a piece of vanity, indeed, which Sir Simon had allowed to escape him in his communications with Mr. Burgage, and the recollection of which effectually closed Sir Simon's lips when, after the next general election, he found himself neither member for Calverwells nor for the county, nor for any other place, and read the addresses on his letters, shorn of the magic capitals M. P., which for the time he regarded with more love than even the enduring capital B and small t, of which nothing could deprive him.

To return to the library at Elderslie. Its walls were occupied by twelve wire-grated bookcases, each surmounted by the bust of a Cæsar, and containing a somewhat ancient collection of books. Indeed, they had for the most part been acquired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose portrait was appropriately placed among the volumes which he had brought together, and some of the least important of which were even dedicated to himself. For in his younger days he had lived with the wits of the Augustan age of the last century—had frequented Will's, and mingled an affectation of literature with his politics. Accordingly, the shelves bore an original copy of the *Spectator*, bound up as it came out, and with all the old advertisements of the day on the outside sheets. Upon them were the folio subscription copies of Mr. Pope's works, and many a row of forgotten pamphlets on the theological and political questions of the time, pamphlets among which Lord Macaulay would delight to revel, and from whose dulness many a brilliant passage of condensed opinion might be expressed by him. A small room between the library and the entrance-hall, now used as a gunroom and depository for the overflowings of the library, had some historical interest attached to it. In it, according to the traditions of the house, two of the conspirators in the gunpowder plot used to hold their meetings during the early progress of that scheme. The fact is not recorded in general history, nor in any of the

particular memoirs on the subject; but in all probability the tradition was correct—and that antiquary would have fared ill at Elderslie who ventured to doubt its truth in the hearing of Sir Simon, for he valued the legend of this apartment only next after the family portrait in the library, and he seldom passed through it in company without a solemn joke about smelling powder, and an allusion to the present use of the chamber.

The rest of the house may be easily imagined. There were some fair Italian pictures of the later masters, and a few antique statues of moderate merit, brought home about the middle of the last century by the then head of the family, who made the grand tour, as became a gentleman of the period, and when such commodities were to be had at a less price, and perhaps with a less chance of imposture than has been the case more lately.

Lady Howell's rooms were cheerful and pleasant, and the house generally, apart from a certain air of pomposity, was habitable, and full of resources for a rainy day.

CHAPTER III.

It was, however, on no rainy day, but on a fine one in July, only two days following that on which she was introduced to the notice of the reader in London, that Mrs. Ramsay, accompanied by her daughter and Edith, and occupying Sir Simon's barouche, sent to meet them at the station at Calverwells, drove up to the porch of Elderslie Hall. Mrs. Ramsay got out with glittering eyes and a smiling face, but Edith observed that Margaret looked pale and weary, and that she had an air of languor while she followed the pompous train of servants who went to announce her arrival to Lady Howell. As she entered the drawing-room looking out upon the terrace, bright with flowers and fountains, Lady Howell came forward to meet her, and kissed her with a kiss that was rather patronizing than affectionate. She received her mother and Edith with great courtesy, but with little warmth, and Edith felt a chill creep over her. Whatever the influence of Lady Howell's manner upon Edith and Margaret, it produced no effect upon Mrs. Ramsay, whose loquacity was unabated, and whose spirits seemed to rise as the grandeur of Elderslie Hall struck her more and more in every part.

"I never," she said, "approach this enchanting place without thinking of that sublime passage in *Macbeth*, 'This castle hath a pleasant seat.'"

"Ah!" said Lady Howell, with a laugh, which she often used, because her teeth were handsome; "I see you are not changed. The smoke of London has not smothered your poetical fire. But it is really a pity to waste these fine things on us. They should be printed and published, as selections from the first English writer, or flowers culled from choice garlands, or parterres from a poet's terrace, collected by a lady of fashion; and then you might dedicate the volume to William Charlton, the greatest poet of his time. That sounds very like a real book, doesn't it? What do you think of it? What do you say, Edith; and you, Margaret, who are both such true admirers of this modern poet. Will you consult Charlton himself about it? You can, for we expect him to dinner to-night."

"Charlton to dinner to-night!" cried Edith; and all the chillness evaporated. "To dinner to-night. How glad I am!"

"How have you contrived to get him?" questioned Mrs. Ramsay, who was much accustomed to think of contrivance in such matters.

"How? Why, by asking him. He and his wife have taken a house at Calverwells, and there they are established for the present. I have asked his wife as well! That, indeed, is necessary; for do you know, actually, he won't go out without her? He is not so comfortable a poet as the late Tom Moore, who knew how to love his Bessie quietly at home, and to leave her there, when he was wanted out. No; we must be willing to receive this poet as he is, with encumbrances."

"You are mistaken," said Edith. "I am sure you do not know Mrs. Charlton, or you would not call her an encumbrance. She is graceful and gentle, and if she hangs upon him, it is as an ornament."

"It is true," said Lady Howell, "that she is not actually vulgar. She is, I admit, quite presentable; still she is the daughter of an obscure artist, and there is nothing very particular about her in any way. However, Sir Simon is willing to receive her."

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Ramsay; "for after all, one should not separate man and wife. You know, my dear, you would not exactly like Sir Simon to be asked to leave

you at home. 'Home, home, sweet, sweet home,'" and she began to hum the air.

"You are out of tune, mamma," said Lady Howell, sharply.

"Like sweet bells jangled," rejoined Mrs. Ramsay.

"Will you show us our rooms, Sophia?" said Margaret, wishing to interrupt a dialogue which she did not relish.

"Certainly," said Lady Howell; "it is right that you should refresh your looks a little before you see Sir Simon," and as she spoke she preceded them up-stairs, and then ushered them into a handsome bedroom which, by their own particular request, they were to share.

A classical vase filled with roses occupied the centre of a writing-table of inlaid marble, and

"Oh! what beautiful roses," cried Edith; "I must put some of them in my hair."

"Put some of them into Margaret's cheeks," said Lady Howell, "and I will thank you;—why the child has lost her complexion, and her beauty a good deal depends on it. Adieu for the present, my dears: in ten minutes Sparkles shall come to you (for mamma must have her own maid entirely to herself), and mind that you let her turn you out according to her own taste—it is better than yours, I assure you."

With this she left the room; and as she went out Edith could not refuse her admiration to her tall figure and to the fine shape of her head, but, turning to compare her beauty with that of her more delicate and refined sister, she perceived that Margaret was sunk in thought, and completely abstracted from the scene before her. Knowing that silent thought may sometimes afford much pleasure, she would not at once interrupt her, but occupied herself quietly with arranging some of the flowers for her hair. At the end of five minutes, however, she thought it time that a day-dream should cease, and so she addressed her friend—

"Margaret, did you hear what Lady Howell said, and are you personally acquainted with Sparkles, upon whom we are to place so much dependence, to whose better judgment we are blindly to resign our own on one of the most important of our pursuits in life; and can you tell me if she deserves such implicit confidence?"

Margaret started at the first sound of

Edith's voice, but at the end of the sentence it was clear that she had listened, for she said, "Of course a lady's-maid in the establishment of Sir Simon must have a taste beyond our own."

"And yet," rejoined Edith, "as Sir Simon's visitors we must gain an importance."

"Yes, but we are only just arrived, and the maid has been here three years. Oh, Edith, I wish I could like my brother-in-law better. I think I ought, for he is really a well-conducted man; but I do feel sorry to see his eldest boy look like him. His solemn sententiousness, his narrow-minded self-sufficiency, his puffed-up pride all about nothing—for he has nothing to be proud of—I feel to be almost unendurable. In order to bear his society I am obliged to think of something better, and then I contrast with all this assumption the quiet ease of Lord Hanworth's manner."

"Have you been thinking of that all this time?" asked Edith, with a smile.

"Oh no, not of that; I was thinking about Charlton's last poem."

"And about Lord Hanworth's criticism on it, at his last visit in Chesterfield-street. Well, you know I ventured to differ from him."

"You did, Edith, and I almost envied your unconstraint, your freedom of speech, and your fearlessness, when I could hardly speak, even to say Yes."

"Do not distress yourself for that, Margaret; you were probably well enough understood; and as for what I said, you know Lord Hanworth must sometimes be opposed like other men, or his temper will be ruined; so even for your sake I am resolved not to be afraid of him."

"Ah! not for my sake, Edith, but for the sake of following your own nature: you are able to indulge your humor, having no strong feeling to depress it. It is easy to be valiant when, if you should chance to offend, you may do it without concern."

"No, no, Margaret; indeed I could not offend any human being without some sensation of concern—not even Sir Simon; but a difference with me could not offend Lord Hanworth, and indeed I believe I am so fortunate as not to have the power of offending anybody."

This sentence was closed with something

like a sigh, which did not escape Margaret, and she rose and kissed her cheek, and would have said something gentle to her but that the lady's-maid's knock was heard at the door and she was admitted, and then the earnest business of the toilet began. It was so well accomplished that Sir Simon, when these young girls entered his drawing-room, was satisfied that their presence was ornamental, and accordingly he advanced to meet them with his best grace, which was bad enough—a frigid extension of one finger to Edith, a condescending bestowal of the whole hand upon Margaret, a ceremonious bow to his mother-in-law. But that lady was determined to force a better reception. In good humor with herself, and with her new dress, it was natural that she should be in good humor with Sir Simon too—and besides, she was romantic and affectionate; so she stepped daintily forward on her little feet, and placing two well-ringed hands on his broad, high shoulders, she said, caressingly, "Sir Simon, my dear son, it does me good to see you. You and Sophia are looking well, as always; tell me, what do you think of us?"

"I think you will look better when you have been a few days at Elderslie," said Sir Simon, with an attempt at graciousness; "but allow me now to place you in an arm-chair, and suffer me to place you so that you will have in view all the beauties of our terrace. Is there any one present to whom I should introduce you first? No, I believe you already are acquainted with General Sir George Allerton and Lady Allerton, their daughter Adeline, and Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, and Captain French, and probably Sophia has already informed you that they are doing us the honor of being our guests."

"She has told me," replied Mrs. Ramsay, "that you are doing them the honor of receiving them."

"Be that as it may," said Sir Simon, "it is certain that they are here. We shall be but a small party at dinner to-night, the only expected addition to it being the Charltons, who are coming over from Calverwells. Charlton, as you know, is a poet, and, I am free to admit, a notorious poet, whatever may be my private opinion of his merits; and Lady Howell has invited Mrs. Charlton too, for he will not go where she is not asked, and Lady Howell assures me that she is quite present-

able. I have also heard Lord Hanworth speak favorably of her, and you know at any rate *we* can afford to be civil."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Ramsay, who always agreed with her son-in-law.

And now Sir Simon left her in order politely to sit down by Lady Allerton, who had that very morning written his name down at the head of a list of bores that she kept on her private tablets. Mrs. Lacy meanwhile was describing to Lady Howell all the particulars of the last railway accident. Mrs. Lacy was a lady whose tallness and paleness gave her particular claims to the character of gentility, and whose disposition to moan and sigh gave her peculiar claims to the character of amiability. She was then a lady-like, amiable woman; though Lady Allerton, when she spoke to Lady Howell in confidence, called her a very tiresome one. When she greeted Margaret and Edith, she assured them that they looked *very pale*, and was certain that they had found the journey down *very fatiguing*; and when she had done that, she passed on to a lamentation over all the illnesses that the late heat had occasioned, with minute descriptions of a particular case of typhus, and general anticipations of a cholera likely to break out, dwelling upon all the details of suffering with great zest.

Lady Allerton, observing the growing enthusiasm of her manner, inquired "What disaster or what disease is Mrs. Lacy describing?"

"I have no doubt" said Sir Simon, solemnly, "that she is telling Margaret Ramsay of the late appearance of typhus in this neighborhood. It has been severe—unaccountably severe; it has, indeed, attacked one of the children of one of *my* tenants. In fact, its severity is quite unexampled."

"I thought so," said Lady Allerton. "I saw that Mrs. Lacy had something that she enjoyed talking about. So it is that we suffer for each other's good. If there were no excessive miseries in the world, where would dear Mrs. Lacy find a vent for her excessively compassionate disposition? It is a positive benefit to her that your tenant's child has the typhus."

In answer to this observation, Sir Simon took out his watch, and when he had looked at it, he observed,

"It is seven o'clock, Lady Howell."

"Now, seven o'clock, was the dinner hour

at Elderslie Hall, and Sir Simon despised whoever forgot it; but the Charltons were not yet come.

"Will you ring for dinner, then?" replied Lady Howell, "or will you wait five minutes?"

"They know the dinner hour," said Sir Simon. "I will ring."

And the bell was rung, and the gong was sounded. Dinner was announced, and Sir Simon led in Lady Allerton, the rest following in due order; or, as Mrs. Ramsay observed, in the "order of their going." The ostentatious display of plate on the dinner-table failed to restore Sir Simon's ruffled good-humor, and the sight of the two gaps roused him to fresh peevishness. He swallowed his soup silently for a while, and then observed to Lady Allerton,

"Poets are peculiar people."

Poets are peculiar people! So it seemed at that moment to Sir Simon; and the weaknesses of genius showed more clearly to his eyes on this than on all the many other occasions on which they are recorded for the satisfaction of the less gifted. The vices of Byron, the extravagances of Schiller, the intoxication of Burns, the life of Shelly, and the death of Chatterton, evinced it less strongly to him than the too late for dinner of Charlton. For Sir Simon had a near sight.

Lady Allerton, who readily took up any theme on which she could display her smartness, at once took up this, not wasting the pungency of her remarks on the the dull ears of Sir Simon, but expressing them loudly for the benefit of the whole party.

"Poets," said she "are indeed peculiar people. Never punctual, they expect us all to be punctual for them; they indulge themselves in all their fancies, and indulge the world with all their complaints. They expect us all to give way to them, and the only thing they give way to is their own tempers."

"But I," said Sir Simon, "never give way to anybody."

"Poets," said Mrs. Ramsay at this juncture, "are privileged people."

"On account of their rarity," said Edith.

"After all, what is poetry?" asked Lady Howell.

Sir Simon stroked his chin gently, winked his eyes, and leant back in his chair as he replied,

"Poetry is great stuff."

"Bravo!" cried Captain French, who was a young coxcomb in the Guards. "I should like you to sit as member for my county, Sir Simon, to represent my sentiments in Parliament."

"When I was a member of the House—" rejoined Sir Simon.

At these words, spoken with particular deliberation, a gloom showed itself on every face, for there was no theme more tedious than that of Sir Simon's proceedings as a member of Parliament.

"When I sat in the House I must inform you, Captain French, that I purposely avoided"—

But what he purposely avoided was never known, for happily a stir was heard in the hall, and the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Charlton. Mrs. Charlton was attractive and graceful, and with a natural and gentle ease replied to Lady Howell's haughty courtesies, and expressed her regret for the accident which had detained them on the road. Lady Howell in return begged her to excuse the seeming inattention of beginning dinner without them. Mrs. Charlton was delighted that they had not waited, and General Allerton, who was a gourmand, and next whom she was seated, was very honestly delighted too. Sir Simon, with a severe look at Charlton, said that it was his rule never to wait dinner for any one; but the look was lost upon Charlton, for he was occupied in disengaging his chair from Lady Allerton's skirt. He was indeed somewhat slow in his movements, and in society generally was rather thoughtful than quick. His manner was even not wholly free from embarrassment, as if at times the fulness of his thought or of his feeling impeded the readiness of his utterance; but his countenance was rapid in its changes, indicating a temperament at variance with his manner, and his bearing was peculiarly erect.

Lady Allerton, who had but a few minutes since commented so sharply upon him and his fraternity, was now seeking to add some of his distinction to her own by an appearance of familiarity, and was opening upon him the full fire of her flattery.

"You have just heard," said she, "Sir Simon's remark, that his rule is never to wait for dinner for any one; even for *you* he

would make no exception; and to say the truth, the disappointment that came over us all, the fear lest we should altogether lose the rare treat of your presence that was promised to us, made our dinner especially necessary to us in this case. Our spirits, I assure you, were beginning to fail."

To this direct volley Charlton could not oppose a steady front. He bowed his head and found no answer ready. All men like flattery, and all women, too; but few like it so coarsely served. A delicate palate will only relish it delicately done; and besides, there was something in Lady Allerton's nature that was out of harmony with Charlton's; and so, with no more attention to her than bare politeness required, his eyes sought his two especial favorites, Edith and Margaret. Edith sat opposite to him, and a bright glance of recognition was exchanged between them,—such a glance as passes only between two friends.

"You seem to know Miss Somers very well," said Lady Allerton, in sharp tones.

"I do," replied Charlton; and his tone was earnest.

"Have you known her long?"

"No; but I know her well."

"Those are best known who have least in them," said Lady Allerton.

"But that is not the case with Miss Somers."

"Perhaps," suggested Lady Allerton, "she is a friend of Mrs. Charlton?"

"Mrs. Charlton feels as I do about her. Her sweet countenance, her lively and feminine wit, her charming enthusiasm—"

"Ah!" interrupted Lady Allerton, "there I have it; you have given me the key to unlock the secret of her attraction. That 'charming enthusiasm' is for you; *that* accounts for it. She is not admired by men generally."

"She probably does not want the general admiration of men."

"She has no accomplishments; she may perhaps just draw and sing a little, but it is so very little that it can be used merely, as the phrase is, to please herself: it is nothing in society."

"But she can please without it."

"Of course" (archly); "by her enthusiasm."

Sir Simon caught the word, and it inspired

him with a sentence. He cleared his throat, winked his eyes, and said—"Enthusiasm is a very foolish thing."

"I quite agree with you," said Captain French; "enthusiasm is a very foolish thing."

"How very satirical you both are," said Mrs. Lacy; "I declare it is quite cruel."

"What a first-rate dish this is," cried General Allerton, who, now that the first longings of his appetite were assuaged, was able to speak. "It is glorious, it is delicious; it is admirably compounded! It combines all the merits of French and English cookery!" He spoke thick and fast.

"There," said Charlton to Lady Allerton, "is an instance of genuine enthusiasm. Sir Simon *must* proceed to condemn it."

But Sir Simon approved it—steadily, strongly, and deliberately he approved it.

"You are quite right; I do not know a better dish. Our cook is a first-rate hand—I do not know a better cook."

Lady Howell, whose desire to respect her husband often led her to the rescue, to try to give a new turn to his observations, remarked,

"What Sir Simon says is true; there is a remarkable improvement in English cookery. If the long peace with France has done nothing better, it has at least done that for us."

"On the other hand," said Charlton, "they complain that theirs is damaged by contact with ours."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," said Mrs. Ramsay.

"A Frenchman," continued Charlton, "was lamenting to me the other day the general degradation of genius in his country; and lifting up his hands and eyes, he said, 'Monsieur, pour la cuisine, c'est une chose du passé!'"

"He was quite right to lament it," said the General.

"In his place," said Sir Simon, "I should determine to endeavor to revive it; and I should certainly succeed. With a little care and a little patience, and a proper use of one's influence, it could be done easy enough."

"Easy enough," was a favorite phrase of Sir Simon's, for there were so few things he had ever tried to do that it was natural all should seem equally easy to him. And he now added to this "Easy enough," "If it were worth one's while." What his while was?

Presently the little boys (Sir Simon's were all boys) came in to dessert, and their appearance was a relief, for Sir Simon was talking. They came in dressed according to the fashion of the day, in bright-colored velvet coats and collars of point lace, such as used to be monopolized by dowager ladies, but such as are now held indispensable to the well-being of little boys. The heir to Elderslie Hall was seated next to his father; and he objected so very strongly to leave that seat when he was told at the end of ten minutes that it was time for him to retire to his bed, that Lady Howell, to avoid disturbance, gave the proper sign to Lady Allerton, and the ladies rose from table in order to induce the little boy to follow. His mother then, after a short struggle, consigned him to the care of his nurse, and seated herself with her mother and Mrs. Charlton by the open window looking out upon the terrace; while Lady Allerton, and Adeline, and Edith, and Margaret walked into the garden to discuss the guests.

"My dear Sophia," said Mrs. Ramsay, seriously, "your ladies overbalance your gentlemen."

"It was unavoidable to-day," said Lady Howell, "but to-morrow it will be properly adjusted."

"Who is it wishes for more men," rejoined Mrs. Ramsay. "Do you, then, expect fresh arrivals to-morrow?"

"Yes; Lord Hanworth and Mr. Valentine Vernon. Lord Hanworth should have been here to-day; but Sir Simon had a letter by the second post in time to prevent us from expecting him at dinner."

CHAPTER IV.

VISCOUNT HANWORTH is a person who must be introduced to the reader with some formalities, although he was in his modest estimation of his own merits less of a personage than perhaps most people are to themselves. He was an only child, and had been in possession of his title and estates ever since early boyhood. The former was not of great antiquity; nor were the latter of vast extent; indeed, but for the circumstance of a long minority, during which they were carefully tended, and but for the unexpected discovery of some mineral wealth upon them, the estates of the young lord would have been barely sufficient to enable him to take his proper station in the world without re-

sorting to a wealthy bride, to a colonial governorship, or to mercenary political services at home. As it was, however, Lord Hanworth took his seat, not, indeed, rich, but perfectly independent, and with sufficient means to maintain without inconvenience a moderate place in the country, and to indulge in the pursuits which, above all others, he loved. His mother had lived long enough to see him safely launched in life, and beyond the reach of the coarser temptations of youth. She was not a remarkable woman; but she loved her son, and the knowledge of that love was to him a tower of strength, and a home of refuge. Through Eton and through Cambridge it was his habit to make tacit reference to what she would like to see him doing or hear him saying; and a quiet word from her kind lips, or even a look from her gentle eyes, often had kept him right when advice might have been rejected, and reproaches have occasioned useless irritation. At school, Hanworth had been a retiring, but not an unpopular boy. He pulled a fair oar in a boat, and was never in any discreditable scrapes. His scholarship was exact and elegant, and the few who really knew him were able to predict for him a less commonplace future than would have been generally assigned to him by his cotemporaries of that time if they ever gave themselves the trouble of thinking about it.

At college, Lord Hanworth was more distinguished. If he had been so minded, and if the privileges accorded to rank had rendered it less unusual for its holders to descend into the general arena, he might perhaps have obtained the highest honors of the University. As it was, he attempted nothing in which he did not succeed. He carried off several prizes for composition; and added to his stock of family plate a silver goblet, the reward of the best declamation in his year. Coming to Cambridge from a public school, he had of course plenty of acquaintances, but he was not overwhelmed with too many friends of school-days. He had room left to enrich himself with others from the larger and more varied field which University life opened to him. Soon he was himself sought for, and also in turn seeking to become acquainted with all kinds of excellence. In his rooms the really best society of the place used often to assemble; and surrounded by choice books and a few good works of art,

there was hardly a subject that escaped discussion. Yet Hanworth was far from aiming at the empty honors of Admirable-Crichtonship. Literature and art gradually came to engross more and more of his interest and attention. A long tour on the Continent, and more than one winter spent in Italy, afterwards fully matured in him the fine taste for art which had received its earliest development among the pictures of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and from the print-shops of King's-parade. More or less reserved he always continued to be—if, indeed, it be reserved to avoid unnecessary contact or conference with those of one's fellow-creatures to whom one is not in a condition to do good, and from whose society and conversation one does not expect improvement or pleasure. But there was no want of good manner; and if only a few could speak of much cordiality, none could complain of that frigidity and slight degree of inattention, which are so often more disagreeable than downright rudeness, and which are probably the surest method of procuring intense dislike. In company that he liked, no one was more charming; but when rare accident threw him among natures not congenial with his own, it would have required delicate observation to detect any expression of impatience in his bearing under its temporary incongruity. His was, in fact, a self-contained disposition, thoroughly trained in all the outward forms of demonstrative sympathy, but for all that, not the less reserved.

His friends were accustomed to speak of him as an uncommon man—his rivals were in the habit of calling him odd. In public affairs, Lord Hanworth's views were prudent and enlightened. He seldom rose to address the well-cushioned but ill-peopled benches of the House of Lords—a condition they are pretty sure to present unless some personal question or angry topic of party interest fills them with such an audience as such matters are likely to collect—and such occasions Hanworth detested. But when he spoke, he spoke well; and more than once had been pressed to accept office, which he always declined. At the time on which our story throws its light, and compared to which all other times must to the reader and writer of it be dark and remote, Hanworth was between thirty and forty years old, and unmarried. It would have tried the sagacity of a stranger to fix his age with precision from his appearance

or manner. An habitual avoidance of personal subjects in his conversation cut off one usual clue; and this, coupled with looks somewhat younger than were due to his length of life, might easily mislead to a conjecture of more youth than really belonged to him. On the other hand, his thoughtful temperament, and his accurate knowledge of the public events of his own boyhood and the time preceding it—a period which has not yet fallen into the province of the regular historian, and of which most men are therefore apt to be ignorant—would have led to a contrary conclusion. No long discussion, however, need continue about the age of a peer. The great red book, in virtue of which the name of Burke is rendered doubly great, and is become a snare and a pitfall to the unhappy Civil Service examinant who cites the *Peerage* as one of the best known works of the illustrious Edmund—the *Peerage* soon settles this. And no mamma who some years back thought Lord Hanworth perhaps too young, and no daughter who now perchance thought him too old, need have long remained under the influence of her own surmises on the matter. What attacks of mammas or daughters—what covert designs which never saw the light—he may have survived or escaped, it is needless to tell. It is enough to say, that his name had never been seriously mentioned as one of the principal parties in a match—nor had his own affections ever been seriously engaged; and at five-and-thirty Lord Hanworth's was still a prominent name on many a list of eligibilities. When Charlton married, Hanworth's friends wished he would marry too. They had been at school and at college together; they had travelled together; they had been at Rome together; they had even lived in London together; and the committees of acquaintances who duly sat to discuss the subject, agreed in unanimous reports that upon the marriage of Charlton a similar event must shortly overtake the Viscount. But they were mistaken, and some years had passed without any appearance of their reports being adopted by the only person with whom it lay to carry them out. Charlton's marriage was indeed a surprise and a blow to his friend; but it had been so happy, and had, in fact, so little separated them, that Lord Hanworth soon became reconciled to the altered state of things, but without feeling it at all incumbent on himself to go and do likewise.

It was, in fact, to meet Lord Hanworth that Charlton and his wife had been asked to dine at Elderslie, as already related; but an expected division, one of the few in the session that Hanworth would have cared about missing, had detained him a day longer in town. Sir Simon could more easily forgive the alteration of twenty-four hours in the time of a visit in a noble lord, than he could the delay of half that number of minutes in coming to dinner, in a poet of whom it could not be forgotten that he had sprung from the ranks of the people, although he was distinguished by a lord's friendship. Yet Hanworth was not without apprehension as to the manner of his reception, good as his excuse was; and as the train rolled into the station at Calverwells, the uppermost thought in his mind was how he should best appease the outraged baronet. As he crossed the platform to secure a carriage for Elderslie he heard his own name called, and turning round, saw a little round-figured old gentleman, who gradually emerged from a pile of luggage.

"I can't get these fellows to find my portmanteau," cried a cracked voice.

"Let my man get it for you," said Hanworth; "and come with me, if, as I suppose by your being here, we are bound to the same destination."

"Yes, I am going to Elderslie; and I wish I had known you were in the train. But I was late, and only just caught it; lucky for you, perhaps, for you've escaped my company. I always am late, and yet always start sooner than other people; and came away without my breakfast almost this morning."

"See after Mr. Vernon's things," said Lord Hanworth to his servant; "he will come with us."

The man obeyed, but was not much pleased to find himself for the moment identified with a most ancient brown portmanteau, gaping at more than one seam, unlocked, and held together only by the straps, which seemed ready to break every minute and disclose to further view the bursting chaos of clothes and books within. The rest of Mr. Vernon's luggage was a green baize bag, from the personal custody of which, he would by no means allow himself to be dissevered; and what it contained was a mystery never penetrated.

In a few minutes they were clear of the scattered town, and rapidly destroying the

distance between it and the end of their journey.

"Have you seen the *Times*?" said Hanworth to his companion, who sat happily enough by his side, glad of the lift, and only wondering by what device of his own, or by what kind contrivance of the temporary owner of the carriage, he should escape paying his share of its hire; for that he would not, in fact, have to contribute to it, was past doubting.

"No, I have not," said Valentine Vernon.

"They say old Wharton has the gout again, and has been advised to retire from Parliament."

"Oh dear! That will set our friend Sir Simon thinking of his injuries afresh. Wharton sits for this division. What an unfortunate thing for us that the announcement of his gout could not have been kept quiet for a few days longer! It will be the death of us. Some men are bores all their lives, and contriving to be bores to the last; 'the ruling passion strong in death,' as Mrs. Ramsay would say. I shall continue to be one myself, I believe, and nobody will be actually sorry for my death except the insurance companies."

"Do you know, by any chance, whom we are likely to find to share this great calamity with us?" said Hanworth, with a smile.

"Oh yes! I know all about it, for I met Lady Allerton, and she always knows every thing about her neighbors. There are the Ramsays there, and Captain French, and the Allertons themselves, parents and child, and Miss Somers, who is the bosom friend of Miss Ramsay, or who, as Lady Allerton says, goes about with the Ramsays. However, the truth

is I know more of her than of them. I knew her father long ago, and now I know her, and that's better. The Colonel is what's called a very gentlemanly man—that is, he's very dull. To do him justice, he feels his own dullness as he ought, or perhaps you would say as he ought not, for he trusts his daughter a great deal to the keeping of her friends, and walks off to enliven his own spirits with the gaieties of Paris and the freedom of a bachelor's life. I suppose Edith is like her mother. She's a strange girl; she's a mass of contradictions."

Lord Hanworth, who had been cutting the leaves of a new magazine on which his eyes were bent down, now looked up and said, "How do you mean?"

"Why, I mean this, that she's a young lady and not affected, lively and not a flirt, clever and unassuming, pretty and she doesn't know it."

"I should hardly call Miss Somers pretty," said Lord Hanworth, in the tone of deliberation and doubt that was habitual to him.

"Then I suppose you've not looked much at her," said Vernon; but I know you're a man that loves to take an exception, and I'm never surprised when you contradict me. The worst of it is, if you disagree with me, you'll have to agree with a great many others; and I believe, indeed, that the world in general—that is, the world we live in—is agreed as to the superior beauty of Miss Ramsay. However, I don't want to disparage Miss Ramsay—she's very rich!"

"Miss Ramsay," said Lord Hanworth, "is certainly very beautiful."

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LIGAMENT.—A certain Proverb suggests the expediency of having two strings to your bow. This adage may be recommended to the attention of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. If the Sea-Serpent were to snap one cable, he would not destroy the communication between America and England if there were another left, still less if there were two or three.

The President expressed a hope that the Telegraph would be respected in case of hostilities. Probably it will. Few nations would like to fight the United States and Kingdom together,

and if either the States or the Kingdom should be separately at war, whosoever damaged the cable would invade not only the belligerent nation, but also the other. He would thus make enemies of both; and the fact is that—

"Whoever dares the Telegraph displace,
Must meet America and England face to face,"
which most Powers, however great, would think of twice at least before doing. The Atlantic Telegraph therefore, may be said, odd as the phrase may seem, to be bound down to keep the peace.—*Punch*.

From The Westminster Review.
THE CALAS TRAGEDY.

Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Etude Historique d'après les Documents Originaux, suivie des Dépêches du Comte Saint-Florentin, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat, &c. Par Athanase Coquerel Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Reformée de Paris. Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1858.

It happens, from time to time, that the world is called upon to alter or reverse one of its settled judgments on some character or event of the past time. Some new evidence turns up, or the old facts are more carefully and critically inquired into, and the result is that the traditional view of the case has to be modified or corrected. This is the legitimate advance of knowledge. This is the way in which history can take its place among the progressive studies; and to make such a discovery is one of the most prized rewards of its critical study.

A very different complexion belongs to those fluctuations of the popular taste which dispose it at one time to admire, and soon again to hate, the same objects. This mutability of opinion, — the "turba Remi" burning the gods which once it worshipped—does not operate upon the living hero or statesman only, it is extended far back into history. This shifting of opinion is a process, like the other, incessantly at work, and inevitable in its operations as the law of elevation and depression in terrestrial physics. But it is not a legitimate process. It is not one worked out by the science of criticism. It is no part of the solid victory of the human understanding. It is rather the play of human passion, and the confession of human infirmity.

A very remarkable instance of this instability of historical belief is brought before us by a *brochure* of a young writer, who bears the honored name of Athanase Coquerel. It offers a complete narrative, far the most complete that has ever been published, of the case of Jean Calas, a Protestant, who was executed at Toulouse, in 1762, on the charge of having murdered his eldest son, but who was afterwards discovered to have been innocent. The publication has been called forth by perceiving a fashion growing up, first in Catholic circles and religious periodicals, and extending gradually from them to society at large, of believing Calas guilty. This "view," which is thus spreading itself to the sun, has no foundation on any new documents or facts

that have only now been brought to light. It is a mere sign of the great general reaction of opinion in France—one of the straws which show which way the wind is setting. More than two years ago Emile Montégut said (*Revue des Deux Mondes*)—

"What do you think of the Calas business — what of that of the Chevalier Labarre? Are you for or against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Such is the conversation, full of present meaning, which one hears in the salons of Paris—Paris of the nineteenth century."

This disposition is not mere levity and fickleness, the caprice of the mob which turns upon its own idol—*odit damnatos*—it is a part of that general Catholic revival which has been working for some years, and which, like a fog, is spreading over the face of opinion, and giving its own views and altered proportions to all objects, past, present, and future. This change of opinion about an event which happened nearly one hundred years back, proceeds not from the growth of knowledge on the topic on which the opinion is formed, but from the accretion of ignorance. The facts and proof once known are convincing. But the innocence of the unhappy victim is, for reasons which will be seen in the following pages, a truth extremely unpleasant to the Catholics. If they can only get inquiry stifled and criticism gagged, then they may safely maintain their thesis. This application of force, however, to drown the truth of history, is one for which opinion in France is not yet ripe, though it is rapidly advancing in that direction. M. Coquerel has taken advantage of that remnant of freedom which is still left to the French writer to publish a clear and succinct narrative of the transaction. We have thought it worth while to give our readers a very succinct *résumé* of this narrative. Not only is this *cause célèbre* of the highest interest in itself, but its connection with existing passions and prejudices curiously illustrates the temper and tendencies of French thought at the present moment.

Toulouse, the theatre of the tragedy, obtained its popular appellation of *La Sainte* from possessing in the crypt of one of its churches the skeletons of seven out of the twelve apostles. This extraordinary accumulation of riches justified the inscription over the vault in which they were contained:—

"Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus."

The sanctity of the locality was not without its influence upon the character of the population. From the year 1203, when the "genius loci" inspired Saint Dominic with the idea of the order to which mankind owes the Inquisition, down even to the murder of General Ramel by the Catholic Royalists in 1815, the history of the Holy City offers a series of fanatical outbursts and ferocious cruelties, which can only be paralleled in ancient Egypt or in modern Turkey. To ascribe these deeds of blood and frenzy to the influence of the Catholic superstition would be an error. But it is too true that the priests and ministers of the religion, instead of checking, have fomented the savage passions of the multitude; instead of disavowing, have adopted their feats of murder, have publicly justified them, and endeavored to make the Church responsible for them.

One of these achievements of the religious mob of Toulouse was enacted in the sixteenth century. In 1562, a Huguenot procession was accompanying a corpse to burial, when it was set upon, under some pretext or other, by the rabble. The street row grew into a general fight. The Reformed population of Toulouse, though a considerable body, was vastly outnumbered by the Orthodox, and was obliged to entrench itself in the Hotel de Ville, and stand a siege. The besiegers sent the Governor of Narbonne to offer terms. The Protestants accepted them. They were to march out of their defences, leaving their arms and munitions, and to retire unmolested whither they thought fit. On Whitsunday, May 17th, the Protestants began their retreat. Though they had chosen the hour of vespers designedly to avoid all risk of commotion in the streets, the Catholics obtained intelligence of the movement, rushed out of the churches, siezed arms, and massacred upwards of three thousand unarmed men, women, and children.

But this was the work of an ignorant and fanatical populace, brutalized by feudal oppression, kindled into momentary rage by the armed resistance of their enemies. It was a time of civil war, in fact, a war in which both parties were equally in the wrong, Huguenots as well as Catholics; and the excesses of the victorious faction were lamented by all good men, even of their own party.

Nothing of the sort. The Church adopted the double crime of perjury and murder.

The Parlement of Toulouse instituted an annual *fête* to commemorate the massacre of the 17th of May. The Pope (Pius IV.) hastened to issue a bull, in which he authorized the religious ceremony, and attached indulgences and benedictions to it. Two centuries afterwards, 1762, the *fête* of "The Deliverance" had its centenary. It was celebrated with extraordinary fervor and magnificence. Clement XIII. renewed the bull of Pius IV. with ampler privileges. Such is the aspect of the Church towards crime, when it is committed in its own interest.

The event of which we are about to narrate the chief incidents fell in the year 1761. There lived at Toulouse a certain Jean Calas. He kept a respectable draper's shop in one of the principal streets of the city—Grande Rue des Filetters, No 16. He had been forty years established in business; his age was sixty-three, his character simple, his dealings honest, his habits industrious, and his unassuming virtues those which were hereditary in the families of the Protestant *bourgeois*. The piety of the Protestants of that age had lost its harshness, without abating its grave sincerity. Calas was known among his neighbors as uniting steadiness to his inherited religious principles with entire tolerance towards his Catholic fellow-citizens; a tolerance which was very far from being reciprocal, and which was rare in provincial towns in those days, and, indeed, is far from being universal in these. He was, in consequence, generally respected, and among his coreligionists, enjoyed, like Isaac Walton, a consideration far above his worldly rank. Limited as were his means, we find him admitted to the society and friendship of the *petite noblesse* of Languedoc, and even connected with some of them by marriage.

His family consisted of his wife, who was eighteen years younger than himself, and who appears, by her conduct during her examination, to have been a woman of strong sense and superior character, six children, and one maid-servant. Of the children four were sons, Marc-Antoine, Jean-Pierre, Louis, Jean-Louis-Donat, and two daughters, Anne-Rose and Anne.

The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, with whom we are principally concerned, was, in the year 1761, twenty-eight years old. He had been a law-student at the University, and taken his Bachelor's degree. He had what is de-

scribed as a taste for letters, which seems rather to have been a taste for a sauntering, easy life, and a decided distaste for the shop. But no one could, in France, be admitted to the bar without a certificate of Catholicity, signed by the curé of the parish. These tyrannical regulations, by which the professions and many of the trades were closed to the Protestants, were somewhat alleviated in practice by the good-nature of many curés, who used to sign these certificates without inquiry, as matters of course. In the present case, however, the curé had refused to give the voucher without an attestation signed by a priest, to certify that Marc-Antoine had confessed to him. This disappointment had soured the temper and broken the spirits of the youth. He became moody, silent, irritated against the present, and without prospects for the future. He took no part in the amusements which the household shared together, and sat by, not joining in any conversation which might be going on, but appearing occupied with some thoughts of his own. He read a good deal, and was often heard to comment on the excuses for suicide urged by Plutarch and Montaigne.

The maid, Jeanne Viguier, was a zealous Catholic, but had lived twenty-three years in the family, and brought up the children to whom she was much attached. Her zeal for their spiritual interests had induced her to attempt their conversion. She had succeeded with one member of the family only,—the only one without character or good sense,—the third son, Louis. These endeavors, however, were but additional evidence of her zealous devotion to the family, to whom she adhered through their terrible trials with a steady fidelity which was rare, even in those days, and in the southern provinces, which retained more of the old-fashioned manners than the north.

Such was the *personnel* of the family at the time when the quiet course of their existence was broken by a catastrophe so sudden and undeserved, at the same time so blighting and irretrievable, as to excite the compassion and sympathy of all succeeding ages in the highest degree of which our nature is capable.

The following account of the facts is contained in a letter written by Madame Calas herself, for the information of a friend of the family. Its natural and simple language, and the suppressed anguish of spirit which it

reveals, make it more touching than the most highly-colored narrative could be.

"I herewith send you an exact and true statement of our unhappy business, as it happened.

"On the 13th of October, an evil day for us, M. G. La Vaisse arrived at Toulouse, from Bordeaux, on a visit to his parents. He found they had left town for their country box, and he endeavored in vain to hire a horse to take him out. Between four and five in the afternoon he came to our house. My husband said to him, that as he was not leaving the city, it would give us great pleasure if he would sup with us. He readily consented, and came up stairs to see me. After the first compliments were past between us, he said, 'I am coming to supper with you; your husband has asked me.' I expressed my satisfaction, and left him for a few minutes, to give some orders in consequence. When I went down stairs, I found my eldest son alone in the shop, seated, in a very absent mood apparently. I requested him to purchase some Roquefort cheese for supper. This was his ordinary province, as he knew more about cheese than any of the others. I then ascended again to the room where I had left M. La Vaisse, who soon took his leave.

"He returned at supper-time (seven o'clock), and we all took our places. The conversation during the meal turned on indifferent matters—the antiquities at the Hotel de Ville, &c. After supper, which did not last very long, my unhappy boy (Marc-Antoine, the eldest son) rose from table, as usual, and went towards the kitchen. The servant asked him, 'Are you cold, Monsieur l'ainé?' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'I am burning hot.' We remained seated at table a very short time longer, and then passed into an adjoining room, and continued the conversation. My younger son fell asleep, and about three-quarters after nine, or towards ten o'clock, M. La Vaisse took his leave. We wakened up Pierre, who went down stairs with a light in his hand, to show M. La Vaisse out.

"A moment after we heard their cries of alarm, and my husband ran down to see what was the matter, I remaining, all trembling, in the passage at the head of the stairs, not daring to go down, and not knowing what it could mean.

"At last, as no one returned, I ventured down, and at the foot of the stairs encountered M. La Vaisse, and asked him hurriedly what it was. He only replied by urging me to go up stairs again; and he went up with me, but left me immediately. I did not know what to do, so I called to Jeannette, and sent her down to see what had happened. As she did not return, I went down again myself;

and what was my horror when I saw, great God! my dear son stretched upon the ground! I did not suppose he was dead, so I ran for a bottle of *Reine de Hongrie*, supposing that he was taken suddenly faint, and did every thing I could think of to revive him, not being able to persuade myself that it was his dead body which I had before me.

"Meanwhile the surgeon had come in, without my seeing that he was there, till I found him telling me that my pains were of no use, for that he was dead. I persisted in asserting that it could not be so, and implored him to use all his efforts to save him. He did so to appease me, but in vain. All this time my husband was leaning against a desk, in a state of desperation. My heart was torn in two between the sad sight of my son stretched dead before me, and the fear of losing my husband, who abandoned himself to sorrow, and would listen to no consolation; They made us go up stairs; and in that state we were when the officers of justice came and arrested us.

"This is, word for word, what happened. May the Almighty, who knows our innocence, punish me eternally if I have exaggerated or diminished one iota, or have not told the pure truth. I am ready to seal this truth with my blood.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,
ANNE ROSE CABIBEL CALAS."

The mother confines her statement to what she herself saw. From the depositions of other witnesses taken at the time, we can fill up what is wanting to complete the story of the events in the Rue des Filletiers.

When La Vaisse returned to supper at seven o'clock, Pierre Calas who had been out along with him, shut and barred the outer door of the house towards the street. This circumstance, which was afterwards construed as premeditation of crime, explains itself by the ordinary practice of the shops, where the front door was invariably fastened while the family were at meals.

After retiring from the supper-table the party spent about two hours in chatting in the adjoining parlor, Madame Calas working at her embroidery the while. When they came to wake Pierre, on La Vaisse's departure, the young man tried to deny that he had been asleep. They rallied him playfully on it, and the adieux were mirthful and gay; the last time that gaiety visited that household. Death was already within the walls.

When La Vaisse, accompanied by Pierre, reached the bottom of the stairs, he noticed that the door leading from the passage into

the shop was open, which, it seems, was unusual, and raised a momentary suspicion that some person had got into the shop who had no business there. Pierre went in to look. The first object that met his eye was the body of his brother suspended by the neck against the inner door by which the outer shop (*boutique*) communicated with an inner store-room (*magasin*). Across the two leaves of this folding-door, as it stood open, the unhappy suicide had placed a long billet of wood, and suspended himself by a cord and running knot. Pierre took hold of his brother's hand, on which the body began to swing, and the two then called out for help. Jean, the father, came down instantly, and seeing what had happened, seized the corpse in his arms. The round billet of wood, thus relieved of its burden, rolled off the top of the doors, and fell to the ground. He deposited the body on the floor, and slipped the knot, crying out to Pierre, "Run for Camoire." Camoire was a surgeon who lived in the neighborhood. Pierre and La Vaisse both rushed out, and returned with a young man, a pupil or apprentice of the surgeon.

As soon as Jean Calas came to understand what had happened, his first thought was for the honor of his dead son and the family. "Let no one know," he cried, "that he has died by his own hand." La Vaisse was easily enjoined to secrecy on this point. This deception may have given an unfavorable color to the case, but it was extremely natural, if not excusable, when we recollect the hideous barbarity of the French law of suicide.

Such were the occurrences within the house. Misery enough for the afflicted family. But this was but the beginning of sorrow. Outside the house, in the street, a considerable assemblage of the curious had gathered. Misfortune must never expect sympathy or commiseration from a crowd. They began, as usual, to indulge in liberal commentary on the enigmatical proceedings within the house. The usual uncharitableness of such remarks was, in this instance, inflamed by the ardent hatred of French Catholics against a Protestant. The ingenuity and malice of an individual could not have deliberately invented a fiction more plausible or more destructive to its object than that which grew up spontaneously from the passions and imagination of this street-mob. It only needed to be suggested, and these Catholics were sure, that

these Protestant parents had murdered their son. But with what motive? why, of course it was to prevent him from turning Catholic. It is the business of justice to crush such scandal, and to sift facts without regard to what may be the popular cry. "*Vanæ voces populi non sunt audiendæ*," is a maxim of the Roman law. In this instance the magistrate caught eagerly at the suggestion, and thenceforth all the efforts of law were bent towards getting up a plausible proof of a suggestion which had this chance origin.

The public of Toulouse, as well as the administration of justice, both civil and criminal, "*haute et basse*," was in the hands of a municipal council, locally elected. These eight councillors, or aldermen, formed a court, styled "the Consistory," each member of which was called a "*Capitou*," (*i.e.*, member of the chapter, *capitulum*). Out of the total number of eight Capitouls, the majority were changed, or reelected annually. But two or three of the body were usually persons who had purchased their place, according to the custom which prevailed in France before the Revolution. These held their post for life. This of course gave these "titular Capitouls," so they were styled, a very great ascendancy over their annual colleagues. One of these titulars at the present juncture was David de Beaudrigue. This man was not a villain, though he has been made to play that part in some of the tragedies founded on this history. He was one of those self-important officials, to whose well-meaning zeal so much of the evil which takes effect in the world is owing. As a police-officer he was in his place. The impetuous restlessness of his temperament, even in this capacity, made him perpetually overstep the line of usefulness. Such a man is always dangerous except when kept under the strict control of a superior. But as a magistrate, with supreme control over the persons and property of others, there exists no form of character more pregnant of mischief to society. He is ready to become the instrument, and always a most energetic instrument, of the reigning prejudice or passion. In the present case, the Catholic fanaticism of Toulouse was the storm that swept him away. He came into it with all the violence of his character, and displayed, in hunting the Calas to the death, as much blind passion and ferocious determination as

if, instead of a judge, he had been a party having a private injury to revenge.

David had been roused from his first sleep by the commotion which began to spread through the city. He hurried to the spot with the watch, ordering at the same time a physician and two surgeons to be fetched. His first measure was to arrest Pierre Calas, who had remained down stairs with the body while the parents had withdrawn above. He then, without any of the formalities which the law required, or any examination of the premises, ordered off the body of Marc-Antoine to the Hotel de Ville, and proceeded to arrest Monsieur and Madame Calas, the maid Jeanne, La Vaisse, and a friend of the family named Cazeing, who had come to the house on hearing the terrible news. The parents of the defunct, absorbed in grief, supposed that they were being conducted to the Hotel de Ville to depose to the circumstances of the suicide. Pierre was about leaving a candle burning in the passage, that they might find a light on their return. David, with a sarcastic leer at his simplicity, bade him put it out, "They would not get home again so soon."

It is obvious how this precipitate arrest, and the neglect of an examination of the spot, was calculated to prejudice the case of the Calas family. It is possible that a proper scrutiny at the time would have established at once the fact of self-murder. Some essentials of the evidence were irretrievably lost. Such was the hurry of the proceedings, that David did not even stay to ascertain the name of Cazeing, but describing him in the *procès-verbal*, as "*un espèce d'abbé*." This "sort of clergyman was a manufacturer of stuffs, and, as an employer of several hundred hands, perfectly well known in Toulouse. One of David's colleagues arrived while he was making out this *procès*, and seeing the trembling eagerness of the zealot, ventured to suggest a little more patience and caution. "*Je prend tout sur moi*," was the reply; "*c'est ici la cause de la religion*."

We shall not follow step by step the subsequent hearings of the five accused, for such they now were, before the Consistory. The procedure of a French court of justice before the Revolution seems to have been arranged, not with a view of eliciting truth, but with that of securing condemnation. In the *procès*-

Calas, even this iniquitous system would have failed of its purpose. It required all the address and management of David to get up a case sufficiently plausible to obtain a sentence against his victims. The prisoners were kept in close confinement, not allowed to communicate with their friends outside, and consequently unable to instruct counsel for their defence. The daughters Calas, and Louis, employed an advocate. But not only had he no access to his clients, he could not approach the tribunal. For there was no public trial. The accused were interrogated separately and secretly by the judges. They could produce no witnesses for the defence, nor state any thing except in answer to a question of the court. The advocate's part was reduced to that of presenting "memoirs" which it was at the judge's option to treat with neglect. But in this case David had taken care that not even a "requête" should reach the bench. At the beginning of the process, the attorney employed by the Demmoiselles Calas had filed a bill in the court which was calculated, but apparently not judiciously calculated, to stay the proceedings. So irritated was David at this attempt to arrest his course, that he employed all his credit to get the attorney, Duroux, cashiered. He did actually succeed in getting him sentenced to a public apology, and three months' suspension. After this it became impossible for the friends of Calas to find an attorney to act for them. Even the bailiffs declined the hazardous office of serving the memorials which their advocate drew up.

Notwithstanding all these arrangements, the affair did not progress rapidly. More than thirty witnesses had been examined, yet no evidence had been obtained which permitted the Calas to be sentenced. It was found necessary to have recourse to the "monitory." This was a resource of the civil tribunals in cases where witnesses were backward. The Attorney-General drew up a list of "presumed facts" of which the Court was in need of evidence, which list was addressed to the ecclesiastical authority, and by it dispersed to the various parishes, to be read from the pulpits by the curés. The monitory so published informed all those who *knew by hearsay or otherwise* any of the circumstances stated in the requisition, that if they did not appear to disclose what they knew before either the magistrate, or the curé of their par-

ish, they rendered themselves liable to excommunication. One of the rules for drawing up this terrible document in point of form required that it should always summon witnesses on both sides—for the defence as well as the prosecution. This provision was necessary, because the tribunals in those days adhered rigorously to the maxim of the Roman law, that no witness can be heard who offers himself. (*Testis se offerens repellitur a testimonio.*) As the accused themselves were not allowed to call witnesses, none could appear for the defence at all, were the monitory so worded as to cite them for the prosecution only. In the present case the Attorney-General, with flagrant illegality, drew up his requisition in this partial form.

Meanwhile the passions of the populace were further appealed to by the aid of religion. It was determined to give Marc-Antoine a public funeral. The Attorney-General, by collusion with the Capitouls, demanded, in the King's name, an order for interment on the ground that "*une foule de motifs le rendent nécessaire.*" As proper means had been taken to guard against decomposition, there were no other motives that could reasonably be alleged. David, and one of his colleagues, took an opportunity when the rest of the consistory were absent, and they found themselves alone with two of their assessors of whom they were sure, to make an order to that effect. They then engaged the curé of the parish of St. Etienne to undertake the ceremonies. Accordingly the body of a Protestant and a suicide was buried with all the honors of the Catholic Church, attended by all the clergy in Toulouse. It shows the temper of the people, that one of the lay confraternities, called the "White Penitents," attended the procession in their colors, on the pretext that the "martyred" Marc-Antoine had entertained the idea of joining their society. After this, one reads with satisfaction, in the *Moniteur* of 8th Avril, 1792, in the decree suppressing the confraternities throughout France, that the part played by the "Penitents Blancs" in the affair of Calas is recited as one of the motives of the suppression.

By these means a mass of evidence was slowly gathered which enabled the Capitouls to proceed to judgment. Not that any new facts, either direct or circumstantial, belonging to the tragedy of October 13th had been collected. The depositions are a mass of

suspicions and hearsays, proving only the general animosity with which the Protestants were habitually regarded by their neighbors, and pointing constructively to the conclusion that the heretics thought any crime, even assassination, permissible to prevent the conversion of one of their body to the Catholic faith. From this premiss the inference was, that on the 13th of October, 1762, Jean Calas, aided and abetted by his wife, his son Pierre, his servant Jeannie Viguier, and the young La Vaisse, had murdered his eldest son, Marc-Antoine. There was no evidence whatever for the murder, but the particular fact was thought to be sufficiently proved, because the general doctrine of the Protestants had been presumptively established. The accused were not proved guilty, but they had been rigorously excluded from offering any evidence of their innocence. It was not to be endured that heretics should be allowed to say that one who had received from the Church the honors of a martyr had been a suicide. Nor, indeed, in the excited state of popular feeling, could any witness have dared, even if the citation had been so framed as to have admitted it, to depose in favor of the accused. There were, indeed, two persons who could and would have come forward to affirm on oath the innocence of Calas and his wife. These two persons were La Vaisse, and the maid Jeanne Viguier. The prosecutors were, indeed, much embarrassed by having arrested these two persons, and by having included them in the charge. Jeanne Viguier was a devout Catholic, who had been the means of converting one of her young masters, Louis Calas, and was supposed to have been urgent with Marc-Antoine to follow his brother's example. The absurdity of the supposition that she had aided in murdering Marc-Antoine, to prevent his conversion, was glaring, and the obvious mode of removing it would have been to have silently released her. But had she been released, she would have immediately appeared in quality of witness to prove that she had never quitted the Calas, father and mother, for an instant, from supper-time to the discovery of the body, and it would have been impossible to bring them in guilty.

As to the state of opinion in Toulouse, it was now the fixed belief of the whole city that one of the articles of the Protestant creed required all Protestants to put to death

any member of their body who became a convert to the Church Catholic; that their own parents were bound to denounce them, nay, to aid, if required, in their execution. It was further affirmed by those who pretended to know, that on the morning of the 13th, an assembly of Protestants had been held in a house which they named, at which the assassination of Marc-Antoine had been resolved in solemn conclave. One of the depositions bearing on this charge may be selected as illustrative, not only of the evidence in this case, but of the sort of evidence admissible under the system of secret interrogatory practised in the French Courts before the Revolution:—

“Pierre Lagrèye, master-tailor, sixty-first witness, declares that he *had it from one* Bonnemaison, that he, the said Bonnemaison *had heard say*, that a laborer of Caraman, on hearing of the affair of Calas, *had said* that there was nothing strange in it, for that five or six persons had been made away with at Caraman in the same fashion.”

Evidence enough of this sort had been got, and public opinion in Toulouse was not only ready, but impatient, for a severe sentence. Accordingly, on November 18th, the Capitouls met, and proceeded to what was called a preliminary sentence, which condemned Jean and Madame Calas, with their son Pierre to the rack (*question ordinaire et extraordinaire*), and La Vaisse and Viguier to be “presented.” This presentation consisted in attaching the persons to the instrument of torture, and making every preparation for proceeding, and in that position interrogating them.

The sentence was immediately read to the victims. They appealed from the sentence of the Consistory to the higher court, the Parlement. Their appeal was met by a counter appeal on the part of the Attorney-General, an appeal *a minima i. e.*, on the ground that the sentence on the two last criminals was too light.

The Parlement of Toulouse ranked as the Second Supreme Court of justice in the kingdom. The *Chambre de Tournelle*, so called because the counsellors sat in it in rotation, was a Board, or Judicial Committee of Magistrates for the hearing of criminal appeals. It consisted apparently of fifteen members, though only thirteen sat and voted on this appeal. None of these magistrates bear

names of historic note, though many of them were men of high consideration in Languedoc. Under such a system, however, where offices were purchased, and the magistracy vied with each other in truckling for ministerial favors, the highest names give no security for justice or even for common integrity. Those who know any thing of the history of the provincial Parlements will be prepared to find that the magistracy of Toulouse did but swim with the stream, and fall in with all the prepossessions and passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

It will be unnecessary to go over again the pleadings before the Chamber, as the depositions which had already been taken in the court below were put in in the higher court, and nothing material was added. The accused had here, however, the advantage of counsel. They could not have had an abler advocate than M. Sudre. Combining a thorough knowledge of the civil law with a classical taste, the pleadings which he drew up for the defence are in the best style of the French bar, and far superior in their chastened reserve to the exaggerated and tumid protocols which were put forth at a later period of the affair, when it had begun to attract the attention of Europe. They do not appear to have produced any effect upon the magistrates. One member of the Chamber only, M. de La Salle, was, at an early period of the trial, convinced of the innocence of the unhappy Calas, and was courageous enough to brave public opinion in the endeavor to save them. He was easily put aside by his colleagues, not by argument, but by the simple sarcasm, "Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes tout Calas!" What courage it required to bear even this useless testimony to truth may be conceived from the fact that M. Sudre, for his generosity in undertaking the defence of the helpless, lost all his practice at the bar, no one daring to employ a barrister who had so seriously compromised himself.

After ten "grandes séances" the court proceeded to deliver judgment. M. de La Salle, from highly conscientious motives, abstained from voting, as having already taken a part out of court. Of the thirteen judges who voted, only seven voted for the extreme sentence of the law. This would have saved the prisoner, as the law required an absolute majority of the chamber. Upon this the senior magistrate present, out of complais-

ance to the court, transferred his vote, and the required majority was obtained.

The sentence condemned Jean Calas—

"1. To the rack (*la question ordinaire et extraordinaire*) to draw from him a confession of his crime, and a betrayal of his accomplices.

"2. That in his shirt, head and feet bare, he should be drawn from prison to the cathedral, and there on his knees, at the principal entrance, with a candle of wax two pounds weight in his hands, he should demand pardon for his crime of God, the king, and the laws.

"3. That he should then be replaced in the cart, and taken to the Place Saint-Georges, where he should be stretched on a wheel, and have his arms, legs, thighs, and ribs broken by the executioner.

"4. That he should then be laid upon his back, with his face toward heaven, to live as long as it should please God to give him life in pain and repentance for his crime and misdeeds, and to serve as an example of terror to other malefactors."

This sentence was pronounced March 9, 1762, and executed the following day.

The horrible details of the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, by rack and by water, are given at length in the official *procès-verbal*. Human nature shrinks from the repetition of them. Suffice it to say that the spirit of the heroic victim triumphed over his mortal agonies, and that the butchers, assisted by the exhortations of two Jacobin friars, only extorted a consistent and unwavering declaration of innocence. In the hideous interrogatory between the patient and his judges we have no difficulty in recognizing an error on the one side endeavoring in vain to find any grounds on which to establish itself; on the other, the integrity of innocence reproducing itself in every form, and under the most terrible test to which human nature can be subjected. When brought out on the scaffold for the final scene of brutality, a single cry escaped his lips at the first blow out of the eleven, each one of which broke a bone. He endured the rest without a murmur. When stretched out in the manner prescribed by the sentence, notwithstanding the double torture and the breaking of his limbs, life was still so tenacious in the man of sixty-four, that he lingered in his agony for two hours. At the expiration of this time the executioner had orders to put a period to his sufferings. At this moment David, who had presided at the

torture, and had been watching the subsequent proceedings, unable any longer to control his rage and disappointment at not having extracted a confession, rushed towards him on the scaffold, "Wretch, you have but a moment more to live! Confess the truth!" Calas, unable to speak, but retaining his faculties perfectly, made a sign in the negative with his head, and the executioner put the cord round his neck.

It is some consolation to outraged humanity to record the end of David. As light was gradually thrown upon this horrible perversion of justice, David found himself become the object of universal detestation. In 1765 he was turned out of the Capitolate. The horrors of his situation deranged his mind. He thought he saw gibbets and executioners on every side of him. He was taken home to his native place for the benefit of the air. He threw himself out of window once, but without fatal consequences. Though carefully watched, he managed to evade his keepers a second time, and killed himself by throwing himself from a window, crying out the name of Calas!

In relating the fate of the wretched Capitoul, we have anticipated. We return to the year 1762.

It had been thought advisable to take the case of Jean Calas first, separate from the others, as it was expected the torture would wring from him such a confession as would furnish a better ground of proceeding to their condemnation than as yet existed. The heroism of the father saved his family. The day after the execution, the *Procureur-Général*,* "*ce Procureur de Beelzebuth*," Voltaire called him in the Sirven affair in 1770, moved the court to proceed to sentence the rest of the prisoners. He demanded that Madame Calas, her son, and La Vaisse should be hung, and Jeanne Viguier confined for life in the prison of the asylum, after having been present at the execution of her accomplices. On the 18th March the court pronounced its decision. This was—against Pierre Calas, banishment: against the other three, a verdict of acquittal. It is evident from this sentence that the judges had already begun to feel a suspicion of their error. For if Pierre had been guilty as an

accessory to the murder of his brother, he should not have been let off with banishment. And if he was not accessory, for what crime was the penalty of banishment inflicted? And as he and the other three were not accessory to the murder, we are to suppose that a man of sixty-four had, unassisted, strangled a vigorous young man of twenty-eight, without his even being able to make sufficient resistance to alarm the rest of the household. This second sentence is the severest censure on the first.

Such was the tragedy enacted in Toulouse. Let us turn to the effect produced as it came to be known beyond the walls.

On the Protestants of France it produced the utmost degree of consternation. The odious horrors of the torture and execution of an innocent man, and the blind violence with which his destruction at all hazards had been pushed on, struck the imagination with awe. But more than even this were they alarmed by finding the whole of the Reformed churches publicly charged in an official document, authenticated by the Church, with holding the doctrine that it was the duty of parents to assassinate their children if they showed a disposition to become Catholics. They thought themselves obliged to obtain a solemn disavowal of the tenet, signed by the "Venerable Company of the Pastors, &c., of the Church at Geneva." And they further engaged the most accredited name among the French Reformed, the illustrious Paul Rabaut, Pastor of the Desert, to put forth a "Memorial" in their defence. This defence, entitled "*La Calomnie Confondue*," is, in the opinion of M. Caquerel, not the production of Paul Rabaut himself. He was led to this conclusion by the style of the pamphlet, which is spirited, defiant, and tinged with the declamatory rhetoric of the man of letters of that age. Such was not the attitude of the Reformed religion in France in the eighteenth century. The French Protestants were terrified at the pluck of their own apologist, and hastened to let him know that they found his pamphlet "too severe." Too severe on the murderers of Calas! To what can a few generations of unresisted and hopeless oppression bring a feeble and persecuted class or sect of men? We may not taunt these unhappy "sheep in the desert" with pusillanimity. But it is too true that the vigor and life of the Huguenot

* The *Procureur-Général* was the head of the bar attached to a supreme court. The *Procureur-du-Roi* held the same position at the bar attached to any inferior court.

body had quitted their country at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Those who stayed behind had to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of insult and humiliation. They voluntarily accepted their lot, and their submission produced its natural effects on their character. We are reminded of the description given of them in the indignant appeals of Saurin to these Nicodemites, as he calls them, who, by remaining at home, had sacrificed their conscience to their interests. Saurin reproaches them with betraying their God and their brethren. It would be more true to say that they were unfaithful to themselves. They had, like all defeated parties, lost the consciousness of being in the right, and seemed to cling to their creed rather from a stupid tenacity than from conviction. They justified their oppressors, and really thought it "treason" to complain. We must ascribe to this entire subjugation to the opinion of the majority the fact, that many Protestants in France at first expressed their full belief in the guilt of Calas.

All that the voice from the Desert dared to call in question was the ascription to the Protestant body of the doctrine of assassination. Even for this moderate resistance the memorial of Paul Rabaut was ordered by the Parlement of Toulouse to be burnt in the public square, and informations were directed to be taken against all "concerned in composing, writing, printing, or distributing the said libel." The sentence on Jean Calas, a sentence passed with every solemnity by the second court of justice in the kingdom, no Protestant would have ventured to dispute the legality of, whatever suspicion he might have nursed in private. But even had the Protestants possessed the will, they had not the power to obtain a hearing. It required a mind unsubjugated by the reigning fanaticism, and a voice which could make itself heard, in order to bring the murderers of Calas to the bar of public opinion.

About the end of March, 1762, a merchant of Marseilles, on his way home from Toulouse, stopped at Geneva, paid a visit to Voltaire, and gave him an account of the dreadful scene which he had just witnessed. He affirmed most emphatically that Calas was innocent. Over and above the indignation inspired by the perversion of justice, there was that in the character of the business which in an especial manner addressed itself to Voltaire's interests. The most sincere and

disinterested of his feelings was his burning indignation against crimes committed in the name of religion. In the Toulouse tragedy he had brought home to him one of the most atrocious of such crimes on record. And this, on either alternative. Was Calas guilty? Then would be betrayed a dark and murderous fanaticism lurking among the crushed relics of French Calvinism. Was he innocent? Then Catholic bigotry had committed in the sight of day an atrocious wickedness, which it concerned the honor of the French nation to atone for as publicly and fully as lay in its power. With his accustomed energy he set about obtaining all the information he could gather; he spared neither time nor labor, nor any of his accustomed artifice, to elicit, to surprise—the truth; writing in every direction, checking one correspondent by another. If he found one of his informants zealous in the cause of the Calas, Voltaire assumed the tone of one who believed their guilt, and challenges proof of the contrary. It was not long, however, before he saw his own way. The task of putting the evidence in a shape to convince others was much more serious. For one species of proof which had most influenced himself could not be represented on paper. This was his experiments, for so we may call them, on the two sons. Donat Calas, the youngest, was then fifteen; he had been apprenticed to a tradesman at Nîmes. After the arrest and imprisonment of his family, he was recommended to fly the country, as the only way of escaping being involved in the catastrophe; he took refuge at Geneva; here Voltaire found him, carried him home to "Les Délices," and kept him with him. By this means he gained a knowledge not only of the young man's own disposition, but of the character of the family, and the interior economy of their household. Had Voltaire found in Donat the traces of savage fanaticism and sectarian hatred, it would at least have given possibility to the crime. He recognized, on the contrary, in the family with whose habits he thus made acquaintance, a gentleness of manners, a respectful tolerance towards the Catholic religion, which is most remote from such sacrifices to Moloch as were alleged. In July, Pierre Calas, having escaped from a Dominican convent at Toulouse into which he had been entrapped, made his appearance at Geneva. Voltaire,

not content with examining him, placed persons in secret espionage near him for four months. His whole conduct and language, writes Voltaire, at the conclusion of this long trial, "sont de l'innocence la plus pure, et de la douleur la plus vraie." The innocence of Calas is not doubtful. Had it been otherwise, the result of Voltaire's experiment upon the sons would have been of the greatest weight in favor of the father. It may be true that it suited Voltaire's purposes to attack the Parlement rather than the Protestants. But it was essential to him, if he did engage in a struggle with the Parlement, to be sure that he had right on his side before beginning. Had he had a bad case, he must have been ignominiously defeated. As it was, with right and justice on his side, success was doubtful.

As soon as he was decided to act, it was necessary to engage the coöperation of the Widow Calas. Broken-hearted by a calamity which was irreparable by any human aid, she had retired with Jeanne Viguière into the country, in the neighborhood of Montauban. Her only desire now was to drag out in privacy the sorrowful remainder of a life whose sunshine had been so cruelly extinguished. When she found herself expected to reappear in the world, to undertake the journey to Paris, and the harass and shame of a personal canvass, she at first shrunk from the effort demanded. Indeed it was a hazardous as well as a difficult enterprise. She had but just escaped herself and one of her sons, from participating in her husband's tortures and death. They might be thought fortunate in having got off so easily. Was she now to confront authority, to levy war against the Parlement of Toulouse, or even against the Capitouls? The same credit and influence which had been used to procure the unjust verdict would be exerted with tenfold force to sustain it.

Voltaire better understood the risk run in the attempt than Madame Calas herself. He knew that now the whole strength of the Church would be engaged to uphold the unjust judgment, and with the more pertinacity because they knew it to have been unjust, and its exposure would therefore involve signal disgrace. But with his far-sighted and clear understanding, he had calculated his resources, and saw that it could be done. The closest caution, however, was necessary.

Had it been known that Madame Calas was in motion, the Attorney-Generál would have had little difficulty in obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, and shutting her up in some prison or convent. She went to Paris alone. Her means were now too narrow—for their fortune had been wrecked by the imprisonment, and even their shop pillaged by the mob—for her to afford an attendant, and the faithful Jeanne was left at home. M. La Vaisse, who acted in concert with her, also appeared in Paris under an assumed name. Voltaire from a distance watched over her proceedings, smoothed her path, and acted as her protector with that thoughtful delicacy in which he was unsurpassed. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, the lonely woman soon found herself surrounded by friends, and offers of assistance. But this brought with it new troubles. Her inexperience of the capital was so great, that every friend thought himself bound to become adviser also. The multitude of counsellors became itself an embarrassment. Voltaire's time is now occupied in setting aside the impracticable proposals of mistaken well-wishers, and repairing the blunders of officious but ignorant zeal. His activity was incessant, and only equalled by his steadiness. The fertility of his invention, his inexhaustible fund of expedients to meet every difficulty, were never more conspicuous than in this cause, into which he threw himself with all his soul.

The difficulties were appalling. First, there was the pervading official difficulty of getting any thing *done*, which is multiplied tenfold when it is a question of getting *undone* that which has been done. Not public offices only, and professions, but society, swarms with persons who are always convinced that an official sentence is always a just sentence. Such a one was the Duc de Villars, whom Voltaire had endeavored to enlist in the cause. He had so far complied as to make an application to Secretary of State, that the grounds of the sentence (*motifs de l'arrêt*) might be produced:—

"This is as much as I considered myself justified in saying to M. de Saint-Florentin. I could not venture to assert that the sentence was an unjust sentence, as I have no reason for thinking it so. The papers which you have forwarded me, and which I hereby acknowledge, have not altered my opinion. I wish I may be wrong in believing that fanaticism can prompt to any crime. But I can-

not suppose that thirteen judges would unanimously condemn a man to the most terrible of punishments without a certain assurance of his guilt."

These sentiments, which breathe the refinement and cold good sense of the "highest circles," were by no means confined to those circles. They were above all things adapted to damp Voltaire, who, however he might outrage decency at times, was always alive to the proprieties. An anecdote is told by M. Gaberel (*Voltaire les Gênois*) of a German Baron who happened in passing by Geneva to call at Ferney, in the very height of the business. Having just emerged from his patriarchal Schloss, the Baron was in baronial ignorance of the news of the day. Voltaire, who could think of nothing else, immediately inquired, "Monsieur, que pensez-vous du pauvre Calas, qui à été roué?"

"Il à été roué! Ah! il faut que ce soit un grand coquin!"

Voltaire's indignation may be guessed, and the visitor was summarily ejected from Ferney, much to his astonishment. His blunder was explained to him at Geneva. He, on his part, had supposed Calas to be some brigand to whom the Lord of Ferney had been administering seigniorial justice.

The coldness of official persons was not the only obstacle to be grappled with. The Calas had a secret opponent in the most powerful personage in the realm, the Secretary of State, the Comte de Saint-Florentin. His opposition was all the more formidable that it was veiled under the cautious and stately reserve of diplomatic forms. What may have been the minister's policy it is impossible to guess. But we now know, from the secret dispatches, what was not penetrated by Voltaire himself, that throughout the affair the Secretary of State was the active and interested patron of the enemies of Calas.

Another danger to be guarded against was the susceptibility of the Catholics. Had the appeal of the Calas for justice been put in its true light, it might easily have been represented on the other side as a conspiracy of the Calvinists, and so not only the Church, but the whole Catholic party, have been roused to resist it. In drawing up the memorials for the appellants, Voltaire had the difficult task of pleading for a Protestant, and before Catholic France, such as Louis

XIV. had left it. His own account of the nicety of touch thus required is found in one of the letters, published for the first time in 1856 (*Lettres Inédites*):—

"My dear Tronchin,—I send you the memorial as I have worded it for our Catholics at home; you see that, like the apostle, I make myself all things to all men. A Protestant, speaking as here in his own name, could not, I thought, conceal his creed, but must speak of it with modesty, to disarm, if possible, the French prejudice against Calvinism. Consider that there are plenty of folks quite ready to say, 'What signifies it if they have beaten a Calvinist to death! The State has one enemy the less!' Depend upon it many a good, simple ecclesiastic thinks this. We must stop their mouths by a modest exposition of the reasonable side of Protestantism, so stated that the Catholic convert-mongers shall continue to cherish hopes of success."

Many other obstacles of a technical nature, such as the difficulty of obtaining a copy of the original proceedings at Toulouse, arose; the expense, which was enormous, Voltaire paid out of his own pocket, or by a subscription among his friends; but finally they were all surmounted by his address and ardor. On the 7th of March, three days short of a year since the death of Jean Calas, Voltaire had the gratification of seeing the first step towards reparation made. The Conseil d'Etat, on the motion of M. Mariette, made an order for the review of the case of Jean Calas. It had now attracted general attention, not only at the bar, and in legal and official circles, but in the court. The Conseil du Roi was held at Versailles; and we have the following account from an eyewitness, in a letter dated the following day, March 8th:—

"Madame Calas' affair was decided yesterday in the Council. I accompanied her to Versailles, as did several other gentlemen, her friends. She met with a most favorable reception from the ministers. She was not obliged to wait anywhere. As soon as ever she presented herself, the doors flew wide open. Every one seemed bent on offering her all the sympathy in their power. The Chancellor said to her, 'Your business, Madam, engages all our thoughts. We desire that you should receive here all the consolation for your troubles which we can give.' She proceeded to the gallery, with her daughters, to see the king pass to council. Several of the great lords addressed her—the

Duc d'A., the Comte de Noailles, &c. They undertook that the king should notice her, and placed her on purpose. But owing to a strange accident their design was frustrated. For just as the king came to the place, one of his suite stumbled and fell, and drew all eyes upon him."

This first *arrêt* of the Council, ordering a review, was only the first stage. It took twelve months more to carry the case through all the necessary steps. The 4th of June, the Council having reviewed the case, quashed the judgment of the Parlement of Toulouse (*arrêt de cassation*), and ordered a new trial.

The indignation at Toulouse, when the news reached that city, was extreme. It was indeed an extreme and rare stretch of royal power to reverse the judgment of a Supreme Court of justice. The lawyers at Toulouse maintained that it could not be done. However, they were obliged to content themselves with muttering this constitutional doctrine, and with making an extortionate charge for certified copies of the proceedings. One religious consolation the archbishop (Arthur Richard Dillon) indulgently added. To reward their Catholic zeal, and console them under their cruel humiliation, he permitted each of the counsellors of the Parlement to have mass said at home on Sundays. In the enjoyment of these Christian comforts they had nothing to regret, as they said, in the business, but not having had the whole five broken on the wheel instead of one only.

The Conseil du Roi, or Privy Council, having annulled the sentence as a court of appeal, sent the case for a new trial before a court composed of the "Maitres des Requêtes de l'Hotel au Souverain." This appears to have been a sort of Palace Court, for the trial of causes arising within the precincts of the palace or royal residence. Its cognizance seems to have been extended, on this and rare occasions, to such cases as the king in council pleased to reserve for his own hearing. The second trial was of the greatest consequence for clearing the memory and establishing the innocence of Jean Calas. Had the proceedings ended in annulling the Toulouse judgment, it would have been certainly pretended that the reversal was unfounded. Now the whole evidence was gone into afresh, and the Calas were enabled to produce evidence for the defence, which the

iniquitous procedure of the provincial tribunal had not admitted. The examination of the evidence occupied six sittings of about four hours each, the last excepted, which was more than eight. The final sentence, in which the forty judges unanimously concurred, was given on the 9th of March, 1765—the very day three years on which the original sentence had been passed on Jean Calas. This piece of French puerility might better have been spared. "This theatrical trick," says Grimm ("Corresp. Lit.," 25 Mars), "in so solemn a business, makes one shudder, as if one was among children playing with knives and axes." Some of the advisers of Madame Calas, elated with success, urged her to proceed to sue the Parlement of Toulouse for damages. This was judiciously prevented. She received a sum in compensation out of the public purse. It sounds considerable, but it was all exhausted in the costly legal proceedings which had now spread over three years, besides the sums which had been laid out by Voltaire. To the subscription which Voltaire opened foreign countries contributed. The Empress of Russia was said to have given three thousand livres. The English subscription-list contained nearly one hundred and fifty names, headed by those of the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Long before all the creditors were paid off, these succors were exhausted; and it remained for the National Convention in '92—thirty years after the event—to make this final reparation. On the 23rd Pluviose, the citizen Bézard made a set harangue before the Convention, reciting the whole story, and bringing forward some facts which had not been produced on the trial, with which he had been furnished by the surviving members of the family. This is the last public notice of the Calas tragedy.

One reflection is forced upon us by reviewing the share which law had in this drama. The arm by which Voltaire fought out his success was public opinion. The power by which the Catholic magistrates of Toulouse had worked was also a public opinion, viz., that of the Catholic population of Languedoc. Voltaire was able to upset their judgment by bringing to bear on the tribunals a wider and more comprehensive publicity. The opinion of Europe corrected the narrow bigotry of a remote province. The tribunals play a subordinate part throughout. Law appears as

the creature and instrument of the public voice, which controls and directs its findings. Instead of waiting to let the case be sifted in court, confident that justice will be done, the public out of doors dictate what view the bench shall take. The public must assume the office of Dicast, and labor through the evidence, or there is no security that justice will be done. Let us suppose that instead of a sceptical and tolerant age, with a Voltaire to direct opinion, these events had occurred in a reactionary and servile period, when orthodoxy and the infallibility of government were the reigning doctrines, what possible chance would there have been of the reversal of Jean Calas' sentence? The same bigotry which had perverted justice at Toulouse would have sanctioned the perversion at Paris. The rational and instructed minority would have raised their voice, but it would have been heard only in an unavailing and despised protest. There has probably been no age of the history of France in which such a sentence as this passed by the Parlement of Toulouse was impossible. There is hardly any period of that history, besides the one in question, when such a conspicuous act of justice to a Protestant, as the reversal of Calas' sentence, was possible.

Thus it happened that a matter of fact, no more doubtful than any of the most certain facts in history, became a party question. The memory of Calas had been vindicated by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. That was quite enough for the Catholics. A good Catholic

must know no more in order to form his opinion. It is the characteristic of Catholicism that it supersedes reason, and prejudices all matters by the application of fixed principles. And this habit of mind a Catholic carries with him from religion and philosophy into history and matters of fact. His question is not, "Is there evidence that this man did this thing?" but "which view does the Church take?" The mental habit thus engendered is fatal to truth and integrity. M. Coquerel flatters himself, in his closing words, that he has set the matter at rest forever. The writers on both sides, he says, had followed the same method. They had repeated, out of the histories, the same arguments, the partisans dwelling on those which seemed to tell for the accused,—the adversaries on those which made against them. But no one before himself had undertaken to go through in detail the written depositions and the pleadings of the advocates. M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well-informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.—I am told that, a month ago, the Mount of Olives was covered with beautiful flowers; now they are all over, and, as most of the crop is cut, it is rather bare. It is dotted over with scattered olive trees, which, in our Saviour's time, were probably thick groves, giving a good shelter from the heat of the sun. Its present look is peculiar; the rock is a light gray limestone, showing itself in narrow ledges all up the sides; the soil is whitish, and the grass now burned to a yellowish color on the ledges in narrow strips, forms altogether a most delicate and beautiful color, on which the gray green olives stand out in dark relief. The evening sun makes it at first golden-hued, and afterwards, as Tennyson writes, the purple brows of Olivet. . . . In the afternoon we walked up to the top of the Mount of Olives, whence you overlook the whole city, and also to the east, the Dead Sea, which is really only

fifteen miles off, and which looks quite close. This is one of the most impressive views in the world, and if I have time I will certainly paint it, but I fear that I shall not be able. On the top of the Mount of Olives are gardens, and corn-fields stretch down its sides, but all beyond seems perfectly barren rock and mountains. The Dead Sea seemed motionless, and of a blue so deep that no water that I have seen can compare with it. The range of mountains beyond is forty or fifty miles off, and a thin veil of mist seemed spread between us and them over the sea, through which they appeared aerial and unreal; and, as the sun sinks, the projections become rose-colored, and the chasms a deep violet, yet still misty. When the sun left them, the hazy air above them became a singular green color, and the sky over rosy red, gradually melting into the blue.—*Memoir of Seddon, the Artist.*

From The Examiner.

A Memoir, Letters, and Diary of the Rev. Henry S. Polehampton, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Chaplain of Lucknow. Edited by the Rev. Edward Polehampton, M.A., and the Rev. Thomas Stedman Polehampton, M.A., Fellows of Pembroke College, Oxford. Bentley.

THE name of the brave over-worked chaplain who died in the siege of Lucknow, and the noble devotion of his widow to the sick and wounded, are well known wherever there are Englishmen to read the story of the Indian war. Mr. Polehampton's brothers now publish a very brief memoir of his too brief life, together with some of his home letters from Lucknow, his journal, and some other records. We have by this time read many Lucknow books, and we begin to note in them as something remarkable the absence of all sameness. The leading facts of the siege are in all; the same men live and move in all; but every writer who was one of the imperilled garrison, stirred to the depths by the peril of the situation, by the demand on the whole man in him, on the whole woman in her, speaks with the force of individuality that becomes dulled in the quiet of society at home, with an intensity of feeling and a brief simplicity of speech to which they were all wrought and compelled by the incessant peril and the unflinching demand on them for active work. The inventions of the novelist are good indeed if they are not surpassed in interest by records like those in the volume now before us.

A great charm in this particular book is that it contains the story of an ordinary English clergyman, essentially an University man, with his heart still dwelling on the cricket field and college boat race, a man not a whit more learned or more brilliant than a thousand others of his class, doing most unaffectedly what hundreds more would have been glad to do, type, as we feel, of a large class of English gentlemen who can be true heroes when occasion offers. Mr. Polehampton died at the early age of thirty-three. He was a clergyman's son, sent when eight years old to Eton, there in good credit among his school-fellows as a fearless, honest boy, a stout swimmer, a good oar, and the first choice out of the Eleven in which he once played in the Public School matches at Lord's Cricket Ground. He went to Oxford at the age of

eighteen, as scholar of Pembroke College, passed his examination creditably without seeking honors, but was high in honor for his upright life, and for the sincerity of a religious spirit free from cant. He was a sturdy swimmer still, and once received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for having at peril of his own life saved a man from drowning in the Lasher. Boating was still his pride; as a child he had once ridden from Eton in the front boot of a coach to see a boat race. Under his captaincy the college boat was an unconquered one, and in 1846 he was chosen to row in the University boat in the match with Cambridge. When he was ordained, the words of the service did not fall as words of form upon his open, honest heart. Afterwards for a little while he occupied the pulpit in his birth-place, and in 1849 he became assistant curate at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, the parish of which his mother's father had been vicar for more than forty years. In 1852 Mr. Polehampton became engaged to his future wife, Emily, youngest daughter of a barrister in Shrewsbury, but could not marry on his curacy. After three years of waiting, the kind office of a friend secured the Indian appointment. Then he was married at St. Chad's church by his brother, and after a round of visits to home places and home friends, to his deceased father's parsonage, to the old school at Eton, to his Oxford friends, he sailed from England. In the old birth-place at Greenford he writes:

"When we got into the village, I showed Emmie where the Randolphins, Huddlestons, &c., lived, and we went down the hill to Sayer's [the parish-clerk in his father's time, and since]. He knew me at once, and we then went to the church. Besides its interest to me, there is a great deal to see there in the way of old brasses. I showed Emmie the register-book, with one of our births on every other page. Sayer pointed out the window which my father made, or rather began, with a pick-axe. He wanted the poor, who sat under the gallery, to have more light. The churchwardens said there was enough. My father answered, there was not. They said there should not be another window; he said there should. They got peremptory; 'upon which,' said Sayer, 'Mr. Polehampton says, says he, "Brown, bring me the peck;" and he hits it into the wall, and picks out four or five great stones; and says he, "There, now, my boys, I've made a beginning; you go on; never mind what anybody says, and do you make a

finish of it.” So there the window is, and the poor of Greenford can see to read their Bibles.”

The good blood descends. At Oxford the old student's first thought was to go “straight to the University Barge,” and he did not leave till he had had a last pull in the scratch four-oar races, and won a pint pewter to take out with him. It was his drinking vessel in the siege, the cup from which he drank in the hour of his death, the cup that his wife used afterwards throughout her noble ministrations to the sick and wounded, in hospital, on the march, and on board the Himalaya.

Simple and true as the man himself was, are his letters and his diary. The home letters from the young wedded couple, full of natural kindness and playfulness, and of deep earnestness withal, are sometimes inexpressibly touching. Force of character in them produces an effect missed often when labored for by force of genius alone. The love of boating cleaves to him. One day, says a letter,

“Breakfasted with Captain Corbett at the 52nd mess. At breakfast were two or three of the Eton men, who are in the regiment. One of them, Mr. Crosse, told me that he had just seen my name in *Bell's Life*. It was in *Bell's* account of the late match with Cambridge, in which he has given lists of all the former crews. I told him I was not ashamed as I had two bishops to keep me in countenance, whose names appear in the same paper. I then read the account of the race, which greatly interested me.”

And the letter chatters on over its details. He had a pull against tide up the Hoogley, and an early morning pull in a four-oar on the river at Lucknow preceeded the serious attack of fever brought on by his devotion to the sick after the outbreak of cholera. His account of his illness in a letter to his mother contains one of the best descriptions of a mind in delirium that we have read for a long while. Its quiet accuracy sorely discredits many an overcharged elaboration of the novelist.

“On Wednesday night, six days after I was taken ill, they gave me a sleeping draught. In the course of the night I became delirious. About three A.M. I fancied I was ordered to get up, shave and dress; so I got up, summoned the bearer, to his intense astonishment, made him get the things, and then (it was a wonder I didn't cut myself), in a second or two, by most desperate slashes, took off my moustache of a week's growth. Then I

went back to bed and slept. . . . At one time I felt some one bathing my head; it was Emmie, and strangely those lines of Mar-mion came into my head—

“‘Is it the hand of Clare, he said,
Or injured Constance bathes my head?’”

And I suppose, in the connection with these, the following lines from the same poem,—

“‘Above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted ‘Victory.’”

And I did shout ‘Victory,’ so loud as to make the house ring again. By and by I got very faint, and thought I was dying. I was perfectly happy. I heard their voices faintly about me, but I could not speak, and did not wish to do so. And then I fainted, or fell asleep. Presently I woke again, and found myself in the same room with the same persons around me. I thought I was dead; that it was the judgment-day, and that I was only waiting for the angels to carry me away to judgment. I felt perfectly safe and secure, ‘my iniquities blotted out, and my sins covered.’ I prayed for all of you, and inquired if you were safe; and I thought a voice told me to wait God's pleasure and I should know all. Then Hutchinson and Fayerer every now and then would come suddenly to me and try to rouse me. I sang, I fancy to myself, for Emmie says she did not hear me, ‘Lend, lend your wings,’ but I stopped at ‘I mount, I fly.’ Emmie says, however, that I chanted part of a chant quite correctly, which I don't remember doing. I don't know how long all this took, but I fancy about two hours. In the meanwhile the doctors had come to the conclusion that I ought to be taken to some other house; and Mr. Gubbins begged that they would take me to his, and he came with Dr. Fayerer to mine. Presently I was seized upon by four men, and carried into Dr. Fayerer's close carriage, which was at the door. I had an idea that they would take me to the church, and that then I should go to heaven, and I was disappointed when they passed it and drove to Mr. Gubbins's house. There they took me out and carried me up-stairs, and put me on the bed in the same room, in which we slept for three weeks, when we first came to Lucknow. I slowly came partially to myself, but I was not quite right for any length of time for nearly a fortnight. What between leeches and blisters, I had pain enough; for Bengal leeches are not like English; they are as bad as Bengal tigers. . . .

“What babies we are when we are recovering from sickness! I used to delight so in flowers.. Dear Emmie used to bring two beautiful passion flowers, all wet with dew, and put them on a pillow for me to look at

every morning, when I was so weak that I could scarcely lift my head. She used to send me passion flowers from the Crescent before we were married; so her doing so here had the charm of bringing back old memories, and so added beauty to the flowers. Passion flowers are almost the same here as in England. I used to like to get all the jewellery I could on the bed, and Emmie's gold bracelet. Any thing with color in it I delighted in. I fancy it is so with all sick people."

For the indications of character contained in it we may quote also this passage from a home letter :

"*Wednesday, Oct. 22d.*—Yesterday I kept no journal; I'll tell you why. At six o'clock I went out for a ride. I hadn't gone a hundred yards before I heard horses behind me, and Mr. Gubbins's voice saying, 'Ah! that's what he calls getting up early.' I turned round, and there were Miss Ommaney, Mr. Gubbins, and Dr. Fayrer. Dr. Fayrer turned off to make a visit; the two others came on with me. We walked our horses through the station, and then, coming to a sandy road, where I had never been before, Mr. Gubbins proposed a gallop; so off we went. We had ridden about three-quarters of a mile, when a native ran right across Miss Ommaney's horse, and got knocked down, but was not hurt, as it was sandy. I remember riding on about a quarter of a mile further, and becoming from some cause or other rather unsteady in my saddle; and then I don't remember any thing else, till I found myself on the ground asking for my spectacles (a requisition natural to all Polehamptons on becoming conscious or first awaking). Then I don't remember any thing else, till I found myself at my own door, and my horse trying to kick Miss Ommaney's. I was supported up the steps, and deposited on the sofa. I was conscious that I had had a fall, but I could not remember any thing for a long time; couldn't think why my hair was so short, &c. Mr. Gubbins wrote a note for a doctor, and got home as fast as he could with Miss Ommaney. Emmie came in just after he was gone; no one had told her I had had a fall, so you may imagine she was rather frightened to see me lying on the sofa looking somewhat pale. However, she is not given to hysterics, and so she did what was needful very quietly, and I got quite right in about an hour. It seems that Mr. Gubbins heard some natives shouting, 'He has fallen,' and, looking round, saw my horse running away, and me in the arms of two friendly natives. He caught my horse, and somehow or other got me on him, and I rode home; all the way making profuse apologies to Miss Ommaney, of all which

I can remember nothing. The back of my head was cut and bleeding, but not badly. Mr. Gubbins says, the horse must have kicked me as I fell, as there were no stones and I fell on the sand. I suppose my head is too weak after the fever to stand violent exercise, and that I became suddenly giddy and fell off. I ought to be very thankful that my fall was not on the hard road. 'So no more at present' from your affectionate son 'which' I hope this will find you as it leaves me; not with a sore head though."

In the next letter he asks, "Am I not like a young bear, with all my sorrows to come! I never had a pain until I came here, worse than a flogging at Eton, or a blow on the shin from a cricket ball. However, I don't put down these to India; they have been such as might have happened anywhere else."

Then followed a sore trial to the young couple in the death, soon after birth, of their first child. The long letter which tells of this, by its simplicity of detail and because it is the detail of a sorrow borne by brave and tender hearts, is deeply touching. Through what probation in the death of her first-born and in the death of her husband the chaplain's wife passed, without losing strength to be a helper of other men in their own hours of sorrow, it is well to feel :

"My dearest Mother. . . . Edward's letter had just been put into my hands, in which he expressed a wish that there might by this time be three of us, instead of two; and his wish was soon gratified, for at half-past eight in the evening of December 30, my first-born was ushered into the world, and highly delighted I was to hear Mrs. Pender, the nurse, say, 'It's a little boy.' . . . On Wednesday and Thursday both Emmie and the baby went on as well as possible. . . . As I walked slowly home by moonlight, I was thinking how happy I was to have a son, and was saying to myself, 'I have a son,' in all the languages I know. On my arrival at home I found the nurse looking very blank; she told me the baby had just had a convulsion fit. . . . Not liking the nurse's account, and fearing the result of another fit, if one came on, I baptized the child, calling him Henry Allnatt. We thought it better not to tell Emmie of his illness, until the doctor came again. When he did come, he told me for the first time that the child had been very delicate from his birth, and that, though he certainly might get well and live, he thought it very likely he would not. So, by his advice, I then told Emmie he was unwell. She

took the alarm at once, and was very much distressed, but soon recovered and became quite composed. . . . He was in his mother's bed nearly all the time. I nursed him myself for about an hour by the fire. I went to sleep, and when I awoke I found our little darling much quieter, and I thought better; but Emmie did not think so. . . . The nurse took him away from her, and held him near the fire, and then, after gasping for breath, a little while, he died. Poor little boy! I prayed very earnestly that he might be spared, but it was not to be. Mrs. Pender carried our little dead lamb back to his mother, and it was piteous to see how she folded him to her arms and cried. After a while the nurse carried him away, and laid him out in his little basket cradle, just below Emmie's bed, where she could look into it. . . . In the evening, Emmie, who had been very quiet up to this time, had been intently watching baby's face as he lay beside her in the cradle, had an alarming hysterical fit. . . . Dr. Partridge desired he might be buried next day, as he said it was of the greatest importance he should be taken away from Emmie, for that hanging over him and gazing intently on him, as she never ceased to do, was having a very bad effect upon her in her weak state. She did not make much objection when I told her. When I awoke in the morning, she was still gazing on her child. At ten o'clock Captain Hayes and Dr. Partridge came. I had asked the former to come, and had also asked for the use of a little close carriage of his, to carry the baby to the cemetery. He brought his brougham too, and he and Dr. Partridge went in it, and I with my dear little boy in the close carriage; the only ride we shall ever have together! But first, there was the cruel task of taking him away from his mother! She begged to have him a little while longer; she had him taken out of his cradle and put on a pillow by her, and then she folded him in her arms, and wept over him in a manner which made me feel more than I ever felt in my life. Then she had the coffin put where the cradle had been, and placed him in it herself, and put some little dark red roses, which grow in great luxuriance in our garden, and of which she is very fond, in his hands and on his breast; and then she bravely covered him up, and I carried him out and fastened down the coffin out of her hearing."

Some time afterwards, in a letter to a brother, he writes :—

"Yes, I remember, and often think of that last pleasant day's fishing! This time six years I hope to be not very far from just such another. My poor little boy! he will never want that fishing-rod, which you saved in such

a marvellous manner. I feel my child's death far more now than I did at first. We go to his grave every now and then. Emmie likes to take flowers there. Last Friday she took some and made them into a cross, and laid them on the flat stone which covers his grave. If we have twenty children, we shall never forget our first-born. But God's will be done; I don't deserve such a blessing."

A brother chaplain, Mr. Harris, arrives :—

"He is the man I remember at Oxford; pulling in the Brasenose boat. I only remember seeing him once, and that was one night in the year 1845, when the B. N. C. bumped our boat in the races. After the bump, as the two boats lay together while the others passed, he was close by me for ten minutes. I have never seen him since."

We do not dwell upon the perils of the siege, or on the chaplain's manful labor in his calling. His last letter home ends thus :—

"Very likely this will be my last letter for some time; it may be my last altogether. I hope not; but come what may, I am prepared; and whatever you hear of me, it will not be that I have disgraced myself. Emmie sends her best love. God bless you all. Ever your affectionate HENRY S. POLEHAMPTON."

Truly they have not been tidings of disgrace. We dwell still on the personal details. Mrs. Polehampton is writing to her husband's mother of his death :—

"He had not the least fear of death. He said to those who came to see him on his deathbed, 'I am not in the least frightened, and I know exactly how I am.' And his beautiful, fearless smile must have proved to them how little dread there was for him in the prospect of death. . . . I cannot tell you what a strange, unearthly sort of peace I had at the time of his death. Through that last day and night of his life, up to the moment that he died, a marvellous kind of triumphant feeling came over me. I cannot explain it, but I felt as if I were watching his entrance *into the joy of his Lord*; and I seemed to *feel the joy myself*. This feeling continued for days after, in a greater or less degree, and only became less radiant as the death-like blank in my own life became more apparent."

Of herself as a laborer in letters or diary the truehearted lady says nothing, except once, in answer to inquiry, this. If we had not heard of her from others, we should hardly give her words their full interpretation.

"My own private life was so unvaried and uniform, that there is nothing in it worth relating. If I give you a sketch of one day

you will have an idea of what it was during a great portion of the time, that is to say, after the reinforcements came in; before that, from the time of Henry's death, I had no employment of any sort. We used to pass the day in our gloomy room as well as we could, in reading, and writing, and working. After this, I used to go to the hospital after breakfast, spend as many hours there as I found necessary, and return to dinner. In the evening I only spent an hour in the hospital, and then, when it got dark, my time of *rest* came; the most precious hour I had in the day; and

that I spent at my darling Henry's grave. I often wonder now, in looking back at that time, how I escaped as I did on these occasions, for the bullets were constantly flying thickly, close over my head as I was sitting at the grave, and several times shells burst within a few yards of me there. It seemed so strange that I should be one to escape."

Such is the private story of one Christian gentleman who gave his life up to his country in the Siege of Lucknow.

STORY OF FISH.—Professor Owen, at the annual soirée of the Leeds Mechanics Institution, related the following anecdote:—Some of the working scientific men of London, with a few others, have formed a sort of club; and after our winter's work of lecturing is over, we occasionally sally forth to have a day's fishing. We have for that purpose taken a small river in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and near its banks there stands a little public-house, where we dine soberly and sparingly, on such food as old Isaac Walton loved. We have a rule that he who catches the biggest fish of the day shall be the president for the evening. In the course of one day, a member, not a scientific man, but a high political man, caught a trout that weighed three and a half lbs.; but earlier in the day he had pulled out a barbel of one half lb. weight. So, while we were on the way to our inn, what did this political gentleman do but with the butt-end of his rod ram the barbel down the trout's throat, in which state he handed his fish to be weighed. Thus he scored 4 lb., which being the greatest weight, he took the chair. As we were going away for home, a man of science—it was the president of the Royal Society—said to the man of politics, "If you don't want that fine fish of yours, I should like to have it, for I have some friends to dine with me to-morrow." My Lord took it home, and I heard no more until we met on the next week. Then, while we were preparing our tackle, the president of the Royal Society said to our high political friend, "There were some extraordinary circumstances, do you know, about that fish you gave me. I had no idea that the trout was so voracious; but that one had swallowed a barbel." "I am astonished to hear your Lordship say so," rejoined an eminent naturalist; "trout may be voracious enough to swallow minnows—but a barbel, my Lord! There must be some mistake." "Not at all," replied his Lordship, "for the fact got to my family, that the cook, in cutting open the trout, had found a barbel inside; and as my family

knew I was fond of natural history, I was called into the kitchen. There I saw it—the trout had swallowed a barbel, full half a pound weight." "Out of the question, my Lord," said the naturalist: "it's altogether quite unscientific and unphilosophical." "I don't know what may be philosophical in the matter—I only know I'm telling you a matter of fact," said his Lordship; and the dispute having lasted awhile, explanations were given, and the practical joke was heartily enjoyed.

A HIGH CHIMNEY.—They have just completed the biggest chimney in the world at the Charlestown navy yard. Its height above ground is two hundred and thirty nine feet, and from the bottom of the foundation two hundred and fifty-six feet. At the surface of the ground the base is twenty-four and a half feet square, and the foundation at the bottom, seventeen and a half feet below, is thirty two feet square. The flue is round, and seven feet in diameter. The general plan of the structure is a square, of thirteen feet and two inches, supported by twelve diminishing buttresses, which terminate at one hundred and eighty feet above the ground. Above these buttresses the chimney is a square, with a panel on each face. The whole is finished with dental cornices, the crown moulding of which is cast-iron, and weighs upwards of three tons. In the construction of this chimney the number of bricks used was one million fifty thousand. The building was commenced on the 20th of May last, and the last brick was laid on Thursday, after which the workmen and invited guests, to the number of about fifty in all, took dinner on the summit.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.—*Jerrold.*

From The National Magazine.
NOT MARRIED FOR LOVE.

I.

"AND so you are married, Melvil! Rather a rapid proceeding for a curate just ordained. By-the-by, did you not say you were married *before* you were ordained?"

"Yes; before I took my degree."

"I would have kept you out of that folly, if I had been at hand, at any rate. And, of course, you are as poor as church mice?"

"As poor as church mice—not a doubt about *that*;" and the young clergyman glanced round his little cottage study, which was luxuriously furnished with two cane chairs, and a low-railed chair, cushioned with grey chintz, which indicated feminine occupation, a stained deal table, and heaps of books piled on shelves fitted into the walls. It was summer time, and as the window was open to the lawn, with a framework of creepers all round it, and the sun shining in, it did not look so very disconsolate as might have been supposed. Mr. Melvil had often thought it a happy retreat before; but he fancied it poverty-stricken now, because his wealthy college friend seemed to pity him for having nothing better.

"Married for love?" suggested his friend ironically.

The curate contemplated the threadbare knees of his black trousers for a minute or two, and then said, confusedly, "*No*."

"Not married for love, yet so indiscreetly tied up! How was it, then, pray?"

"I'll tell you—it was for *pity*."

"Could not have had a worse motive! but that's by the way—go on."

"You remember Sandys—our tutor?"

"Yes,—good fellow."

"Too good by half. He provided for every body but his own family, as if he meant to live forever, then at the most inconvenient season possible he died, and his income died with him. There was the widow and the two boys, and there was Clary—you recollect Clary?"

"Yes; the wild little gypsy! but you surely did not marry *her*?"

"Yes; Clary is my wife."

"Why, she must have been a baby!"

"She was sixteen within a few weeks after we were married. You see the little thing came to me crying, and saying that she was to be sent to some horrid school where she did not want to go——"

"I perceive; and you, being soft-hearted, invited her to become your wife on the spot?"

"Precisely so."

"And she, blushing celestial rosy red, answered that she should be very glad?"

"Mamma consented promptly, and the sacrifice was accomplished," said the curate, in mock heroic-style. "Clary is a good girl, but I never was in love with her. Is it not that sagacious worthy, Sir Thomas More, who says we never ardently love that for which we have not longed? I had never thought of Clary except as a child, until pity for her forlornness surprised me into the commission of matrimony."

If Mr. Melvil and his friend had been quicker-eared, or rather less absorbed, they might have heard a light step crossing the turf as they talked together, and retreating fast—fast as the last words were spoken. It was Clary. Neither of them, however, saw either the approach or the flight, and they went on talking quite composedly.

"Benham offered me his London curacy; but Clary hates London, so I took this, and thought myself very lucky. We get the cottage cheap, and eighty pounds a year—a decent starving for the three of us—we have a treasure of an Irish servant besides ourselves to feed."

"And how many more by-and-by?" insinuated Mr. Warenne, spitefully.

Just in time to prevent a reply, the treasure of an Irish servant opened the study door, and announced in her rich brogue, "Plase, sir, t'tay's ready in t' dhrawing-room 'an' t' missis is waiting."

"Come along, then, Warenne. I wonder whether Clary will recognize you."

The two gentlemen crossed the passage to the opposite parlor, which Nora signified as the "dhrawing-room," and found the young mistress of the house seated before the tray, prettily dressed in a clear blue muslin, with her soft brown hair flowing in wavy curls, and with a smile on her rosy mouth—the little hypocrite! Her heart was fit to break under that gently swelling boddice, where she had so daintily fastened a cluster of George's favorite flowers. She had attired herself in her best to do her husband's friend honor, and as Mr. Warenne shook hands, and received the welcome of an old acquaintance he thought in his own mind that—the indiscretion of the marriage apart—she was as

comfortable a little wife as a man need desire to possess. She was not exactly pretty, but she looked very nice and lovable; her skin was so clear, her complexion so pure, her figure so girlish and graceful. Then all her ways were quiet and gentle; she had affectionate eyes, and an expression sensible as well as sweet, and her voice was musical as a bird's. Unless Mr. Melvil had told his friend in so many words that he was not in love with his wife, Mr. Warrenne would never have discovered it for the curate was as assiduous in his attentions to her as if these were their courting days.

Clary gave no sign that any thing had happened to grieve her; but she was relieved when tea was over, and George went out with Mr. Warrenne to show him the village, which was considered pretty by strangers, and which had been heaven to her. She had been very happy with her young husband, and had found nothing wanting to her content; but now, as the two walked away through the garden, she stood watching them with clasped hands and the tears in her sunny eyes, repeating under her breath, "George said he did not love me; he married me for pity; What shall I do? What shall I do?"

II.

PERHAPS many young wives in Clary's painful position would have made a virtue of proclaiming their wrong, and inflicting misery on themselves and their helpmates; but not so George's girl-wife. Her first impulse was against herself, that she should have been so blind as not to see that it was a sacrifice and not a joy to him to marry her; but then she reasoned that it was *done, irrevocable*, and that she could only fret and disturb his peace by betraying what she had accidentally overheard; so she kept it to herself, and only tried to make him love her better.

"Though he does not love me, I know he would miss me and be very sorry if I were gone," she said in her heart; and after a while the sore pain that first stab had given her passed away, and the same bright face smiled by his hearth, the same light-tripping feet went by his side, and the same affectionate sunshine filled his home as heretofore.

There was plenty of work in his parish for Mr. Melvil, for his rector was rarely at home but the young clergyman took a conscientious

view of his post, and did his utmost. Clary was a great help to him. The cottagers liked her, and the school children liked her. The people, and the squire at the head of them, said the Melvils were an acquisition to the parish, and long might they stay there! The young wife especially was beloved; those who were in trouble said she seemed to know how to talk to them about faith, patience, and comfort, better than the curate himself—though what trials could *she* have known at her age?

In the village there were many ladies, single and double, portionless and well-dowered, pretty and plain; but amongst the whole troop, had the curate been free to choose, he could not have found one to suit him half so well as Clary. Sometimes, I am sure, he must have gone home to the rest and peace of her presence with an elastic, masculine satisfaction, although he was *not* in love. For instance when he had called at Mr Bennett's of the Hall and heard the squires depreciate her husband's sense and character as if by the process she exalted her own;—Clary would never depreciate *his*; if she had a fault it was that she inclined to glorify him too much. Or again after a visit to Captain Wells whose three pretty daughters were flounced, perfumed, and accomplished, out of all nature and genuineness. They had sweet, expressionless faces, they lisped the *fadest* nonsense and conducted themselves in regard to the duties of life more like butterflies than creatures endowed with souls; the very prettiest of them would have bored the clever curate to extinction in a month. Or the two Miss Prances, who flirted so dreadfully with officers; or Miss Hardwood, who was as rich as a Jew and fearfully ill-tempered; or Miss Briggs, who was rich also, but penurious and very vulgar; or Miss Clerks, who were nice girls, but had not an idea beyond crotchet work; or Miss Farsight, who was too scientific to mend her stockings; or Miss Diana Falla, who wrote poetry and rode to hounds; or Miss Broughtons, who were nothing particular. These ladies had their good points; but not one of them would have had Clary's charming little way of loving George better than herself. Only let him fear that he is going to lose her, and then, I think, he will find out, that though he is *not* in love, still he loves her very much!

III.

GREENFIELD had its drawbacks, as well as its delights, like other pretty villages; and one of the most serious of these was a tendency to low fever when the spring season had been unusually damp. A beck that ran across the green overflowed in the rains, and when it retired to its bed, left behind a deposit which bred pestilential vapors that poisoned the lives of the people. The curate's cottage stood high, and out of the influence of the baleful exhalations; but his duties carried him to and fro amongst the poor, and exposed him daily to the contagion. No danger would have made *him* evade these duties, heavier at this season than at any other; but when fever was in the village, he laid his commands on Clary that *she* should stay at home; and Clary stayed, like the obedient little wife she was, instead of being foolishly heroic, and adding to his inevitable anxieties.

But Clary watched him with furtive tenderness all the time, and was ever ready with dry clothing and warm slippers when he returned home, to spare him the risk of cold. But what was to be came to pass, for all her love and all her care!

One steamy April night, after a long and fatiguing afternoon on the Marsh, as the lower part of Greenfield was called, the curate came home, ready to sink with weariness, and complaining of a pain in his head, and sickness. Clary stole out of the room, and despatched the Irish treasure to summon the doctor. When the doctor came, he ordered George to bed, and said he hoped to set him up again in a few days. But, instead of improving, George grew worse; the fever ravaged his frame terribly, and he was delirious day after day. This went on to the climax of the disorder, and then it took a favorable turn; but a long season of uselessness and inaction lay before the curate. He must leave Greenfield for sea-air, and lie by for months. Meanwhile his absence must be supplied by another clergyman.

These inevitable *musts*, so trivial to other people who have long purses, were purely and simply a sentence of destitution to the Melvils. George wanted to stay at home, and get occasional help from his neighboring clergy; but Clary made up a determined little face, and said, "No." They must go over to the Isle of Wight for the summer months,

and regain health and strength for him, even if Greenfield had to be resigned altogether.

Clary managed *somehow*: she would not give details, on the plea that George must keep his mind quiet; and in the beginning of June they found themselves lodged in a retired farm-cottage, standing in the midst of delicious meadows, with a view of a glorious bay, cliffs, and distant towns. They luxuriated in the beauty around them like a pair of happy children; and though George was *not* in love with his sunshiny little wife, he would have got on *there* very indifferently without her. She petted and indulged him to that extent that he grew stout, and strong, and selfish, very fast, indeed; and would sometimes have forgotten how very ill he had been, if she had not watched him, and taken such extraordinary care of him. She liked to hear herself claimed in his short, imperative way: it showed, at any rate, that she was needful to him. If she had gone into the polished farm-kitchen to superintend or to concoct with her own hands some wonderful tempting dish, to coax his delicate appetite, presently he was heard from the garden or parlor crying out, "Clary, what are you doing? I want you!" Then when she appeared, with floury little paws, and fire-heated cheek, he would just look up at her and say, "Why do you run away and leave me for hours together, Clary?" and she would laugh, and tell him she had not been gone ten minutes—what did he mean? and then disappear again. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen itself, and sit down in Farmer Hood's great chair, and follow her about with his hollow eyes, and finally take her off, with his arm round her waist—although he was not a bit in love, and only pitied her!

He was not allowed to study solemn books; but Clary permitted a little light mental aliment to be taken each morning and evening from certain thip, blue magazines, which she borrowed from the library in the nearest village, which was slowly developing into a fashionable watering-place. One evening, while she was doing a little of the fine darning, in which no one excelled her, George, who had been for some time sitting silent over his book, broke out into his merry laugh, saying, "Listen here, Clary; here are some beautiful verses! Hark, how the lines limp! I wonder how the editor could print such stuff!"

He began to read the lines in a mock-heroic style which certainly made them infinitely ludicrous. At first, Clary colored a little; but before he came to the end she was laughing as heartily as himself.

He then volunteered to read a short story, entitled "Patience Hope's Trial," which he did with a running commentary, such as, "That is bad grammar"—"The punctuation makes nonsense of every other paragraph"—"High-flown, rhapsodical rubbish," &c., &c.; and when he came to the end, he pronounced it the silliest little tale he had ever read. Clary darned on most composedly, and agreed with George that it *was* silly; but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, as if she were sorely tempted to make a confession about that same silliest of little tales; however, reflecting that the shock of learning he had a literary wife might be too much for his nerves in their present weak state, she discreetly held her peace, and contented herself by making him imbibe her earnings under various strengthening and agreeable forms.

Before the summer was ended the thin blue magazine readers were familiar with Clary's signature of "Ivy;" but after that she disappeared suddenly from its pages, to many people's regret; for its subscribers were not, as a rule, highly-trained, educated, college gentlemen, but day-workers and toilers in the world's wide labor-fields, who find an agreeable relaxation in the perusal of a silly little tale, whose interest turns on the humble daily virtues which they have so much occasion to exemplify in their own obscure lives. I believe the editor was inquired of once or twice why "Ivy" had ceased her contributions. "Ivy" was otherwise occupied.

In the first place, Mr. Warenne had presented George with a small living, and there was a queer little rectory-house to paint, paper, and generally embellish. Far be it from me to derogate from Clary's dignity, but I will tell one thing of her, because I think it was to her credit. The first time Mr. Warenne went to see his old friend, George was in his study, as usual, but it had been made to look more cosy and homelike than that at Greenfield, and the young rector looked proportionably more dignified in it. After a little desultory chat George proposed to seek his wife—and how does everybody think they found her employed? She was papering her

own drawing-room—that little drawing-room which was afterwards the admiration of the whole neighborhood! Mounted on some steps in a big apron the property of the Irish treasure with her brown curls tucked behind her little ears and with pasty hands and sleeves rolled up above her dimpled elbows she was sticking the pretty, simple paper upon the wall,—the last bit of it. What did she do? Jump down in blushing horror at being caught in such *déshabille*, and cover everybody else and herself with confusion? Not a bit of it! She looked radiantly over her shoulder, and said—"You must wait five minutes; and then I'll speak to you!" and proceeded to finish her task, to the admiration of the Irish treasure, who had acted as her assistant; and also to the admiration—and not a bit to the astonishment—of Mr. Warenne and George.

The work done, she descended; and, as the gentlemen had got possession of the window-seat, she placed herself on the lowest step but one of her ladder, and they all talked about the island, and the sea, and George's recovery, and the new rectory, and other interesting topics; and Clary was so altogether bright, unaffected, and charming, that when George and his friend left her at length, the latter said, "Melvil, if Clary were not your wife, I should make up to her myself!" And George actually laughed, and said he had better take care what he was about, or he should be obliged to quarrel with him; and then he extolled her virtues very much, as if—as if he were in love at last: but this time Clary was not there to overhear.

This was Clary's first occupation; her next was different. Perhaps the physical and mental strain had been, for the last twelve months, almost too much for her youth; for those who loved her began to notice that her spirits flagged, and that her brisk feet went slowly to and fro the garden walks. George watched her anxiously; but his friends told him to be patient, and wait awhile, and she would be better soon. But it is very hard to be patient when we see what we have learnt to prize above all else in the world fading slowly before our eyes—and so Clary seemed to fade.

"George, you must take care of Clary, or you will lose her," her mother told him, abruptly: "I do not like her symptoms at all."

It was after this harsh communication—for

the mother spoke as if he were to blame for her child's fate—that George involuntarily betrayed to his young wife how much he feared for her.

"And you would grieve to lose me, George?" said she, a little mournfully.

"It would break my heart, Clary! Oh, don't talk of my losing you!" cried he passionately kissing her thin white hands. "Who have I in the world besides you? who loves me as you do?"

"I think nobody loves you as I do, George! It is selfish in me,—but it is the happiest time I have had for a long while, to see how you would be sorry if I were gone: I should not like to think you could forget me soon."

"Clary, you will live to bless me for many a year yet!"

"That must be as God wills, George: let us both say, that must be as God wills."

"As God wills, my darling!" and George hid his face on Clary's bosom, that she might not see his tears.

Perhaps the covetous, watchful tenderness that now surrounded the young wife revived her courage and strength, for she rallied visibly; and, after a few months, George had to baptize a little copy of himself, and to return thanks for Clary's safe deliverance. After that day, nobody could have persuaded him that there had ever been a time when he was not in love with his wife, or when he did not think her the dearest treasure in the whole wide world.

There are three children at the rectory now, and it is one of the happiest homes that can be found in the county. Mr. Warrenne, who has become more cynical than ever, quotes the pair as an expemplification of how well two people who are rightly matched in other things may get on through life without falling into that enthusiasm of love which hot-headed boys and girls esteem the grand climax of existence. One day, in the confidence of friendship, he was so ill-advised as to remind the rector of the confession he had formerly made to himself, and George was actually offended.

"Not in love with Clary? she is the only woman for whom I ever cared a chip!" cried he: "you are under a delusion, Warrenne; I never can have said any thing so absurdly false."

The rector thinks so now; and Clary is converted to the same opinion. I do not see what Mr. Warrenne has to do with it. By-gones should always be by-gones. Clary has never yet confessed about that silliest of little tales in the thin blue magazine; perhaps it has slipped her memory,—but all her love, devotion, and patience of that time will never escape George's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial," he would possibly be inclined to call it a "gem of fiction" now, instead of what he did then, because he would see it from a real point of view.

HOLME LEE.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.—These words of wisdom are from the pen of Sydney Smith, one of the best wits and most genial men of the present century: "Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure, and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or

enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and to scenes never to be renewed again."

ACCORDING to a recent account the Legion of Honor now consists of 55,285 members, viz: 70 grand crosses, 230 grand officers, 1,102 commanders, 4,827 officers, and 49,056 knights. The above numbers are exclusive of foreigners having the decoration. The oldest dignitaries of the order at the present moment are Marshal Count Reille and Duke Pasquier, grand crosses of 1815; Lieutenant-General Duke de Talleyrand Perigord, grand officer of 1821

From The Literary Review.

Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine. Part I. (John Murray.)

It is not our intention to weary the reader by a disquisition on handbooks of travel. Every one knows, or may inform himself in five minutes of reflection, what are likely to be their chief merits and defects. They will probably go on increasing, as the means of travel extend themselves, violently abused and universally used.

Here is a book, however, which makes an epoch in the history of works of its class. Not that it is any new thing to meet with manuals which aim at being exhaustive on the one hand, or readable on the other. Only that the former are sure to be heavy reading and the latter meagre. Mr. Murray's "Handbook for Syria and Palestine" is the first attempt of its kind in which the double aim has been ventured on, and with a double success. The enterprise had all the stimulus which can be supplied by a *bonâ fide* "felt want." Now that Oxford and Cambridge men strike out East and West during the ample months of the long vacation, so that one may hear the marvels of the Niagara Falls or the Nile Cataracts discussed by eye-witnesses side by side at wine-parties in the October term, one looks about for something which shall not only be portable and thoroughly practical, but which shall take a high literary rank as well. It is astonishing to find how, in the hands of a clever and determined man, the two things may be made to go together.

There never was a country—and, with all its solemn and tragic interest, who will wonder?—that had such a wealth of itinerary literature as Palestine can boast of. There is a list in the late Dr. Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," which fills an entire column and very nearly a half with the bare names and titles of authors who have written on this subject, and of their books. Yet these are only such as appeared to the writer the most trustworthy and useful. All works of a merely curious or entertaining nature are purposely omitted. The list is chronologically arranged; and extends from the "Itinerarium" of the Blessed Martyr Antoninus, a 1640 edition, down to "Eöthen," in 1844. Now we venture to say that if the books which have been consulted and referred to in the composition of Murray's Handbook were to be also written down in a list, they would like-

wise occupy their columns, and furnish a catalogue for a library. The amount of reading packed into these small volumes, and packed so well, is indeed surprising. We will take an instance, not absolutely at random, but with no effort in the selection. It is chosen from the hundred and six pages devoted to the single subject of Jerusalem.

One of the most interesting points in the economical history of Jerusalem is its supply of water. The cisterns and fountains alike raise "vexed questions" of archæological criticism, besides reminding us of associations without number both in the profane and the sacred histories. The image of some ever-flowing spring, the "*fons perennis aquæ*" of Tacitus (Hist. V. 12) entered into the very heart of the prophetic idea of Jerusalem. "There is a [perennial] river, the streams whereof shall make glad," &c.; "All my fresh springs shall be in thee;" "Draw water out of the wells of salvation;" these are but a few of the passages on the subject, fresh and flowing as the fair waters themselves, which abound in the Hebrew poets. And in Ezekiel's vision, as Canon Stanley has pointed out, the thought is expanded into a vast cataract, flowing out through the Temple rock, eastward and westward, into the ravines of Hinnom and Kedron, till it swells into a mighty river, fertilizing the desert of the Dead Sea. Turning to the narratives of sieges, we find not a single account on record of the *besieged* suffering from thirst, although driven to the most dreadful extremities and resources by hunger; while the *besiegers* are frequently described as suffering greatly from want of water, and as having to fetch it from a great distance. The only imperfection in the ample account which the "Handbook" furnishes of these details is one which, in a less complete and able work, it would be beside the mark to point out. We mean that the Crusaders are dismissed with a single line. They, if any besieging army, prove to demonstration the dependence of the inhabitants upon a system of cisterns and aqueducts as opposed to the simple fountains. For while, at the siege of Titus, the well of Siloam may have been within the walls, and therefore in possession of the Jews, in the time of the Crusaders it was certainly held by the besieging Franks; and yet the latter perished, while the besieged had "*ingentes copias aquæ*." In a work, moreover, where happy selections

from the poets are of frequent occurrence, we might have welcomed a line or two from the vivid picture left by Tasso of the agonies of thirst endured by the first Crusaders. Meantime, it must be stated that the "Handbook" has quoted and discussed the passage, from Tacitus, another from Strabo (Geog. 16, 2, 40), and another from Aristæas, an officer of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This man was sent to Jerusalem, in order to secure for the Alexandrian Library a copy of the Jewish Law. The quotation is taken from a letter (*Arist. de LXX. interpretibus*) the genuineness of which has been questioned: but it is admitted on all hands that it must have been written before the Christian era. To these are added notices of passages from the "Mishna," from the "*Jerusalem Itinerary*" (Fourth century), from the Apocrypha, and from the Scriptures. Let the book now speak for itself in the complete account given of Siloam,—Siloam, whose name has become an eponym of deeper and more lasting significance than Achelöus, Helicon, or Castalia:—

"In going from the Fountain of the Virgin to the 'Pool of Siloam,' we walk down the Kidron for some three hundred yards, and then reach a verdant spot, sprinkled with trees and carefully cultivated. This is the site of the 'King's Gardens,' mentioned by Nehemiah as beside the 'Pool of Siloah.' (iii. 15.) The Tyropæon now opens on our right; and across its mouth is an ancient causeway, or embankment, forming a large basin above it, now cultivated. This was at one time a reservoir. On the end of the causeway stands a venerable mulberry-tree, supported by a pillar of loose stones; said to mark the spot where Manasseh caused the prophet Isaiah to be sawn asunder, and still called *Isaiah's Tree*.

"Turning up to the right, we pass the projecting cliff of Ophel, and soon stand beside *Siloah's Pool*. It is a rectangular reservoir, fifty-three feet long, eighteen wide, and nineteen deep, in part broken away at the western end. The masonry is modern, but along the side are six shafts of limestone columns, of more ancient date, projecting slightly from the wall, and probably originally intended to sustain a roof. At the upper end of the pool is an arched entrance to a ruinous staircase, by which we descend to the mouth of the conduit that comes from the Fountain of the Virgin. Dr. Robinson, having heard it currently reported in Jerusalem that Siloam was united by a subterranean passage to the Fountain of the Virgin, determined to explore it. Entering at the staircase above men-

tioned, he found the passage cut through the rock, two feet wide, and gradually decreasing from fifteen to three feet in height. At the end of eight hundred feet it became so low that he could advance no farther without 'crawling on all fours.' Here he turned back; but coming better prepared for an aquatic excursion on another day, he entered from the Fountain of the Virgin. Here the difficulties proved still greater. 'Most of the way we could indeed advance upon hands and knees; yet in several places we could only get forward by lying at full length and dragging ourselves along upon our elbows.' This shows the nature of the passage, and the immense labor the excavation must have cost. He succeeded at length in working his way through. The channel winds and zig-zags, in the very heart of the rock, so much that, while the direct distance is only one thousand one hundred feet, the passage measured one thousand seven hundred and fifty. The discovery of this remarkable conduit explains at once why Siloam has been also regarded as a *remitting* fountain. Jerome appears to be the first who noticed this peculiarity; he is, at least, the first who records it. He says, 'Siloam is a fountain whose waters do not flow regularly, but on certain days and hours; and issue with a great noise from caverns in the rock.'

"No fountain about Jerusalem has obtained such a wide celebrity as Siloah, and yet it is only three times mentioned in Scripture. Isaiah speaks of 'the waters of Shiloah that flow softly' (viii. 6); Nehemiah says Shallum built 'the wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden' (iii. 15)—perhaps referring to the embankment of the large reservoir above referred to; and our Saviour commanded the blind man, 'Go, wash in the pool of Siloam.' . . . He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.' (John ix. 7.) These notices, however interesting, would leave us in doubt as to the position and identity of the fountain; but Josephus is explicit on this point, when he says that the Tyropæon extended down to Siloam. Isaiah probably refers to Siloah under the name of the *Old Pool* when he says, 'Ye made also a ditch between the two walls for the water of the old pool.' This *ditch* may be the large reservoir at the mouth of the Tyropæon, constructed to retain the surplus waters of Siloah. (Isaiah xxii. 11. Comp. Jer. xxxix. 4, and lii. 7; and Neh. iii. 15.)"

This passage will, perhaps, serve to show that the very high degree of literary merit which we have assigned to the book is far from being unwarranted. Let us turn for a moment to the very useful "Preliminary Remarks," which give information more or less

valuable to every traveller on modes of travel, requisites for the road, arms, robbers, medicines, language, dress, conduct, passports, custom-houses, money, &c.; besides treating on topics, which will be mentioned below, more directly interesting to the scientific man and the scholar.

With regard to dress, Mr. Murray's "Handbook" gives the very best and most sensible advice. Laborde and his party all dressed like Bedouins—a woollen cloak, striped with brown: a red-tanned sheep-skin: a linen shirt fastened round the waist by a leathern or woollen band; and the *kefieh* (*yuf'iyeh*, Murray), or striped yellow and red handkerchief, fastened round the head by a cord of camel's hair dyed black;—this constituted their pleasing costume. Indeed, five-and-twenty years back, it seems to have been the received canon with travellers, that you must either make a kind of royal progress, impressing the weak minds of the "natives" by a display of very extensive splendor, or you must do precisely as the natives do. If you were for learning the every-day manners and domestic life of the inhabitants, then, like Burckhardt, you should adopt the dress of an Arab of the lowest class, drive a donkey before you, and cheerfully join the little caravans which have formed pathways in the desert from tribe to tribe. While the traveller who had other objects in view, who was great in the hammer, quadrant, or theodolite, and had any designs whatever connected with astronomy, geology, architecture, and general archaeology, that man was to have his dromedaries, his own special caravan, and his brilliant suite of attendants.

Now hear Mr. Murray's Handbook, clear practical, and complete:

"*Dress*.—In selecting a suitable dress for Syria the mode of locomotion should be first considered. The saddle is the only conveyance; a comfortable riding-dress is therefore the best for ordinary wear. Every English gentleman knows that 'tights' of strong cord, or close-fitting pantaloons of heavy tweed, with long boots drawn over them, enable one to bear rough rides with far more ease. Perhaps, if the parts next the saddle were covered with soft leather, like those of the Horse Guards, they would be still more comfortable and more durable—an important consideration in a long tour. The coat ought to be short, and made of substantial light-colored tweed or shepherd's plaid. It is a great mistake to wear linen, or any other thin

material. The body is thus exposed to the direct rays of the sun; the skin becomes dry, perspiration is checked, and fever or diarrhœa is the result. Woollen cloth is a non-conductor, and when we are protected by it the sun's rays fall harmless. The best hat is the broad-brimmed white or drab 'felt.' The crown may be thickly padded internally with cotton, and five or six folds of white muslin or caico may be advantageously wound round the exterior. Lightness and protection from the sun are the grand requisites. A pair of drab leather gloves, and wire 'goggles' with fronts of green glass, will complete the costume. Many throw over the whole a white Arab barnûs of very thin material, and this affords additional protection against both heat and dust.

"To adopt the native costume when one is not only ignorant of the language, but unable to conform to the mode of salutation, sitting, walking, and riding of the people, is just an effectual way of rendering one's self ridiculous. It affords an excuse, too, for liberties and remarks which most people will wish to avoid. A calm and dignified bearing, with a neat, simple style of dress, always commands respect in Syria with every class. But any attempt at semi-Bedawy, Grand Turk, or fancy-ball extravagances, will not fail to excite a smile among the sober Orientals; or, what is worse, it may occasion grievous mistakes as to nationality. In the cities of Syria, as in those of Europe, the plain dress of an English gentleman is by far the best for all visits of ceremony, whether made to native dignitaries or to British residents."

The only precaution requisite is to be provided with a pair of goloshes, or any kind of vicarious overshoe, which will do to be "put off" as soon as one approaches the "holy ground" of a rich Mahometan's dais. Allah forbid that his well-born forehead and lips should come into contact five times a day with the print of our unbelieving Wellingtons.

Having now giving the reader a fair specimen of the calibre of these volumes, as well as of their practical utility, we shall proceed to a more detailed account of their design, confining the present notice entirely to the Preliminary Information, which, as we have seen, is of considerable bulk; and reserving for a future occasion the whole of the routes, whether those contained in the Peninsula of Sinai and Southern Palestine, which are enumerated in Part I., or those of Northern Palestine and Northern Syria, which forms the subject of Part II.

To begin with the very spirit and essence of the whole undertaking: the author has been possessed with the belief that the Bible is the best handbook for Palestine, and has labored to prepare the most efficient companion to it. Without exhausting the subject in any given locality, he has aimed at giving a more complete summary of the scriptural and historical geography of Syria and Palestine than has been given by any other work in the English language. And he has actually done so. The work of Canon Stanley, with all its graphic beauty all its uncommon power of grouping historical figures on geographical canvas, is brief and incomplete, besides being open to more than one graver objection, unnecessary to be here discussed. And if the heart of the student sinks within him on contemplating Ritter's "*Erdkunde*" when safe within the four walls of his study, the thought of those five thick tomes would be doubly formidable when he is arrayed in complete travelling order, and just on the point of a start with the "tights of strong cord, the broad-brimmed white or drab felt hat, the drab gloves, and the wire goggles." While, on the other hand, without needlessly thrusting a modest manual into downright competition with works which have become, or are becoming classic, we may assert with confidence that a tourist who goes over the ground with Murray will be himself a tolerable Palestine scholar by the time he comes back, and will meantime have been using a book, the bulk of which is not enough to make any perceptible difference even in the saddle.

The preliminary remarks occupy about sixty pages in a volume of three hundred and fifty. They are divided into twelve sections, each a useful and interesting treatise by itself. The *first* contains a summary of the general geography, describing the mountains, rivers, and the Great Central Valley which begins at Antioch and runs down to the Dead Sea, intersecting the country from north to south, and having a total length of three hundred miles, for more than one hundred and forty of which it is below the level of the sea. The author speaks out boldly in this section of the elements of greatness and prosperity, both in the soil and the people, now waiting to be developed in Syria; and appeals to the government expedition of the Americans, which

with bad management and an inefficient chief has still explored the Jordan, and surveyed the Dead Sea; not omitting to hold up likewise for English emulation, the individual enterprise of Dr. Robinson, who has spent the best of his days in settling the historical geography of Palestine. There is besides this a statistical table of population for the three Pashalics, Damascus Aleppo, and Sidon. There are in the three taken together one million nine hundred and twenty thousand eight hundred souls, of whom one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand are Moslems, and four hundred and forty-one thousand one hundred are Christians of various kinds, Maronites, Greeks, Catholics, Armenians, and lesser sects.

The *second* section is occupied by an historical sketch of great merit, extending from "Aram the son of Shem," down to the armed intervention of England in 1841, and the consequent restoration of Syria to the Porte. Ritter, Reland, Robinson, Stanley, Gibbon, Abulfeda, and D'Herbelot (grouped of course at random) are among the references in these two sections. But the author has gone further out of his way than to the "*Annales Moslemici*" or the "*Bibliothèque Orientale*," in order to put his readers in the best and truest way of gaining, if they choose, the fullest information. "Almost every thing about the Crusades may be gathered from the '*Gesta Dei per Francos*' by such as have the courage to go through one thousand five hundred *pages folio* of barbarous Latin. And the best modern history of the Crusades is Wilken's '*Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*.'" And so, in these unassuming volumes, we have not only a guide to our foreign travels, but a good and intelligible catalogue of reference to our libraries at home.

The *third* section furnishes us with a chronological table, based on Usher, and extending from B.C. 2224 to A.D. 1841; in other words, from Aram to the "armed intervention;" and the *fourth*, which is the longest and most interesting of all, tells you all you might in reason wish to know about the inhabitants. Sadly disreputable lot as they are, there is nothing for it but to consider them in the light of "religious sects." It is even so. This is the only country in the world where people will lie systematically for the pure sake of lying; and yet it is "religion" that has made most of the real distinc-

tions which exists among them. There are a few minor things exempt from the all-pervading influence; the mountaineer, for instance, has bag-trowsers of immense capacity *quâ* mountaineer, and not *quâ* Druze or Ismailiyeh; and the city gentleman struts in flowing robes and yellow slippers solely on account of his being a metropolitan swell. But religion (so-called) has to answer for *this*: that, if you say "Peace be to you," to a Moslem, in common civility, he feels inclined to spit upon you or trample you under his feet, and is sure to save his dignity by a muttered curse upon the infidel dog who has dared to make use of the salutation monopolized exclusively by the "faithful." And for this: that the most holy descendants of the Prophet's son-in-law, one Aly, will starve rather than eat or drink with those of another faith, and will quietly smash a vessel which a traveller, unclean beast, has unwittingly put to his lips. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*. There is something intensely ludicrous in the contrast between an Arab's professions, ("Give whatever you please my lord," "Take it without money,") and his keen-handed practice, leaving his provisions behind, and begging for yours, substituting a rickety "nondescript" for a smart saddle, or a broken-down jade of a camel for an agile dromedary. But the crowning absurdity, which has been painted to perfection in "Eöthen," is the self-satisfied air with which they will acquiesce in detection, the consciousness of having fought a very creditable fight, the no-disgrace of being beaten by so skilful an antagonist as yourself.

The *fifth* and *sixth* sections explain the varieties of the climate, and the best seasons for visiting Palestine. Don't go in the winter. It is unpleasant and not romantic to pitch your tent in slush and spread your bed in mud. Avoid the summer. "The heaven becomes brass: and the earth iron." The cemeteries of Beyrout, Damascus, and Jerusalem contain the bones of not a few summer-tourists. Autumn and spring remain, that is to say, five months of the Syrian twelve. Autumn is good; the air is balmy, the weather more uniformly fine than in spring, and it is the season of the grapes of Lebanon and Eschol. But spring is better, when all nature is in bloom, and you are perhaps more than usually buoyant, having just escaped from the monotonous winter on the Nile. Leave Cairo, then, early in February;

and "forty days in the desert" will land you in Jerusalem by the middle of March—the very best of all times for exploring the Jordan valley, the Dead Sea, and the plains of once formidable Philistia. You will be ready to set out northward early in April, and may thus finish a profitable journey at Beyrout about the 20th of May.

The last six sections are emphatically road-chapters. Every thing, without any exception, that the most "Shiftless" traveller can by possibility want to know, or had better be put up to, is set down here. And this is at once the glory and the shame (but how much more the former) of a complete and thorough hand-book. You get bound up in one and the same volume reflections upon Jerusalem and Bethany, and hints about your arrow-root and dried tongue. Nobody will deny the little awkwardness involved in the juxtaposition; but every one will remember that, as it exists in the reality, it must not be dispensed with in the careful and trustworthy picture.

With regard to your provisions, the *Dragoman* supplies all necessities at so much *per diem*. The average rate for last year (1856-7) was £1 5s. a head—some paid more. This includes every thing—animals, servants, guards, and *baksish*, after all its kinds. Wine, beer, &c., should be exacted from the dragoman to a *fair extent*, though here extras will naturally appear. Take biscuits in air-tight tins. Let portable soup and preserved meat, with a dash of ham and dried tongue, relieve your bad mutton and skinny fowls. A small "Dean and Adams" is not a bad travelling-companion; and let it be seen when you start on a solitary ride. Mr. Murray sets his face against the too free use of the Turkish bath. It seems to bring on a plague of boils; and whoever would know of a first-rate treatment for boils should consult the "Remarks," p. liv. The fullest directions are given about the management and payment of servants and dragomans; and it would seem that there was good need; for in all Mr. Murray's experience he has found but one dragoman that deserved a character, and that was Aly Abû Halâwy, who may be heard of at the Cairo Consulate, and who travelled for more than a year with Cyril C. Graham, Esq., besides attending the author of the "Handbook" for forty days in the spring of last year.

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NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The dreamy night draws nigh ;
Soft delicious airs breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours.

The moon is high ;

See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not !

Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now
Of joys and sighs

For the swift-coming years.

Two rosy lips with innocent worship part ;
List ! be thou—saint or sceptic, if thou art,
Thou must have ears :

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

Doth it not noiseless ope
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee for her sweet sake,

Who with strong hope,

Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper, “ Now I lay me,” o'er and o'er ?
And thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor—
Forgot them not !

From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flashing glances vie,
And robed in splendor, mirth makes revelry—
Soft voices call

On the light-hearted throngs
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the dance.
The careless girl starts lightly, as, perchance,
Amid the songs,

The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,

That single infant's prayer.
Once more at home she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there,

With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by ;

Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins through Christ may be forgiven,

Then comes the prayer :

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head

Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,

Scorns not to yield

To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower.

The statesman gray,

His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first

beams,

A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest ;
But hark ! a soft voice steals upon his heart :

“ Now say your prayer, my son, before we
part ; ”

And, clasping his great hands—a child once
more,

Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—

Thus hear him pray :

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

BUCKLE'S BELIEF.

THIS is the creed—let no man chuckle—
Of the great thinker Henry Buckle :

“ I believe in fire and water,
And in fate, dame Nature's daughter ;
Consciousness I set aside—
The dissecting-knife's my guide,
I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue nor in vice ;
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind or Providence ;
In a stated course of crimes,
In Macaulay and the *Times*.
As for truth, the ancients lost her—
Plato was a great imposter.

Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion,
Not in Latin nor in Greek
Let us for instruction seek ;
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we learn what we should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo ;
Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates and starch.
I believe in all the gasses
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition,
Oxygen controls volition ;
Whate'er is good or great in men
May be traced to hydrogen ;
And the body, not the soul,
Governs the unfettered whole.”

From The National Review.
CHARLES DICKENS.

Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, &c. London, 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

It must give Mr. Dickens much pleasure to look at the collected series of his writings. He has told us of the beginnings of *Pickwick*. "I was," he relates in what is now the preface to that work, "a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by,—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

After such a beginning, there must be great enjoyment in looking at the long series of closely printed green volumes, in remembering their marvellous popularity, in knowing that they are a familiar literature wherever the English language is spoken,—that they are read with admiring appreciation by persons of the highest culture at the centre of civilization,—that they amuse, and are fit to amuse, the roughest settler in Vancouver's island.

The penetrating power of this remarkable genius among all classes at home is not inferior to its diffusive energy abroad. The phrase "household book" has, when applied to the works of Mr. Dickens, a peculiar propriety. There is no contemporary English writer, whose works are read so generally through the whole house, who can give pleasure to the servants as well as to the mistress, to the children as well as to the master. Mr. Thackeray without doubt exercises a more potent and plastic fascination within his sphere, but that sphere is limited. It is restricted to that part of the middle class which gazes inquisitively at the "Vanity Fair" world. The delicate touches of our great satirist have for such readers, not only the charm of wit, but likewise the interest of valuable information; he tells them of the topics which they want to know. But below this class there is another and far larger, which is incapable of comprehending the idling world, or of appreciating the accuracy of delineations drawn from it,—which would not know the difference between a picture of Grosvenor Square by Mr. Thackeray and the picture of it in a Minerva-Press novel,—which only cares for or knows of its own multifarious, industrial, fig-selling world,—and over these also Mr. Dickens has power.

It cannot be amiss to take this opportunity of investigating, even slightly, the causes of so great a popularity. And if, in the course of our article, we may seem to be ready with over-refining criticism, or to be unduly captious with theoretical objection, we hope not to forget that so great and so diffused, an influence is a *datum* for literary investigation,—that books which have been thus *tried* upon mankind and have thus succeeded, must be books of immense genius,—and that it is our duty as critics to explain, as far as we can, the nature and the limits of that genius, but never for one moment to deny or question its existence.

Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular. Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of every thing eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, of

intellectual *data*, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed, and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness. It is not very easy to define exactly to what peculiar internal characteristic this external effect is due: the feeling is distinct, but the cause is obscure; it lies hid in the peculiar constitution of great minds, and we should not wonder that it is not very easy either to conceive or to describe. On the whole, however, the effect seems to be produced by a peculiar proportionateness, in each instance, of the mind to the tasks which it undertakes, amid which we see it, and by which we measure it. Thus we feel that the powers and tendencies of Plato's mind and nature were more fit than those of any other philosopher for the due consideration and exposition of the highest problems of philosophy, of the doubts and difficulties which concern man as man. His genius was measured to its element; any change would mar the delicacy of the thought or the polished accuracy of the expression. The weapon was fitted to its aim. Every instance of proportionateness does not, however, lead us to attribute this peculiar symmetry to the whole mind we are observing. The powers must not only be suited to the task undertaken, but the task itself must also be suited to a human being, and employ all the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed. The neat perfection of such a mind as Talleyrand's is the antithesis to the symmetry of genius; the niceties neither of diplomacy nor of conversation give scope to the entire powers of a great nature. We may lay down as the condition of a regular or symmetrical genius, that it should have the exact combination of powers suited to graceful and easy success in an exercise of mind great enough to task the whole intellectual nature.

On the other hand, men of irregular or unsymmetrical genius are eminent either for some one or some few peculiarities of mind, have possibly special defects on other sides of their intellectual nature, at any rate want what the scientific men of the present day would call the *definite proportion* of faculties and qualities suited to the exact work they have in hand. The foundation of many criticisms of Shakspeare is that he is deficient in

this peculiar proportion. His overteeming imagination gives at times, and not unfrequently, a great feeling of irregularity: there seems to be confusion. We have the tall trees of the forest, the majestic creations of the highest genius; but we have, besides, a bushy second growth, an obtrusion of secondary images and fancies, which prevent our taking an exact measure of such grandeur. We have not the sensation of intense simplicity, which must probably accompany the highest conceivable greatness. Such is also the basis of Mr. Hallam's criticism on Shakspeare's language, which Mr. Arnold has lately revived. "His expression is often faulty," because his illustrative imagination somewhat predominating over his other faculties, diffuses about the main expression a supplement of minor metaphors which sometimes distract the comprehension, and almost always deprive his style of the charm that arises from undeviating directness. Doubtless this is an instance of the very highest kind of irregular genius, in which all the powers exist in the mind in a very high, and almost all of them in the very highest measure, but in which from a slight excess in a single one, the charm of proportion is lessened. The most ordinary cases of irregular genius are those in which single faculties are abnormally developed, and call off the attention from all the rest of the mind by their prominence and activity. Literature, as the "fragment of fragments," is so full of the fragments of such minds that it is needless to specify instances.

Possibly it may be laid down that one of two elements is essential to a symmetrical mind. It is evident that such a mind must either apply itself to that which is theoretical or that which is practical, to the world of abstraction or to the world of objects and realities. In the former case the deductive understanding, which masters first principles, and makes deductions from them, the thinner of the intellect,—the "mind itself by itself,"—must evidently assume a great prominence. To attempt to comprehend principles without it, is to try to swim without arms, or to fly without wings. Accordingly, in the mind of Plato, and in others like him, the abstract and deducing understanding fills a great place; the imagination seems a kind of eye to descry its data; the artistic instinct an arranging impulse, which sets in order its

inferences and conclusions. On the other hand, if a symmetrical mind busy itself with the active side of human life, with the world of concrete men and real things, its principal quality will be a practical sagacity, which forms with ease a distinct view and just appreciation of all the mingled objects that the world presents,—which allots to each its own place, and its intrinsic and appropriate rank. Possibly no mind gives such an idea of this sort of symmetry as Chaucer's. Every thing in it seems in its place. A healthy, sagacious man of the world has gone through the world; he loves it, and knows it; he dwells on it with a fond appreciation: every object of the old life of "merry England" seems to fall into its precise niche in his ordered and symmetrical comprehension. The *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* is in itself a series of memorial tablets to mediæval society; each class has its tomb, and each its apt inscription. A man without such an apprehensive and broad sagacity must fail in every extensive delineation of various life; he might attempt to describe what he did not penetrate, or if by a rare discretion he avoided that mistake, his works would want the *binding element*; he would be deficient in that distinct sense of relation and combination which is necessary for the depiction of the whole of life, which gives to it unity at first, and imparts to it a mass in the memory ever afterwards. And eminence in one or other of these marking faculties,—either in the deductive abstract intellect, or the practical seeing sagacity,—seems essential to the mental constitution of a symmetrical genius, at least in man. There are, after all, but two principal, all-important spheres in human life—thought and action; and we can hardly conceive of a masculine mind symmetrically developed, which did not evince its symmetry by an evident perfection in one or other of those pursuits, which did not leave the trace of its distinct reflection upon the one, or, of its large insight, upon the other of them. Possibly it may be thought that in the sphere of pure art there may be room for a symmetrical development different from these; but it will perhaps be found, on examination of such cases, either that under peculiar and appropriate disguises one of these great qualities is present, or that the apparent symmetry is the narrow perfection of a limited nature, which may be most excellent in itself, as in the

stricter form of sacred art, but which, as we explained, is quite opposed to that broad perfection of the thinking being to which we have applied the name of the symmetry of genius.

If this classification of men of genius be admitted, there can be no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Dickens his place in it. His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. We may choose an illustration at random. The following graphic description will do:

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet, overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days, and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct: all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

"Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it

might be, 'Hurrah, Geordie! No Popery!' At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat, cry, 'Gentlemen, No Popery!' to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse's heels and shouting till their throats were parched.

"The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill 'Hurrah, my lord.' Others waved their hands or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows, and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet not puffed-up or proud."

No one would think of citing such a passage as this, as exemplifying the proportioned beauty of finished writing; it is not the writing of an evenly developed or of a highly cultured mind; it abounds in jolts and odd turns; it is full of singular twists and needless complexities: but, on the other hand, no one can deny its great and peculiar merit. It is an odd style, and it is very odd how much you read it. It is the overflow of a copious mind, though not the chastened expression of an harmonious one.

The same quality characterizes the matter of his works. His range is very varied. He has attempted to describe every kind of scene in English life, from quite the lowest to almost the highest. He has not endeavored to secure success by confining himself to a single path, nor wearied the public with repetitions of the subjects by the delineation of which he originally obtained fame. In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well; something which no other man would have said; but even in them it is the characteristic of his power that it is

apt to fail him at once; from masterly strength we pass without interval to almost infantine weakness,—something like disgust succeeds in a moment to an extreme admiration. Such is the natural fate of an unequal mind employing itself on a vast and various subject. On a recent occasion we ventured to make a division of novels into the ubiquitous,—it would have been perhaps better to say the miscellaneous,—and the sentimental: the first, as its name implies, busying itself with the whole of human life, the second restricting itself with a peculiar and limited theme. Mr. Dickens's novels are all of the former class. They aim to delineate nearly all that part of our national life which can be delineated,—at least, within the limits which social morality prescribes to social art; but you cannot read his delineation of any part without being struck with its singular incompleteness. An artist once said of the best work of another artist, "Yes it is a pretty patch." If we might venture on the phrase, we should say that Mr. Dickens's pictures were graphic scraps; his best books are compilations of them.

The truth is that Mr. Dickens wholly wants the two elements which we have spoken of as one or other requisite for a symmetrical genius. He is utterly deficient in the faculty of reasoning. "Mamma, what shall I think about?" said the small girl. "My dear, don't think," was the old-fashioned reply. We do not allege that in the strict theory of education this was a correct reply; modern writers think otherwise; but we wish some one would say it to Mr. Dickens. He is often troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are perhaps the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination; and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonize them,—to educe a theory or elaborate a precept from them. Of his social thinking we shall have a few words to say in detail; his didactic humor is very unfortunate: no writer is less fitted for an excursion to the imperative mood. At present, we only say, what is so obvious as scarcely to need saying, that his abstract understanding is so far

inferior to his picturesque imagination as to give even to his best works the sense of jar and incompleteness, and to deprive them altogether of the crystalline finish which is characteristic of the clear and cultured understanding.

Nor has Mr. Dickens the easy and various sagacity which, as has been said, gives a unity to all which it touches. He has, indeed, a quality which is near allied to it in appearance: His shrewdness in some things, especially in traits and small things, is wonderful. His works are full of acute remarks on petty doings, and well exemplify the telling power of minute circumstantiality. But the minor species of perceptive sharpness is so different from diffused sagacity, that the two scarcely ever are to be found in the same mind. There is nothing less like the great lawyer, acquainted with broad principles and applying them with distinct deduction, than the attorney's clerk who catches at small points like a dog biting at flies. "Over-sharpness" in the student is the most unpromising symptom of the logical jurist. You must not ask a horse in blinkers for a large view of a landscape. In the same way, a detective ingenuity in microscopic detail is of all mental qualities most unlike the broad sagacity by which the great painters of human affairs have unintentionally stamped the mark of unity on their productions. They show by their treatment of each case that they understand the whole of life; the special delineator of fragments and points shows that he understands them only. In one respect the defect is more striking in Mr. Dickens than in any other novelist of the present day. The most remarkable deficiency in modern fiction is its omission of the business of life, of all those countless occupations, pursuits, and callings in which most men live and move, and by which they have their being. In most novels money *grows*. You have no idea of the toil, the patience, and the wearing anxiety by which men of action provide for the day, and lay up for the future, and support those that are given into their care. Mr. Dickens is not chargeable with this omission. He perpetually deals with the pecuniary part of life. Almost all his characters have determined occupations, of which he is apt to talk even at too much length. When he rises from the toiling to the luxurious classes, his genius in most cases deserts him. The delicate refinement and discriminating

taste of the idling orders are not in his way; he knows the dry arches of London Bridge better than Belgravia. He excels in inventories of poor furniture, and is learned in pawn brokers' tickets. But, although his creative power lives and works among the middle class and industrial section of English society, he has never painted the highest part of their daily intellectual life. He made, indeed, an attempt to paint specimens of the apt and able man of business in *Nicholas Nickleby*; but the Messrs. Cheeryble are among the stupidest of his characters. He forgot that breadth of platitude is rather different from breadth of sagacity. His delineations of middle-class life have in consequence a harshness and meanness which do not belong to that life in reality. He omits the relieving element. He describes the figs which are sold, but not the talent which sells figs well. And it is the same want of the diffused sagacity in his own nature which has made his pictures of life so odd and disjointed, and which has deprived them of symmetry and unity.

The *bizarrie* of Mr. Dickens's genius is rendered more remarkable by the inordinate measure of his special excellencies. The first of these is his power of observation in detail. We have heard,—we do not know whether correctly or incorrectly,—that he can go down a crowded street, and tell you all that is in it, what each shop was, what the grocer's name was, how many scraps of orange-peel there were on the pavement. His works give you exactly the same idea. The amount of detail which there is in them is something amazing,—to an ordinary writer something incredible. There are pages containing telling minutiae which other people would have thought enough for a volume. Nor is his sensibility to external objects, though omnivorous, insensible to the artistic effect of each. There are scarcely anywhere such pictures of London as he draws. No writer has equally comprehended the artistic material which is given by its extent, its congregation of different elements, its mouldiness, its brilliancy.

Nor does his genius, though, from some idiosyncrasy of mind or accident of external situation, it is more especially directed to city life, at all stop at the city-wall. He is especially at home in the picturesque and obvious parts of country life, particularly in the comfortable and (so to say) mouldering portion of it. The following is an instance; if not

the best that could be cited, still one of the best:—

"They arranged to proceed upon their journey next evening, as a stage-wagon, which travelled for some distance on the same road as they must take, would stop at the inn to change horses, and the driver for a small gratuity would give Nell a place inside. A bargain was soon struck when the wagon came; and in due time it rolled away; with the child comfortably bestowed among the softer packages, her grandfather and the schoolmaster walking on beside the driver, and the landlady and all the good folks of the inn screaming out their good wishes and farewells.

"What a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses—all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick awning, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern dancing on like its namesake Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark grim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp, high ridge as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was cold, and anxious for very comfort's sake to think it colder than it was!—What a delicious journey was that journey in the wagon!

"Then the going on again—so fresh at first, and shortly afterwards so sleepy. The waking from a sound nap as the mail came dashing past, like a highway comet, with gleaming lamps and rattling hoofs, and visions of a guard behind, standing up to keep his feet warm, and of a gentleman in a fur cap opening his eyes and looking wild and stupefied—the stopping at the turnpike, where the man was gone to bed, and knocking at the door until he answered with a smothered shout from under the bed-clothes in the little room above, where the faint light was burn-

ing, and presently came down, night-capped and shivering, to throw the gate wide open and wish all wagons off the road except by day. The cold, sharp interval between night and morning—the distant streak of light widening and spreading, and turning from gray to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day, with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields frightening them away with rattles. The coming to a town—people busy in the market; light carts and chaises round the tavern yard; tradesmen standing at their doors; men running horses up and down the streets for sale; pigs plunging and grunting in the dirty distance, getting off with long strings at their legs, running into clean chemists' shops and being dislodged with brooms by 'prentices; the night-coach changing horses—the passengers cheerless, cold, ugly, and discontented, with three months' growth of hair in one night—the coachman fresh as from a band-box, and exquisitely beautiful by contrast:—so much bustle, so many things in motion, such a variety of incidents—when was there a journey with so many delights as that journey in the wagon!"

Or, as a relief from a very painful series of accompanying characters, it is pleasant to read and remember the description of the fine morning on which Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit does not reflect. Mr. Dickens has, however, no feeling analogous to the nature-worship of some other recent writers. There is nothing Wordsworthian in his bent; the interpreting inspiration (as that school speak) is not his. Nor has he the erudition in difficult names which has filled some pages in late novelists with mineralogy and botany. His descriptions of nature are fresh and superficial; they are not sermonic or scientific.

Nevertheless, it may be said that Mr. Dickens's genius is especially suited to the delineation of city life. London is like a newspaper. Every thing is there, and every thing is disconnected. There is every kind of person in some houses; but there is no more connection between the houses than between the neighbors in the lists of "births, marriages, and deaths." As we change from the broad leader to the squalid police-report, we pass a corner and we are in a changed world. This is advantageous to Mr. Dickens's genius. His memory is full of instances of old buildings and curious people, and he does not care to piece them together. On the

contrary, each scene, to his mind, is a separate scene,—each street a separate street. He has, too, the peculiar alertness of observation that is observable in those who live by it. He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.

A second most wonderful special faculty which Mr. Dickens possesses is what we may call his *vivification* of character, or rather of characteristics. His marvellous power of observation has been exercised upon men and women even more than upon town or country; and the store of human detail, so to speak, in his books is endless and enormous. The boots at the inn, the pickpockets in the street, the undertaker, the Mrs. Gamp, are all of them at his disposal; he knows each trait and incident, and he invests them with a kind of perfection in detail which in reality they do not possess. He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits, and making a character out of them. He is especially apt to incarnate particular professions in this way. Many of his people never speak without some allusion to their occupation. You cannot separate them from it. Nor does the writer ever separate them. What would Mr. Mould be if not an undertaker? or Mrs. Gamp if not a nurse? or Charley Bates if not a pickpocket? Not only is human nature in them subdued to what it works in, but there seems to be no nature to subdue; the whole character is the idealization of a trade, and is not in fancy or thought distinguishable from it. Accordingly, of necessity, such delineations become caricatures. We do not in general contrast them with reality; but as soon as we do, we are struck with the monstrous exaggerations which they present. You could no more fancy Sam Weller, or Mark Tapley, or the Artful Dodger really existing, walking about among common ordinary men and women, than you can fancy a talking duck or a writing bear. They are utterly beyond the pale of ordinary social intercourse. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Dickens does not conceive his characters to himself as mixing in the society he mixes in. He sees people in the street, doing certain things, talking in a certain way, and his fancy petrifies them in the act. He goes on fancying hundreds of reduplications of that act and that speech; he frames an existence in which there is nothing else but that aspect which attracted his atten-

tion. Sam Weller is an example. He is a man-servant, who makes a peculiar kind of jokes, and is wonderfully felicitous in certain similes. You see him at his first introduction:—

“‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman.

“‘You’re one o’ the advice gratis order, thought Sam, ‘or you wouldn’t be so werry fond o’ me all at once.’ But he only said—‘Well, sir.’

“‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hem—‘Have you got many people stopping here, now? Pretty busy. Eh?’

“Sam stole a look at the inquirer. He was a little high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, and small, restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain, and seals, depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves in his hands, not on them; and as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.

“‘Pretty busy, eh?’ said the little man.

“‘Oh, werry well, sir,’ replied Sam, ‘we shan’t be bankrupts, and we shan’t make our fort’ns. We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don’t care for horse-radish wen we can get beef.’

“‘Ah,’ said the little man, ‘you’re a wag, ain’t you?’

“‘My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint,’ said Sam, ‘it may be catching—I used to sleep with him.’

“‘This is a curious old house of yours,’ said the little man, looking round him.

“‘If you’d sent word you was a coming, we’d had it repaired,’ replied the imperturbable Sam.

“The little man seemed rather baffled by these several repulses, and a short consultation took place between him and the two plump gentlemen. At its conclusion, the little man took a pinch of snuff from an oblong silver box, and was apparently on the point of renewing the conversation, when one of the plump gentlemen, who in addition to a benevolent countenance, possessed a pair of spectacles, and a pair of black gaiters, interfered—

“‘The fact of the matter is,’ said the benevolent gentleman, ‘that my friend here (pointing to the other plump gentleman) will give you half a guinea, if you’ll answer one or two—’

"'Now, my dear sir—my dear sir,' said the little man, 'pray allow me—my dear sir, the very first principle to be observed in these cases, is this; if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business; you must repose implicit confidence in him. Really, Mr. (he turned to the other plump gentleman, and said)—I forget your friend's name.'

"'Pickwick,' said Mr. Wardle, for it was no other than that jolly personage.

"'Ah, Pickwick—really Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, excuse me—I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours, as *amicus curiæ*, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in this case, with such an *ad captandum* argument as the offer of half a guinea. Really, my dear sir, really,' and the little man took an argumentative pinch of snuff, and looked very profound.

"'My only wish, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'was to bring this very unpleasant matter to as speedy a close as possible.'

"'Quite right—quite right,' said the little man.

"'With which view,' continued Mr. Pickwick, 'I made use of the argument which my experience of men has taught me is the most likely to succeed in any case.'

"'Ay, ay,' said the little man, 'very good, very good indeed; but you should have suggested it to me. My dear sir, I'm quite certain you cannot be ignorant of the extent of confidence which must be placed in professional men. If any authority can be necessary on such a point, my dear sir, let me refer you to the well-known case in Barnwell and—'

"'Never mind George Barnwell,' interrupted Sam, who had remained a wondering listener during this short colloquy; 'every body knows what sort of a case his was, tho' its always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did. Hows'ever that's neither here nor there. You want me to except of half a guinea. Werry well, I'm agreeable: I can't say no fairer than that, can I, sir? (Mr. Pickwick smiled.) Then the next question is, what the devil do you want with me, as the man said wen he see the ghost?'

"'We want to know—' said Mr. Wardle.

"'Now my dear sir—my dear sir,' interposed the busy little man.

"'Mr. Wardle shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

"'We want to know,' said the little man, solemnly; 'and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehen-

sions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present.'

"'Who there is in the house!' said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. 'There's a wooden leg in number six; there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snug-gery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee-room.'

"'Nothing more?' said the little man.

"'Stop a bit,' replied Sam suddenly recollecting himself. 'Yes; there's a pair of Wellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in number five.'

"'What sort of shoes?' hastily inquired Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors.

"'Country make,' replied Sam.

"'Any maker's name?'

"'Brown.'

"'Where of?'

"'Muggleton.'

"'It is them,' exclaimed Wardle. 'By Heavens, we've found them.'

"'Hush!' said Sam. 'The Wellingtons has gone to Doctors' Commons.'

"'No,' said the little man.

"'Yes, for a license.'

"'We're in time,' exclaimed Wardle. 'Show us the room; not a moment is to be lost.'

"'Pray, my dear sir—pray,' said the little man; 'caution, caution.' He drew from his pocket a red silk purse, and looked very hard at Sam as he drew out a sovereign.

Sam grinned expressively.

"'Show us into the room at once without announcing us,' said the little man, 'and it's yours.'"

One can fancy Mr. Dickens hearing a dialogue of this sort,—not nearly so good, but something like it,—and immediately setting to work to make it better and put it in a book; then changing a little the situation, putting the boots one step up in the scale of service, engaging him as footman to a stout gentleman (but without for a moment losing sight of the peculiar kind of professional conversation and humor which his first dialogue presents), and astonishing all his readers by the marvellous fertility and magical humor with which he maintains that style. Sam Weller's father is even a stronger and simpler instance. He is simply nothing but an old coachman of the stout and extinct sort:

you cannot separate him from the idea of that occupation. But how amusing he is! We dare not quote a single word of his talk; because we should go on quoting so long, and every one knows it so well. Some persons may think that this is not a very high species of delineative art. The idea of personifying traits and trades may seem to them poor and meagre. Anybody, they may fancy, can do that. But how would they do it? Whose fancy would not break down in a page,—in five lines? Who could carry on the vivification with zest and energy and humor for volume after volume? Endless fertility in laughter-causing detail is Mr. Dickens's most astonishing peculiarity. It requires a continuous and careful reading of his works to be aware of his enormous wealth. Writers have attained the greatest reputation for wit and humor, whose whole works do not contain so much of either as are to be found in a very few pages of his.

Mr. Dickens's humor is indeed very much a result of the two peculiarities of which we have been speaking. His power of detailed observation and his power of idealizing individual traits of character—sometimes of one or other of them, sometimes of both of them together. His similes on matters of external observation are so admirable that everybody appreciates them, and it would be absurd to quote specimens of them; nor is it the sort of excellence which best bears to be paraded for the purposes of critical example. Its off-hand air and natural connection with the adjacent circumstances are inherent parts of its peculiar merit. Every reader of Mr. Dickens's works knows well what we mean. And who is not a reader of them?

But his peculiar humor is even more indebted to his habit of vivifying external traits, than to his power of external observation. He, as we have explained, expands traits into people; and it is a source of true humor to place these, when so expanded, in circumstances in which only people—that is complete human beings—can appropriately act. The humor of Mr. Pickwick's character is entirely of this kind. He is a kind of incarnation of simple-mindedness and what we may call obvious-mindedness. The conclusion which each occurrence or position in life most immediately presents to the unsophisticated mind is that which Mr. Pickwick is sure to accept. The proper accompaniments are

given to him. He is a stout gentleman in easy circumstances, who is irritated into originality by no impulse from within, and by no stimulus from without. He is stated to have "retired from business." But no one can fancy what he was in business. Such guileless simplicity of heart and easy impressibility of disposition would soon have induced a painful failure amid the harsh struggles and the tempting speculations of pecuniary life. As he is represented in the narrative, however, nobody dreams of such antecedents. Mr. Pickwick moves easily over all the surface of English life from Goswell Street to Dingley Dell, from Dingley Dell to the Ipswich elections, from drinking milk-punch in a wheelbarrow to sleeping in the approximate pound, and no one ever thinks of applying to him the ordinary maxims which we should apply to any common person in life, or to any common personage in a fiction. Nobody thinks it is wrong in Mr. Pickwick to drink too much milk-punch in a wheelbarrow, to introduce worthless people of whom he knows nothing to the families of people for whom he really cares; nobody holds him responsible for the consequences; nobody thinks there is any thing wrong in his taking Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen to visit Mr. Winkle senior, and thereby almost irretrievably offending him with his son's marriage. We do not reject moral remarks such as these, but they never occur to us. Indeed the indistinct consciousness that such observations are possible, and that they are hovering about our minds, enhances the humor of the narrative. We are in a conventional world, where the mere maxims of common life do not apply, and yet which has all the amusing detail, and picturesque elements, and singular eccentricities of common life. Mr. Pickwick is a personified ideal; a kind of amateur in life, whose course we watch through all the circumstances of ordinary existence, and at whose follies we are amused just as really skilled people are at the mistakes of an amateur in their art. His being in the pound is not wrong; his being the victim of Messrs. Dodson is not foolish. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But suppose there are two mobs," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Then shout with the loudest," said Mr. Pickwick. This is not in him weakness or time-serving, or want of principle, as in most even of fictitious people it would be. It is his way. Mr.

Pickwick was expected to say something, so he said "Ah!" in a grave voice. This is not pompous as we might fancy, or clever as it might be if intentionally devised; it is simply his way. Mr. Pickwick gets late at night over the wall behind the back-door of a young-ladies' school, is found in that sequestered place by the schoolmistress and the boarders and the cook, and there is a dialogue between them. There is nothing out of possibility in this; it is his way. The humor essentially consists in treating as a moral agent a being who really is not a moral agent. We treat a vivified accident as a man, and we are surprised at the absurd results. We are reading about an acting thing, and we wonder at its scrapes, and laugh at them as if they were those of the man. There is something of this humor in every sort of farce. Everybody knows these are not real beings acting in real life, though they talk as if they were, and want us to believe that they are. Here, as in Mr. Dickens's books, we have exaggerations pretending to comport themselves as ordinary beings, caricatures acting as if they were characters.

At the same time it is essential to remember, that however great may be and is the charm of such exaggerated personifications, the best specimens of them are immensely less excellent, belong to an altogether lower range of intellectual achievements, than the real depiction of actual living men. It is amusing to read of beings *out of* the laws of morality, but it is more profoundly interesting, as well as more instructive, to read of those whose life in its moral conditions resembles our own. We see this most distinctly when the representations are given by the genius of the same writer. Falstaff is a sort of sack-holding paunch, an exaggerated over-development which no one thinks of holding down to the commonplace rules of the ten commandments and the statute-law. We do not think of them in connection with him. They belong to a world apart. Accordingly we are vexed when the king discards him and reproves him. Such a fate was a necessary adherence on Shakspeare's part to the historical tradition; he never probably thought of departing from it, nor would his audience have perhaps endured his doing so. But to those who look at the historical plays as pure works of imaginative art, it seems certainly an artistic misconception to have

developed so marvellous an *unmoral* impersonation, and then to have subjected it to an ethical and punitive judgment. Still, notwithstanding this error, which was very likely inevitable, Falstaff is probably the most remarkable specimen of caricature representation to be found in literature. And its very excellence of execution only shows how inferior is the kind of art which creates only such representations. Who could compare the genius, marvellous as must be its fertility, which was needful to create a Falstaff with that shown in the higher productions of the same mind in Hamlet, Ophelia, and Lear? We feel instantaneously the difference between the aggregating accident which rakes up from the externalities of life other accidents analogous to itself, and the central ideal of a real character which cannot show itself wholly in any accidents, but which exemplifies itself partially in many, which unfolds itself gradually in wide spheres of action, and yet, as with those we know best in life, leaves something hardly to be understood, and after years of familiarity is a problem and a difficulty to the last. In the same way the embodied characteristics and grotesque exaggerations of Mr. Dickens, notwithstanding all their humor and all their marvellous abundance, can never be for a moment compared with the great works of the real painters of essential human nature.

There is one class of Mr. Dickens's pictures which may seem to form an exception to this criticism. It is the delineation of the outlaw, we might say the anti-law, world in *Oliver Twist*. In one or two instances, Mr. Dickens has been so fortunate as to hit on characteristics which, by his system of idealization and continual repetition, might really be brought to look like a character. A man's trade or profession in regular life can only exhaust a very small portion of his nature; no approach is made to the essence of humanity by the exaggeration of the traits which typify a beadle or an undertaker. With the outlaw world it is somewhat different. The bare fact of a man belonging to that world is so important to his nature, that if it is artistically developed with coherent accessories, some approximation to a distinctly natural character will be almost inevitably made. In the characters of Bill Sykes and Nancy this is so. The former is the skulking ruffian who may be seen any day at the police-courts, and

whom any one may fancy he sees by walking through St. Giles's. You cannot attempt to figure to your imagination the existence of such a person without being thrown into the region of the passions, the will, and the conscience; the mere fact of his maintaining, as a condition of life and by settled profession, a struggle with regular society, necessarily, brings these deep parts of his nature into prominence; great crime usually proceeds from abnormal impulses or strange effort. Accordingly, Mr. Sykes is the character most approaching to a coherent man who is to be found in Mr. Dickens's works. We do not say that even here there is not some undue heightening admixture of caricature,—but this defect is scarcely thought of amid the general coherence of the picture, the painful subject, and the wonderful command of strange accessories. Miss Nancy is a still more delicate artistic effort. She is an idealization of the girl who may also be seen at the police-courts and St. Giles's; as bad, according to occupation and common character, as a woman can be, yet retaining a tinge of womanhood, and a certain compassion for interesting suffering, which under favoring circumstances might be the germ of a regenerating influence. We need not stay to prove how much the imaginative development of such a personage must concern itself with our deeper humanity; how strongly, if excellent, it must be contrasted with every thing conventional or casual or superficial. Mr. Dickens's delineation is in the highest degree excellent. It possesses not only the more obvious merits belonging to the subject, but also that of a singular delicacy of expression and idea. Nobody fancies for a moment that they are reading about any thing beyond the pale of ordinary propriety. We read the account of the life which Miss Nancy leads with Bill Sykes without such an idea occurring to us; yet when we reflect upon it, few things in literary painting are more wonderful than the depiction of a professional life of sin and sorrow, so as not even to startle those to whom the deeper forms of either are but names and shadows. Other writers would have given as vivid a picture: Defoe would have poured out even a more copious measure of telling circumstantiality, but he would have narrated his story with an inhuman distinctness, which if not impure is unpure; French writers, whom we need not name, would have enhanced the interest of

their narrative by trading on the excitement of stimulating scenes. It would be injustice to Mr. Dickens to say that he has surmounted these temptations; the unconscious evidence of innumerable details proves that, from a certain delicacy of imagination and purity of spirit, he has not even experienced them. Criticism is the more bound to dwell at length on the merits of these delineations, because no artistic merit can make *Oliver Twist* a pleasing work. The squalid detail of crime and misery oppresses us too much. If it is to be read at all, it should be read in the first hardness of the youthful imagination, which no touch can move too deeply, and which is never stirred with tremulous suffering at the "still, sad music of humanity." The coldest critic in later life may never hope to have again the apathy of his boyhood.

It perhaps follows from what has been said of the characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius, that he would be little skilled in planning plots for his novels. He certainly is not so skilled. He says in his preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, "that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered feasible by the author in connection with the desultory plan of publication adopted;" and he adds an expression of regret that "these chapters had not been strung together on a thread of more general interest. It is extremely fortunate that no such attempt was made. In the cases in which Mr. Dickens has attempted to make a long connected story, or to develop into scenes or incidents a plan in any degree elaborate, the result has been a complete failure. A certain consistency of genius seems necessary for the construction of a consecutive plot. An irregular mind naturally shows itself in incoherency of incident and aberration of character. The method in which Mr. Dickens's mind works, if we are correct in our criticism upon it, tends naturally to these blemishes. Caricatures are necessarily isolated; they are produced by the exaggeration of certain conspicuous traits and features; each being is enlarged on its greatest side; and we laugh at the grotesque grouping and the startling contrast. But the connection between human beings on which a plot depends is rather severed than elucidated by the enhancement of their diversities. Interesting stories are founded on the intimate relations

of men and women. These intimate relations are based not on their superficial traits, or common occupations, or most visible externalities, but on the inner life of heart and feeling. You simply divert attention from that secret life by enhancing the perceptible diversities of common human nature, and the strange anomalies into which it may be distorted. The original germ of *Pickwick* was a "Club of Oddities." The idea was professedly abandoned; but traces of it are to be found in all Mr. Dickens's books. It illustrates the professed grotesqueness of the characters as well as their slender connection.

The defect of plot is heightened by Mr. Dickens's great, we might say complete, inability to make a love-story. A pair of lovers is by custom a necessity of narrative fiction, and writers who possess a great general range of mundane knowledge, and but little knowledge of the special sentimental subject, are often in amusing difficulties. The watchful reader observes the transition from the hearty description of well-known scenes, of prosaic streets, or journeys by wood and river, to the pale colors of ill-attempted poetry, to such sights as the novelist wishes he need not try to see. But few writers exhibit the difficulty in so aggravated a form as Mr. Dickens. Most men by taking thought can make a lay figure to look not so very unlike a young gentleman, and can compose a telling schedule of lady-like charms. Mr. Dickens has no power of doing either. The heroic character—we do not mean the form of character so-called in life and action, but that which is hereditary in the heroes of novels—is not suited to his style of art. Hazlitt wrote an essay to inquire "Why the heroes of romances are insipid;" and without going that length it may safely be said that the character of the agreeable young gentleman who loves and is loved should not be of the most marked sort. Flirtation ought not to be an exaggerated pursuit. Young ladies and their admirers should not express themselves in the heightened and imaginative phraseology suited to Charley Bates and the Dodger. Humor is of no use, for no one makes love in jokes: a tinge of insidious satire may perhaps be permitted as a rare and occasional relief, but it will not be thought "a pretty book," if so malicious an element be at all habitually perceptible. The broad farce in which Mr. Dickens indulges is thoroughly out of place. If

you caricature a pair of lovers ever so little, by the necessity of their calling you make them ridiculous. One of Sheridan's best comedies is remarkable for having no scene in which the hero and heroine are on the stage together; and Mr. Moore suggests that the shrewd wit distrusted his skill in the light, dropping love-talk which would have been necessary. Mr. Dickens would have done well to imitate so astute a policy; but he has none of the managing shrewdness which those who look at Sheridan's career attentively will probably think not the least remarkable feature in his singular character. Mr. Dickens, on the contrary, pours out painful sentiments as if he wished the abundance should make up for the inferior quality. The excruciating writing which is expended on Miss Ruth Pinch passes belief. Mr. Dickens is not only unable to make lovers to talk, but to describe heroines in mere narrative. As has been said, most men can make a tumble of blue eyes and fair hair and pearly teeth, that does very well for a young lady, at least for a good while; but Mr. Dickens will not, probably cannot, attain even to this humble measure of descriptive art. He vitiates the repose by broad humor, or disenchanting the delicacy by an unctuous admiration.

This deficiency is probably nearly connected with one of Mr. Dickens's most remarkable excellencies. No one can read Mr. Thackeray's writings without feeling that he is perpetually treading as close as he dare to the border-line that separates the world which may be described in books from the world which it is prohibited to describe. No one knows better than this accomplished artist where that line is, and how curious are its windings and turns. The charge against him is that he knows it but too well; that with an anxious care and a wistful eye he is ever approximating to its edge, and hinting with subtle art how thoroughly he is familiar with, and how interesting he could make, the interdicted region on the other side. He never violates a single conventional rule; but at the same time the shadow of the immorality that is not seen is scarcely ever wanting to his delineation of the society that is seen. Every one may perceive what is passing in his fancy. Mr. Dickens is chargeable with no such defect: he does not seem to feel the temptation. By what we may fairly call an instinctive purity of genius, he not only observes the

conventional rules, but makes excursion into topics which no other novelist could safely handle, and, by a felicitous instinct, deprives them of all impropriety. No other writer could have managed the humor of Mrs. Gamp, without becoming unendurable. At the same time it is difficult not to believe that this singular insensibility to the temptations to which many of the greatest novelists have succumbed is in some measure connected with his utter inaptitude for delineating the portion of life to which their art is specially inclined. He delineates neither the love-affairs which ought to be nor those which ought not to be.

Mr. Dickens's indisposition to "make capital" out of the most commonly tempting part of human sentiment is the more remarkable because he certainly does not show the same indisposition in other cases. He has naturally great powers of pathos; his imagination is familiar with the common sorts of human suffering; and his marvellous conversancy with the detail of existence enables him to describe sick-beds and death-beds with an excellence very rarely seen in literature. A nature far more sympathetic than that of most authors has familiarized him with such subjects. In general, a certain apathy is characteristic of book-writers, and dulls the efficacy of their pathos. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this defect; but, on the other hand, is exceedingly prone to a very ostentatious exhibition of the opposite excellence. He dwells on dismal scenes with a kind of fawning fondness; and he seems unwilling to leave them, long after his readers have had more than enough of them. He describes Mr. Dennis the hangman as having a professional fondness for his occupation: he has the same sort of fondness apparently for the profession of death-painter. The painful details he accumulates are a very serious drawback from the agreeableness of his writings. Dismal "light literature" is the dimmest of reading. The reality of the police-reports is sufficiently bad, but a fictitious police-report would be the most disagreeable of conceivable compositions. Some portions of Mr. Dickens's books are liable to a good many of the same objections. They are squalid from noisome trivialities, and horrid with terrifying crime. In his earlier books this is commonly relieved at frequent intervals by a graphic and original mirth.

As we will not say age, but maturity, has passed over his powers, this counteractive element has been lessened; the humor is not so happy as it was, but the wonderful fertility in painful *minutiae* still remains.

Mr. Dickens's political opinions have subjected him to a good deal of criticism, and to some ridicule. He has shown, on many occasions, the desire,—which we see so frequent among able and influential men,—to start as a political reformer. Mr. Spurgeon said, with an application to himself, "If you've got the ear of the public, of course you must begin to tell it its faults." Mr. Dickens has been quite disposed to make this use of his popular influence. Even in *Pickwick* there are many traces of this tendency; and the way in which it shows itself in that book and in others is very characteristic of the time at which they appeared. The most instructive political characteristic of the years from 1825 to 1845 is the growth and influence of the scheme of opinion which we call Radicalism. There are several species of creeds which are comprehended under this generic name, but they all evince a marked reaction against the worship of the English constitution and the affection for the English *status quo*, which were then the established creed and sentiment. All Radicals are anti-Eldonites. This is equally true of the Benthamite or philosophical radicalism of the early period, and the Manchester or "definite-grievance radicalism," among the last vestiges of which we are now living. Mr. Dickens represents a species different from either. His is what we may call the "sentimental radicalism;" and if we recur to the history of the time, we shall find that there would not originally have been any opprobrium attaching to such a name. The whole course of the legislation, and still more of the administration of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century were marked by a harsh unfeelingness which is of all faults the most contrary to any with which we are chargeable now. The world of the "Six Acts," the frequent executions for death, the Draconic criminal law, is so far removed from us that we cannot comprehend its having ever existed. It is more easy to understand the recoil which has followed. All the social speculation, and much of the social action of the few years succeeding, the Reform Bill bear the most marked traces of the reaction.

The spirit which animates Mr. Dickens's political reasonings and observations expresses it exactly. The vice of the then existing social authorities and of the then existing public had been the forgetfulness of the pain which their own acts evidently produced,—an unrealizing habit which adhered to official rules and established maxims, and which would not be shocked by the evident consequences, by proximate human suffering. The sure result of this habit was the excitement of the habit precisely opposed to it. Mr. Carlyle, in his *Chartism*, we think, observes of the poor-law reform: "It was then, above all things, necessary that outdoor relief should cease. But how? What means did great Nature take for accomplishing that most desirable end? She created a race of men who believed the cessation of outdoor relief to be the one thing needful." In the same way, and by the same propensity to exaggerated opposition which is inherent in human nature, the unfeeling obtuseness of the early part of this century was to be corrected by an extreme, perhaps an excessive, sensibility to human suffering in the years which have followed. There was most adequate reason for the sentiment in its origin, and it had a great task to perform in ameliorating harsh customs and repealing dreadful penalties; but it has continued to repine at such evils long after they ceased to exist, and when the only facts that at all resemble them are the necessary painfulness of due punishment and the necessary rigidity of established law. Mr. Dickens is an example both of the proper use and of the abuse of the sentiment. His earlier works have many excellent descriptions of the abuses which had descended to the present generation from others whose sympathy with pain was less tender. Nothing can be better than the description of the poor debtors' gaols in *Pickwick*, or of the old parochial authorities in *Oliver Twist*. No doubt these descriptions are caricatures, all his delineations are so; but the beneficial use of such art can hardly be better exemplified. Human nature endures the aggravation of vices and foibles in written description better than that of excellencies. We cannot bear to hear even the hero of a book forever called "just;" we detest the recurring praise even of beauty, much more of virtue. The moment you begin to exaggerate a character of true excel-

lence, you spoil it; the traits are too delicate not to be injured by heightening or marred by over-emphasis. But a beadle is made for caricature. The slight measure of pomposity that humanizes his unfeelingness introduces the requisite comic element; even the turnkeys of a debtor's prison may by skilful hands be similarly used. The contrast between the destitute condition of Job Trotter and Mr. Jingle and their former swindling triumph, is made comic by a rarer touch of unconscious art. Mr. Pickwick's warm heart takes so eager an interest in the misery of his old enemies, that our colder nature is tempted to smile. We endure the over-intensity, at any rate the unnecessary aggravation, of the surrounding misery; and we endure it willingly, because it brings out better than any thing else could have done the half-comic intensity of a sympathetic nature.

It is painful to pass from these happy instances of well-used power to the glaring abuses of the same faculty in Mr. Dickens's later books. He began by describing really removable evils in a style which would induce all persons, however insensible, to remove them if they could; he has ended by describing the natural evils and inevitable pains of the present state of being in such a manner as must tend to excite discontent and repining. The result is aggravated, because Mr. Dickens never ceases to hint that these evils are removable, though he does not say by what means. Nothing is easier than to show the evils of any thing. Mr. Dickens has not unfrequently spoken, and what is worse, he has taught a great number of parrot-like imitators to speak, in what really is, if they knew it, a tone of objection to the necessary constitution of human society. If you will only write a description of it, any form of government will seem ridiculous. What is more absurd than a despotism, even at its best? A king of ability or an able minister sits in an orderly room filled with memorials, and returns, and documents, and memoranda. These are his world; among these he of necessity lives and moves. Yet how little of the real life of the nation he governs can be represented in an official form! How much of real suffering is there that statistics can never tell! how much of obvious good is there that no memorandum to a minister will ever mention! how much deception is there in what such documents contain! how mon-

strous must be the ignorance of the closet statesman, after all his life of labor, of much that a ploughman could tell him of! A free government is almost worse, as it must read in a written delineation. Instead of the real attention of a laborious and anxious statesman, we have now the shifting caprices of a popular assembly—elected for one object, deciding on another; changing with the turn of debate; shifting in its very composition; one set of men coming down to vote to-day, to-morrow another and often unlike set, most of them eager for the dinner-hour, actuated by unseen influences,—by a respect for their constituents, by the dread of an attorney in a far-off borough. What people are these to control a nation's destinies, and wield the power of an empire, and regulate the happiness of millions! Either way we are at fault. Free government seems an absurdity, and despotism is so too. Again, every form of law has a distinct expression, a rigid procedure, customary rules and forms. It is administered by human beings liable to mistake, confusion, and forgetfulness, and in the long-run, and on the average, is sure to be tainted with vice and fraud. Nothing can be easier than to make a case, as we may say, against any particular system, by pointing out with emphatic caricature its inevitable miscarriages and by pointing out nothing else. Those who so address us may assume a tone of philanthropy, and forever exult that they are not so unfeeling as other men are; but the real tendency of their exhortations is to make men dissatisfied with their inevitable condition, and what is worse, to make them fancy that its irremediable evils can be remedied, and indulge in a succession of vague strivings and restless changes. Such, however,—though in a style of expression somewhat different,—is very much the tone with which Mr. Dickens and his followers have in later years made us familiar. To the second-hand repeaters of a cry so feeble, we can have nothing to say; if silly people cry because they think the world is silly, let them cry; but the founder of the school cannot, we are persuaded, peruse without mirth the lachrymose eloquence which his disciples have perpetrated. The soft moisture of irrelevant sentiment cannot have entirely entered into his soul. A truthful genius must have forbidden it. Let us hope that his pernicious example may incite some one of equal

genius to preach with equal efficiency a sterner and a wiser gospel; but there is no need just now for us to preach it without genius.

There has been much controversy about Mr. Dickens's taste. A great many cultivated people will scarcely concede that he has any taste at all; a still larger number of fervent admirers point, on the other hand, to a hundred felicitous descriptions and delineations which abound in apt expressions and skilful turns and happy images,—in which it would be impossible to alter a single word without altering for the worse; and naturally inquire whether such excellences in what is written do not indicate good taste in the writer. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens has what we may call creative taste; that is to say, the habit or faculty, whichever we may choose to call it, which at the critical instant of artistic production offers to the mind the right word, and the right word only. If he is engaged on a good subject for caricature, there will be no defect of taste to preclude the caricature from being excellent. But it is only in moments of imaginative production that he has any taste at all. His works nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has Mr. Dickens the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best. He has no tendency to conventionalism for good or for evil; his merits are far removed from the ordinary path of writers, and it was not probably so much effort to him as to other men to step so far out of that path: he scarcely knew how far it was. For the same reason he cannot tell how faulty his writing will often be thought, for he cannot tell what people will think.

A few pedantic critics have regretted that Mr. Dickens had not received what they call a regular education. And if we understand their meaning, we believe they mean to regret that he had not received a course of discipline which would probably have impaired his powers. A regular education should

mean that ordinary system of regulation and instruction which experience has shown to fit men best for the ordinary pursuits of life. It applies the requisite discipline to each faculty in the exact proportion in which that faculty is wanted in the pursuits of life; it develops understanding, and memory, and imagination, each in accordance with the scale prescribed. To men of ordinary faculties this is nearly essential; it is the only mode in which they can be fitted for the inevitable competition of existence. To men of regular and symmetrical genius also, such a training will often be beneficial. The world knows pretty well what are the great tasks of the human mind, and has learnt in the course of ages with some accuracy what is the kind of culture likely to promote their exact performance. A man of abilities extraordinary in degree but harmonious in proportion, will be the better for having submitted to the kind of discipline which has been ascertained to fit a man for the work to which powers in that proportion are best fitted; he will do what he has to do better and more gracefully; culture will add a touch to the finish of nature. But the case is very different with men of irregular and anomalous genius, whose excellences consist in the *aggravation* of some special faculty, or at the most of one or two. The discipline which will fit him for the production of great literary works is that which will most develop the peculiar powers in which he excels; the rest of the mind will be far less important, it will not be likely that the culture which is adapted to promote this special development will also be that which is most fitted for expanding the powers of common men in common directions. The precise problem is to develop the powers of a strange man in a strange direction. In the case of Mr. Dickens, it would have been absurd to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree. The kind of early life fitted to develop the power of apprehensive observation is a brooding life in stirring scenes; the idler in the streets of life knows the streets; the bystander knows the picturesque effect of life better than the player, and the meditative idler amid the hum of existence is much more likely to know its sound and to take in and comprehend its depths and meanings than the

scholastic student intent on books, which, if they represent any world, represent one which has long passed away,—which commonly try rather to develop the reasoning understanding than the seeing observation,—which are written in languages that have long been dead. You will not train by such discipline a caricaturist of obvious manners.

Perhaps, too, a regular instruction and daily experience of the searching ridicule of critical associates would have detracted from the *pluck* which Mr. Dickens shows in all his writings. It requires a great deal of courage to be a humorous writer; you are always afraid that people will laugh at you instead of with you: undoubtedly there is a certain eccentricity about it. You take up the esteemed writers, Thucydides and the *Saturday Review*; after all, they do not make you laugh. It is not the function of really artistic productions to contribute to the mirth of human beings. All sensible men are afraid of it, and it is only with an extreme effort that a printed joke attains to the perusal of the public: the chances are many to one that the anxious producer loses heart in the correction of the press, and that the world never laughs at all. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this weakness. He has what a Frenchman might call the courage of his faculty. The real daring which is shown in the *Pickwick Papers*, in the whole character of Mr. Weller senior, as well as in that of his son, is immense, far surpassing any which has been shown by any other contemporary writer. The brooding, irregular mind is in its first stage prone to this sort of courage. It perhaps knows that its ideas are "out of the way;" but with the infantine simplicity of youth, it supposes that originality is an advantage. Persons more familiar with the ridicule of their equals in station (and this is to most men the great instructress of the college time) well know that of all qualities this one most requires to be clipped, and pared, and measured. Posterity we doubt not will be entirely perfect in every conceivable element of judgment; but the existing generation like what they have heard before—it is much easier. It required great courage in Mr. Dickens to write what his genius has compelled them to appreciate.

We have throughout spoken of Mr. Dickens as he was, rather than as he is; or, to use a less discourteous phrase, and we hope a truer, of his early works rather than of those which

are more recent. We could not do otherwise consistently with the true code of criticism. A man of great genius, who has written great and enduring works, must be judged mainly by them; and not by the inferior productions which, from the necessities of personal position, a fatal facility of composition, or other cause, he may pour forth at moments less favorable to his powers. Those who are called on to review these inferior productions themselves, must speak of them in the terms they may deserve; but those who have the more pleasant task of estimating as a whole the genius of the writer, may confine their attention almost wholly to those happier efforts which illustrate that genius. We should not like to have to speak in detail of Mr. Dickens's later works, and we have not done so. There are, indeed, peculiar reasons why a genius constituted as his is (at least if we are correct in the view which we have taken of it) would not endure without injury during a long life the applause of the many, the temptations of composition, and the general excitement of existence. Even in his earlier works it was impossible not to fancy that there was a weakness of fibre unfavorable to the longevity of excellence. This was the effect of his deficiency in those masculine faculties of which we have said so much,—the reasoning understanding and firm, far-seeing sagacity. It is these two component elements which stiffen the mind, and give a consistency to the creed and a coherence to its effects,—which enable it to protect itself from the rush of circumstances. If to a deficiency in these we add an extreme sensibility to circumstances,—a mobility, as Lord Byron used to call it, of

emotion, which is easily impressed, and still more easily carried away by impression,—we have the idea of a character peculiarly unfitted to bear the flux of time and chance. A man of very great determination could hardly bear up against them with such slight aids from within and with such peculiar sensibility to temptation. A man of merely ordinary determination would succumb to it; and Mr. Dickens has succumbed. His position was certainly unfavorable. He has told us that the works of his later years, inferior as all good critics have deemed them, have yet been more read than those of his earlier and healthier years. The most characteristic part of his audience, the lower middle-class, were ready to receive with delight the least favorable productions of his genius. Human nature cannot endure this; it is too much to have to endure a coincident temptation both from within and from without. Mr. Dickens was too much inclined by natural disposition to lachrymose eloquence and exaggerated caricature. Such was the kind of writing which he wrote most easily. He found likewise that such was the kind of writing that was read most readily; and of course he wrote that kind. Who would have done otherwise? No critic is entitled to speak very harshly of such degeneracy, if he is not sure that he could have coped with difficulties so peculiar. If that rule is to be observed, who is there that will not be silent? No other Englishman has attained such a hold on the vast populace; it is little, therefore, to say that no other has surmounted its attendant temptations.

CHILDS AND PETERSON, of this city, are so advanced with the Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American authors, living and dead, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century, that they will certainly be able to publish it before the end of 1858. It will consist of two volumes, each of one thousand pages, super-royal 8vo. The first volume will contain from A. to J., inclusive. This is a bibliographical as well as a biographical, dictionary, and therein resembles no book yet published. It will contain from thirty thousand to forty thousand biographies of authors, with almost innumerable notices of their works. Mr. S. Austin Allibone, who has devoted years to the execution of this work, and whose life has been passed in preparing for it, has peculiar qualifications—as a fine

critic, a clear writer, a well read scholar, and a hard working man of letters. It is the opinion of Mr. Trubner, the eminent and learned bibliopole, (and editor of "Ludewig's Literature of American Aboriginal Languages,") that, with one exception in Germany, there is not so complete a collection of bibliographical works in the world as Mr. Allibone's. It is far more complete and extended than that of the British Museum. The publishers will have invested over forty thousand dollars in one way or another, upon Mr. Allibone's great book by the time the first volume meets the public eye. The European sale will probably be as large as the American. It is a work which will be necessary to all who read, and indispensable to those who write.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Lord Hanworth and Valentine Vernon were busy in their carriage discussing the probabilities of their visit, the guests already assembled at Elderslie were not on their side idle. Mrs. Ramsay, walking up and down the terraces, arm in arm with her eldest daughter, was confidentially whispering to her in very loud whispers the many reasons she had for believing Lord Hanworth partial to Margaret; the long talk in the little room; the morning visit; the meeting at a picture-gallery; the interest exhibited in Margaret's paintings; the lending of a volume of Charlton's collected works; and she ended all with—"This is the very ecstasy of love."

"Well," said Lady Howell, in answer, "I really do think these are fair indications of a particular state of mind, and I cannot sufficiently congratulate you on having the luck to meet with an eccentric lord."

"Eccentric," cried Mrs. Ramsay.

"Yes, eccentric; don't be angry. He certainly is so; and if he were not Margaret would have the less chance. If he cared about fashion or rank, or the ways of the world, as most of his class do, he would not, my respected and beloved mother, be so often attaching himself to you and your party. But he likes to be unlike other people, and pretends not to see that Lady Allerton and all his fashionable friends are shocked."

Lady Allerton was at this very moment pacing the terrace alone with a dissatisfied air, while Adeline and Captain French, and Edith and Margaret, were walking in pairs.

"I am quite vexed," Adeline was saying to the captain, "that Lord Hanworth is coming. You've no notion how prosy he is."

"I don't believe your mother think so," Captain French replied.

"Oh, no; I know mamma doesn't think so; at least, she says she doesn't. But he's more a mother's man than a daughter's, and I can tell you, that I think him intensely prosy and intensely old."

Captain French first burst into a shout of laughter at this sally, and then stooped to pick a heartsease, which he presented to Miss Allerton. He stooped again, and picked another for himself. Margaret and Edith just then crossed them in their walk.

"I do not," said Margaret, in a low tone to Edith, "I do not, dear Edith, wish to disguise from you that I am very happy in ex-

pecting to see Lord Hanworth. Indeed, every thing here has seemed changed to me since I heard he was coming. The rooms have looked less stately, the servants have been less overwhelming, Sir Simon has been less intolerable, and Lady Allerton less malicious."

Something of the chill that Edith had experienced on her first arrival at Elderslie came over her again while Margaret spoke. She could not herself wholly account for the feeling, but she watched, with something approaching to dismay, Mrs. Ramsay's indelicate and indiscreet joy over Lord Hanworth's supposed attentions, and Margaret's complete abandonment to this new affection. Yet there was no obvious reason for seeking to check it, and with a sensation that her friend required a warning, she hardly knew what to warn her against. She paused then to think before she said,—“Margaret, take care you don't speak to others as you have spoken to me.”

"Why? What is the matter? What have I said that you can find fault with? Can it be wrong to tell you that I feel happy in expecting Lord Hanworth? Edith, I know he is happy in coming here! He has been very often asked before, and this is the *first* time he has accepted the invitation. I learned that from Sir Simon at luncheon. What would you have? am I to pretend to be unhappy, or can you pretend to doubt his being worthy of regard? Can you fail to see the stamp of excellence there is about him? Does he not talk, think, and feel better than any other human being we know, with the one exception perhaps of Charlton?"

"Hush, Margaret! Speak lower; Lady Allerton is not far from us."

"What of that? Am I to deny that Lord Hanworth is an agreeable man because Lady Allerton is a disagreeable woman?"

"No; but you are to use caution in the midst of enemies. Remember that a woman always needs caution. A woman is always in the midst of enemies; the more attractive she is the more bitter they are; and she has need to defend herself with all the strength of art and concealment."

"Edith! art!"

"Yes; art. I know it sounds ill; but I know that it must be used, for what is concealment but art?"

"If you know me so little, Edith, as to

think me disposed to make a general proclamation of my sentiments, we have been friends so long to very little purpose; and if you resent me confiding them to you, I will leave off doing so."

Margaret turned away as she spoke. Edith saw that she was hurt, and reproached herself for having needlessly interrupted the flow of her happiness. She loved her warmly and truly. She had never known either a sister or a mother: she had known Margaret in early childhood, and their then dawning sympathies had opened into a friendship strong, tender, and ardent; such as not unfrequently takes place in youth between two women, and such as has been known, though only in a few rare instances, to exist between two men. The pain that was felt by Margaret she doubly felt herself. She took her hand, and said,— "Don't be angry with me; don't be annoyed with my perhaps too worldly views. You know I cannot think ill of anything you say, of anything you do. Do forgive me; perhaps if you knew all that I have known and felt in life you would not wonder at me. Do forgive me!"

Margaret, in answer, put her arm round her neck, and kissed her cheek. She was so happy that it was easy to her to forgive.

"Quite a pretty, tender little scene for Lord Hanworth and Mr. Vernon to see!" cried Lady Allerton, as she joined them. "And now, young ladies, look up, for here they come."

While she spoke, accompanied by Sir Simon and General Allerton, Hanworth and Vernon came in view. Lady Allerton advanced eagerly to meet them; Margaret and Edith stood still as they approached, and Edith fancied that Margaret's hand was trembling, and certainly she saw the blood mount to her cheeks when Lord Hanworth greeted them both. He showed no emotion himself, but it was not in his nature to betray emotion, and he smiled quietly while Vernon nervously stumbled and trod on Edith's gown, and the sound that followed his movement proclaimed some great destruction. Margaret stooped and lifted the muslin flounce compassionately, to consider the extent of the injury. Lord Hanworth paused for a moment to consider it also, and said, "I fear this is a serious case of damage."

"Of course, I'm certain to damage any thing I like," cried Vernon, petulantly.

"See here the rent that envious Casca made," exclaimed Mrs. Ramsay, joining the group, and affectingly extending her hand to Lord Hanworth.

"Envious Casca! what's the meaning of that phrase?" said Lady Allerton, annoyed at the position that Lord Hanworth was occupying near Margaret; "pray who's envious here?"

"Why I am, Lady Allerton," said Vernon, in his peevish, grumbling voice: "you know I am—you know it's my nature, and so does Mrs. Ramsay, and so she thinks because I've torn a great piece out of Miss Somers's gown that I envied it for belonging to her. Isn't that it, Mrs. Ramsay?"

Mrs. Ramsey was too much astonished at finding any meaning assigned to what she said, to hazard a reply. Edith assured Mr. Vernon, as any other young lady in her place would have done, that the gown was all the better for being torn; and Sir Simon continued a pompous and quite needless apology that he had begun in the hall, for Lady Howell's absence at their reception. The train, he said, was in certainly five minutes earlier than usual, so that she could not expect them so soon. He would go and fetch her—she was only on the lower terrace cutting some flowers, and he would go and fetch her. She would certainly be very much concerned at the appearance of inattention to her guests; but the truth was, things were so punctual in her establishment that it was impossible for her to anticipate the unpunctuality of railways. Lord Hanworth begged to accompany him to the lower terrace to join Lady Howell, and observed, "Though it is true that the pretended punctuality of railway trains is a very unpunctual matter, yet when we consider the enormous amount of business carried on, the constant traffic, the great difficulties where such large masses are concerned of avoiding the occurrence here and there of individual delay, and the effect that one slight delay must have in producing another, the real subject for surprise seems, after all, the amount of punctuality that is maintained."

"I cannot," solemnly replied Sir Simon, "agree with your lordship in this particular. The vaster the business, the more important must be an exactness in carrying it on, and a peremptory resolution in the head of the department would no doubt effect this. In our establishment no servant is ever forgiven for

the slightest unpunctuality: Lady Howell insists upon exactness, and exactness is obtained—our gong is as punctual as our clocks. I feel confident that if the most extensive railway traffic were carried on under my superintendence, I could maintain it in perfect punctuality. It would only be to insist, and to punish, and to have proper officials, and it could be done easy enough. When I was in the House I rose to speak on this subject, but it so happened that on that occasion the House was counted out. Should I on consideration feel it right to accept the seat that, I may between your lordship and myself admit, is likely, now that Wharton is retired, to be offered to me, I should press this matter again upon the attention of the House."

By this time, fortunately for Lord Hanworth, they had joined Lady Howell, who with her garden-hat, a large nosegay of flowers in one hand, and a beautiful boy clasping the other, looked very handsome and very picturesque. The child made a solemn Sir Simon-like bow to Lord Hanworth; and when his mother told him to run to help Mr. Vernon down the flight of steps from the upper terrace, he walked at the stateliest possible pace. Simon Percy (the boy's name) whenever he obeyed, obeyed as slowly as he could, and Sir Simon never found fault with his deliberation, for it reminded him of himself.

"Your son," said Hanworth to Lady Howell, as they all watched his proceeding, "is a singular likeness of you both. It is seldom that the characteristics of both parents are so perfectly combined."

He was a handsome boy; and so both were pleased, only Lady Howell said, as she watched him,

"I wish he would quicken his pace; Mr. Vernon ought to be helped down those steps, he is so very blind and so very clumsy." And she called to the boy,—"Simon Percy, make haste!"

But Sir Simon interfered, and called,—
"Simon Percy, don't hurry!" Adding apologetically to his wife, "Mr. Vernon is of less consequence than our son."

At this very instant Vernon stumbled over the lowest step, and fell upon his face. Lord Hanworth went to his assistance, but found him fortunately injured in nothing but his temper.

As he shook the loose gravel angrily from his coat, Lady Howell expressed her regret

that her boy had not reached him soon enough to avert the accident. She was very sorry; the turn of the step just there was very awkward.

"No, Lady Howell, be more sincere; it is I that am very awkward. Now do for once take my advice, and check the growth of family pride in your child by pointing to me. Clumsy, ill-made, unlucky, what have I got by my fine pedigree? A bad sight, an awkward gait, and a dreadful temper!"

Sir Simon saved Lady Howell the trouble of a reply by interposing an observation,—
"Simon Percy has a very proper pride."

The flow of Vernon's spleen, however, could not be turned aside by any interposition; and he enlarged upon the chapter of his misfortunes, and eagerly narrated the history of the torn skirt.

"It is not worth a thought," said Lady Howell; "Sparkles shall repair it at once."

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," said Mrs. Ramsay, who had become one of the group. "I have desired Morris to attend to it."

"Sparkles would, I have no doubt, do it better," said Sir Simon.

"If I were rich," said Vernon, "I would present Miss Somers with a new dress; but I'm not, I'm devilish poor."

"You needn't regret it in this case," said Lord Hanworth, "for Miss Somers has assured us that the dress has not suffered; on the contrary, that it is in rather an improved state."

There was a quiet smile on his face while he spoke that provoked Edith, and she felt more provoked when she saw Margaret smile too.

She blushed, and turned away with a movement of vexation, stooping to gather a rose to conceal the flush that she felt on her face. It was a moss-rose, and she was unable to divide the stalk. Looking up to ask for Lady Howell's scissors, she found Lord Hanworth at her side. He cut the rose with his knife, and presented it to her. She thanked him, and Vernon now joined her.

"Dear Miss Somers," said he, with something of an unaccustomed tenderness in his tone, "I wish I could do something to please you; but unluckily for you I like you, and I'm sure to contrive to harm anybody I like."

"The close contriver of all harms," said Mrs. Ramsay.

"That's very appropriate, Mrs. Ramsay," muttered Vernon.

"Will you take a turn with me on the upper terrace?" said Edith, addressing him.

"Certainly, certainly. We'll walk up and down, and I'll tell you my history, if you'll promise to listen to it."

Edith promised to listen, and they ascended the steps.

"There go Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Vernon," cried Lady Allerton, with a spiteful laugh.

Lord Hanworth's attention was arrested by this observation, and he paused for a moment to look after the ill-matched pair, and then followed Margaret, who had turned away from Lady Allerton. Margaret mounted to the upper terrace, and Lord Hanworth accompanied her. They joined Edith and Vernon, who were pacing up and down.

"What Hanworth," said Vernon, "are you come to hear my history too? I never was so important before; and I'm very much tempted to make a mystery of it to gain fresh consequence. You know that plan, Lord Hanworth, and you sometimes follow it. You keep back a sentiment to excite an interest; and that's why you're a sort of a lady's man in spite of yourself."

A change of color in Lord Hanworth's face indicated a momentary resentment at this speech; but he only said, "I believe you will gain most importance at the present moment by speaking."

"The first time any one ever wished to hear me speak," said Vernon. "Well then, Miss Somers, what is my history? Why, about as short as myself. I was born poor, being the younger son of an earl, and I remained poor, being unlucky. My father died when I was still young. My eldest brother married early, had a large family; and with only just enough to support his title, how could he be expected to support me? But I was thought clever. 'Valentine is clever,' they all said; 'Valentine will do. Valentine is a wit, and Valentine is a scholar. Valentine will make his way.' And so I made my way into Parliament; and when I got up and said a few words the House coughed, and when I sat down again the House laughed, and I believe it was voted without a division that my speeches were bad. But I made my way into office notwithstanding—only no sooner was I in than the Ministry

went out; and I always told them it was my bad luck that forced them to resign. I've given up politics now, and taken to literature. I write for money, not for fame; and I've brought my MSS. with me, but I like you all too well to ask you to read any of them."

"Is that all your history?" asked Margaret.

"Do you want more?" replied Vernon. "Ah! I guess why: a history without love is dull, and you want to know it all the more because, as you see me an old bachelor, you know I was an unsuccessful lover."

"Oh no!" said Margaret.

"Oh yes!" said Vernon; "unsuccessful love is the best subject for romance and tragedy."

"That is true," said Hanworth.

"But not in my case," said Vernon; "for though I was refused, I am glad of it with all my heart—at least with what heart is left to me. I asked a young girl at school whether she would leave her cross-grained schoolmistress to take me for her master, and she said 'No.' And so here I am, single and independent, and ready, Miss Somers, to make an offer to you."

"Lady Allerton," said Hanworth, "expects to be immediately informed of it. Did she not say so, Miss Ramsay?"

"No, my lord; she knows it without information."

A shrill laugh from Vernon at this moment joined itself to the deep tones of the gong, and Sir Simon and General Allerton appeared gradually nearing.

"Thank you," said Edith, "for telling us your story; but we must run in to dress for dinner."

CHAPTER VI.

IN the course of the evening an excursion was proposed for the following day, during which the party, who might have lunched or gone without luncheon, according to their individual habits, at home with perfect comfort, were to lunch or go without it as the case might be, in a damp room, or on wet grass, or in some other way where entire comfort would be out of the question. Sir Simon did not much approve of this mode of spending a morning; there was a decided want of dignity and propriety about it. It might be all very well for people in a small way of life to put a basket of cold meat under the seat of a one-horse chaise, and go

away somewhere to eat it. It could not much matter where or how such people did; but for Sir Simon's carriages and Sir Simon's powdered servants to be concerned in the transport of provisions to be eaten in an irregular way—even if the choicest specimens of cold viands, and accompanied by the finest drinks—this was a kind of solecism which he could not abide. General Allerton also, who loved his dinner above all things, and loved his luncheon in the country at this time of year only next to his dinner, protested against any unnecessary trouble and change of place in eating it. Luncheon judiciously managed—not too late, nor too heavy—instead of interfering with the enjoyment of dinner, rather promoted it, as he argued; but if people rode or drove to a distance, they were apt to become unusually hungry; and eating under strange circumstances, they were exposed to losing their presence of mind and eating too much; more, indeed, than was consistent with a due attention to the rights of the nobler and later meal. “And then we shall all spoil our dinners,” added he, with a look of dismay which was almost tragical in the notion of woe and total destruction of happiness conveyed by it.

At the first mention, therefore, of a visit to Cowlington Priory—for every one who knew the house and the surrounding country knew that there and there only could they go, because there only could the horses be well put up, and there only could a table be spread in a manner sufficiently respectable to satisfy Sir Simon, whose final assent was as much a matter of course as his first objection:—at the first mention of a visit to Cowlington, therefore, there were two dissentient voices. Dignity objected through Sir Simon, and digestion found a mouthpiece in General Allerton. The Baronet's scruples were allayed, as they had often before been, by reminding him of the remarkable adaptation of the Priory for such a purpose, the good stabling at the inn, and at the seldom inhabited modern house, the boarded room among the ruins to which favored visitors are admitted, and so forth. General Allerton's alarms were soothed by the brilliant and novel suggestion, that if the drive out gave an undue and dangerous preponderance to the claims of luncheon, yet the drive home might be looked to for restoring the balance in favor of dinner; and if the day's proceedings were arranged to

bring the party home by a longer road than that taken in going, so as thoroughly to dissipate the effects of the luncheon, there would be, on the whole, a clear advantage gained, and there would be a better appetite than on ordinary days for both luncheon and dinner. These cogent and striking arguments came originally from Lord Hanworth, but were gradually brought forward and interpreted to the person against whom they were directed by Miss Ramsay and her friend, the members of the party whose wishes, as may be supposed, were most entirely bent on the proposed excursion. Sir Simon was managed separately by Lady Howell, who took him aside from the rest, to whom he shortly returned alone, and as if of his own motion, then proposed a drive to Cowlington Priory for the following day, as though the subject had never before been mentioned by any one. Coming from him, General Allerton had nothing further to say against it, and indeed he was by this time anxious to try the experiment pressed upon him; and the thing was settled without further remark.

In the morning it was hot, and all agreed to drive, General Allerton only securing a horse to be sent forward for him, in order that he might have additional exercise on his return from the scene of peril to which his prospects of prandial felicity were to be exposed.

Lord Hanworth and the two young ladies, with Valentine Vernon by way of protection, occupied one carriage; Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Adeline, Captain French, and General Allerton, filled a second. Sir Simon, with his son and heir, were together in another, as the young gentleman was to be gratified by pretending to drive. He, in fact, had better have been left to amuse himself at home, only his father thought that the presence of a child might be cited as some excuse for the expedition. Lady Howell and Lady Allerton were not of the party. The former was glad of a quiet morning among her flowers, and the latter had “her letters to write,”—for her ladyship conducted an enormous correspondence, and was always complaining of being in arrear with it.

A drive of a couple of hours brought the carriages near to the Priory.

“I think I see the ruin now,” said Miss Somers.

“Meaning me, I suppose,” answered Vernon; “for I am the only one in sight—a

ruin going to see a fellow-sufferer in the decline of life."

"No!" cried Hanworth; "I certainly see the Tower of the Priory."

"That tower," said Margaret, "must in former times have been first caught sight of by the pilgrims with very different feelings from ours."

"Perhaps not altogether so very different in kind, although no doubt more powerful in degree," rejoined Edith. "You know pilgrimages were one of the excitements of the days in which they flourished, just as picnic parties are of our own."

"For shame, Edith!" escaped from Margaret; and a smile passed across Lord Hanworth's countenance.

"For my part," continued Vernon, "I am disposed to agree with Miss Somers; I always do agree with her, and she knows that I shall support whatever she chooses to venture; but I would rather be a pilgrim to a pigeon-pie than a pilgrim with only the chance of eating the peas out of my own penitential shoes."

"Ah! Mr. Vernon, I know you are incorrigible," said Margaret. "Does the first view of these fine remains of the piety of other days excite in you no veneration for the devotion and self-sacrifice of the men who founded this once glorious establishment?"

"The devotion, I take it, had an immediate object in view—the greater the sinner, the greater the saint: 'and as for the self-sacrifice, I doubt if there was any of that. The money spent in building monasteries could neither have been put into the Three per Cents, nor laid out in good purchases of land; and if a gentleman choose to spend it in laborers' wages, instead of in making war upon his neighbors or his sovereign, I conjecture he found he got as much amusement out of it that way as the other. However, I suppose we ought to feel obliged to the builder of Cowlington to-day, for to him we owe it that we are now here; and if you want to praise him, I am bound in common decency to listen to you."

"We may at least all join," said Lord Hanworth, "in praising the taste, whosoever it was, which selected this beautiful spot for the building; and those of us who are artists can at the same time call up a vision of the magnificence of the perfect edifice, and perhaps

be grateful to the destroyers who put it in the way of becoming so picturesque."

Margaret had her drawing materials by her side, at which Hanworth glanced as he spoke; but she only said—

"I don't know why they were put in the carriage: I shall have no time to do any thing to-day;" and before the proper remonstrances could be made against her modesty or indolence, they stopped at the outer gate of admission to the precincts of the monastery.

The rest of the party had already entered, but Sir Simon stood at the portal to receive his friends; and when all were again assembled together on the piece of velvet green-sward in the centre of the quadrangle, there was some delay in proceeding until the gardener could be found who had the keys of the church. Although it was a private day on which the ruins were not generally shown, Sir Simon's party were not the only persons present, for a photographic artist had established his camera in one corner, and was busily engaged in taking views with it.

"There," said Lord Hanworth, "is one other person who certainly prefers the ruin to the complete building."

"And yet," questioned Margaret, "are not the details of architectural symmetry better suited to the science of the photographer than all that picturesqueness of decay that gives such pleasant indulgence to the feeling and expression of an artist?"

"You mean, I suppose," said Hanworth, "that he is using a mechanical contrivance to create a picture, and therefore that the more regular and mechanical the subject, the better fitted it must be for the application of his implement. But that is not exactly true, because some of the most successful and beautiful architectural photographs are from the quaintest and most irregular subjects. After all, I suppose it is only because they are incapable of motion that buildings come out so well, and that is an advantage they have in common with statues, and indeed with all inanimate objects."

"Aye, I wish they would stick to inanimate objects," cried Vernon, "or at least not meddle with the human face divine."

"Yes; 'they imitate humanity most abominably,'" chimed in Mrs. Ramsay. "And no daughter or young friend of mine shall ever sit 'too much i' the sun' for her portrait."

"Putting aside the want of color, and all the disadvantages with which we are familiar," said Lord Hanworth, "and supposing the process to be mechanically perfect, and able to reproduce at pleasure an exact fac-simile of the sitter, yet its very instantaneousness is fatal to the highest truth of resemblance."

"That is not peculiar to photography," said Edith. "Does not Campbell say, 'painting, mute and motionless, steals but a glance at Time.' And is not this just what the photographer does?"

"Not exactly; and Campbell's line must not be quoted in support of your notion," replied Lord Hanworth. "A picture can of course only represent things or persons as seen at one instant; but that one instant is an imaginary one, and has been chosen by the mental power of the painter from his observations of many instants, which have contributed to form the one ultimately selected for perpetuation. A greater than Campbell has written, 'That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life.' Lenses and chemicals cannot be expected to succeed where the eye itself fails."

"Well, well," interrupted General Allerton, rather impatient at the discussion; "if we stand talking here much longer, the gentleman in the corner will be taking our portraits, whether we like it or not; and we shall find ourselves in all the shop-windows of Calverwells. So let us be moving. Here come the keys."

This motion was seconded by Sir Simon, who was always extremely sensitive to the mention of Calverwells, and declined being in any manner talked of in connection with it.

"It would certainly be unpleasant to be exposed to that. We have been standing here quite long enough."

And following the authorized guardian of the place, the whole party moved onwards, across the quadrangle, round which the dormitories probably stood formerly, and into the cloisters which led to all that was left of the church.

"Have you known these ruins long?" inquired Margaret of their conductor, an old man, with a reverend silver beard, which she longed to transfer to her sketch-book.

"Why, yes, Miss. Man and boy, I've known them these sixty years and upwards."

"Have they changed much in that time?"

"Aye, aye; many a good bit of them have I seen come down; and now it takes a deal of money to keep the ruins in repair. For all that, last winter's frost brought down a great piece off the large tower; and I would advise none of you ladies and gentlemen to go near the place where it fell, for I think it's all rotten above, and a stone might fall at any time."

So they went round the ruins. The old man told his accustomed tale, which was courteously listened to, and then they strolled about in groups, and talked or were silent at intervals.

Lord Hanworth and the young ladies talked architecture, and were learned about early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. Captain French and Miss Allerton talked over the merits of the last ball they had been at together; and then treated a hypothetical case of a young couple marrying in high life "not very rich," and endeavored to settle whether such an imaginary pair could do with only a brougham in London, and whether a country-house was habitable without a billiard-room—a topic which seemed to require a great deal of attention, and which gradually led them away to a distance from the others, for the greater convenience of discussion. General Allerton thought Vernon a bore because he did not understand him, a sentiment which was very cordially reciprocated by the ex-official, because there was nothing to understand in General Allerton; and Mrs. Ramsay, left for a time between them, found it difficult to keep the peace. She indeed had little attention to spare from the other group; and eagerly watched every gesture of Lord Hanworth as he pointed to wall or window, and put her own interpretation upon each look and movement. Sir Simon had a favorite speech on the Poor Laws, which he usually introduced when visiting Cowlington Priory, *apropos* to the suppression of the monasteries; and he hovered about Lord Hanworth, waiting for a favorable moment to commence upon it. His facts were generally all wrong, and his only argument was an appeal to his descent from the original of his great family portrait—an argument which admitted of no dispute, and which was always produced when he got into any difficulties—not, indeed, that a gentleman talking nonsense is by any means always aware of being in difficulties. But in Sir Simon's own mind, the circumstance of his

great-grandfather having been a Chancellor of the Exchequer, constituted himself a great financial authority; and it was perhaps well for his friends that he was content to rest his claims upon that only. On the present occasion, however, just as Sir Simon was catching at a remark that one of the later windows could hardly have been finished when the storm of the Reformation swept down upon the building, a door opened, and a servant coming from it announced that luncheon was ready.

General Allerton's face lighted up visibly. Vernon stopped in the middle of a sentence which was to expose General Allerton's last piece of ignorance. Mrs. Ramsay took Sir Simon's arm. Miss Allerton and the Captain were summoned; and all passed into a rough chamber where enough had been done to make the more romantic of the party regret that they were to be so comfortable. They actually had a table with a cloth upon it—chairs to sit upon—and had not even to wait on themselves or each other. So that if Mr. Vernon had not upset a hamper, and caused the breakage of the champagne as he shuffled blindly round the room to find a place at the table, every thing would have passed off almost as if they had been at luncheon in the usual room at Elderslie; and customary associations were so far predominant, that this part of the day's business, thanks to Sir Simon's precautions, did not offer any features of undignified exhilaration. Indeed, the only person who was sorry to quit the room was young Simon Percy, who had revelled in an extent of good things which would have been hardly possible at home; for Mrs. Ramsay was not so fond of the usual responsibilities of a grandmamma as to think it her duty to supply the place of his absent mother, and restrain the appetites of the boy.

Another general stroll round the ruins was to occupy the time for preparing the carriages to return homewards, and a few steps brought the party to the angle of the building described as dangerous. A light fence had been placed round the spot, within which lay a few fallen blocks, from which the eye naturally ascended to seek the more recently fractured surfaces of stone from which they had detached themselves. As all stood gazing upwards, and Sir Simon was again preparing himself to make his remarks on the Poor Laws, a gaudy butterfly alighted and ex-

panded its wings upon a small bush within the forbidden ground. Before he could be stopped, the boy darted from his father's side to get a closer view of the insect, and at the same moment a loud rending sound made all start, and voices from every side called to Simon Percy to come back. But it was too late; a large stone had left its resting-place of ages, and was actually in the middle of its descent to the earth before the precise danger was perceived. There was barely time for any one to do any thing, if indeed the fascination of terror had not almost paralyzed all. But Edith, who was standing at that part of the fence nearest to the child, who in the bewilderment did not know which way to turn or run, burst through the slender railing, and seizing him by the shoulder, dragged him backwards just as the huge mass fell with a heavy thud, and dented deep into the turf upon the very spot occupied by him one instant before. All thought he was saved, and a burst of joy and thankfulness was on every lip, when the boy turned deadly pale, and blood began to flow down his face. It was evident that one of the smaller fragments which accompanied the large stone in its fall had struck him, and that the injury might prove to be a serious one. The course, however, to be taken was clear. No medical advice could be had nearer than Calverwells, and it was at once decided to take the poor child straight home, while a servant, mounting General Allerton's horse, was to ride to the town and summon the family attendant, or in his absence some one else, to proceed to meet his patient at Elderslie. Soon they were again in the carriages; but on their saddened return in different order from that of the morning. Simon Percy was Margaret's care, and on her lap he lay on the road home. Mrs. Ramsay and Edith followed Margaret and her charge to that carriage, and Hanworth was about to leave them to find a seat elsewhere, but was invited by Mrs. Ramsay to take his place as before. He might be useful, as they had lost their servant.

Poor Mrs. Ramsay, whose affections were as strong as her understanding was weak, was very deeply moved—not affectedly sentimental, but seriously agitated. She loved her grandson not less than his mother did; and her fears, as was natural, greatly exaggerated his injury. The sight of Margaret's

handkerchief reddened by his blood made her turn pale; and she leant back in the carriage, trembling and sobbing, forgetting to quote, and rendered respectable for the moment by real strong feeling. Edith held her hand compassionately, and said,

"I do not think, dear Mrs. Ramsay, that he is much hurt, but he has been frightened; and you know it is natural that he should for the present appear much shaken. It was an alarming position for him."

But while she tried to encourage Mrs. Ramsay, her own face was pale. As she turned from Mrs. Ramsay to the little boy her eyes met Lord Hanworth's grave look, and he said,

"I am afraid *you* are not unhurt."

"I assure you," she replied, "I was not touched—not even grazed; and it was better for me than for those who looked on."

Her voice shook a little as she spoke; but she was determined to command her own emotions, and to feel only for Margaret and her mother. While she stooped towards Margaret, and took her hand, Lord Hanworth stooped forward too, to look at the boy, and unclasped his belt, which was uncomfortably tight, as he lay across Margaret's lap. He gently asked him if he felt better, and if he thought he could sit up; and Simon Percy said he would try, only he was afraid of making his face bleed and of seeing the blood; on which Hanworth took out his own handkerchief and bound it carefully round his temples. Edith adjusted his cap over it, and Margaret supported him in a sitting posture with her arm. After a while the sense of the fresh air and the exhilaration of the movement through it, began to revive him. He announced himself much better, and soon talked in his accustomed manner.

"How lucky," said he, "that I was saved. If Edith Somers hadn't caught me, I might have been killed; then Harry would have been heir to Elderslie; but papa and mamma would have been very sorry, wouldn't they, aunt Margaret? for mamma calls me her own particular pet. And Edith Somers might have been killed, too, mightn't she, aunt Margaret?"

"For God's sake, my dear child," said Margaret, passionately, "don't go on supposing such terrible things as these. Let us be thankful for your deliverance, and suppose nothing more."

"Come," said Edith, "aunt Margaret is getting tired. Now that you feel well, come to me."

But as she spoke, Lord Hanworth drew him upon his own knee, and there he sat contentedly till they reached home.

On their arrival Lady Howell was informed that her boy was safe before she knew that he had been in any danger; and afterwards Sir Simon related the adventure at considerable length. But before it was quite finished the medical man arrived, and then Simon Percy was duly examined, and was pronounced quite uninjured. The hurt on the temple was trifling, and would leave no mark. It might be well to put him to bed early, in a soothing point of view; but there was really no cause for any sort of uneasiness. Upon this there was a great shaking of hands, and bowing and smiling at the doctor, as a man is always pleasant who gives pleasant tidings. Lady Howell, with an emotion quite uncommon with her, walked across the room, and kissed Edith; and Lord Hanworth, with a sudden impulse, shook hands with Lady Howell. Mrs. Ramsay recovered her complexion, her affections, and her poetical extracts, and described very particularly to Lady Howell and Lady Allerton, Lord Hanworth's demeanor in the carriage, and his silent attention to Margaret's feelings, asserting, in a tone of hysterical exaltation, that "not a hair perished," and that "on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before."

CHAPTER VII.

THE day after an eventful day is apt to be a dull day—flat, empty, and tedious—a day that is always looking back, and therefore inattentive to what is going on. And so it might have been at Elderslie after the excursion to the Priory, but that Lady Howell was resolved that so it should not be. She was a skilful hostess and no sooner were the incidents at the Priory enough discussed than she excited the general interest of her guests by the announcement that there was to be an archery meeting on her lawn in three days from that time.

"And there couldn't be a better meeting," said Lady Allerton; "there's nothing like archery for bringing young people together."

"That's why I'm asked," said Vernon.

"No, Mr. Vernon," replied Lady Allerton,

who was a very young-looking woman of her age, "you and I, who are well stricken in years, are asked to make an effective contrast to the rest."

"Ah, Lady Allerton, where are your years? not on your person—you have some way of getting rid of them. You dispose of them to your hair-dresser or to your lady's-maid. But the blessed advantages of science and art are not available to me, and that's the worst of being an old *man*."

Lady Allerton reddened through her rouge and walked to the window, inwardly meditating future revenge.

"What tremendous fun it will be," said Adeline; "and luckily I brought all my archery things with me."

"It will be glorious fun," said Captain French; "and luckily I brought all my toggerie with me."

"Margaret, dear, have you remembered yours?" asked Lady Howell.

"Oh, yes; you told me once always to bring it here."

"But I have no bow," said Edith.

"I witness this, that every miss but me has got à beau," muttered Mrs. Ramsay, quoting a comic song of Hood's, and half ashamed this time of her inverted commas.

"You may have mine," said Lady Howell, "for I don't mean to shoot myself."

"But do you mean to shoot any of us?" asked Vernon.

"No, Mr. Vernon," said Lady Allerton, "Lady Howell will leave that business or that sport to you."

"There be some sports are painful, and their labor delight in them takes off," said Mrs. Ramsay.

"I would do my best, Lady Allerton," said Vernon, "but that unluckily, like Miss Somers, I have no bow."

"I dare say you're glad to be like Miss Somers, even in a defect."

"You've said so for me; if you hadn't, I should have been too bashful. Now I shall try to make a merit of it, and say it out loud. Miss Somers, I'm very glad that I have got no bow, because it makes me like you."

Lord Hanworth, who had been engaged before in playing with Simon Percy at drafts, turned round at this speech, and looked first at Vernon and then attentively at Edith.

"He is actually trying to trace a likeness,"

said Vernon; and Hanworth withdrew his eyes, and, addressing Margaret, said—

"Miss Ramsey, is it true that Miss Somers is unprovided for archery?"

"I believe not," replied Margaret; "I think my sister has provided for her."

"And I conclude Sir Simon will provide for me," said Vernon.

Lady Howell laughed. Lady Allerton shrugged her shoulders.

Sir Simon stepped deliberately forward and began a deliberate harangue. He trusted he could provide for Mr. Vernon—he had no doubt he could provide for Mr. Vernon—he had a bow, a beautiful bow, the best bow in the country—whenever he drew that bow he was sure to make a famous hit. He was not ashamed to say that he had been a great marksman—he was not ashamed to say that he believed he might have been the champion of England—he was not ashamed to say that he was a good marksman no longer, for when his immediate and close attendance was required to public affairs, he had thought it his duty to shoot no more. His bow remained idle and unstrung, and it was very much at Mr. Vernon's service. This was the end of his speech.

"I am very glad of it," said Vernon; "and if the bow's so good, I'll try hard to make good use of it. If Lady Allerton will be so kind as to kneel down for me to-morrow, I'll shoot a pippin off her best bonnet, and Miss Ramsey shall draw me in the character of William Tell, and Charlton shall write a sonnet about it."

"Charlton *has* written something about liberty and William Tell, I fancy," said Lady Allerton, disdainfully.

"I believe," said Sir Simon, pompously, that the story of William Tell and the apple is now generally supposed to be a mere fable."

"And I believe," said Lord Hanworth, "that all history is now generally supposed to be a mere fable."

"If it's all a fable I needn't learn it," cried Simon Percy, clapping his hands and laughing.

"My dear, don't excite yourself," said his mother; "it's bad for your poor, dear head after your accident."

"And it's really no use," said Edith; "for you must learn it just the same as if it were true. There is hardly any thing true in this world, and if we learnt nothing but what is true, we should all be very idle indeed."

"Is *that* true?" said Margaret, addressing Lord Hanworth.

"I suppose it is true that Miss Somers thinks so," replied Hanworth, glancing at Edith.

"Now," said Lady Howell, "whatever you think on other matters, I am decided that you are to think this of your archery meeting, that the prizes are worth fighting for, and that to do honor to Sir Simon's house, his guests must win them."

"What are they?" said Lady Allerton.

"A bracelet for the lady, and a silver arrow for the gentleman."

"Poor, dear gentleman!" said Lady Allerton, "what will he do with it? This is one of the few occasions in which the lady comes off the best."

"It's well known," said Vernon, "that we care more for the glory of the thing and less for the gain."

"The glory is all," said Captain French. "We must set to work; we must indeed."

"We must string our bows and practise uncommonly hard," said Adeline.

"We must practice confoundedly hard," said Captain French.

The afternoon was accordingly passed in severe practise: if it had been a drill ordered by Government it would no doubt have been pronounced cruel, but as a matter of choice, it was esteemed pleasant, and the archers marched up and down between their targets, for three hours, under a broiling sun, without a murmur. Only once or twice Vernon gave a little groan, but it was soon suppressed, and he was consoled by the care that Edith used in trying to teach him. The conversation at dinner chiefly concerned the exercise of the day, and it was pronounced that Miss Allerton was the best shot, which would have made Lady Allerton very happy, only that it appeared to make Captain French very happy too. After dinner, Margaret and Adeline found themselves strolling together on the terrace. There was no sympathy between them generally, but just now there seemed to be some feeling common to them both. Margaret was abstracted and dreamy, and Adeline seemed to be thinking also—for five minutes.

At last,—*"How very well Lord Hanworth shoots,"* said Margaret.

"Oh, yes; and how uncommonly clever

and kind Captain French is in picking up the arrows," said Adeline.

"I confess that archery is a pursuit in which I could become deeply interested," said Margaret, "and I wish that I shot better."

"Oh, it's only a knack, easily learned by practice," said the good-natured Adeline; "and I should be extremely glad to help you on. I can quite understand your being anxious about it (meaningly) because of a certain lord; and I hope you'll win the lady's prize, for I'm sure he'll win the gentleman's—he's so particularly sure and true, and his composure is such a help to him."

"Yes, he is very sure and true," said Margaret; and she added, in a tone of regret, "I wish that I had half his composure."

"Oh, you'll soon learn it," said Adeline; "it's all a knack. Now, I'll tell you what, my dear child—only don't you tell of me—I mean to be up preposterously early to-morrow morning before breakfast to practise, and I believe Captain French means to come too, and I hope you'll join us, and you may tell Lord Hanworth of course, only nobody else."

Margaret did not wish either to assist at a meeting with Captain French, or to invite Lord Hanworth to it, and replied with decision,—*"By no means, by no means; pray, Miss Allerton, don't propose such a thing: as for me it is out of the question. I can do nothing before breakfast."*

"Hush! not so loud," whispered Adeline, pressing her arm tightly; "my mother will hear."

A sharp voice at this moment called Adeline, and a soft one said "Margaret."

"Our mothers are calling us," said Adeline, continuing her whisper: "and see, the gentlemen have come into the drawing-room, and Lady Howell is going to sing, and do you know I really do think her singing intensely good; don't you? Do you know only yesterday Captain French was remarking to me that it was a thousand times better than most amateur singing, and papa said it's not at all like amateur singing."

"I quite agree," said Margaret, "that it is unlike most amateur singing, for it is careful and skilful, and there is due attention paid both to the words and to their accompaniment."

"Yes," said Adeline, "and though Lady

Howell is not exactly a feeling person herself, her singing is really immensely expressive."

"She has a true feeling for music," replied Margaret; "and as to the words, she makes use of her understanding."

"And most amateurs, you know," said Adeline, "have so little understanding, or else they're uncommonly slovenly."

With this they entered the drawing-room through the conservatory. Lady Howell was singing the well-known ballad of,—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be,"

and her rich voice and clear accentuation riveted the attention upon the words and meaning of the song. General Allerton, who added a taste for music to his taste for eating, applauded the song vociferously, and said, "It's all good together; words, and tune, and voice; by Heaven it is, it's deucedly good; by Heaven, it's confoundedly good."

"Yes, it's confoundedly good," said Captain French.

"The two things I most admire in the song," said Lady Allerton, "are the singing and the sentiment; don't you, Lord Hanworth?"

Lady Allerton never left Lord Hanworth alone for more than two minutes on principle, hoping at once to disengage him from the Ramsays and to win him for her daughter by means of her own attractions. Lord Hanworth looked up quietly from a treatise on archery he was turning over.

"As to the singing," said he, "I believe there can be but one opinion."

"Oh! of course," replied Lady Allerton, "the singer being present."

"Quite independent of the singer's presence."

"Well, but you say nothing as to the sentiment."

"The sentiment belongs to a man who has no sentiment; in fact, to a sensible man."

"Ah, my lord (archly), you know it is just such a man as you."

"I don't know; I have no reason to believe that I am a sensible man."

"That's because you've not been tried, Hanworth, as I have," said Vernon. "Now, I know I'm a sensible man, because I thought the lady ugly directly she had said *no* to me."

"I confess," replied Hanworth, "I doubt whether I could aspire to such a degree of sense as that."

"I can't imagine you, however," said Lady Allerton, turning towards Adeline, who was looking out of window with Captain French, "mooning about after a disdainful fair one."

"I can't imagine myself mooning about after any thing," said Lord Hanworth; "but I can't suppose that I should think a woman's beauty less because she thought nothing of mine."

He smiled as he spoke, and turned towards Edith, who was leaning against the pianoforte, and then he rose, and leant over the back of the chair on which Margaret was seated. Margaret had been an attentive listener to the dialogue, and now feeling conscious of Lord Hanworth's approach, she looked up for a moment approvingly at him, and said in a low tone—"You are surely right." She was drawing on a piece of letter-paper, and her pencil fell from her hand. Hanworth picked it up, and as he gave it to her said, "what are you drawing?" She held the paper towards him. His face was suddenly flushed, and with more eagerness than he usually betrayed, he said, "How excellent!" Margaret's face was now flushed too, and she said in faltering tones, "I am glad you think so. I was anxious to do justice to the subject."

"You have, you have," said Hanworth, and he caught hold of the sketch as if to retain it but Margaret gently drew it from him, and said, "it is not yet finished."

Lord Hanworth gave it back to her, trying to look as if he had not intended to keep it.

"What is the subject of this *admirable* sketch?" asked Lady Allerton, with an emphasis on the word *admirable* that seemed to mean abominable.

Neither Margaret nor Hanworth was able to reply, and Vernon leant over with his glasses and said, "Oh, it's our adventure of yesterday; Simon Percy in danger, and Miss Somers coming to the rescue. Miss Somers is very like, and so I'm sure its done for me."

"No," said Lady Howell, "that subject must be for me."

Margaret continued her drawing, and was silent; Lord Hanworth walked to the window; Adeline and Captain French walked out of it; Lady Allerton with an angry shrug of her shoulders, went out after them, muttering that the night dew was bad for Adeline.

"Put up your bright swords, the dew will rust them," said Mrs. Ramsay, and followed them all three.

"What a beautiful night," said Edith. "Look, Margaret, look how the moon has risen out of those clouds; see how she drives them from her; you see they cannot darken her face—she brightens them; and now she seems to have gone into far blue depths quite beyond them."

"Charlton would tell us that this is how a fine soul should deal with its troubles," said Hanworth.

"And so it should," replied Edith.

"No," said Hanworth; "a fine soul should have none."

"Sophia, are the Charltons coming to-morrow?" asked Margaret.

"Yes; they are to come to-morrow to have two days of good practice before the archery."

"Oh, how very glad I am," said Edith.

"And oh, how very envious I am," said Vernon. "How I wish, Miss Somers, that I were a poet, to make you glad of my presence."

"Any one can be a poet that chooses," said Sir Simon; "it is only just to think a little, and get a pen and write down your thoughts, and cut them into syllables and count them out, and then the thing's done easy enough. I mean, of course, blank verse, like Wordsworth's; rhyme like Pope's is rather more difficult."

Margaret and Edith interchanged a look—it was irresistible; and Lord Hanworth too looked back from the window with a smile.

"Nobody writes like Pope now-a-days," said Lady Howell, who knew the fashion in every department.

"No; we all write like Wordsworth now," said Hanworth, "don't we? Isn't that so, Miss Ramsay, Miss Somers?"

"Yes; like Wordsworth and Shakspeare," replied Edith.

"Just so," said Sir Simon, with perfect good faith; "all blank verse."

And now the four who had gone out to look at the moon entered. Adeline flung herself down on a settee, very hot; her mother flung herself down on an ottoman, very cross; Captain French whistled a tune in the window, and whistled it false; Mrs. Ramsay stretched herself exhausted on the sofa, and said—"On such a night as this"—oh dear me!—"sit Jessica."

"What an artful little puss that Jessica was," said Vernon.

"An artful little devil!" cried Lady Allerton, with sudden emphasis.

"Why—what was her devilry?" asked Hanworth.

"She ran away with a beggar, and robbed her father!" said Lady Allerton, with a flashing look at her daughter.

"But I suppose," said Hanworth, "she was anxious to secure a good dowry for her husband, and he was really a better man than her father. Besides, she did it because she was very much in love, and it is held as a virtue to be very much in love."

"So it is, if you're in love with the right person. But this is not a subject to discuss with you, Lord Hanworth; you have studied books, not women,—you can't be expected to know what a woman ought to be."

"And yet I believe I do know," said Hanworth; and his looks followed the figures of Margaret and Edith, who were now strolling together on the terrace. He left Lady Allerton and joined them.

"I wonder," said Edith, "how many sonnets have been written in all, since the time when sonnets first began, to the moon."

"I wonder," said Margaret, "of all the poetry addressed to the moon, how much was worth writing."

"Southey," said Hanworth, "has been a successful moonlight painter. Do you happen to remember some fine lines in his *Roderick*?" and looking up, he repeated, with his melodious voice—

"How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shade the orchard slope."

Here he paused for a moment; and Margaret murmured, "Oh, go on." He then continued—

"A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Anseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh
quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence

Towards Eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he
stands,

And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

When he came to the end of the passage, Margaret was still hanging on the sound in a kind of rapture, and Edith herself could not refuse to be charmed with tones so peculiarly, so exquisitely sweet. Lord Hanworth's voice was full and clear, and there was a sense of melody in his recitation that made a tune to the words, or rather that suffered the words to make their own tune, while all the modulations of passion were true, tender, and delicate. It was an irresistible music; and it was followed by silence—for common terms of praise refuse themselves to genuine feeling. When Edith did, after a long pause, speak, it was only to say, "I wonder that Southey's poetry is so unpopular, so little known; there is so much in it that deserves to be admired."

"I cannot say," replied Hanworth, "that I share your wonder on this head, though I do agree with you that there is much in it that deserves to be admired. There is also little to be loved. Southey's imagination too often amuses itself beyond the boundaries of human sympathies, he too often allows his learning to encumber him, and he is too fond of strange gods. When he talks to me quietly and feelingly of a moonlight night, as in the passage I have just quoted, I listen to him with pleasure; but when he seeks to lead me through his subterranean caverns to contemplate his Hindoo gods or devils, I stumble and faint at the entrance."

"I have been all through all the scenes of *Thalaba*," said Edith, "with great delight; and it seems to me a more original, a more imaginative, and even a more passionate poem than *Roderick*. Do you remember the description of night there—that fine description of the moon shining upon the desert, with the solitary mother and her child?"

"Yes," said Hanworth; "there you have instanced the one scene of true poetry that occurs in the whole long poem. How much there is besides of overcharged imagery, of supernatural tedium, with angels of death and maidens of snow, and sentiments with which we cannot sympathize! I admit the brilliancy of Southey's fancy, and the extent of his capacity; but I do not find fault with

the public for not loving his poetry, since I cannot love it myself."

"I am sorry," said Edith, "to hear *Thalaba* spoken of so slightly. It is a poem that I care for very much."

"It is," said Margaret, "a favorite with Mr. Charlton, and he has read out to us from it many choice passages."

"That must account for Miss Somers's approval," said Hanworth.

"No," replied Edith, with something of resentment perceptible in her tone, for she detected a shade of satire in his. "I should certainly be inclined to defer to the taste of such a man, and to a great extent to submit my judgment to his; but it could not make me like what I disliked."

"What, then, is the meaning of *deferring to the taste and submitting to the judgment*?"

"I did not say that I actually deferred, only that I *inclined* to defer."

"The distinction is a nice one; and I believe it is a feminine characteristic to follow the inclination."

"Do you mean," said Margaret, "that we always follow our impulses?"

"I believe I do; but then, you know, your impulses are always good."

As he spoke, Lady Allerton appeared at the open window, and said, "Lady Howell has rung for the bed-room candles, and we are all retiring."

On this they entered the drawing-room, and as they were passing out into the ante-chamber, Adeline whispered in a loud whisper to Edith,—

"I am going to practise early at the target to-morrow morning: do join me, there's a good creature."

"With pleasure," said Edith, quite unsuspiciously; and at that same moment Lord Hanworth, who had just handed Margaret's candle to her, came up, and said,

"Good night."

The two friends were both apparently exhausted with the practice of the day, for they spoke less than young ladies generally are wont to speak when they are supposed to be sleeping, and much less than was their own particular custom. The morning, however, found them with recovered spirits; and Edith, while she was dressing, informed Margaret of Adeline's invitation to her for early practice, and her acceptance of it.

"You had better not go," said Margaret; "Adeline is a very foolish girl."

"I am certainly not prepared to say that she is not a foolish girl; but she is, nevertheless a good shot, and by practising with her I am not likely to catch any of her folly, while I may possibly catch something of her skill."

"Are you aware that Captain French is engaged to meet her? That is why I refused to do so. He is an intolerable coxcomb; and besides, it has too much the air of an appointment."

"Why, if he is engaged to meet her, it is an appointment; and I suppose we are wanted to take off somewhat from that appearance. This, I must say, alters my feeling; and yet, poor girl, it may perhaps be unkind to expose her to the anger of that intriguing, odious mother. Margaret, I have sometimes thought myself (Edith's voice fell while she spoke) especially unhappy in having no mother; but I am sure it is better to be motherless than to be the daughter of Lady Allerton."

"You must try to look on *my* dear mother as yours," said Margaret, caressing her; for Margaret was so fond of her mother that she saw no fault in her, and Lady Howell's unconcealed contempt for Mrs. Ramsay's understanding was a frequent subject of division between the sisters.

"Your mother," replied Edith, "has indeed been an always kind friend to me. But come, let us peep out of the window and discover our archers."

"There they are," said Margaret, "both before the target; but talking, not shooting."

There they were, indeed; Adeline in a becoming morning costume, and Captain French surveying it as if he thought so. They took two or three turns, and then Adeline took a shot. She hit the gold. Captain French clapped his hands, but they were just then interrupted. A third joined them. It was Lord Hanworth. A sudden color on Margaret's face reflected itself for a moment on Edith's, and they withdrew from the window. Margaret was very much agitated, and to Edith's surprise she hurriedly put on her garden hat.

"Why, Margaret, where are you going? Not to join them? You told me you had refused to go."

"Oh! but it was quite foolish, quite needless—you said *you* were going. I shall go too. You were certainly right. I am sure it is much better and much kinder to go."

"But I am *not* sure, Margaret. The only motive, the hope to be of use to Adeline by

breaking the *tête-à-tête*, is removed by Lord Hanworth's presence."

"I don't care about motives. I intend to go. Come with me, Edith; if you have any regard for me, come with me. But I shall go whether you do or not."

Margaret moved to the door as she spoke. Edith perceived that it was in vain to seek to detain her, and hoping to shield her from any impertinent observations, she accompanied her, but it was with an indescribable feeling of reluctance that she did so. This indefinable sense of something wrong was however relieved by the evident pleasure with which Hanworth greeted them, and presently she was able to interest herself in the progress of the shooting, and to feel glad that Hanworth was, contrary to the general expectation, a better marksman than the young Captain. In a little time Simon Percv joined them, and freely made his remarks.

"What fun archery is! Papa says that our archery meeting will be a splendid thing. Mamma says that nobody else in the country has such fine grounds for it. I wonder what my great, great, great-grandfather in his robes in the library will think of it? People are to have ice in the library. Captain French never hits the target. His arrows always fly too high. I know that, because I heard Lady Allerton say so last night. I want Edith Somers to win the lady's prize, because she saved my life; but still I love aunt Margaret best, because she's my own aunt. Mamma says Lord Hanworth will win the silver arrow."

"If I do I will give it to you."

"And I shall give it to aunt Margaret. Oh, no, I forgot,—I must give it to Edith Somers, because papa says I owe her a debt of gratitude."

Edith smiled, and said she would give him credit. Adeline and Captain French laughed loudly, and Adeline said aside to the captain,

"He ought to be Hanworth's son, he's such a prose."

At which aside the coxcomb laughed more loudly still. The sound of his laugh brought Lady Allerton to them, with a smile on her lips that tried to cover a contraction on her brow as she surveyed the party, according to her eye so badly grouped. For Hanworth, Margaret, Edith, and the child occupied the foreground, and Adeline and Captain French were together in the distance.

"Adeline," said she, "you have practised too much before breakfast. Your father is quite astonished that you can do it."

This was the signal for all to leave the archery-ground for the breakfast-room, where General Allerton was just making the first incision into a Perigord pie.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life of James Watt.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1858.
2. *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. London, 1854. 3 vols.
3. *Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education and Development of the Genius of James Watt.* By George Williamson, Esq. Edinburgh, 1856.

No country in the world presents such a combination of facilities for manufacture and commerce as England—coal and iron, ships and steam-engines, hardy seamen and ingenious mechanics. With these combined advantages the progress during the present century has been beyond example. In 1784 an American vessel arrived in Liverpool having on board as part of her cargo *eight bales of cotton*, which were seized by the custom-house officers under the conviction that they could not be the growth of America! Last year there were imported at Liverpool not less than a million and a half bales of cotton from the United States alone! The first steam-engine used in Manchester was not erected till 1790; it is now computed that in that city and the district within a radius of ten miles, there are more than fifty thousand boilers, giving a total power of upwards of a million of horses! The engine of Watt has proved the very Hercules of modern mythology, the united steam power of Great Britain being equal, it is estimated, to the manual labor of upwards of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Mechanicians and engineers, unlike literary men, are never their own biographers. As an eminent living engineer lately observed, "We are so much occupied with doing the thing itself, that we have not the disposition, even if we had the leisure, to write about *how* it is done." The majority of the persons of this class have moreover risen from obscurity, and the companions among whom they passed their early days were, for the most part, like themselves, self-educated; neither caring to put on record what was worthy to be preserved, nor competent to record it. Hence these heroes of mechanical science passed away, leaving only their work behind them.

Hence little is known of Savery, the inventor of the first working atmospheric engine; and it is matter of doubt whether he was the captain of a ship or of a Cornish tin-mine. Nothing of the history of his rival and subsequent partner, Newcomen, is preserved, beyond the fact that he was a blacksmith and a Baptist. Even the distinguished inventors who have lived nearer to our own time have been scarcely more fortunate; for we do not yet possess a single respectable memoir of Arkwright, Crompton, Brindley, or Rennie. Happily, however, the greatest name in the roll of English inventors left behind him a large store of valuable materials, which have been published by his zealous relative Mr. Muirhead, and who has now crowned his long labors by an elaborate "Life of Watt," the expansion of a former Memoir, which comprises all that we are likely to learn of a man to whom we mainly owe the greatest commercial and social revolution in the entire history of the world.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the Clyde, on the 19th of January, 1736. His parents were of the middle class—honest, "God-fearing" people, with a character for probity which had descended to them from their "forebears," and was the proudest inheritance of the family. James Watt was thus emphatically well-born. His grandfather was a teacher of navigation and mathematics in the village of Cartdyke, now part of Greenock, and dignified himself with the name of "Professor." But as Cartdyke was as yet only an humble collection of thatched hovels, and the shipping of the Clyde was confined principally to fishing-boats, the probability is, that his lessons in navigation were of a very humble order. He was, however, a dignitary of the place, being Bailie of the Barony as well as one of the parish elders. His son, James Watt, the father of the engineer, settled at Greenock as a carpenter and builder. Greenock was then little better than a fishing village, consisting of a single row of thatched cottages lying parallel with the sandy beach of the Frith of Clyde. The beautiful shore, broken by the long, narrow sea locks running far away among the Argyleshire hills, and now fringed with villages, villas, and mansions, was then as lonely as Glencoe; and the waters of the Frith, now daily plashed by the paddles of almost innumerable Clyde steamers, were as yet undisturbed, save by the passing

of an occasional Highland coble. The prosperity of Greenock was greatly promoted by Sir John Shaw, the feudal superior, who succeeded in obtaining from the British Parliament, what the Scottish Parliament, previous to the Union, had refused, the privilege of constructing a harbor. Ships began after 1740 to frequent the pier, and then Mr. Watt added ship carpentering and dealing in ship's stores to his other pursuits. He himself held shares in ships, and engaged in several foreign mercantile ventures, some of which turned out ill, and involved him in embarrassments. A great deal of miscellaneous work was executed on his premises—household furniture and ship's carpentry—chairs and tables, figureheads and capstans, blocks, pumps, gun-carriages and dead-eyes. The first crane erected on the Greenock pier, for the convenience of the Virginia tobacco ships, was supplied from his stores. He even undertook to repair ship's compasses, as well as the commoner sort of nautical instruments then in use. These multifarious occupations were the result of the smallness of the place, while the business of a single calling was yet too limited to yield a competence. That Mr. Watt was a man of repute in his locality is shown by his having been elected one of the trustees to manage the funds of the borough in 1741, when Sir John Shaw divested himself of his feudal rights, and made them over to the inhabitants. Mr. Watt subsequently held office as town-treasurer, and as bailie or magistrate.

Agnes Muirhead, the bailie's wife, and the mother of James Watt, was long remembered in the place as an intelligent woman, bountifully gifted with graces of person as well as of mind and heart. She was of a somewhat dignified appearance; and it was said that she affected a superior style of living to her neighbors. One of these, long after, spoke of her as "a braw, braw woman, none like her now-a-days," and commented on the extraordinary fact of her having on one occasion no fewer than "two lighted candles on the table at the same time!" The bailie's braw wife was, perhaps, the only lady in Greenock who then dressed a-la-mode—the petticoat worn over a hoop, and curiously tucked up behind, with a towering head-dress over her powdered hair. This pretentious dame, as she appeared, probably did no more than adapt her mode of living to Mr. Watt's circumstances,

which seem to have enabled him to adopt a more generous style than was usual in small Scottish towns, where the people were, for the most part, very poor, and accustomed to slender fare.

From childhood James Watt was of an extremely fragile constitution, requiring the tenderest nurture. Unable to join in the rude play of healthy children, and confined almost entirely to the house, he acquired a shrinking sensitiveness which little fitted him for the rough battle of life; and when he was sent to the town school it caused him many painful trials. His mother had already taught him reading, and his father a little writing and arithmetic. His very sports proved lessons to him. His mother to amuse him encouraged him to draw with a pencil upon paper, or with chalk upon the floor, and he was supplied with a few tools from the carpenter's shop, which he soon learnt to handle with considerable expertness. The mechanical dexterity he acquired was the foundation upon which he built the speculations to which he owes his glory, nor without this manual training is there the least likelihood that he would have become the improver and almost the creator of the steam-engine. Mrs. Watt exercised an influence no less beneficial on the formation of his moral character; her gentle nature, strong good sense, and earnest, unobtrusive piety, strongly impressing themselves upon his young mind and heart. Nor were his parents without their reward; for as he grew up to manhood, he repaid their anxious care with warm affection. Mrs. Watt was accustomed to say that the loss of her only daughter, which she had felt so severely, had been fully made up to her by the dutiful attentions of her son.

From an early period he was subject to violent headaches, which confined him to his room for weeks together. It is in such cases as his that indications of precocity are generally observed, and parents would be less pleased at their appearance did they know that they are generally the symptoms of disease. Several remarkable instances of this precocity are related of Watt. On one occasion, when he was bending over a marble hearth with a piece of chalk in his hand, a friend of his father said, "You ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is occupied," replied the father,

"before you condemn him." Though only six years of age he was trying to solve a problem in geometry. On another occasion he was reproved by Mrs. Muirhead, his aunt, for his indolence at the tea-table: "James Watt," said the worthy lady, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are: take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into; are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" In the view of M. Arago, "the little James before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him." In our opinion the judgment of the aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of little James was occupied with philosophical considerations on the condensation of steam. This is an after-thought borrowed from his subsequent discoveries. Nothing is commoner than for children to be amused with such phenomena, in the same way that they will form air-bubbles in a cup of tea, and watch them sailing over the surface till they burst; and the probability is that little James was quite as idle as he seemed.

At school, where a parrot power of learning what is set down in the lesson-book is the chief element of success, Watt's independent observation and reflection did not enable him to distinguish himself, and he was even considered dull and backward for his age. He shone as little in the playground as in the class. The timid and sensitive boy found himself completely out of place in the midst of the boisterous juvenile republic. Against the tyranny of the elders he was helpless; their wild play was completely distasteful to him; he could not join in their sports, nor roam with them along the beach, nor take part in their hazardous exploits in the harbour. Accordingly they showered upon him contemptuous epithets; and the school being composed of both sexes, the girls joined in the laugh. Continual ailments, however, prevented his attendance for weeks together.

When not yet fourteen he was taken by his mother for change of air to some relatives at Glasgow—then a quiet place without a single long chimney, somewhat resembling a rural

market-town of the present day. He proved so wakeful during his visit, and so disposed to indulge in that story-telling which even Sir Walter Scott could admire at a late period of his life, that Mrs. Watt was entreated to take him home. "I can no longer bear the excitement in which he keeps me," said Mrs. Campbell, "I am worn out with want of sleep. Every evening before our usual hour of retiring to rest, he adroitly contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and whether it be humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that all the family listen to him with breathless attention; hour after hour strikes unheeded, but the next morning I feel quite exhausted. You must really take home your son." His taste for fiction never left him; and to the close of his days he took delight in reading a novel.

James Watt, having finished his education at the grammar-school of his native town, received no further instruction. As with all distinguished men, his extensive after-acquirements in science and literature were entirely the result of his own self-culture. Towards the end of his school career his strength seems to have grown; his progress was more rapid and decided; and before he left he had taken the lead of his class. But his best education was gathered from the conversation of his parents. Almost every cottage, indeed, in Scotland is a training-ground for their future men. How much of the unwritten and traditional history which kindles the Scotchman's nationality and tells upon his future life is gleaned at his humble fireside! Moreover the library shelf of Watt's home contained well-thumbed volumes of Boston, Bunyan, and "The Cloud of Witnesses," with Harry the Rhymer's "Life of Wallace," and old ballads tattered by frequent use. These he devoured greedily, and reread them until he had most of them by heart.

During holiday-times he indulged in rambles along the Clyde, sometimes crossing to the north shore and strolling up the Gare Loch and Holy Loch, and even as far as Ben Lomond itself. He was of a solitary disposition, and loved to wander by himself at night amidst the wooded pleasure-grounds which surrounded the old mansion-house overlooking the town, watching through the trees the mysterious movements of the stars. He became fascinated by the wonders of astronomy, and was stimulated to inquire into the science

by the nautical instruments which he found amongst his father's ship-stores. It was a peculiarity which characterized him through life, that he could not look upon any instrument or machine without being seized with a determination to unravel its mystery, and master the *rationale* of its uses. Before he was fifteen he had twice gone through with great attention S'Gravesande's *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, which belonged to his father. He performed many chemical experiments, and even contrived to make an electrical machine, much to the marvel of those who felt its shocks. Like most invalids, he read eagerly such books on medicine as came in his way. He went so far as to practise dissection; and on one occasion he was found carrying off the head of a child who had died of some uncommon disease. "He told his son," says Mr. Muirhead, "that, had he been able to bear the sight of the sufferings of patients, he would have been a surgeon." In his rambles his love of wild flowers and plants lured him on to the study of botany. Ever observant of the aspects of nature, the violent upheavings of the mountain ranges on the northern shores of Loch Lomond next directed his attention to mineralogy. He devoured all the works which fell in his way; and on a friend advising him to be less indiscriminate, he replied, "I have never yet read a book, or conversed with a companion, without gaining information, instruction, or amusement." This was no answer to the admonition of his friend, who merely recommended him to bestow upon the best books the time he devoted to the worse. But the appetite for knowledge in inquisitive minds is, during youth, when curiosity is fresh and unslaked, too insatiable to be fastidious, and the volume which gets the preference is usually the first which comes in the way.

Watt was not a mere bookworm. In his solitary walks through the country he would enter the cottages of the peasantry, gather their local traditions, and impart to them information of a similar kind from his own ample stores. Fishing, which suited the tranquil character of his nature, was his single sport. When unable to ramble for the purpose, he could still indulge the pursuit while standing in his father's yard, which was open to the sea, and the water of sufficient depth at high tide to enable vessels of fifty or sixty tons to lie alongside.

Watt, as we have seen, had learnt the use of his hands, a highly serviceable branch of education, though not taught at schools or colleges. He could ply his tools with considerable dexterity, and he was often employed in the carpenter's shop, in making miniature cranes, pulleys, pumps, and capstans. He could work in metal, and a punch-ladle, of his manufacture, formed out of a large silver coin, is still preserved. His father had originally intended him to follow his own business of a merchant, but having sustained several heavy losses about this time—one of his ships having foundered at sea—and observing the strong bias of his son towards mechanical pursuits, he determined to send him to Glasgow to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker.

In 1754, when he was in his eighteenth year, he accordingly set out for Glasgow, which was as different from the Glasgow of 1858 as it is possible to imagine. Little did he dream, when he entered it a poor 'prentice lad, what it was afterwards to become through the result of his individual labors. Not a steam engine or a steamboat then disturbed the quiet of the town. There was a little quay on the Broomielaw, partly covered with broom; and this quay was fitted with a solitary crane, for which there was but small use, as boats of more than six tons could not ascend the Clyde. Often not a single masted vessel was to be seen in the river. The chief magnates of the place were the tobacco merchants and the professors of the college. Next to tobacco, the principal trade of the town with foreign countries was in grindstones, coals, and fish—Glasgow herrings being in great repute.

Inconsiderable though Glasgow was at the middle of last century, it was the only place in Scotland which exhibited signs of industrial prosperity. It is usual to speak of the progress of the United States as unparalleled, but we hold the development of Scottish industry to have been more extraordinary. The progress of America has been an importation rather than a growth; the progress of Scotland has been entirely its own work. About the middle of last century it was a poor and haggard country. Nothing could be more dreary than those Lowland districts which now perhaps exhibit the finest agriculture in the world. Wheat was so rare a plant that a field of eight acres within a

mile of Edinburgh attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood.* Even in the Lothians, Roxburgh, and Lanarkshire, little was to be seen but arid, bleak moors, and quaking bogs, with occasional patches of unenclosed and ill-cultivated land. Where manure was used, it was carried to the field on the back of the crofter's wife; the crops were carried to market on the back of the plough-horse, and occasionally on the backs of the crofter and his family. The country was without roads, and between the towns there were only rough tracks across moors. Goods were conveyed from place to place on packhorses. The trade between Glasgow and Edinburgh was conducted in the same rude way; and when carriers were established, the time occupied, going and coming, between Edinburgh and Selkirk—a distance of only thirty-eight miles,—was an entire fortnight. The road lay along Gala Water, and in summer the driver took his rude cart along the channel of the stream as being the most level and easy path. In winter the road was altogether impassable. Communication by coach was scarcely anywhere known. A caravan which was started between Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1749 took two days to perform the journey. For practical purposes, these towns were as distant from London as they now are from New York. As late as 1763 there was only one stage coach which ran to London. It set out from Edinburgh once a month, and the journey occupied from fifteen to eighteen days. Letters were mostly sent by hand, and after mails were established the postbags were often empty. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who remembered the London postbag, which contained the letters from all England to all Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh with only one letter. In 1707 the entire post-office revenue of Scotland was only one thousand one hundred and ninety-four pounds; in 1857 the penny postage of Glasgow alone produced sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds. The custom dues of Greenock now produce more than five times the revenue derived from the whole of Scotland in the times of the Stuarts. The Clyde, which, less than a century ago, could scarcely admit the passage of a herring-boat, floats down with almost every tide vessels of thousands of tons burden, capable of wrest-

ling with the hurricanes of the Atlantic. The custom duties levied at the port of Glasgow have been increased from one hundred and twenty-five pounds in 1796, to seven hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-five pounds in 1856. The advance has been nearly the same in all the other departments of Scotch industry.

At Glasgow Watt in vain sought to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. The only person in the place dignified with the name of "optician" was an old mechanic, who sold and mended spectacles, constructed and repaired fiddles, tuned the few spinnets of the town and neighborhood, and eked out a slender living by making and selling fishing-rods and fishing-tackle. Watt was as handy at dressing trout and salmon-flies as at most other things, and his master, no doubt, found him useful enough; but there was nothing to be learnt in return. Professor Dick, having been consulted as to the best course to be pursued, recommended the lad to proceed to London. Watt accordingly set out for the metropolis in June, 1755, in the company of a relative, Mr. Marr, the captain of an East-Indiaman. The pair travelled on horseback, and performed the journey in thirteen days. Arrived in town, they went about from shop to shop without success. Instrument-makers were few in number, and the rules of the trade, which were then very strict, only permitted them to take into their employment apprentices who should be bound for seven years, or journeymen who had already served their time. "I have not," said Watt, writing to his father about a fortnight after his arrival, "yet got a master; we have tried several, but they all make some objection or other. I find that, if any of them agreed with me at all, it will not be for less than a year, and even for that time they will be expecting some money." At length, one Mr. Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, consented to take him for a twelvemonth for a fee of twenty guineas. He soon proved himself a ready learner and skilful workman. The division of labor, the result of an extensive trade, which causes the best London-built carriages to be superior to any of provincial construction, was even then applied to mathematical instruments. "Very few here," wrote Watt, "know any more than how to make a rule, others a pair of dividers, and

* Robertson's "Rural Recollections."

such like." His discursive mind would under no circumstances have allowed him to rest content with such limited proficiency, and he probably contemplated setting up in Scotland, where every branch of the business would have to be executed by himself. He resolved to acquire the entire art, and from brass scales and rules proceeded to Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, brass sectors, theodolites, and the more delicate sort of instruments. By the end of the year he wrote to his father that he had "just made a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing work as is in the trade." To relieve his father of the expense of his maintenance, he wrought after-hours on his own account. His living cost him only eight shillings a-week; and lower than that, he wrote, he could not reduce it, "without pinching his belly." When night came "his body was wearied and his hand shaking from ten hours' hard work." His health suffered. His seat in Mr. Morgan's shop during the winter being close to the door, which was frequently opened and shut, he caught a severe cold. But in spite of sickness and a racking cough he stuck to his work, and still earned money in his morning and evening hours.

Another circumstance prevented his stirring abroad during the greater portion of his stay in London. A hot press for sailors was then going on, and as many as forty press-gangs were out. In the course of one night they took a thousand men. Nor were the kidnappers idle. These were the agents of the East India Company, and had crimping-houses or depôts in different parts of the metropolis to receive the men whom they secured for the Indian army. When the demand for soldiers slackened, they continued their trade, and sold the poor wretches to the planters in Pennsylvania and other North American colonies. Sometimes severe fights took place between the pressgangs and the kidnappers for the possession of the unhappy victims who had been seized. "They now press anybody they can get," wrote Watt in the spring of 1756, "landsmen as well as seamen, except it be in the liberties of the city, where they are obliged to carry them before the lord mayor first; and unless one be either a 'prentice or a creditable tradesman there is scarce any getting off again. And if I was carried before my lord mayor I

durst not avow that I worked in the city, it being against their laws for any non-freeman to work even as a journeyman within the liberties." What a curious glimpse does this give us into the practise of man-hunting in London in the eighteenth century!

When Watt's year with Mr. Morgan was up, his cold had assumed a rheumatic form. Distressed by a gnawing pain in his back, and depressed by weariness, he determined to leave London, although confident that he could have found remunerative employment, and seek for health in his native air among his kinsfolk at Greenock. After spending about twenty guineas in purchasing tools, together with the materials for making many more, and buying a copy of Bion's work on the construction and use of mathematical instruments, he set off for Scotland, and reached Greenock in the autumn of 1756. Shortly after, when his health had been somewhat restored by rest, he proceeded to Glasgow and commenced business on his own account at twenty years of age.

In endeavoring to establish himself in his trade Watt encountered the same obstacle which, in London, had almost prevented his learning it. Although there were no mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow, and it must have been a public advantage to have him settle in the place, he was opposed by the corporation of hammermen, on the ground that he was neither the son of a burghess, nor had served an apprenticeship within the borough. He had been employed, however, to repair some mathematical instruments bequeathed to the University by a gentleman in the West Indies; and the professors, having an absolute authority within the area occupied by the college buildings, determined to give him an asylum and free him from the incubus of Guilds. By the midsummer of 1757 he was securely established within the College precincts, where his room, which was only about twenty feet square, is still to be seen, and is more interesting that its walls remain in as rude a state as when he left it. It is entered from the quadrangle by a spiral stone staircase, and over the door in the court below Watt exhibited his name, with the addition of "Mathematical Instrument-maker to the University."

Though his wants were few, and he subsisted on the humblest fare, Watt had a hard

struggle to live by his trade. After a year's trial of it he wrote to his father in September, 1758, "that unless it be the Hadley's instruments there is little to be got by it, as at most other jobs I am obliged to do the most of them myself; and as it is impossible for one person to be expert at every thing, they very often cost me more time than they should do." Of the quadrants he could make three in a week with the assistance of a lad, and the profit upon the three was forty shillings. But the demand was small, and, unless he could extend his market, "he must fall," he said, "into some other way of business, as this will not do in its present situation." Failing sufficient customers for his instruments in Glasgow, he sent them to Greenock and Port Glasgow, where his father helped him to dispose of them. Orders gradually flowed in upon him, but his business continued to be very small, eked out though it was by map and chart selling.

The most untoward circumstances have often the happiest results. It is not Fortune that is blind, but man. The fame and success of Watt were probably due to his scanty trade, which made him glad to take any employment requiring mechanical ingenuity. A Masons' lodge in Glasgow desired to have an organ, and he was asked to build it. He was totally destitute of a musical ear, and could not distinguish one note from another. But he accepted the offer. He studied the philosophical theory of music, and found that science would be a substitute for his want of ear. He commenced by building a small organ for Dr. Black, and then proceeded to the large one. He was always, he said, dissatisfied both with other people's work and his own, and this habit of his mind made him study to improve upon whatever came before him. Thus in the process of building his organ he devised a number of novel expedients, such as indicators and regulators of the strength of the blast, with various contrivances for improving the efficiency of the stops. The qualities of the organ when finished are said to have elicited the surprise and admiration of musicians. He seems at one period to have been almost as much a maker of musical as of mathematical instruments. He constructed and repaired guitars, flutes, and violins, and had the same success as with his organ.

Small as was Watt's business, there was

one circumstance connected with his situation which must have been peculiarly grateful to a man of his accomplishments and thirst for knowledge. His shop, being conveniently situated within the College, was a favorite resort for professors as well as students. Amongst his visitors were the famous Dr. Black, Professor Simson, the restorer of the science of geometry, Dr. Dick, and Dr. Moor; and even Dr. Adam Smith looked in occasionally. But of all his associates none is more closely connected with the name and history of Watt than John Robison, then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards Professor of natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was nearer Watt's own age than the rest, and stood in the intimate relation of bosom friend as well as fellow inquirer in science. Robinson was a prepossessing person, frank and lively, full of fancy and good humor, and a general favorite in the College. He was a capital talker, an extensive linguist, and a good musician; yet, with all his versatility, he was a profound thinker, and a diligent student, especially of mathematical and mechanical philosophy, as he afterwards abundantly proved in his able contributions to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," of which he was the designer and first editor.

Robison's introduction to Watt has been described by himself. After feasting his eyes on the beautifully finished instruments, Robison entered into conversation with him. Expecting to find a workman, he was surprised to discover a philosopher. "I had the vanity," said Robison, "to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favorite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish for these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself; and his innate complaisance made him indulge my curiosity, and even encourage my endeavors to form a more intimate acquaintance with him. I lounged much about him, and I doubt not, was frequently teasing him. Thus our acquaintance began." Shortly after, Robison, who had been originally destined for the Church, left College. Being of a roving disposition, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and was present at some of the most remarkable actions of the war; and, amongst others, at the storming of Quebec. Robison was on duty in the boat which carried Wolfe

to the point where the army scaled the heights the night before the battle, and, as the sun was setting in the west, the General, doubtless from an association of ideas which was suggested by the dangers of the coming struggle, recited Gray's *Elegy*, and declared that "he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French on the morrow."

When Robison returned from his voyages in 1763, a travelled man,—having had the advantage during his absence of acting as confidential assistant of Admiral Knowles in the course of his marine surveys and observations,—he reckoned himself more than on a par with Watt; but he soon found that his friend had been still busier than himself, and was continually striking into new paths where Robison was obliged to be his follower. The extent of the mathematical instrument maker's investigations was no less remarkable than the depth to which he pursued them. Not only did he master the principles of engineering, civil and military, but he diverged into studies in antiquity, natural history, languages, criticism, and art. Every pursuit became science in his hands, and he made use of this subsidiary knowledge as stepping-stones towards his favorite objects. Before long he was regarded as one of the ablest men about the college, and "when," said Robison, "to the superiority of knowledge, which every man confessed, in his own line, is joined the naïve simplicity and candor of his character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was so strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say that I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candor, and liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr. Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were very often nothing but his own surmises followed out and embodied by another. I am well entitled to say this, and have often experienced it in my own case." There are few traits in biography more charming than these generous recognitions of merit, mutually attributed by the one friend to the other. Arago, in quoting the words of Robison, has well observed that it is difficult to determine whether the honor of having uttered them be not as great as that of having inspired them.

By this high-minded friend the attention of Watt was first directed to the subject of the steam-engine. Robison in 1759 suggested to him that it might be applied to the moving of wheel-carriages. The scheme was not matured, and indeed science was not yet ripe for the locomotive. But after a short interval Watt again reverted to the study of steam, and in 1761 he was busily engaged in performing experiments with the humble aid of apothecaries' phials and a small Papin's digester. There were then no museums of art and science to resort to for information, and he perhaps cultivated his own powers the more thoroughly that he had no such easy methods of acquiring knowledge. He mounted his digester with a syringe a third of an inch in diameter, containing a solid piston. When he turned a cock the steam rushed from the digester against the lower side of the piston in the syringe, and by its expansive power raised a weight of fifteen pounds with which the piston was loaded. Then again turning the cock, which was arranged so as to cut off the communication with the digester, and open a passage to the air, the steam escaped, and the weight upon the piston, being no longer counteracted, forced it to descend. He saw it would be easy to contrive that the cocks should be turned by the machinery instead of by the hand, and the whole be made to work of itself with perfect regularity. But there was an objection to the method. Water is converted into vapor as soon as its elasticity is sufficient to overcome the weight of the air which keeps it down. Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere the water acquires this necessary elasticity at two hundred and twelve degrees; but as the steam in Papin's digester was prevented from escaping, it acquired increased heat, and by consequence increased elasticity. Hence it was that the steam which issued from the digester was not only able to support the piston and the air which pressed upon its upper surface, but the additional load with which the piston was weighted. With the imperfect mechanical construction, however, of those days there was a risk that the boiler in which this high-pressure steam was generated would be burst by its expansive power, which also enabled it to force its way through the ill-made joints of the engine. This, conjoined with the great expenditure of steam, led Watt to abandon the plan. The

exigencies of business did not then allow him to pursue his experiments, and the subject again slept till the winter of 1763-64.

The College at Glasgow possessed a model of one of Newcomen's engines, which had been sent to London for repair. It would appear that the eminent artificer to whom it had been intrusted paid little attention to it, for at a University meeting in June, 1760, a resolution was passed to allow Mr. Anderson "to lay out a sum not exceeding two pounds sterling to recover the steam-engine from Mr. Sisson, instrument-maker, at London." In 1763 this clumsy little engine, destined to become so famous, was put into the hands of Watt. The boiler was somewhat smaller than an ordinary tea-kettle, the cylinder two inches in diameter, and the mathematical instrument maker merely regarded it as "a fine plaything." When, however, he had repaired the machine and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though apparently sufficiently large, could not supply steam fast enough, and only a few strokes of the piston could be secured. The fire under it was stimulated by blowing, and more steam was produced, but still the machine would not work properly. Exactly at the point where another man would have abandoned the task in despair, the mind of Watt became thoroughly roused. "Every thing," says Professor Robison, "was to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it." Thus it happened with the phenomenon presented by the model of the steam-engine. He endeavored to ascertain from books by what means he was to remedy the defects; and when books failed to aid him, he commenced a course of experiments, and resolved to work out the problem for himself. In the course of his inquiries he came upon a fact which more than any other led his mind into the train of thought which at last conducted him to the invention of which the results were destined to prove so stupendous. This fact was the existence of latent heat. But before we go on to state his proceedings, it is necessary to describe the condition at which the steam-engine had arrived when his investigations commenced.

Steam had not then become a common mechanical power. The sole use to which it was applied was to pump water from mines.

A beam, moving upon a centre, had affixed to one end of it a chain which was attached to the piston of the pump; to the other end of it a chain which was attached to a piston that fitted a cylinder. It was by driving this latter piston up and down the cylinder that the pump was worked. To communicate the necessary movement to the piston the steam generated in a boiler was admitted to the bottom of the cylinder, forcing out the air through a valve, and by its pressure upon the under side of the piston counterbalancing the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper side. The piston, thus placed between two equal and opposite forces, was then drawn up to the top of the cylinder by the greater weight of the pump-gear at the opposite extremity of the beam. The steam so far only discharged the office which was performed by the air it displaced; but if the air had been allowed to remain, the piston once at the top of the cylinder could not have returned, being pressed as much by the atmosphere underneath as by the atmosphere above it. The steam, on the contrary, could be condensed by injecting cold water through the bottom of the cylinder. This caused a vacuum below the piston, which was now unsupported, and descended by the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper surface. When the piston reached the bottom, the steam was again let in, and the process was repeated.

This was the machine in use when Watt was pursuing the investigations into which he was led by the little model of the Newcomen engine. Among other experiments, "he constructed a boiler which showed by inspection the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, and thereby ascertained the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine." He was astonished to discover that a *small* quantity of water, in the form of steam, heated a *large* quantity of water injected into the cylinder for the purpose of cooling it, and upon further examination he ascertained that steam heated six times its weight of well water to two hundred and twelve degrees, which was the temperature of the steam itself. Unable to understand so remarkable a circumstance, he mentioned it to Dr. Black, who then expounded to him the theory of latent heat, which this great chemist had already taught his pupils unknown to Watt. This vast amount of heat,

stored up in the steam and not indicated by the thermometer, involved a proportionate consumption of coals. When Watt learnt that water in its conversion into vapor became such a reservoir of heat, he was more than ever bent upon economizing it, striving, with the same quantity of fuel, at once to augment its production and diminish its waste. "He greatly improved the boiler," says Professor Robison, "by increasing the surface to which the fire was applied; he made flues through the middle of the water, and made his boiler of wood, as a worse conductor of heat than the brickwork which surrounds common furnaces. He cased the cylinder and all the conducting-pipes in materials which conducted heat very slowly; he even made them of wood." But none of these contrivances were effectual; for it turned out that the chief expenditure of steam, and consequently of fuel, was in the reheating the cylinder after it had been cooled by the injection of the cold water. Nearly four-fifths of the whole steam employed was condensed on its first admission before the surplus could act upon the piston. Watt therefore came to the conclusion that to make a perfect steam-engine it was necessary that the cylinder should be always as hot as the steam that entered it: but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended,—nay, that it should be cooled down below one hundred degrees, or a considerable amount of vapor would be given off which would resist the descent of the piston and diminish the power of the engine.* The two conditions seemed quite incompatible. The cylinder was never to be at a less temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees, and yet at each descent of the piston it was to be less than one hundred degrees.

"He continued," he says, "to grope in the dark, misled by many an *ignis fatuus*." At length, as he was taking a walk one Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1765, the solution of the problem suddenly flashed upon his mind. As steam was an elastic vapor, it would expand and rush into a previously exhausted space. He had only to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a com-

munication between this vessel and the cylinder of the steam-engine at the moment when the piston was required to descend, and the steam would disseminate itself and become divided between the cylinder and the adjoining vessel. But as this vessel would be kept cold by an injection of water, the steam would be annihilated as fast as it entered, which would cause a fresh outflow of the remaining steam in the cylinder till nearly the whole of it was condensed, without the cylinder itself being chilled in the operation. An air-pump worked by the steam-engine would pump from the subsidiary vessel the heated water, air, and vapor accumulated by the condensing process. Great and prolific ideas are almost always simple. What seems impossible at the outset appears so obvious when it is effected that we are prone to marvel that it did not force itself at once upon the mind. Late in life, Watt, with his accustomed modesty, declared his belief that, if he had excelled, it had been by chance and the neglect of others. But mankind has been more just to him than he was to himself. There was no accident in the discovery. It had been the result of close and continuous study, and the idea of the separate condenser which flashed upon him in a moment and filled him with rapture was merely the last step of a long journey—a step which could not have been taken unless the previous road had been traversed.

The steam in Newcomen's engine was only employed to produce a vacuum. The working power of the engine was in the down stroke, which was effected by the pressure of the air upon the piston; hence it is now usual to call it the atmospheric engine. Watt perceived that the air which followed the piston down the cylinder would cool the latter, and that steam would be wasted in reheating it. To effect a further saving, he resolved "to put an air-tight cover upon the cylinder, with a hole and stuffing-box for the piston-rod to slide through, and to admit steam above the piston, to act upon it instead of the atmosphere." When the steam had done its duty in driving down the piston, a communication was opened between the upper and lower part of the cylinder, and the same steam, distributing itself equally in both compartments, sufficed to restore equilibrium. The piston was now drawn up by the weight of the pump-gear, the steam beneath it was then condensed

* Since the more the pressure upon water is diminished, the lower the temperature at which it boils, water at any temperature less than one hundred degrees gives off vapor in the vacuum of the cylinder.

to leave a vacuum; and a fresh jet of steam from the boiler was let in above the piston and forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. From an atmospheric it thus become a true steam-engine, and with a much greater economy of steam than when the air did half the duty. But it was not only important to keep the air from flowing down the inside of the cylinder. The air which circulated without cooled the metal, and condensed a portion of the steam within. This Watt proposed to remedy by a second cylinder, surrounding the first, with an interval between the two, which was to be kept full of steam. "When once," he says, "the idea of separate condensation was started, all these improvements followed as corollaries in quick succession, so that in the course of one or two days the invention was thus far complete in my mind."

But although the engine was complete in his mind, it cost Watt many long and laborious years before he could perfect it in execution. One source of delay was the numerous expedients which sprang up in his fertile mind, "which," he said, "his want of experience in the practice of mechanics in great, flattered him would prove more commodious than his matured experience had shown them to be. Experimental knowledge is of slow growth, and he tried too many fruitless experiments on such variations." One of his chief difficulties was to find mechanics to make his large models for him. The beautiful metal workmanship which has been called into being by his own invention did not then exist. The only available hands in Glasgow were the blacksmiths and tinner—little capable of constructing articles out of their ordinary walk. He accordingly hired a small workshop in a back street of the town, where he might himself erect a working model, with the aid of his assistant, John Gardiner. His mind, as may be supposed, was absorbed in the desire to realize his beautiful conception. "I am at present," he wrote to his friend Dr. Lind, "quite barren on every other article, my whole thoughts being bent on this machine." The first model, on account of the bad construction of the larger parts, was only partially successful, and then a second and bigger model was commenced in August, 1765. In October it was at work; but the machine leaked in all directions, and the piston proved not steam-tight. To secure a nice-fitting piston with the indifferent workmanship of that

day taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. At so low an ebb was the art of making cylinders, that the one he employed was not bored but hammered, the collective mechanical skill of Glasgow being then unequal to the casting and boring of a cylinder of the simplest kind. In the Newcomen engine a little water was poured upon the upper surface of the piston, and filled up the interstices between the piston and the cylinder. But when Watt employed steam to drive down the piston, he was deprived of this resource; for the water and steam could not coexist. Even if he had retained the agency of the air above, the drip of water from the crevices into the lower part of the cylinder would have been incompatible with keeping the surface hot and dry, and, by turning into vapor as it fell upon the heated metal, it would have impaired the vacuum during the descent of the piston. To add to Watt's troubles, while he was busied with his model, the tinner, who was his leading mechanic, died. "*My old white-iron man is dead*," he wrote to Dr. Roebuck in December—an almost irreparable loss! By the addition of collars of varnished cloth, the piston was made steam-tight, and the machine went cleverly and successfully on repeated trials, at a pressure of ten to fourteen pounds on the square inch. Thus inch by inch Watt battled down difficulty, held good the ground he had gained, verified the expectations he had formed, and placed the advantages of the invention, to his own mind, beyond the reach of doubt.

Watt's means were small, and there were no capitalists in Glasgow likely to take up the steam-engine. Commercial enterprise had scarcely begun, or was still confined to the trade in tobacco. To give a fair trial to the new apparatus would involve an expenditure of several thousand pounds; and who on the spot could be expected to invest so large a sum in trying a machine so entirely new, and depending for its success on physical principles very imperfectly understood? But he had not far to go for an associate. "Most fortunately," says Professor Robison, "there was in the neighborhood such a person as he wished, Dr. Roebuck, a gentleman of very uncommon knowledge in all the branches of civil engineering, familiarly acquainted with the steam-engine, of which he employed several in his collieries, and deeply interested in this improvement. He was also well accus-

tomed to great enterprises, of an undaunted spirit, not scared by difficulties, nor a niggard of expense." He was born at Sheffield in 1718, and practised as a physician at Birmingham with distinguished success, had made many improvements in various manufacturing arts, and was now engaged in the double task of carrying on iron-works at Carron, and sinking coal-mines at Borrowstoness.

As early as August, 1765, Watt was in full correspondence with Roebuck on the subject of the engine. No partnership was entered into till 1767, but it is evident from the nature of Watt's letters that Roebuck took the greatest interest in the project, and had probably pledged himself to engage in it if the experiments promised success. In November Watt sent detailed drawings of a covered cylinder and piston to be cast at the Carron works. Though the cylinder was the best that could be made there, it was so ill-bored as to be useless. The piston-rod was constructed at Glasgow under his own supervision, and when it was completed he was afraid to send it in a cart, lest the work-people should see it, which would "occasion speculation." "I believe," he added, "it will be best to send it in a box." These precautions would seem to have been dictated by a fear of piracy. The necessity of acting by stealth increased the difficulties arising from the clumsiness and inexperience of the mechanics. There is a gap in the correspondence of Watt with Roebuck from May, 1766, to January, 1768, and we hear no more of this piston-rod or of its worthless cylinder. Something, however, must have occurred in the interval to inspire Roebuck with confidence, for in 1767 he undertook to pay a debt of one thousand pounds, which Watt had contracted in prosecuting his project, to provide the money for the further experiments, and to pay for the patent. In return for this outlay, he was to have two-thirds of the property in the invention.

In April, 1768, Watt made a trial of a new model. The result was not altogether satisfactory. Roebuck, in reply to the announcement, asked Watt to meet him at Kilsythe, a place about halfway between Carron and Glasgow, and talk the matter over. "I would," says Watt, in his answer, "with all my heart, wait upon you on Friday, but am far from being well, and the fatigue of the ride would disable me from doing anything for three or four days; besides, I hope by that time to

have a more successful trial, without which I cannot have peace in my mind to enjoy any thing." After various contrivances, a trial which he made on the 24th of May answered to his heart's content. "I intend," he wrote to Dr. Roebuck, "to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil on Saturday or Friday. I sincerely wish you joy of this successful result, and hope it will make you some return for the obligations I ever will remain under to you." Kinneil House, where Watt hastened to pay his visit of congratulation to Dr. Roebuck, was a singular old edifice, a former country seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, finely situated on the shores of the Forth, with large apartments and stately staircases, and an external style of architecture which resembles the old French château. The mansion has become rich in classical associations, having been inhabited since Roebuck's time by Dugald Stewart, who wrote in it his "Philosophy of the Human Mind." There he was visited by Wilkie, the painter, when in search of subjects for his pictures, and Dugald Stewart found for him, in an old farmhouse in the neighborhood, the cradle-chimney which is introduced in the "Penny Wedding." But none of these names can stand by the side of that of Watt, and the first thought at Kinneil, of every one who is familiar with his history, would be of the memorable day when he rode over in exultation to Dr. Roebuck, to wish him joy of the success of the steam-engine. His note of triumph was, however, premature. He had yet to suffer many sickening delays and many bitter disappointments; for though he had contrived to get his model executed with fair precision, the skill was still wanting for manufacturing the parts in their full size with the requisite nicety, and his present conquest was succeeded by discomfiture.

The model went so well that it was now determined to take out a patent, and in August, 1768, Watt went to London for the purpose. After transacting his business he proceeded home by way of Birmingham, then the best school of mechanics in England. He here saw his future partner, Mr. Boulton, for the first time, and they at once conceived for each other a hearty regard. Mr. Boulton, in particular, was strongly impressed both by the character and genius of Watt. They had much conversation respecting the engine, and it cheered its inventor that the sagacious and practical Birmingham manufacturer augured

well of its success. Watt seems, however, to have been seized with low spirits on his return to Glasgow; his heart probably aching with anxiety for his family, whom it was hard to maintain upon hope, so often deferred. The more sanguine Doctor was elated with the good working of the model, and he was impatient to put the invention in practice. "You are letting," he wrote to Watt, October 30th, 1768, "the most active part of your life insensibly glide away. A day, a moment, ought not to be lost. And you should not suffer your thoughts to be diverted by any other object, or even improvement of this, but only the speediest and most effectual manner of executing one of a proper size, according to your present ideas." This was an allusion to the fresh expedients which were always starting up in Watt's brain, and which appeared endlessly to protract the consummation of the work; but it was by never resting satisfied with imperfect devices that he attained to perfection. Long after, when a noble lord was expressing his admiration at his great achievement, Watt replied, "The public only look at my success, and not on the intermediate failures and uncouth constructions which have served as steps to climb to the top of the ladder." As to the lethargy of which Roebuck spoke, it was merely the temporary reaction of a mind strained and wearied with long-continued application to a single subject.

The patent was dated January 5th, 1769, a year also memorable as that in which Arkwright took out the patent for his spinning machine, and Watt by the law had four months in which to prepare his specification. To render it as perfect as possible, he commenced a series of fresh experiments, and all his spare hours were devoted to making various trials of pipe-condensers and drum-condensers,—trying to contrive new methods of securing tightness of the piston, and devising steam-jackets to prevent the waste of heat,—inventing oil-pumps, gauge-pumps, and exhausting-cylinders,—loading valves, beams, and cranks.

He commenced at Kinneil the construction of a steam-engine on a larger scale than he had yet attempted. It had been originally intended to erect it in the small town of Borrowstoness; but as he wished to avoid display, being determined, as he said, "not to puff," he put it up in an outhouse at Kinneil, close

by the burnside in the glen, where there was abundance of water and secure privacy. The materials were brought partly from Glasgow and partly from Carron, where the cylinder had been cast. The process of erection was tedious, for the mechanics were unused to the work. Watt was occasionally compelled to be absent on other business, and he generally on his return found the men at a standstill, not knowing what to do next. As the engine neared completion "his anxiety for his approaching doom kept him from sleep," for his fears, he says, were at least equal to his hopes. The whole was finished in September, 1769, and proved a "clumsy job." One of his new contrivances did not work well; and the cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost useless. Watt again was grievously depressed. "It is a sad thing," he wrote to his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, in March, 1770, "for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had wherewith all to pay the loss, I don't think I should so much fear a failure, but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my scheme, and I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst." His poverty was already compelling him to relinquish his experiments for employment of more pecuniary profit.

Watt had married his cousin, Miss Miller, in July, 1764. His expenses were thus enlarged almost at the very moment when his invention began to fill his mind, and distracted his attention from his ordinary calling. His increasing family led him before long to seek employment as a land-surveyor, or as it is called in Scotland a "land-louper." Much of his business was of the class which now belongs to the civil engineer, and in 1767 he laid out a small canal to unite the rivers Forth and Clyde. There was a rival scheme, cheaper and more direct, which was espoused by the celebrated Smeaton, and Watt had to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons to defend his plan. "I think," he wrote to Mrs. Watt, April 5, 1767, "I shall not long to have any thing to do with the House of Commons again: I never saw so many wrong-headed people on all sides gathered together." The fact that they decided against him had probably its share in producing this opinion of their wrong-headedness.

In April, 1769, when he was busily engaged in erecting the Kenneil engines, he heard that a linen-draper in London, of the name

of Moore, had plagiarized his invention, and the reflections which this drew forth from him is an evidence of the settled despondency which clouded his mind, and even cramped his faculties.

"I have resolved, unless these things that I have now brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was; I find that I am not the same person that I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time spurred on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great* was wanting; in acquiring which, I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burthen of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for, than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me I will lay aside the burthen I cannot carry. *Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing.*"

It is nevertheless a remarkable proof of his indefatigable perseverance in his favorite pursuit that at this very time, when apparently sunk in the depths of gloom, he learnt German for the sole purpose of getting at the contents of a curious book, the *Theatrum Machinarum* of Leupold, which just then fell into his hands, and which contained an account of the machines, furnaces, methods of working, profits, &c., of the mines in the Upper Hartz. His instructor on the occasion was a Swiss dyer settled in Glasgow. With the similar object of gaining access to untranslated books in French and Italian—then the great depositories of mechanical and engineering knowledge—Watt had already mastered both these languages.

Mrs. Watt had on one occasion written to him, "If the engine will not do, something else will: never despair." The engine did not do for the present, and he was compelled to continue his surveying. Instead of laying aside one burthen he was constrained to add a second. In September, 1769, just when he

* The expression "in great" means machines upon a large scale instead of the small models with which his experiments had been made.

tried the Kenneil engine, he was employed in examining the Clyde with a view to improve the navigation—for the river was still so shallow as to prevent boats of more than ten tons burden ascending to the Broomielaw. Watt made his report, but no steps were taken to execute his suggestions until several years later, when the commencement was made of a series of improvements, which have resulted in the conversion of the Clyde from a pleasant trouting stream into one of the busiest navigable highways in Europe.

"I would not have meddled with it," he wrote to Dr. Small, "had I been certain of bringing the engine to bear; but I cannot, on an uncertainty, refuse any piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire-engines,* because they must have taken up my attention so as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which God knows may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavor to make myself square with the world if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

"To-day (he again wrote to Dr. Small on the 31st of January, 1770) I enter into the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it."

The people of Glasgow decided upon making a canal for coal traffic to the collieries at Monkland, in Lanarkshire; "and having," says Watt, "conceived a much higher idea of my abilities than they merit, they resolved to encourage a man that lived among them rather than a stranger." He made the survey in 1769, and the air and exercise acted like a cordial upon him. "The time," he wrote to Dr. Small, January 3, 1770, "has not been thrown away, for the vaguing [wandering] about the country, and bodily fatigue, have given me health and spirits beyond what I commonly enjoy at this dreary season, though they would still *thole amends* [bear improvement.] Hire yourself to somebody for a ploughman—it will cure *ennui*." He made another survey of a canal from Perth to Cupar

* The fire-engine was the name given in those days to the atmospheric engines of Newcomen. Watt says elsewhere that "he was concerned in making some," but whether previous or subsequent to this letter of September 20, 1769, does not appear.

in the spring of 1770, with a less favorable result. The weather was inclement, and the wind, and snow, and cold, brought back his low spirits and ill health. When the Act for the Monkland Canal was obtained he was invited to superintend the execution of it, and "had to select whether to go on with the experiments on the engine, the event of which was uncertain, or to embrace an honorable and perhaps profitable employment. His necessities decided him. "I had a wife and children, and saw myself growing grey with having any settled way of providing for them." He determined however, not to drop the engine, but to proceed with it the first spare moments he could find. In December, 1770, he made a report to Dr. Small of his experience in canal-making, and it was not very favorable. His constant headaches continued, but in other respects he had gained in vigor of mind and body. "I find myself more strong, more resolute, less lazy, less confused than I was when I began it." His pecuniary affairs were also more prosperous. "Supposing the engine to stand good for itself, I am able to pay all my debts, and some little thing more, so that I hope in time to be on a par with the world." But there was a dark side to the picture. His life was one of vexation, fatigue, hunger, wet, and cold. The quiet and secluded habits of his early life did not fit him for the out-door work of the engineer. He was timid and reserved, and wanted that rough strength—that navy sort of character—which enables a man to deal with rude laborers. He was nervously fearful lest his want of experience should betray him into scrapes, and lead to impositions on the part of the workmen. He hated higgling, and declared that he would rather "face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain." He acted as surveyor, engineer, superintendent, and treasurer, with only the assistance of one clerk; and had been "cheated," he said, "by undertakers, and was unlucky enough to know it." His men were so inexperienced, that he had to watch the execution of every piece of work that was out of the common track. Yet, with all this, "the work done was slovenly, the workmen bad, and he himself not sufficiently strict." The defect which he charged on himself was merely the want of training and experience in the laborers. When Telford afterwards went into the Highlands to construct the

Caledonian Canal, he encountered the same difficulty. The men were unable to make use of the most ordinary tools; they had no steadiness in their labor; and they had to be taught, and drilled, and watched like children at school. In fact, every great undertaking in engineering may be regarded in the light of a working academy in which men are trained to the skilful use of tools and the habit of persistent industry; and the Scotch laborers were only then passing through the elementary discipline. Watt determined he would not continue a slave to this hateful employment. He was willing to act as engineer, but not as manager, and said he would have nothing to do "with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts."

His superintendence of the Monkland Canal, for which he received a salary of two hundred pounds a-year, lasted from June 1770 to December 1772. Before that period had expired, a commercial crisis had arrived; and Dr. Roebuck, whose unremunerative speculations had already brought him to the verge of ruin, was unable to weather the storm. All the anxieties of Watt were revived, and more for Roebuck than for himself. But an extract from his letter to Dr. Small on the 30th August, 1772, will best speak his sentiments:—

"I pursued my experiments till I found that the expense and loss of time lying wholly upon me, through the distress of Dr. Roebuck's situation, turned out to be a burthen greater than I could support, and not having conquered all the difficulties that lay in the way of the execution, I was obliged for a time to abandon the project. Since that time I have been able to extricate myself from some part of my private debts, but am by no means yet in a situation to be the principal in so considerable an undertaking. The Doctor's affairs being yet far from being reinstated, give me little hope of help from that quarter: in the mean time the time of the patent is running on. It is a matter of great vexation to me that the Doctor should be out so great a sum upon this affair, while he has otherwise such pressing occasion for the money. I find myself unable to give him such help as his situation requires; and what little I can do for him is purchased by denying myself the conveniences of life my situation requires, or by remaining in debt where it galls me to the bone to owe."

He repeated in November that nothing gave him so much pain as having entangled

Dr. Roebuck in the scheme, and that he would willingly have resigned all prospect of profit to himself provided his associate could have been indemnified. He regarded the considerable sum which he had sunk on his own part "as money spent upon his education," and looked for scarce any other recompense "for the anxiety and ruin in which the engine had involved him." These are the sentiments of a mind of sensitive honor as well as scrupulous integrity. In the issue the embarrassments of Roebuck proved the making of the steam-engine and of Watt.

The association of Watt with Dr. Roebuck was in many respects fortunate, for the latter possessed the qualities in which the former was deficient. "I find myself," Watt wrote, "out of my sphere when I have any thing to do with mankind; it is enough for an engineer to force Nature, and to bear the vexation of her getting the better of him. Give me a survey to make, and I think you will have credit of me; set me to contrive a machine, and I will exert myself." To invent was Watt's faculty; to push an invention was entirely contrary to his temperament. Not only was he averse to business, but he was easily depressed by little obstructions, and alarmed at unforeseen expense. Roebuck, on the contrary, was sanguine, adventurous, and energetic. The disposition of Watt to despond under difficulties, and his painful diffidence in himself, were frequent subjects of friendly merriment at Kinneil House; and Mrs. Roebuck said one evening—"Jamie is a queer lad, and without the Doctor his invention would have been lost; but Dr. Roebuck won't let it perish." Watt always acknowledged the debt he owed him, and declared he had been to him "a most sincere and generous friend." The alliance, however, was not without its drawbacks. The extensive undertakings of Dr. Roebuck absorbed both his capital and his time. He was unable to pay, according to the terms of his engagement, the expenses of the patent, and Watt had to borrow the money from Dr. Black. His coal and iron-works required incessant superintendence, and the management of the business connected with the steam-engine chiefly devolved upon Watt, who said he "was incapable of it from his natural inactivity, and want of health and resolution."

When he passed through Birmingham, on his way from London, in October, 1768, Mr.

Boulton, who then knew nothing of Watt's agreement with Roebuck, offered to be concerned in the speculation. This gave "great joy" to Watt, and he wished Dr. Roebuck to consent. But the latter "grew more tenacious of the project the nearer it approached to certainty," and he only proposed to Boulton to allow him a share in the engine for the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Derby. The letter which Boulton wrote to Watt upon the occasion (Feb. 7, 1769) shows how clearly he saw what was required to render the invention available:—

"I was excited by two motives to offer you my assistance—which were, love of you, and love of a money-getting, ingenious project. I presumed that your engine would require money, very accurate workmanship, and extensive correspondence, to make it turn out to the best advantage; and that the best means of keeping up the reputation, and doing the invention justice, would be to keep the executive part out of the hands of the multitude of empirical engineers, who, from ignorance, want of experience, and want of necessary convenience, would be very liable to produce bad and inaccurate workmanship—all which deficiencies would affect the reputation of the invention. To remedy which, and to produce the most profit, my idea was to settle a manufactory near to my own, by the side of our canal, where I would erect all the conveniences necessary for the completion of engines, and from which manufactory we would serve all the world with engines of all sizes. By these means, and your assistance, we would engage and instruct some excellent workmen, who (with more excellent tools than would be worth any man's while to procure for one single engine) could execute the invention twenty per cent. cheaper than it would be otherwise executed, and with as great a difference of accuracy as there is between the blacksmith and the mathematical-instrument maker. It would not be worth my while to make for three counties only; but I find it very well worth my while to make for all the world."

This was precisely the plan which was ultimately adopted. Watt, when he read it, must have been more than ever urgent to have Boulton for a coadjutor, and he again, in September, 1769, pressed upon Roebuck the wisdom of admitting him into the partnership. In November Roebuck proposed to make over a third of the patent to Mr. Boulton or Dr. Small for any sum not less than one thousand pounds which they should think reasonable, after the experiments on

the engine were finished. They were to take their final resolution at the end of a year; but though they assented to the terms no agreement seems to have been made at the conclusion of the twelvemonth; and it was not till ruin drove Roebuck to sell his share that the bargain was struck. Then he transferred his entire property in the patent to Mr. Boulton in the latter half of 1773, in consideration of being released from a debt of six hundred and thirty pounds, and receiving the first one thousand pounds of profit from the engine. "My heart bleeds for his situation," Watt wrote to Boulton, "and I can do nothing to help him. I stuck by him till I have much hurt myself. I can do so no longer; my family calls for my care to provide for them. Yet, if I have, I cannot see the Doctor in want, which I am afraid will soon be the case." The situation of this able, upright, and enterprising man, who deserved a better fate, was not, in the opinion of his assignees, rendered worse by the sale of his share in the steam-engine, for they did not value it at a single farthing. Even Watt said that Boulton had got one bad debt in exchange for another.

This was the turning-point in Watt's fortunes. It was the imperfect workmanship, and ineffective superintendence, which had caused the failure of so many experiments, and the wise and vigorous management of Mr. Boulton was soon to show the engine in its true powers. But before Watt enjoyed this triumph, he had another bitter cup to drink. He was suddenly summoned to Glasgow in the autumn of 1773, when on a survey of the Caledonian Canal, by intelligence of the illness of his wife. The journey was dreary, through a country without roads. "An incessant rain," said he, "kept me for three days as wet as water could make me: I could hardly preserve my journal book." On reaching home he found his wife had died in childbed. She had struggled with him through poverty, had often cheered his fainting spirit when borne down by doubt, perplexity, and disappointment; and often afterwards he paused on the threshold of his house, unable to summon courage to enter the room where he was never more to meet "the comfort of his life." "Yet this misfortune," he wrote to Small, "might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left

suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief has its period; but I have much to suffer first." "None of the many trying calamities," he said, fifteen years afterwards, "to which human nature is subjected, bears harder or longer on a thinking mind than that grief which arises from the loss of friends. But like other evils it must be endured with patience. The most powerful remedy is to apply to business or amusements which call the mind from its sorrows and prevent it from preying on itself. In the fulness of our grief we are apt to think that allowing ourselves to pursue objects which may turn our minds from the object it is but too much occupied with, is like a kind of insult or want of affection for the deceased, but we do not then argue fairly: our duty to the departed has come to a period, but our duty to our living family, to ourselves, and to the world, still subsists, and the sooner we can bring ourselves to attend to it the more meritorious." Upon these wise sentiments he endeavored, though not very successfully, to act. To work was in some degree within the power of his will, but to regain the elasticity of the mind was beyond the reach of self-control. "Man's life, you say," he wrote to Dr. Small in December, 1773, "must be spent either in labor or ennui; mine is spent in both. I am heart-sick of this country: I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most I grow stupider. My memory fails me so as often totally to forget occurrences of no very ancient dates. I see myself condemned to a life of business; nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble when I hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with. The engineering business is not a vigorous plant; we are in general very poorly paid. This last year my whole gains do not exceed two hundred pounds." But the darkest hour, it is said, is nearest the dawn. Watt had passed through a long night, and a gleam of sunshine was at hand. He was urged to proceed to Birmingham to superintend the manufacture of his engines, one of which was nearly completed. He arrived at Birmingham in the summer of 1774, and in December he wrote to his father, now an old man, still resident at Greenock—"The business I am here about has turned out rather successful; that is to say, that the fire-engine I have invented is now going, and answers much better than any other that has

yet been made, and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me." Such was Watt's modest announcement of the practical success of the greatest invention of the eighteenth century!

His partner, who proved himself such an able second, had the rare quality of a first-rate man of business. Mr. Boulton was not a mere buyer and seller, but a great designer, contriver and organizer. His own original trade was that of a manufacturer of plated goods, ormolu, and works in steel. He subsequently turned his attention to improving the machinery for coining, and attained, says M. Arago, to such rapidity and perfection of execution, that he was employed by the British Government to recoin the whole copper specie of the kingdom. His methods were established under his superintendence in several mints abroad, as well as in the national mint of England. With a keen eye for details, he combined a large and comprehensive grasp of intellect. Whilst his senses were so acute that, sitting in his office at Soho, he could at once detect the slightest derangement in the machinery of his vast establishment, his power of imagination enabled him to look along extensive lines of possible action throughout Europe, America and the Indies. He was equally skilful in the fabrication of a button and in the establishment of the motive power that was to revolutionize the industrial operations of the world. In short, he was a man of various gifts, nicely balanced and proportioned—the best of tradesmen, a patron of art and science, the friend of philosophers and statesmen. With all his independent titles to distinction, he esteemed the steam-engine of his friend the pride of his establishment. Once when he was in the company of Sir Walter Scott, he said in reply to some remark—"That's like the old saying—in every corner of the world you will find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone." This touched the national spirit of the novelist, and he retorted, "You should have added—and a *Brummagem* button." "We make something better in Birmingham than buttons," replied Boulton—"we make steam-engines;" and when he next met Scott, he showed that he had not forgiven the disparaging remark. Boswell, who visited Soho in 1776, shortly after the manufacture of steam-engines had been commenced there, was struck by the vastness and contrivance of the machinery.

"I shall never forget," he says, "Mr. Boulton's expression to me, when surveying the works: 'I sell here, Sir, what all the world desires to have—POWER.'" "He had," continues Boswell, "about seven hundred people at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seemed to be a father of his tribe. One of the men came to him complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. 'Your landlord is in the right, Smith,' said Boulton; 'but I'll tell you what—find you a friend who will lay down one-half of your rent, and I'll lay down the other, and you shall have your goods again.'" Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, a native of Birmingham, gives in her autobiography a lively description of his person. "He was tall and of a noble appearance; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of the phlegmatic which imparts calmness and dignity; his manners were eminently open and cordial; he took the lead in conversations, and with a social heart had a grandiose manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess."

Not long after Watt settled at Birmingham he married his second wife, Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a citizen of Glasgow. The precise date of the marriage is not stated by Mr. Muirhead, but it seems to have been in 1776, and at any rate took place much too early to render possible an incident told by Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, that when Watt was mourning the loss of his first wife, Miss Macgregor—then a girl, according to the story, three or four years old—"came up to his knee, and looking in his face, begged him not to grieve, for she would be his little wife, and make him happy." This lady was a thrifty Scotch housewife, and such was her passion for cleanliness, that she taught her pet dogs to wipe their feet upon the door-mat. Her propensity was carried to a pitch which often fretted her son by the restraints it imposed; and once when a lady apologized to him for the confusion in which he found her house, he exclaimed, "I love dirt." But Mrs. Watt was a partner worthy of her husband, and with the revival of his domestic felicity, and surrounded by all the appliances for perfecting his steam-engine, he was for a brief space in a happier position than he had enjoyed for many years past.

The mechanics of Birmingham were the

chief workers in metal in England. The best tools and arms of the kingdom had been manufactured there almost from time immemorial, and the artisans possessed an aptitude for skilled manipulation which had descended to them from their fathers like an inheritance. Watt, as we have seen, had found, to his sorrow, that there was no such class of workmen in Scotland. The consequence was, that the very first engine erected at Soho was a greater triumph than all that Watt had previously been able to accomplish. Some of the most valuable copper-mines in Cornwall had been drowned out; Boulton immediately wrote to the miners, and informed them of the success of the new invention. A deputation of Cornish miners went down to Birmingham to look at the engine. There could be no doubt as to its efficiency, but it was dear, and it was some time before any orders were given. Boulton saw that to produce any large result he must himself supply the capital, and he entered into an arrangement with the miners, by which he agreed to be at the whole cost, provided he was allowed as royalty *one-third* of the value of the ascertained saving of coal, as compared with Newcomen's best engines. The bargain having been struck, Watt went into Cornwall to superintend the work. The impression produced by one of the earliest engines he erected, is thus described in one of his letters to Mr. Boulton:—"The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine, give unusual satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its strokes gently and make less noise; but Mr. ——— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engineman. And, by the by, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Whilst in Cornwall, Watt, whose mechanical ingenuity was inexhaustible, invented a counter to ascertain the saving effected. It was attached to the main beam, and marked the number of the strokes, which was the measure of the payment. The register, which was contrived to keep the record for an entire year, was inclosed in a locked box, and thus fraud was prevented. It was shortly found that the saving of coal by the new engine was nearly three-fourths of the whole quantity formerly consumed, or equal to an annual saving on the Chacewater

engine of seven thousand two hundred pounds. Such a result did not fail to tell, and orders for engines soon came in at Soho; but the capital invested by Mr. Boulton amounted to some forty-seven thousand pounds before any profits began to be derived from their sale.

As some years had been expended in unremunerative experiments, one of the first necessities, when it was apparent that the engine could be made to answer, was to obtain an extension of the patent, and in 1775 an Act of Parliament was passed to preserve the rights of the patentees till the year 1800, in consideration of the great utility of the invention, and the trouble and expense incurred in completing it. It was long before it yielded any return. In 1780 Watt and Boulton were still out of pocket, and in 1783 they had not realized a profit. But the extension of the patent gave a stimulus to the busy brain of the inventor, and he continued to devise improvement upon improvement. The application of the power of steam to give a rotatory motion to mills, had from the first formed the subject of his particular attention, and in his patent of 1769 he described a method of producing continued movement in one direction, which Mr. Boulton proposed to employ for working boats along the canals. A continuous movement of machinery had indeed to some extent been secured by the use of the steam-engine, which was employed to pump up water, the fall of which turned water-wheels in the usual way. But Watt's object was to effect this by the direct action of the engine itself, and thus to supercede, in a great measure, the use of water as well as of animal power. This he at length accomplished by contrivances which are embodied in the patents he took out between the years 1781 and 1785. Among other devices, these patents include the rotatory motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle of working steam, the double engine, the parallel motion, the smokeless furnace, and the governor—the whole forming a series of beautiful inventions, combining the results of philosophical research and mechanical ingenuity to an extent, we believe, without a parallel in modern times.

The idea of the double-acting engine occurred to Watt in 1767, but he kept it back in consequence of the difficulty "he had encountered in teaching others the construction and use of the single engine, and in over-

coming prejudices." In the single engine the force which drew up the piston was the counterpoise on the pump gear, which merely sufficed to put the piston in a position for the effective down-stroke. The working powers of the engine were therefore idle during half the time, or while the piston was ascending. By making the upper part of the cylinder as well as the lower communicate with the condenser, he alternately formed a vacuum above and below, and the piston in its ascending stroke, beyond the addition of its own weight, experienced no more resistance than it had previously done in the down-stroke. While the steam was condensing at the top of the cylinder fresh steam was let in below, and drove the piston up. The process was then reversed. The steam at the bottom of the cylinder was condensed, and fresh steam was let in at the top to drive the piston down. Thus every movement was one of working power, and time was no longer lost while the engine was employed, as it were, in gathering up its strength for the stroke. The expansive principle, which effects an immense saving of steam, also occurred to Watt as early as 1767. It simply consists in cutting off the flow of steam from the boiler when the cylinder is partly filled, and allowing the rest of the stroke to be accomplished by the expansive power of the steam already supplied. As the elastic or moving force of the steam diminishes as it expands, a stroke of the piston upon this plan is not as powerful as a stroke upon the old; but the saving of steam is in a much greater proportion than the diminution of the power.

The circumstances connected with the invention of the sun and planet motion are illustrative of Watt's fertility of resources. The best method of securing continuous rotation which occurred to him was the crank—not, as he says, an original invention, for "the true inventor of the crank rotative motion was the man, who unfortunately has not been deified, that first contrived the common foot lathe. The applying it to the engine was merely taking a knife to cut cheese which had been made to cut bread." Models of a plan for adapting it to the steam-engine were constructing at Soho, when one Saturday evening a number of the workmen, according to custom, proceeded to drink their ale at the Waggon and Horses, a little low-browed, old-fashioned public-house, still standing in the

village of Handsworth, close to Soho. As the beer began to tell, one Cartwright, a pattern-maker, who was afterwards hanged, talked of Watt's contrivance for producing rotatory motion, and to illustrate his meaning proceeded to make a sketch of the crank upon the kitchen table with a bit of chalk. A person in the assumed garb of a workman, who sat in the kitchen corner and greedily drank in the account, posted off to London, and forthwith secured a patent for the crank, which Watt, "being much engaged with other business," had neglected to do at the moment. He was exceedingly wroth at the piracy, averring that Wasbrough had "stolen the invention from him by the most infamous means;" but he was never at fault, and, reviving an old idea he had conceived, he perfected in a few weeks his Sun and Planet motion. Eventually, however, when Wasbrough's patent had expired, Watt reverted to the employment of the simpler crank, because of its less liability to get out of order. Its mere adaptation to the steam-engine ought not to have been protected by a patent at all, any more than the knife which was made to cut bread should be capable of being patented for every new substance to which its edge is applied.

The mode by which Watt secured the accurate rectilinear motion of the ascending and descending piston-rod, by means of the Parallel Motion, has been greatly and justly admired. "My soul," he said, "abhors calculations, geometry, and all other abstract sciences;" but when an end was to be gained, he could apply the principles of geometry with exquisite skill. The object was to contrive that, whilst the end of the beam was moving alternately up and down in part of a circle, the end of the piston-rod connected with it should preserve a perfectly perpendicular direction. This was accomplished by means which can hardly be made intelligible in mere verbal description; but so beautiful is the movement, that Watt said that when he saw his device in action he received from it the same pleasure that usually accompanies the first view of the invention of another person. "Though I am not over anxious after fame," he wrote in 1808, "yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical contrivance I have ever made."

In spite of the outward success which attended Watt, his disposition did not permit him to be happy in the midst of bustle and

rivalries. "The struggles," he wrote to Dr. Black in December 1778, "which we have had with natural difficulties, and with the ignorance, prejudices, and villainies of mankind, have been very great; but I hope are now nearly come to an end." In this hope he was disappointed, for they continued unabated. The perpetual thought which the engine required to bring it to perfection, and the large correspondence in which the business of the establishment involved him, had to be performed under the oppression of those sick-headaches which were the bane of his existence. He was sometimes so overcome by them that he would sit by the fire-side for hours together with his head leaning on his elbow and scarcely able to utter a word. In 1782 his father died, and his inevitable absence from his bedside weighed upon his spirits. His despondency gathered strength with years, till in 1786 it appeared to have reached its climax. "In the anguish of my mind, amid the vexations occasioned by new and unsuccessful schemes, like Lovelace, I 'curse my inventions,' and almost wish if we could gather our money together, that somebody else should succeed in getting our trade from us." So he wrote to Mr. Boulton in April, and in June his account of himself was sadder still: "I have been quite effete and listless, neither daring to face business nor capable of it; my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carrion. I have had serious thoughts of throwing down the burthen I find myself unable to carry, and perhaps, if other sentiments had not been stronger, should have thought of throwing off the mortal coil. Solomon said that in the increase of knowledge there is increase of sorrow; if he had substituted *business* for knowledge it would have been perfectly true." These wailing notes of a mind radically wretched were renewed by the attempts to pirate his inventions. Watt was so fruitful in contrivances, that the fortunes of many ordinary mechanicians were made by their pickings and stealings from him. When he was an unknown Glasgow artisan, his drawing-machine had been boldly appropriated by a London mathematical instrument maker; his micrometer had been purloined by another pilferer of the same class; his crank had been stolen from him through the instrumentality of his own

workmen; and now the pirates were endeavoring to make a prize of the condensing-engine itself, which had cost him full twenty years of anxiety and labor. The Cornish miners especially, who had derived immense pecuniary advantages from its adoption, sought on the most frivolous pretences to evade the payment of that portion of the saving which they had stipulated to pay to Boulton and Watt. A baser instance of unprincipled greediness is hardly to be found in the annals of trade. "We have been so beset with plagiaries," Watt wrote to Dr. Black, "that, if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we have most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth!" Though the patentees were invariably successful, the vindication of their rights proved a heavy fine; their legal expenses during only the last four years of their patent having amounted to between five and six thousand pounds. The peace of mind which the lawsuits cost Watt was far more serious than the cost in money. His feelings during the pending trial of 1796 are described by himself as less acute than what he had been accustomed to undergo on more insignificant occasions. "Yet I remained," he says, "after the trial, nearly as much depressed as if we had lost it. The stimulus to action was gone, and but for the attentions of my friends I ran some risk of falling into stupidity." In 1803, "after he had retired with a very moderate fortune that he might enjoy the quiet for which alone he was fitted," he ascribed his incapacity for further exertion "to the vexation he had endured for many years from this harassing lawsuit." Whoever is tempted to envy a great inventor would surely be cured of his passion by the contemplation of the life of him who was the chief of the race. Whilst he was struggling with difficulties at Glasgow, his friend Dr. Hutton had strongly dissuaded him from proceeding further with his unprofitable and distressing work. "Invention," said he, "is only for those who live by the public; or who, from pride, would choose to leave a legacy to the public. It is not a thing that will pay, under a system where the rule is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest

done." But to invent was the habitual operation of Watt's intellect, and neither the admonitions of friends, nor his experience of the miseries it entailed upon him, could turn his mind aside from its natural bent.

Among his minor works, the contrivance of which formed the pastime of his leisure hours, were his machine for copying letters, his instrument for measuring the specific gravity of fluids, his regulator lamp, his plan of heating buildings by steam, and his machine for drying linen, invented for his father-in-law, Mr. Macgregor, a dyer, at Glasgow. He was also occupied with speculations respecting an arithmetical machine, and early threw out the suggestion of a spiral oar for the propulsion of ships. His specification of the steam-engine included a steam-carriage for use on common roads, and he had many discussions with his assistant William Murdoch and his friend Lovell Edgeworth on the subject.

His residence at Birmingham was greatly cheered by the society of men of eminence in science, literature, and art. Boulton and himself formed a centre of attraction to many kindred minds, and the meetings of the Lunar Society at Soho House were long remembered as among the most delightful things of their kind. Lovell Edgeworth, himself a member, has thus described the group: "Mr. Keir, with his knowledge of the world, and good sense; Dr. Small, with his benevolence and profound sagacity; Wedgwood, with his unceasing industry, experimental variety, and calm investigation; Boulton, with his mobility, quick perception, and bold adventure; Watt, with his strong inventive faculty, undeviating steadiness, and large resources; Darwin, with his imagination, science, and poetical excellence; and Day, with his unwearied research after truth, his integrity, and eloquence; formed altogether such a society as few men have had the good fortune to live with—such an assemblage of friends as fewer still have had the happiness to possess and keep through life." To these distinguished members others were afterwards added, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and other gases, Mr. Galton, the ornithologist, and Dr. Withering the botanist. In the meetings of this society originated Watt's experiments on water; and it is now placed beyond a doubt that he was the first to promulgate the true theory of its

composition, though Cavendish had arrived by independent research at the same result.

The designation of "Lunar Society" was converted into "Lunatic Society" by the people, and when the riots of 1791 broke out, one of the watchwords of the mob was "No philosophers!" Sir Samuel Romilly says that some persons even painted the denunciation on their houses. The Birmingham folks, during the last century, were certainly good haters. When the firebrand Dr. Sacheverell went down to Birmingham and called upon the people to "build up Zion" they responded to the exhortation by gutting a Dissenters' meeting-house in the neighborhood. So again at the public dinner which was held in the town to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution, the mob, who took the loyal side of the question, rose, pulled down two dissenting meeting-houses, and burnt or sacked the houses of some of the principal inhabitants—among others, those of Mr. Taylor, one of the chief employers of skilled labor in the town; Mr. Hutton, the bookseller and historian; and several more. But their principal fury was directed against the "philosophers"—especially Dr. Priestley, whose house and library they destroyed—and were busily engaged in plundering the house of Dr. Withering when the military arrived. Watt was included in the proscription, and, apprehending an attack upon his house, he had the Soho workmen armed for Mr. Boulton's defence and his own. "Though our principles," said he, writing to his friend De Luc, "are well known, as friends to the established government and enemies to republican principles, and should have been our protection from a mob whose watchword was "Church and King," yet our safety was principally owing to most of the dissenters living on the south of the town; for after the first moments they did not seem over nice in their discrimination of religion or principles. I, among others, was pointed out as a Presbyterian, though I never was in a meeting-house in Birmingham, and Mr. Boulton is well known as a Churchman. We had every thing most portable packed up, fearing the worst; however, all is well with us." The circumstance is worth recording, not only as an incident in the life of Watt, but as a specimen of the insane and ignorant ideas which animate mobs.

Notwithstanding that Watt was all his life

a consistent Tory, persons, who should have been better informed than the rabble of Birmingham, have sometimes affirmed that he was "a sad radical;" and in a work published in the present year, it is even related that he was hanged for treason. For the last assertion we are altogether unable to account, but the report of the radicalism of the great inventor was, no doubt, as Mr. Muirhead conjectures, derived from the circumstance that his son was in Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and with the unsuspicious ardor of youth made himself, in conjunction with the poet Wordsworth, conspicuous in animating the populace. But the younger Watt was soon cured of this republican frenzy, and ended in adopting the steady Toryism of his father. "We both began life as ardent and thoughtless radicals," said Wordsworth to Mr. Muirhead, speaking of his companionship with Watt in Paris, "but we have both become in the course of our lives, as all sensible men, I think, have done, good, sober-minded Conservatives."

Watt's later years were years of comparative peace, but of bereavement. One by one his early friends dropped away; the pride and hope of his heart, his son Gregory, died also; and the old man was left almost alone. Fragile though his frame had been through life, he survived the most robust among his associates. Roebuck, Boulton, Darwin, and Withering went before him, as well as his dear friends Robison and Black. Black had watched to the last with tender interest the advancing reputation and prosperity of his protégé. When Robison returned from London and told him of the issue of Watt's suit with Hornblower for the protection of his patent right, the kind old Doctor was delighted even to tears. "It's very foolish," he exclaimed, "but I can't help it when I hear of anything good to Jamie Watt." Watt in his turn said of Black, "To him I owe in great measure my being what I am; he taught me to reason and experiment in Natural Philosophy." Dr. Black expired so peacefully that his servant, in describing his death, said that he had "given over living," having departed with a basin of milk upon his knee, which remained unspilled. "We may all pray," was the comment of Watt, "that our latter end may be like his; he has truly gone to sleep in the arms of his Creator."

Towards the close of his life Watt was distressed by the apprehension that his mental faculties were deserting him, and remarked to Dr. Darwin, "Of all the evils of age, the loss of the few mental faculties one possessed in youth is the most grievous." To test his memory he again commenced the study of German, which he had allowed himself to forget; and speedily acquired such proficiency as enabled him to read the language with comparative ease. But he gave stronger evidence of the integrity of his powers. When, in his seventy-fifth year, he was consulted by a company at Glasgow as to the mode of conveying water from a peninsular across the Clyde, to the Company's engines at Dalmarnock—a difficulty which appeared to them almost insurmountable—the plan suggested by Watt proved that his remarkable ingenuity remained unimpaired by age. It was necessary to fit the pipes through which the water passed to the uneven and shifting bed of the river, and Watt, taking the tail of the lobster for his model, forwarded a plan of a tube of iron similarly articulated, which was executed and laid down with complete success.

A few years later, when close upon his eightieth year, the aged mechanician formed one of a party assembled in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott was present. He delighted the northern literati with his kindly cheerfulness, not less than he astonished them by the extent and profundity of his information. "The alert, kind, benevolent old man," says Scott, "had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk." The vast extent of his knowledge was remarked by all who came in contact with him. "It seemed," says Jeffrey, "as if every subject that was casually started had been that which he had been occupied in studying." Yet though no man was more ready to communicate knowledge, none could be less ambitious of displaying it. "He was," says Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, in the vivid portrait she has drawn of

him in her Autobiography, "one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in, his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to, he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. When he entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rat's whiskers make the most pliant painting-brushes; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colors. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jew's harp." What Jeffrey said of the steam-engine may be applied to the conversation of its parent—that like the trunk of an elephant it could pick up a pin or rend an oak.

Watt returned to his little workshop at Heathfield, to proceed with the completion of his diminishing machine for copying busts and statues. His habit was, immediately on rising, to answer all letters requiring attention; then, after breakfast, to proceed into the workshop adjoining his bedroom, attired in his woollen surtout, his leather apron, and the rustic hat which he had worn some forty years, and there go on with his machine. He succeeded with it so far as to produce

specimens of its performances, which he distributed amongst his friends, jocularly describing them as "the productions of a young artist just entering into his eighty-third year." But the hand of the workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished, and what is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had invented so much, it is almost his only unfinished work.

He was fully conscious of his approaching end, and expressed from time to time his sincere gratitude to Divine Providence for the blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy, for his length of days, and his exemption from the infirmities of age. "I am very sensible," said he to the mourning friends who assembled round his death-bed, "of the attachment you show me, and I hasten to thank you for it, as I am now come to my last illness." He passed quietly away from the world, on the 19th of August, 1819, in his eighty-third year. A statue by Chantrey—perhaps the greatest work of that master, has been placed in Handsworth Church, where Watt lies buried, and justifies the compliment paid to the sculptor, that he "cut breath;" for when uncovered before the old servants assembled round it at Soho, it so powerfully reminded them of their master, that they "lifted up their voices and wept." Watt has been fortunate in his monumental honors. The colossal statue in Westminster Abbey, also from the chisel of Chantrey, bears upon it an epitaph from the pen of Brougham, which is beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language, and among its other signal merits has one which appertains rather to its subject than its author, that, lofty as is the eulogy, every word of it is strictly true.

A RUSSIAN STAMPEDE.—St. Petersburg papers contain an account of the depopulation of an entire district by fright, which occurred in July last, on the Asiatic frontier, beyond the Ural. On the 3d of the month the whole population of two villages, Koslowka and Semlauko, suddenly appeared with all their movable property, in the district town of Novosergievsk, with the intelligence that countless hordes of Bashkirs had invaded the neighboring village of Pokrowka. They also stated that the nomadic tribes of Bashkirs and Kirgheses were overrunning and laying waste the entire country. The

inhabitants of Novosergievsk were panic-stricken by the news, and fled precipitately, communicating their fright to the region through which they passed. The entire post-road from Samara to Orenburg was in motion, and on both sides of the road, for a distance of fifty wersts, wherever the rumor reached, the people fled helter-skelter. In three days twenty villages were depopulated, and in twelve others the inhabitants were on the point of leaving, when news came that the rumor was unfounded. The report seems to have originated with an inebriated government official.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE Christmas-tree had been stripped of its fruit, nought save the unlit ends of tapers hung now amid its branches; the twelfth-cake lay on the plate a bare and mutilated torso; the patter of little feet had ceased; the merry ring of laughing voices had died away, and the dancing forms had vanished; but the echoes of the voices still resounded in my ears, soft, and wordless as fairy music or the murmuring of summer winds; and the young forms floated around, fleecy and changeable like cloud-shapes, bearing only a spirit likeness to the things of earth. Anon there came amid these shadows of shades, apparitions, as it were, in this spirit-world; other faces and forms—the faces and forms known long, long ago, as the beings of our childhood—the images of old friends and companions, some long since passed away, others never since seen; and these seemed not as if they were regenerated or renewed likenesses of the men and women who had passed back into semblances of youth, but as if they had been the angels and spirits of their childhood which had stayed on the world's threshold, playing and floating still in the rosy, blushing light of life's dawn, and had never passed through the fire, or known trial, or suffering, or care. As these grew and gathered, my spirit went forth in the midst, and became as one of them. The scars and furrows, the weather-beat time-marks, were not only smoothed and softened, but obliterated wholly, and the memories of many a dark day and stern strife went out as things which had never been. I dared not look up at the glass, lest the real lines and care-stamps should bear me back to the world again.

Thus there dawned upon me, like the breaking of a morn, a vision of my youth. It was not a dream—it was too distinct for that; nor was it a memory, for there were the lights and the brightness, without the shadows or the dark spots of reality.

Once more youth came upon me—once more the world was glorified to my sight—once more the veins beat fully, and the heart-pulses throbbed with the romance and poetry which are to the acted history, or the written poems of life, as the pure, white, falling snowflake is to those which have dabbled in earth, and been streaked with clay—once more I

stood in corduroys and bell-buttons, with a stiff, rasping frill round my neck, and rejoiced therein; for the spirit in such visions ever recognizes a consistency in externals and stage properties, and adopts them intuitively, however repellent they be to its realities.

The old faiths, the old reverences, returned once more—the old beliefs, the old interpretations and revelations, which are not, as some would say, cheats and illusions, but the shadows of better things—the shadows of Eden days and Eden being—and the soul of the boy came again as the flesh of a cleansed leper. Once more there were pictures in the clouds, angels in the sunbeams, poems in flowers, in trees, halos round men, beatitudes floating over women. Even the grotesqueness of childhood—the strange thoughts, fancies and misapprehensions which blend with its visions and illusions, as the rough shapes and forms do in Gothic architecture with floral ornaments and chiselled beauty—had no unfitness. The memory of the many mistakes and blunders which had confounded and burlesqued great things, sacred and profane, brought back no sense of shame. It was no mortification to remember how, in promising to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, there had always been present a confused belief that I thereby abjured oyster patties, jam puffs, and other kickshaws, which were always named by these denominations in the paternal speech. Nor did the cheek tingle at the thought of the reverence with which the externals of justice had once been regarded, or at the recollection of the awe with which ermine, wigs, and scarlet, impressed me, as they were paraded in stately show along the church-aisles; or of the fear which came upon me, like a deadly damp, when, having piled hassock on hassock to look on the show, the treacherous pedestal gave away, and I fell with a loud bump to the ground, and there lay speechless and powerless, expecting every moment to be haled forth by some stern javelin-man, placed before the awful presence, and there and then judged to condign punishment. Even the realizations of commonplace women and false friends did not disturb the confidence of boyish admiration and boyish love. All these sprang back again fresh and strong as ever.

Once more youth came upon me, and with it the old scenes and associations. Out from these one stood vividly and brightly. It was

a scene connected with one of those episodes which make the history of a life, which tone, and color, and character it. It was the birth-place of a feeling and an interest, which ran afterwards through the whole being, not apparently ruling or affecting its destiny, yet really leading and directing it by the good, holy influences it had created. Cannot every man detect, in his past, some such clue, which, though unseen and unknown by the many, to himself unravels all the puzzle and mystery of his destiny? The boy of other days, ignoring the man that was and had been, I stood once again in the place and time, which memory had conjured up, identified by ungainliness and fervor; by bashfulness and wild aspirations; by small cares and large hopes; by quick joys and short sorrows; by the petty agitations of marbles and prison-base, and deep, rough, unhewn thoughts of romance and chivalry; by greased jackets and torn corduroys; by dog-eared books and cracked slate; and again the heart caught up the little history which had begun and ended there in its outward action, and pursued it, stage, by stage, in its advances and consummation.

The spot was one which we boys of the grammar-school had seized upon as an extra or supplementary play-ground, and though many vested authorities strove to interfere with our settlement, we held our own, as squatters generally do. It was at the meeting of four roads. At the junction there was a row of trees, with the stumps of felled brethren standing at intervals, on which were placed the books and slates, and along it were marked pits and rings for our games at marbles. In an angle of the road was the churchyard, with its fine old massive church, its old schoolroom, an old ruined fragment of a priory, covered and almost hidden by masses of clustering ivy, and its grassy graves and old quaint tombstones. At this point, the lane, which had led along the school-gates, and by stable-doors, suddenly widened into a broad, open space, and this was selected as the arena for the sports which required most room, such as "smack smugglers," and "nip-ball-stick," a sort of degenerate hockey. Here, too, fights came off; and here, too, was the scene of a grand *melée* which took place betwixt our school and the town boys. Challenges had passed frequently to and fro; chance combats were constantly taking place when any two of the rival sets happened to meet;

and at last it was determined that the quarrel should be decided by a general engagement. We were marshalled by our leaders, who were in the Greek class, in the form of a phalanx, with the champions at the salient points, and thus marched down to the field of battle. It was our conceit that we were thus giving the correct classic touch to our warfare, though the shades of old Greek captains would have smiled grimly could they have looked on the wavering of the flanks, and on the puny, stripling forms which made the mass of the combatants. Down we went in most imposing form, slow and silent, all incipient cheers and cries being checked at once by a look from the chiefs. Our opponents were the reverse of classic in their array. Clamor, tumult, independence of throat and action, characterized their rabble rout. They were all stripped to their shirts, were bare-headed, had handkerchiefs or bands braced round their waists, and some of them were rolling earth or grass betwixt their palms or fingers, under the idea that this gave greater tenacity to the clench of the fist. They, like ourselves, had their champions, who stood in front swaying their bared arms, and shouting out challenges for some one from our ranks to come out and exchange a blow. The most vociferous of these was the son of a small farmer, a big, uncouth fellow, bulky and large-limbed, but awkward and ungainly, shuffling in his movements, and loose in his strength. As this Goliath vaunted and defied us, the phalanx advanced, and our captain, who was at the apex, stood face to face with him. Shorter and less bulky than his antagonist, he was more compact, more firmly knit, more sinewy, and more elastic; and the round smooth face, ruddy and glowing, shaded by short dark curls, and the bright brown eye, usually laughing and glad, now looking forth calm and steady, were a contrast to the coarse, massive features which now grinned and scowled defiance at him. Blows were exchanged and parried, and the fight was begun. As the phalanx swayed onwards, the town boys swarmed round, and it broke out in all parts. There was one lad, the champion of the junior classes and smaller boys—a daring, reckless fellow, all dash and spring—to whom fighting was mirth and pastime, and ever and anon he would spring out on some foe, bound round in a series of attacks, finish the combat in a few rounds, or leave it unfinished,

dashing on in the *melée*, giving a black eye here, a bloody nose there, knocking out the tooth of one, or tripping up the heels of another, and ever accompanying his blows with gibe and taunt after the Homeric fashion, but rather more in the Swiveller style as to elocution. Thus the fight went on for an hour or more. Our foes were hard, lusty, and plucky; but blood and bone and compactness began at last to tell. Our tactics were not to advance beyond our own line. Against this front the town boys still advanced, but every time with more clamor and less effect, and every time the tide of attack ebbed backwards. Their champion, with two black eyes and a crippled hand, was less eager for the onslaught, and at last the whole retreated, still shouting and challenging us to follow; but we rested content with that acknowledged proof of vantage—the possession of the battle-field. Then we began to count our wounded and our hurts. As usual, the small fry had suffered most, whilst the champions carried off the glory. There was many a blubber lip, swollen face, and bruised knuckle, among us; and many a curled darling looked less lovely in his mother's eyes for many days; but there was peace betwixt the factions for a long time after.

When this arena was too limited for our operations, we used to make incursions into the churchyard to carry on our games of hide-and-seek, or hunt-the-stag, spite of the opposition of the sexton. With this functionary we were at open war—always on principle trampling down the fences by which he used to try to stop our right of way, or turn favorite spots into particular sanctuaries; even on occasion making guerilla attacks by stamping down the loose, newly-dug earth, shouting out his nickname in sepulchral tones from behind the buttresses of the schoolhouse, or pelting him with turfs as he stood up to his shoulders in the graves. Sometimes when an urchin was caught “in flagrante delicto,” he would take summary vengeance by turning him over his knee, and inflicting chastisement with the flat of his spade. At those who kept at arm's length he would hurl a quaint biting gibe, which would turn the laugh even of their comrades against them. A madcap, harum-scarum lad, who was always plaguing and aggravating him, once said, as he was laying the turf on a grave, “Well, Will, don't you wish it was

me you were packing the sod upon?” “Thee!” said the old fellow, turning round and leaning on his spade; “we don't have thee sort here: they'em buried up at the gal-lows plot, with a stake druve through 'em.” He was short, thick-set, hard, and weather-beaten, with a look half-sardonic, half-humorous, according to the temper of the moment, and a face marked with deep, dark lines, like the scores on a gridiron. He rejoiced, too, in the cognomen of Beelzebub. The name was not personal, but patronymic, belonging to him and his. He was a character withal, and had his joke and his saying for all times and all people: could cant or swear, pray or drink, be saint or sinner, Brianite or church-man, as the time served.

Beyond our bounds, though within reach of the noise and hubbub of our sports, stood, a little removed from the road, a square brick house, surrounded by a high wall, hiding all save the upper windows. The opening of the gate, too, was closed with lattice-work surmounted by a row of spikes, so that every thing which met the eye of passers-by was cold, hard, and formal. A stray bough of laurel escaping over the wall, or a spray of ivy peeping above the line of enclosure, alone gave signs of the verdure which was said to luxuriate within. Here lived Roger Trevenna, gentleman. The habitation was suited to the man. Tall, dark, and sombre, his exterior was forbidding enough; yet the figure, though spare and sinewy, was straight and well-knit and the face would have been handsome save for the expression of gloom and coldness which lay upon it, and which seemed to have been inlaid by constant pressure, not stamped in by sudden grief, or pain, or conscience. The expression had not the coldness of marble, but the dark, harder fixedness of bronze. The features were of the Norman type, large, and finely cut, the brow lofty and smooth: but it was the smoothness of dark waters which the sun cannot lighten and the wind cannot stir. The hair was straight, and of the jet-black hue which defies time, care, or climate, to touch it with grey. He had left his native place in early youth—had come back a more than middle-aged man. A brother had gone with him—he returned alone. Of his intermediate life little was known. It was generally supposed that he had been a planter in the West Indies, had known vicissitudes, and

endured deep trouble. None of his kith or kin were left to welcome him home. The house where he was born, and where his forefathers had lived for generations was empty; he bought it, and there abode with his wife, a gentle lady, meek and reserved, unknown to, and unknowing, those amid whom she was thus placed; gracious and charitable, yet joyless, she reflected, in her mild pensiveness, her husband's temperament, as a woman's does the man's. Trevenna had little communion with those around him. There was little sympathy betwixt them; absence had made him almost a stranger—a stranger in feeling, thought, and habit. Many of his old comrades and playmates were still living, but they had gone on in the old beaten track; he had swerved far and widely from it, and 'twas hard after so long a time, to take up the broken threads, to unite the ends of life. The interests, the topics, the pursuits, were strange: even the traditions were of a past time, and had not been moulded into the present by constant association and repetition. He tried to resume the old sporting tastes, but the effort was not genial, and brought him no nearer to his kind. Such a character was not likely to be popular. The gentles exchanged courtesies with him formally, and with a sort of constraint: the poor received his gifts, and gave cold thanks in return; the middle classes accorded him the respect due to one who was liberal in his living, and paid his way; but there existed not with any that cordial, hearty, half-familiar intercourse, which, in those days, was a charter of brotherhood betwixt the orders of men. The originals, and they were many, passed a general vote of censure on one who did not recognize their privileges in salutation or joke. The old sexton declared that he cast a shadow even on the graves: and his crony, the kennel-keeper, avowed that "the douds yowled as he passed by." He was no favorite with us, either: he would sometimes stop to look on our sports, but never smiled, and seldom spoke: some said he sneered, though that was never well accredited. Thus he and his lived on in their quiet home, which, though it might be joyless, none dared say was an unhappy one. It was childless, however: again and again there had been hopes that the light of childhood might shine upon it: and as often as these were blighted, the gloom deepened, and grew more settled on the brow of man and wife.

There were some members of the establishment, however, in which we took a particular interest, and which, from their novelty, had a peculiar attraction. The one was a bloodhound, called Domingo, a noble fellow, deep-chested, thin-flanked, with a black muzzle and throat, and an eye sullen and threatening. Many were our attempts at fraternization with him; but the most gifted dog tamers among us—those to whom pointers and spaniels did abject homage, and at whose feet curs grovelled in the dust—could gain no greater recognition of their power than a cold rub of the nose, or a slight wave of the tail. He never gambolled or frisked, and his growl or bay made the boldest keep back. Old Pepperpot the mule was another, a vicious, obstinate brute with a stumpy tail, which stood out like a pump-handle, or was flourished about like a shillelagh. It was considered a great feat to get a mount on him either by favor or stealth, though the result was ever a kick or a tumble. With the third, a negro servant, we were more successful. He was a godsend—a treasure—an olla of oddity and fun—an ever-acting burlesque—a living jest-book—an extempore pantomime—a standing caricature—a comic interlude. His grotesqueness—his originality—his face, speech, and movement, were to us raciest touches of comicality. We laughed at him, and laughed with him; we quoted him; we pelted, bullied, and treated him. He was our butt—our low comedy—our prime story-teller—our oracle in many things. He rejoiced in the magniloquent names of Augustus Pierpoint Montmorenci. A very common quiz with the godfathers, who became surety for these black waifs and strays, was to label them with some high-sounding appellation, and thus fix on them the ridicule of a grand nomenclature. This was his titular name, and one that he repeated with great effect whenever put on his dignity; but he was commonly known among his familiars as "Quamino." Whether this was a patronymic or a soubriquet none knew, though he would always answer to it when in good temper; but woe to the youngster who ventured to use it without prefixing the Mister, for all the wrath of injured dignity would then descend in a torrent on his head. It was our great delight to entice him into our sports, and witness all his antics—his attitude when attempting to catch a ball, mouth wide open, eyes staring, hands all abroad, and legs

bent into a graceful curve—or his position when tempted into a sparring match with the boxing gloves—the flourish of the arm, the goggle of his eyes when a feint was made, his horror if blood was drawn, and the look of rage and fury with which, after being hit hard, he would rush on, yelling out now, “I maash your cocoa-nut, Massa Harry.” It must be confessed that an unfair advantage was taken of the discovery which revealed his seat of sensitiveness, and that ever after, balls, marbles, sticks, seemed to have a natural affinity for his shins, and even snowballs were aimed in that quarter, and parts of them would stick on the shin, flecking its blackness like almonds on a pudding. There were, however, reciprocities in the alliance, and we used to atone by many a treat for all the tricks we put on him. Great part of our pocket-money went in supplying him with taffey or sugar, rum, and “bacey”—his three great weaknesses. When propitiated by these offerings, he would admit us on wet days into the stable, and there and then tell us stories by the hour, sing nigger songs, dance nigger dances, and astonish us with tropic descriptions, which were marvellous to us as Arabian Night scenes, or the Adventures of Crusoe.

He had his cronies, had Mister Quamino, and the old sexton was one of the chief; yet they seldom met without a tilting-match, and we generally managed to be present at the encounter. The morning salutation came off mostly somewhat after this manner:—

“Well, Massa Beelzebub, how you do this morning? You berry busy. You plant plenty people this week? Me tink they not grow much after your planting—hi!”

“Who be you calling Beelzebub, I should like to know?” returned the old sexton; “I think you’re a deal more like ’un, with yer black carcass, and yer shiny eyes, and yer hair like a singed cat’s back.”

“He! me daresay, Massa Will, you know berry well what him like. P’rhaps you see him berry often. He great friend of yours, eh! Dis bad place for you, Massa Sexton; too healthy great deal. You go to de West indies, dere Yellow Jack grab hundreds of dem black niggers in one night, and you plant ’em all in one great pit. You berry happy then, Massa Will.”

“It seemeth to me, Mister Quamino, that this Yellow Jack must be very queer disease.

How is it that it always taketh the best, and leaves the refuse?”

“Where you hear that? why you tink so, Massa Beelzebub?”

“Case,” retorted his crony, “thee and thee maister was never tuk, and that’s why I think so.” Having thus broken his spear fairly, the old sexton would turn on his heel and resume his work.

Quamino, too, had his antipathies. The greatest of these was a retired tradesman, who had set up as gentleman, and affected to look with great disdain on “that black fellow,” who in turn would never accord him the slightest sign of respect or deference, and lost no chance of throwing a sarcasm indelicately at him.

One day as he was driving home old Pepperpot, and had stopped to talk with us, the *novus homo* passed by, and, with a severe moral tone, said, “I wonder, young gentlemen, you can submit to such familiarities with a low, black fellow like that!” Quamino answered not, but moved on, giving old Pepperpot at the same time two or three whacks, to which he responded in the usual style with kicks and snorts and flourishes of the tail. “Hi! hi! said he, pretending to address the mule, “you berry proud, me tink, this morning, Massa Pepperpot. You forget, me tink your fader were a jackass, hi!” and at the same time he goggled his great eyes at us, and gave the low, guttural laugh of the nigger, like the rolling of pebbles set to music.

Such was the scene, such its features, such some of the elements of the vision which memory conjured up. How distinctly the characters live again—how vividly the old house, scene of joys, of happy hours, of trials and triumphs, rises before me—with the little mystery of gloom hanging over it.

The drama begins—the stage opens. The time was a spring morning. The air was fresh and sweet with the fragrance of grapes and wildings, and brought with it the healthy smell from the newly-turned mould of gardens. The hedges were gay with Lent lilies, and the blackthorn was everywhere shedding forth a crown of blossom. The sun shone brightly and merrily, playing in shadows on the graves, glancing on the windows of the church and schoolroom, glinting lights from the ivy on the wall, and striking out golden touches from the opening buds of the laburnum. The birdies were all in stir and twit-

ter; the rooks cawed and fluttered round their nests in the trees by the old church-tower.

The air was full of scents and sounds—the world was full of life; and we, we boys, though too young to feel the power which, in spring, “turns a young man’s fancy to thoughts of love,” felt still the unrest and movement, the issues and the impulses, of the young life which was growing around us. We were sitting about on the old stumps, debating on flies and collars—for marbles were out, and fishing was coming in with us—and we were speculating on the coming of the salmon-spawn, the great event in our sporting era. Suddenly the back door of Trevenna’s house opened, and forth came Quamino with a bound and a shout, as if he had been shot. Then recovering himself, he proceeded to dance a saraband; then would stop to give vent to several hi, hi, hi’s, puffing them forth like blasts from a bellows; then would come on with a running dance, slapping his thighs, shouting out exclamations, and stopping every while in ecstasies of laughter.

“Halloo, Quamino, what is the matter?” said we. “Is the devil dead?”

“Massa George, I really ’shamed of you speaking in dat are way. What de matter? Oh, golly! golly! plenty de matter. Never hear sich news since I war born. What you tink, gemmen?” he continued, drawing himself up with a look of grave importance. “God have been pleased to send my missus a little girl. It was born this morning; and Massa Trevenna he look so ’appy, I never see him look so as he took the leetle piccaninny in him arms, and said, ‘God be praised, dere will be light on de hearth at last.’” Then he went off with

“Come let us dance and sing,
And Barbadoes’ bells shall ring.”

And as if in answer to the invocation, the church-bells struck out a merry peal, filling the air with joyous sound. “Oh golly, golly!—dat right. Ring away, good bells. Tell de news to all de people. Dis a great day for de house of Trevenna.

“I s’pose,” suggested old Beelzebub, who had been peeping over the churchyard hedge during this scene, “as how you will be head nuss now, Quamino.”

“I hope, saar, that I shall do my best to help de lady who ’ficiates in dat ’pacity.”

“The cheeld will be well off with thee for nuss, I think,” rejoined the sexton. “It only wants another black person for godfa’r, and ’twill be a blessed babby.”

“I tink you forget your manners, Massa Will. You might ’spect my feelings on dis great ’casion, ’specially as Massa Trevenna hab give me de privelege to ask my friends to drink de young laady’s health in a leetly ponch dis night.”

The mention of punch converted old Will’s gibes at once into most hearty congratulations, for he was always open to the temptation of a quiet debauch; and the prospect of a drinking bout would always with him turn the balance betwixt saint and sinner.

“But how is it, Quamino,” said one of the boys. “that you know any thing about nursing? Where did you serve your apprenticeship to that business?”

“Why, saar, me once hab two lubbly piccannies of my own—black as a crow—very lubbly piccaninny; and when der moder was sick, or at de mill, me rock de cradle, and make de paap for dem; but Yellow Jack take ’em both in one night. Poor piccannies!”

“But I thought,” added his tormentor, “that you niggers were not allowed to have any thing to do with your own babies; but that they were turned out to be suckled by the pigs or goats, or dragged up anyhow.”

“Dat what they say at ’mancipation meeting, saar; but it not true—it one great lie. De nigger, saar, hab de feeling of a man for him offspring, and de laadies raaly hab too much feeling. I know one black laady dat kill her piccaninny with kindness.”

“How was that?” was shouted out on all sides.

“Why, I tell you, sir, dis laady see her piccaninny one night look berry paale, and see him shiver and shaake all over, and she say, ‘poor piccaninny, him berry cold; me put him into de obben (oven) to keep him waarm.’ She put him into de obben, saar; and when she come in the marning, the piccaninny lie on him back, wid him mouth gaaping and him eye staring, ’tark and ’tiff as man-o’-war Buccra;—him dead. She kill him wid too much kindness. Black laady raaly hab too much heart. But now me go and fetch de sago and de gruel for de missus.”

Off he went, and the bell summoned us to school; but ever during the day, as we passed to and fro, the house of Trevenna wore to us

a different aspect. The thought that guardian angels, following in the train of the young soul, were hovering round the threshold, and keeping watch and ward over the light which had just gleamed on that lonely hearth, shed, perchance, a holiness and beauty over its gloomy exterior, and sublimed it to our sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Holy is the sway

Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls now clothed in helpless
clay—

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end;
Angels unwinged—which human care must
tend."

YES! holy is the sway, holy the influences, which the young life spreads around it. Mysterious the charm which its presence brings—the joy which it reflects—the sanctity it extends over its little sphere. Strange power is there in this young life—strange power to hallow misfortune, to beautify poverty, to soften pride, to hearten endeavor, to renew hope, to chasten worldliness, to inspire prayer. Strange is it, that this young life, so helpless, so weak, so innocent, should, by its coming, stir up men anew to work and toil—should incite men to pray who had seldom prayed before—should rekindle hope in the embers of cold hearts—should relight love on fireless altars, and restore the strength of declining faith. Strange indeed, save that it seems to come as a message, a token from above, linking us with the spirit world—a claim on our care, yet a proof of our God's; a trust to our love, and the gift of His—a renewal, a refreshing of covenants and promises. Well is it when it is thus welcomed, thus accepted.

It seemed to be so in the home of Roger Trevenna. The light on the hearth diffused itself far and wide. The man himself stepped out of his exclusion and gloom, and stood more fairly in the circle of humanity; his soul looked out more brightly from his eye; his face lightened; his step was more elastic; and his voice was mellowed to a kindlier tone. He would now more frequently stop at our playground, and would look out on us furtively from over the hedge and palings, and would smile at our jokes and pranks; but he was still a novice in speaking to the school-boy nature; he was yet new to the lessons which the young life was teaching him. To the poor he was another man. His charity

was more genial; he had words and sympathies, would offer comfort and communion to them now. With those of his own degree the old reserve was as yet unrelaxed. It was not in one hour, or in one day, that the barriers and the outworks which he had raised up betwixt himself and the world could be undermined or shaken.

The light on the hearth beamed on the wife and mother with a gentle effect, radiating happiness on the calm, and beautifying her face by the expression of a spirit bathing in the sunshine of peace. She changed, as a picture does when moved from a bad light to a good one, all the soft touches and bright effects coming out and spreading a harmony of loveliness over the whole. From up that cradle bed came a blessing which followed her out and in, as a present joy brightening her home and her life.

The house itself seemed to throw off its gloom and seclusion, and open itself more to the sunlight and the world. Its first advance was the throwing down the lattice-work of the gate, and allowing glimpses of flower-beds, and windows trellised with clusters of roses and jasmine, with fruit-trees and bushes opening out long vistas of luxuriance and longing to our eyes. The summer sun was shining brightly on the gardens, revealing all their beauty of leaf and flower, all their wealth of bud and blossom, and disclosing tempting visions of plums and peaches ripening on the walls, and raspberries and gooseberries hanging from their bushes, ripe and luscious, when the gate opened, and forth issued a procession. There was the nurse carrying the little one—the Rose Trevenna that was to be—and the father and the mother, proud and glad, accompanied by old Squire Grenfell and his wife, who, in right of old family friendship, had assumed the sponsorship. Bringing up the rear was Mister Quamino, rejoicing in a new coat and tremendous shirt-frill, and holding in his hand a large cake, which was to be given, according to christening custom, to the first person fairly meeting the party. So dignified and official was he, so impressed with the importance of the occasion and the necessity of a becoming bearing, that no salutation or gibe could tempt him from the proprieties. Even the query, why old Pepperpot, as one of the family, was not present, was answered only by a sidelong glance

of contempt. Domingo, the bloodhound, was in attendance, stalking slowly by the side of the nurse, and looking up now and then at her burden. On none had the new-born wrought more change than on him. From the instant of its appearance he had attached himself to it; had followed it everywhere as body-guard; had obtruded himself into the nursery, and, when permitted, would lie with his large black head resting on the cradle, as though conscious how precious that life was to his master's house, and of the claim it therefore had on his guardianship.

Strongest of all the instincts which the dog shows in his association with man, is his attachment to young life,—his tenderness towards it, his patience with it, his voluntary protectorship of it. To lick the hand which feeds, to fear the hand which strikes, is a common nature; but to watch over the feebleness of infancy, to bear with its frolics, to fondle its weakness, to soften down the savagery of strength and fierceness at its influence, is, perhaps, the most perfect and the most beautiful homage which the creature pays to the supremacy of man. It is the closest tie between nature and reason—betwixt the laws of instinct and the impulses of the soul.

As the procession came back, and the little new-made Christian, the little baptized Rose, passed us, we gave a sort of cheer, partly from the impulse of the moment, created by the unwonted interest which had grown round the occasion, partly from a desire to disturb the equanimity of Mister Quamino, who, however, acknowledged it most superbly, as though it were a personal compliment. In return for our interest, we were invited into the garden, a *terra incognita* to us, and permitted a free range among the fruit-trees. Our razzia would have been as destructive as the ravages made by a flight of locusts, save for the remarks of Quamino, which rather shamed our voracity.

"Me quite s'prised," he would say, "to see young gemmen so hab liking for dem poor tings—we not tink notting of dem in the Ingies. Dere we have de pineapple and de shaddock as big as my head—and de guava and de plantain. Hi! dem something like fruit. Raaly it great daay, when de missus bile de presaarve. Dere was de great copper like de vat for de beer, and all de laadies of de 'tation were dere, and all de piccaninnies licking um lips and um fingers

when dem hab chance. It raaly great sight. I tink, saar, you nebber taste de pineapple jam or de guava jelly."

We felt in our hearts the mortifying conviction that we had not, and after some such grand speech, which would conjure up visions of Elysian fields luxuriant with pines and bananas, and of great halls where caldrons of sweets were seething and steaming continually, the fruit which before had an Eden look and flavor to us, would seem poor and grubby in our eyes.

The christening-day closed an era in the vision. The light on the hearth was just dawning, and yet how bright already had it made the little world on which it shone.

CHAPTER III.

THE years of babyhood had passed away, when memory again takes up the vision, and we look once more on the home of Roger Trevenna. They had been sunny years, ripening years. The young life had burst into sunshine; the old hearts had ripened into happiness—an autumn happiness, with a touch of the yellow leaf, yet bright, rich, and cheerful. Trevenna was in truth younger than when we saw him last. Years had added to his age, but the youth which wells forth from the heart had renewed the vitality of the man—had given fresh springs to his being. The young life had reflected itself on his. Heart and brow were more open and glad some now, and his speech was loosed, and from his mouth came words of joy, cheer, and kindness. He had opened his house as well as his heart, and the barrier-gage of exclusion betwixt him and the world was thrown down. The walls were lowered almost to the ground, and around the paling which rose in its stead, clustered roses and clematis and honeysuckle, making, with intervening laurels and lilacs, a goodly screen, which fenced the garden in without shutting it out. Guests went in at the open gate, and there were welcomes and cheer within the hitherto closed doors. Old Squire Grenfell declared that Trevenna, like his Maderia, had taken a long time to ripen, and that most other men, and other wines, would have grown crusty and tawny with such long bottling.

Mister Quamino, like his kind, was getting fat and lazy, and finding the duty of head-nurse very light work, had devoted himself entirely to it, declaring it was some pleasure

to wait on Missey Rose, for that old Domingo was getting quite unsociable, and "as for dat Pepperpot, I tink he must hab de soul of ten hundred black nigger in him ugly carcass—him so cussed and so tiffey now, that dere is no pleasure in him company."

Why linger so long in summoning up the soul of the vision, in letting in the "light on the hearth?" Why? Save that there was ever about and around it a brightness, a sacredness of joy, which the soul scarcely dare recall—a spiritualism of purity, hope, and loveliness which it hesitates to revive, almost as it would to reclaim a loved soul from the regions of bliss. As it appears once more, like the opening of a summer cloud, there comes with it a fulness of summer sunshine—a fulness of summer beauty. Sweet smells are wafted around, and lovely sights wave to and fro. Sweet music, the sound of summer winds, the waving of boughs, and the rustling of leaves and grasses, float over the memory, an overture of soft and gladsome melody. There is a large hawthorn-tree in the midst of a lawn, covered with bright pink blossom, which falls in light showers on the grass at the passing of every breeze. Around and beneath the boughs a young form is fitting and dancing in the sunlight, seeming to mingle with it, to catch it with every breath, with every glow of the fair face, with every wave of the golden hair, with every bounding step.

The step of childhood, the *pas* of beauty! We compare it with the bound of a fawn, the gambol of a lamb; yet these are but poor and halting comparisons. It is like nothing which the earth sees of grace or lightness, save the dancing of sunbeams or the playing of shadows.

Such was thy step, Rose! Such wert thou—a thing of light, and joy, and beauty. The bright blue eye beamed and laughed; the soft, round face was alight with glee and laughter; the fair shoulders gleamed "white as hawthorn bud" or pearly shell, and the tresses which strayed and floated over them caught and reflected a hue from every light, spreading a maze of amber rays. Such wert thou as thy light figure sported on the lawn. Well might Trevenna's eyes gladden as they lighted upon it, and followed it, and rejoiced over it. It had a spell, too, for Quamino, as he sat on the grass pretending to work, but in reality watching every turn of Missey Rose, answering her questions and ministering to

her pastime. Domingo, too, was stretched at full length in the sunshine, but his eye moved slowly round and round as the child ran and leaped, or stooped among the flowers. As she came nearer he would lift up his great head, and lap out his tongue, and would suffer her to tie garlands around his neck, or hang bunches of flowers to his tail. Quamino would sometimes be subjected to the same process, and would lay his ugly head in her lap, like another Bottom, to have it tricked out with bluebells and primroses, chuckling all the while, and mocking his fellow-victim. Me tink, Massa Domingo, we look bretty pair of fools, like de Jacks-in-de-green. Eh! How you feel, ole fella!"

All the elements in her little world yielded and ministered to the young life. She was even made free of all the sanctuaries in the churchyard—might pluck blossoms from the favorite shrubs—weave daisy chains on the graves, or strew buttercups on the immaculate paths, without reproof; and old Will would lean on his spade and look at her, unless observed, when he would return to his misanthropy and his digging.

About this time we were advanced into shirt-collars and Horace, and the pulses of poetry began to beat fitfully in our nature. Often as we saw this garden scene, we strove to render it into heroics or Sapphics; but the thoughts would not fit into classic measure, and thus jingled themselves into rhyme:—

She comes with fairy footsteps;

Softly their echoes fall;

And her shadow plays like a summer shade

Across the garden wall.

The golden light is dancing bright

'Mid the mazes of her hair,

And her fair young locks are waving free

To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth

So gleefully along,

And as a wild young bird she carolleteth

The burden of a song.

The summer flowers are clustering thick

Around her dancing feet,

And on her cheek the summer breeze

Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger

Above that holy head,

And the wild-flowers at her coming

Their richest fragrance shed.

And oh! how lovely light and fragrance

Mingle in the life within!

Oh! how fondly do they nestle

Round the soul that knows no sin!

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—

A thing of mortal birth,

Yet bearing still a breath of heaven
 To redeem her from the earth.
 She comes in bright-robed innocence,
 Unsoiled by blot or blight,
 And passeth by our wayward path
 A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
 The gifts of heavenly love,
 They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
 And better things above.
 They link us with the spirit world
 By purity and truth,
 And keep our hearts still fresh and young
 With the presence of their youth.

Often did we hover around her as she passed, with Domingo carrying a basket, and Quamino mocking him, to make little offerings of eggs and shells which we had gathered; and we seemed all unconsciously to be drawn in to the fostering and guardianship of that young life.

About this time the recollection comes upon us, that there began to grow upon the father a sort of restless anxiety—a vague fear that some danger, some fate, might be hovering o'er the Light on his hearth. He would show this in many little ways and many little signs; but there were two things which then occurred to give a graver tone to his apprehensions, and a body to his fears. The shadow of death fell across him like a foreboding omen, and the violence of man invaded the safety of his house; yet these even brought not back the gloom to his face, but only shaded it with passing clouds.

CHAPTER IV.

The shadow of death brought the first fear.

ROSE had a play-fellow, the niece of Squire Grenfell, an orphan, and the daughter of a favorite sister. Little Lucy Penrice was a gentle, fragile thing, with large, dark eyes, and straight black hair lying like a framework around the pale marble complexion. Not joyous as Rose, nor so agile, nor so graceful, she would yet enter into all the sports and gambols with a quiet earnestness and pensive pleasure; and though her laugh rang not so loudly, and her step was not so buoyant, yet her pale face would flush, and her deep eyes swim beneath their long lashes with gladness, as they together chased o'er the grass, or danced 'neath the trees. And she would sit for hours listening to Quamino's wondrous stories, with parted lips, and eyes bent fixedly with a sort of mysterious awe on his strange, grotesque features.

Hand in hand, and side by side, they glided on through the summer hours, playing on the lawn or in the Squire's park—sometimes riding along the deep glades, and over the sunny slopes, attended by the old huntsman, who had constituted himself riding-master. Here Lucy had the advantage. Early trained to back and manage her pony, she had learnt confidence and address; whilst Rose, who had been initiated by Quamino on Pepperpot, was comparatively timid and unskilful.

The experiment had been long debated, but 'twas only after much coaxing that Quamino was prevailed upon to trust her on the back of that "cussed old tef. Dere no knowing what tricks dat ole devil up to. P'raps he hab better manners with Missey Rose. She tame ebbery thing; p'rhaps she tame dat darned ole mule." So the thing was tried, and though Pepperpot did not show his pride of the burden he bore, by prancing and caracoling after the fashion of well-bred steeds, he behaved like a respectable middle-class quadruped, and was wonderfully steady for one of his temperament—compensating himself afterwards for his forbearance by biting furiously at old Quamino, and half kicking his stall down. After one or two successful attempts, Rose was so pleased with the exercise, that her father sought far and near for a steed worthy of her; and there soon appeared a pony, which was to us, after our rough moorlings, quite a wonder of beauty. White, without a spot or mark—Arab-shaped, with a mane and tail flowing and silvery—it seemed only fitted for a fair and gentle thing like Rose, and we refrained even from putting it through the usual surreptitious ordeal.

On went the bright summer days—on went the bright summer life. Autumn came, and brought only a brighter hue on Rose's cheek; but on Lucy's there glowed little carmine spots bright with false, treacherous, hectic beauty. Autumn passed into winter, and the spots deepened—the fragile form grew more frail, the pale face thinner, and the dark eyes deeper and more hollow. Rose had now to seek her friend by the fireside, and there fitted around her, cheering her with song and glee, and lifting her to the window to see Mister Quamino improvise a nigger dance for her especial entertainment. The fireside was soon changed for the sick chamber. There poor Rose followed: her glee

was hushed and stilled now; her young soul, awed by the shadow of death, could only love and pray, and twine itself round the beloved object. Solemn and sacred is the commune betwixt young spirits when death thus stands betwixt them—too sacred, too pure for world-worn intelligence; yet doubtless the thoughts and utterances of such times pass right up to heaven, to live in the records of the holy and beautiful things said and done upon earth.

Long this young light waned and flickered, then lighted up; then waned again, gliding gently away without struggle, without pain, without fear, amid sweet thoughts and ministering love, upborne by agencies and visions we wot not of. At last, one morning, a messenger came and said there was one angel more in heaven. That day our playground was silent and deserted. The shadow of death passed darkly on sweet Rose, clouding for awhile her whole being, hushing her voice, dulling her footstep, and shading the bright light which floated around her. The mother saw this change, and felt with a woman's instinct, that the young life would spring up again fresher and purer than ever, after this first trial of grief.

It was not sorrow which fell on Trevenna when his daughter's play-fellow was thus taken from her; it was a strange dread foreboding, a dark chilling fear brought upon him by the knowledge that death could touch youth. He could not understand, in his anxiety, why one should be taken and the other left, and saw in every shade, in every change, the fearful shadow brooding over his light on the hearth. At the funeral—we were all there, mournful and sad for awhile as boys are, half-tearfully watching the falling of the mould and the placing of the sod, half-curiously marking the two robins hopping on the ivy over the old wall and calling up legendary recollections of the Babes in the Wood—this contact with young death seemed to chill Trevenna like the touch of a skeleton, and to conjure up before and around him a fearful apparition of peril and woe: vainly did he strive to stave it off by hope, by precaution, and care; it still hung about and haunted him, starting up before Rose in her flowery path, hovering o'er her cradle bed, and brooding in spectral gloom o'er her golden tresses. Still Rose bloomed and grew in beauty, and the light of heaven shone upon

her with the brightness of full and happy years.

The other source of apprehension was much more strange and mysterious. It made a choice *morceau* of gossipry for many days, and was passed on from mouth to mouth with every kind of marvellous and melodramatic addition. Thus ran the story in its first and simplest stage:—

One dark night in the beginning of winter the household was aroused by the deep bay-ing of Domingo, then by a loud scuffling in the passage leading from the nursery, mingled with growls, deep curses in a man's voice, and the screams of the child. All at once was alarm and commotion. The mother rushed to her darling's cradle. The men followed the sounds on and on through the house, and into the courtyard—Trevenna foremost. When the main body arrived they saw by the partial light of a lantern their master striving to draw off the dog from a man, at whose throat he hung with a fierce and savage gripe. The blood was flowing from both, and 'twas evident that the struggle had been close and deadly. The dog, mad with fury and the taste of blood, could only be forced from his hold by the strong hand of Trevenna, when almost choked with the grasp—and then, in his ferocity, turned for a moment on his master; but the instinct of obedience made him crouch for an instant. Then he was seized at once by the domestics at Trevenna's command, and held back, springing and struggling forwards, and howling with rage when unable to get free, his eyes glaring, his hair bristling like a mane, his whole body quivering with passion, his fangs glittering, and his mouth dropping blood. The man, his foe, was leaning against the wall, apparently faint and exhausted in the struggle. Trevenna caught the lantern and held it to his face, uttered one short exclamation as the light flashed for an instant upon it, and then started back and dropt the lantern to the ground. Some rushed at once to get another light, some to secure the dog. When they returned, Trevenna and Quamino were alone, the one deadly pale, the other looking affrighted and scared. The man, robber, burglar, or whatever he was, had escaped over the low wall in the darkness and confusion, and was gone. The pursuit was made, but no trace or track was found. In the morning, drops of blood were discovered leading in

an opposite direction to that which Quamino had persisted in making the search. Nothing was heard or found to throw much light on the affair. Entrance had been made over the wall, and through the back door, which was forced in a way too clumsy for a practised hand; a bowie-knife stained with blood, which accounted for Domingo's wounds and gashes, was picked up in the yard. The child had been startled from her sleep by a growl from the dog, and as she opened her eyes, saw him rush on a dark form in the doorway; terror kept her from seeing or hearing any thing more distinctly. The servants declared, as servants always do on such occasions, that they had seen a dark, large man lurking about the house for several evenings previously, but had not thought it worth mentioning, as robbery was so rare a thing in that place.

Many were the versions and interpretations of the story. All wondered that a man, evidently weakened and crippled as the robber was said to be, could have made his escape from a man so determined and powerful as Trevenna, aided too by his black servant; and many suggested that the fury of the dog seemed as if it had been excited or exasperated by a remembrance of hatred and injury, as well as by an instinct of danger and the fierceness of the struggle. For a time Domingo seemed so maddened and so dangerous, that it was thought necessary to chain him up in his kennel; and there he lay, sullen and almost motionless, refusing his food, taking no notice of any one, not even licking his wounds, and suffering none to touch them, until Rose went to him by stealth the next day, and began to pet, and caress, and fondle him. At first he was proof even against this, and then, as if some instinct had succeeded that of hatred and anger, he rose up, licked her hands and face, and returned to his old temper and habits. But from that hour he never left the child: he slept by her bed, he crouched beneath her chair, and followed her in all her goings, galloping by her pony's side or stalking along by her path, making sudden rushes over hedges and through gaps, to reconnoitre and search for concealed danger.

All was done, too, at the house, that could be done by bolt, bar, and night-patrolling, to make the watch and ward sure for the future. Yet the "shadow of death," and the secret

peril to his child, cast a gloom once more on Trevenna, which lay on his happiness like a dark, lowering cloud in a bright sky; but the light on the hearth still shone clear, and bright, and full.

CHAPTER V.

HERE there seemed to arise in the vision of past days, as an interlude, the revelation of Roger Trevenna's early life. This revelation was woven out of the loose threads of after-knowledge inferences and facts picked up here and there but wrought and spun by the power of memory into a little whole, a piece, a scroll-work, showing the pattern of the after-design, interpreting the present and the future by the past. From it the heart intuitively gathers a clue to the mystery of the gloom which had brooded over Trevenna and his house, and of the joy which the presence of young life brought—sees how the darkness of error had clouded the soul, and how the light of hope may lift it off, and leave only brightness and clearness behind.

In this interlude or revelation, we see two youths, brothers, going forth into the world to seek change and action, the one joyous, impulsive, thoughtless, sensual; the other graver, more steadfast, sterner in will and principle. These are John and Roger Trevenna. We see them, then, moving in a tropic scene, toiling and striving in the work of a West Indian plantation, heartfelt and earnest, good masters, true partners, confident in themselves, trustful of one another—so trustful that they enter into bond and contract that their gains shall never be alienated, but shall become the right and property of the survivor of the two; and that if one be childless in law, the whole inheritance shall pass to the heir of the other. Then succeed dark scenes and tableaux in the drama. They are apart now, the brothers, though not as yet divided. Prosperity has increased their possessions and swelled their power, and we see their simplicity and trustfulness degenerating into arrogance, luxury, worldliness. In the division of the picture, a series of tableaux represent the drama of John's life. There is a man in the lustihood of strength and spirits, overcast by the shadows of vices which are gathering around him; then we see him falling, coarse, sensual, mated with one below him—surrounded, borne down, by vicious influences and vicious agencies; then

fallen, besotted, brutal, tyrannical, reckless. And then we look on the last scene of all: we see a man lying on his face in a balcony, with glasses and bottles around him; we see him raised up; we hear the verdict—"Dead—died by the visitation of God;" and none see there the hand of man. None know then how that his slaves, goaded to madness by cruelty and brutal wrong, had found him in his drunkenness, had bound a fatal cord round his throat, outside his cravat, and thus pressed out his life, leaving no mark or sign of violence; leaving him there on his own floor, "dead—dead by the visitation of God." Then the curtain drops, then rises, and we see the other division of the picture, the action of the other life. The first scene rises and shows us Roger the younger brother alone—alone in strength and trial, standing aloof as yet from the temptations which beset him, as yet faithful and unyielding. Another scene, and a woman's dark figure is moving across and beside him; his foot has slipped; the dark hour has come upon him, and his spirit strives in vain to escape from the meshes in which his passion has entangled him. Again the scene shifts, and a woman, profligate and vile, with her son—his son, base-born, and bearing the stamp of a degraded race—is dragging him down, down into an abyss of misery, shame, and despair. A hand, the hand of his own begotten, is raised to spoil him—is raised against his life; the watchfulness of a dog, the faithfulness of a slave, ward off the danger. One more scene, and he is rising up against the sin

which is crushing him, is turning his back on the scene where shame had blotted his life and degraded his soul—where a brother had lived and died foully. Onwards it moves, and he is in the land of his birth—has met one whom he had known and loved years ago—one whose heart had stood faithful through the trials of absence and neglect—one who consents to soothe and comfort him. Onwards it moves again, and he is in the home of his youth, bearing on his heart the gloom of past folly and past trials—bearing in his heart scars of old wounds—expiating error in contrition and self-reproach—praying that in mercy the light of young life may gleam on his being which shall bring on him no shame, which shall pass on his name in honor, which shall save his inheritance from degraded heirship: the prayer is heard, and a light shines on his hearth.

Such was Trevenna when our story opens—a man on whom folly and death had shed a gloom—whose early life and early hopes had been blighted by error—who had sinned and sorrowed, and hoped that penitence might avert retribution, and that he might rejoice and be glad in the fair promise before him.

And the light shone on his hearth.

Shall it brighten there, and grow more radiant and radiating, or shall it grow pale, and set darkly and sorrowfully, leaving darkness behind? This the future of our vision, as it speeds onwards, will reveal.

IMPROVED HOT-AIR BLAST FURNACE.—Barlow's hot-air blast furnace is highly commended for its efficiency and economy. It consists of an arrangement by which the smoke and gases that generally pass off through the chimney and are lost, are withdrawn from the chimney or smoke-flue, thoroughly mixed and incorporated with abundant supplies of highly heated atmospheric air, so as to promote their complete combustion, and then taken and forced under and through the fire or furnace, to be effectually consumed, thus economizing fuel, with an increased amount of heat and also securing a con-

stant hot-air blast; and the whole arrangement of the mechanism is rendered self-adjusting, according to the pressure of steam in the boiler. The damper of the chimney is kept almost wholly closed, and but very little, if any, smoke is seen to rise from the chimney even when soft coal is burned. Careful and extended experiment has shown that, by the application of this invention to a furnace and boiler engine, full thirty per cent. of fuel is saved, and that while using the same kind of fuel, and performing the same amount of work.—*National Intelligencer.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE POLITICAL PULPIT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE modern sermon will not perhaps rank very high among the historical documents of the future. The days have long passed when Wat Tyler found a Tyrtæus in preacher Ball; when a voice from Paul's Cross proclaimed the fall of a mighty hierarchy and an ancient faith; when a sermon of Knox was more powerful than an army of Frenchmen; when, from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, beneath the shadow of Westminster Abbey, the divines of the Assembly hurled defiance against the "children of Edom, the seed of the Malignant and the Papist." The increased importance and publicity of Parliamentary debates, the wide field opened by the modern press for the discussion of every social and political question of the day, have, together with the altered taste of the age, narrowed the preacher's sphere, and warned him from ground which he once occupied unquestioned. The style, too, of our pulpit oratory is not that to which our forefathers were accustomed. The serried phalanx of learned names and Latin quotations with which our older divines strengthened their positions, would now pass for intolerable pedantry. On the other hand, the exuberant stream which once played over every corner of the broad field of human life, now runs in a fixed and narrower channel. The broad jest, the genial anecdote, the familiar illustration, the vivid and homely picture of daily life which entered so largely into the sermons of our divines of the Reformation, are now rarely heard within a consecrated building by an English church-goer. The future historian of the nineteenth century will find no Latimer to lighten the inevitable darkness of the past.

Yet with all this, a pile of "Occasional Sermons by different Authors," may be not wholly useless to the student of English history some one or two centuries hence. Words spoken by Englishmen to Englishmen on the more marked and moving events of their day—on Irish famines, cholera visitations, Crimean death struggles, Indian heroism, missionary jubilees—sound they never so tame and common-place in our ears, must reveal something of the deep heart of an age over which the clouds of time will have long since gathered. To the children of our children's children they may help to picture this England of their forefathers.

Be this as it may, no one who, dissatisfied with our ordinary histories, tries in a hearty and loving spirit to understand the England of the past, will turn aside from the sermons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Indeed, we suspect that he who wishes to read aright the inner springs of that great struggle which turned the swords of the best and noblest of England against each other, will do well to steal some time from Whitelocke, and Clarendon, and Rushworth, and read, not one or two, but many of the sermons of the time; not of one or two preachers, but of many. The unconscious yet faithful record that he will there find of the thoughts and feelings of an age which thought and felt deeply, will often be more instructive than the freshest chronicle of daily skirmishes and negotiations, than the most glowing recital of marches and battles, than the most labored of State Papers. Their attentive perusal will often aid us to understand and appreciate what, without them, is merely perplexing and baffling.

For ourselves, we owe much to those small dingy quartos which still lie, bound and unbound, in obscure bookstalls, relics of the dispersed libraries of ejected minister and nonjuring priest. We would fain, with our reader's consent, introduce him to our latest acquisition,—a volume of Sermons preached between 1621 and 1645. The original owner's name is still legible on the title-page, "Gulielmus Howard, Miles, 1645;" above the name is a line of Ovid in the same handwriting; beneath, a verse from the Epistle of St. Jude, in fair Greek characters, faded and yellow, for the hand that wrote them has long been dust. Many of these sermons were preached before the Houses of Parliament by the most eminent of the Parliamentary divines, in the very midst of the Civil War. They smack strongly, one and all, of that stirring time, and with our reader's leave we will at once open the church door and conduct him to his seat.

We will begin with "a sermon preached by Alexander Henderson, Minister at Edinburgh, to the Honorable the House of Commons at their late solemn fast, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1643." The very name of the preacher, the very date of his sermon, is suggestive of the close alliance that had just been formed between the English Parliament and the Scotch Presbyterians. The sight of an English

House of Commons going in full procession, on Wednesday in Christmas week, to listen to a Scotch minister in St. Margaret's of Westminster, marks the close though short-lived union between Scot and Londoner, between Presbyterian and Independent, which the statesmanship of Vane had just achieved. And indeed, there was need of all the art of Vane to save the cause for which he was struggling, from total wreck. The year had been a dark one, and the strife seemed merely a waste of precious lives, without result to either side. Hampden had fallen in the summer; Lord Brooke had received the fatal bullet in Lichfield-close; Sir William Waller—William the Conqueror, as his hasty friends had called him—had been routed by Wilmot on the Wiltshire downs; Bristol had surrendered to Rupert; the great lords, Bedford, Holland, and others, had gone over to the Court, and got but cold reception: even the victorious march of the London train-bands to Gloucester, and their return from Newbury amidst the shouts of the citizens, had done little to reassure the hard-pressed Parliament: for the autumn brought the news that the King had made peace with the Irish Papists, reeking from the yet unavenged horrors of the massacres of 1641, and that his troops were receiving constantly fresh reinforcements from the zeal of Ormond. The counterstroke was the close alliance with the Scots, ably negotiated, but dearly purchased. The price paid was no less than the signing of the Covenant by every Member of Parliament, and by all officials, military and civil, and the establishment of the great meeting of divines which goes by the name of the Westminster Assembly. The Scotch were then masters of the situation; the grave had just closed over Pym, and the preacher selected to address the Parliament was Alexander Henderson, a man of high repute for learning and piety among northern divines, the future champion of Presbyterianism in the discussion with the captive King. It was no more than natural that such a preacher should think it his duty in an English pulpit to lift up his voice against the fallen Church of England, and the knights and burgesses who sat under him might feel no tenderness for its fallen Primate, then languishing in the Tower; but some, at least, of those who listened to him must have seen that the preacher's sternest rebukes were reserved for those who held "*that every one should*

be left to preach, profess, and print, what he liked;" and many a brave English heart must have felt chilled and outraged at hearing that their "one triumph," lay, not in the Petition of Right, not in arms bravely wielded, and old ties of love and loyalty sternly snapped in defence of freedom, but "in your having called a Church Assembly; in your frequent and continual fastings and humiliation; in your entering into a solemn league with God for obtaining mercy." The sermon throughout, like others of the class, proves beyond dispute that the Scot and the Englishman drew their swords with different aims, and, good man as he was, Mr. Henderson showed little of the wisdom of the serpent in continually addressing his hearers as repentant Prelatists, whose only hope lay in the instant and entire acceptance of northern Calvinism. But so it was always. Never for one moment could the "Scotch Commissioners" divest themselves of their local and narrow aims, or abate one jot of the *jus divinum* of Presbyterianism. The repression and punishment of sectaries, the enforcement of the Covenant, the paramount claims of a godly ministry to "discern and repel unworthy communicants," were urged by the Presbyterian divines with a tenacity and vehemence which are now amusing, but were then formidable. The statesmanship of Vane and Whitelocke was strained to the utmost, and the sword of Cromwell finally cut the knot: but not till many a stalwart Englishman, fighting fiercely and sorrowfully for civil and religious freedom, had felt in the bitterness of his heart that Presbyterian was but "old print writ large;" that his new allies were forging for him heavier chains than his old masters had dared to impose on him. No allowance was made by the triumphant army of preachers for ancient usages or national customs. Mr. Henderson was preaching on Wednesday, the 27th of December: the great festival of the previous Monday had been ostentatiously disregarded: the Members who now fasted and listened to a recital of their shortcomings, had celebrated it by a long day's sitting at Westminster. But the times were gloomy, and earnest men might well feel that, with the sword of domestic strife unsheathed, Christmas festivities might well be foregone. But there must have been many a silent protest against the spirit which drew no nobler lesson from the sorrows of the year that had seen Falkland and

Hampden laid in bloody graves, than such as this :—

"God hath called this land to mourning and fasting, as we profess this day, and I pray God that the unseasonable keeping of this festivity, which God hath not commanded, be not more prevalent for evil, than the humiliation of this day for good ; and yet, the keeping of this day of humiliation in such a time of festivity is a presage that by the blessing of God upon the proceedings of the Honorable Houses of Parliament and Assembly, this *superstition will shortly expire, and is now at its last gasp.*"

Truly a strange Christmas sermon : one that makes the gloom of that gloomy winter seem black and palpable at a distance of two centuries, and the only sentence in those grim pages that can be read with a smile, is the following curious argument for what has since been called the "Divine Right of Insurrection :"—

"When David numbered the people, and the people were punished, they were punished for their own sins, both their former sins, and *their present sin in consenting to the numbering of the people* : had they been all unwilling as Joab was, and had not consented, they had not been punished. *Kings should not be permitted to commit such public sins, but Council, Parliament, People, and every one according to his place and power, should hinder them.*"

The charitable reader may suspect the preacher of indulging in a grim irony, when he recognizes a single-handed Hampden in the son of Zeruah : but the whole tone of the sermon is in the strain of the reproving angel rebuking Israel at Bochim ; and a very cursory study of this discourse, and many like it which fell on the ears of the much-enduring Long Parliament for many a weary month, will account for the fierce feud which soon followed between Presbyterian and Independent ; for the bitter feeling against the new "classic hierarchy," which was provoked by the division of England, like a conquered country, into Presbyterian districts ; for the final rupture and bloody consummation at Dunbar.

Side by side with this sermon, over which we have lingered longer than its intrinsic dullness deserves, comes one preached in far kindlier spirit, by Edmund Calamy. Its date is six months earlier, and its occasion was "the discovery of a dangerous, desperate, and bloody design," commonly called the

Waller Plot, in honor of the poet whose abject submission saved him from being hanged before his own door, with his partners, Jenkins and Challoner. The allusions to public events are few, and the sermon, though characteristic both of the author and his school, might be passed over here, but for the sad event recorded in its conclusion. The author tells us in the margin that, as he was transcribing the last page for the press, news reached him of Mr. Hampden's death. He had just written down the following quaint "encouragement :"—

"A million cyphers stand for nothing, unless a figure be joined to them. All men and devils are cyphers without God. The devil cannot get beyond his tether—

when the news came that the wound received on the 18th had proved fatal on the 24th of June.

"Yet (he adds) God permits the enemy to exercise great cruelty on his own people, and to take away the lives of his choicest servants : Witness the noble Lord Brooke, and now but lately that worthy gentleman, Mr. Hampden. . . . It is said of King Josiah, that he should go to his grave in peace, yet he died in battle. Blessed is the man that breathes out his last breath in doing God service. He that dies fighting the Lord's battles dies a martyr. An excellent thing for a minister to die preaching, and a soldier to die fighting. It is but winking with the eyes (as the martyr said), and we are present in Heaven."

Doubtless there were many funeral sermons preached in London that week ; but the patriot leader could scarcely have been mourned in simpler and nobler language. We add a few lines for the sake of Edge-hill, and the Midsummer panic at London. "God hath delivered us from the bear and the lion, from the Spanish navy in '88, and since from the gunpowder plot, from civil wars between Scotland and England." A few years more and Calamy's friend, Richard Baxter, will see the soldiers whom he followed from Naseby field to the west, turn their forces northward, and march against the "Lord's people."

"And when there was a design to bring the army up against London, God did then deliver us. And when we were in the valley of the Red Horse near Edge-hill, where the enemy thought to have cast us down the hill, as the Jews would have served Christ ; God did then deliver us."

Though the Chaplains, Baxter tells us, were no more seen for awhile.

Very different is the termination of the next sermon. More than a month had passed since Hampden's death. The strife had grown more bitter, and men's minds harder and fiercer. The Ironsides had charged at Marston Moor, and the brave Yorkshiremen had fallen like corn before the reaper, while Rupert was chasing and plundering the flying Scot. But Essex had returned within the last few days from his disastrous campaign in the west, and London received him with something of the spirit with which Rome greeted Varro. His gallant soldiers, abandoned by their chief, were marching home with staves in their hands, under their beloved Skippon: happier than the survivors of Cannæ, they soon faced the foe at Newbury, and with one fierce rush recovered their lost cannon, and kissed their iron lips with tears of joy. But we are leaving the pulpit for the camp, and the reader must give his attention to Thomas Case, preacher at Milk-street, whose audience to-day (September 10, 1644) is the court-martial lately appointed to sit on delinquents at Guidehall. The text is ominous: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and the comment is of the grimest. Hear him and tremble, ye who have to face that court:—

"The second case wherein God would have judges show no mercy, is where the ground of the quarrel is laid on irreconcilable principles of enmity against true religion. *Those mine enemies that would not have me reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me.* Those that rise up in cursed practices to change religion, to bring in idolatry and false worship, . . . to depose Christ from his throne, and set up Antichrist in his place, . . . such a generation Christ hath doomed to execution. *Those mine enemies, &c.*"

And then comes a page of quotations from the Jewish law, forbidding to spare the idolater, which, says he, Christ, in the words above, hath *turned into Gospel language.* Alas for the Gospel of the Prince of Peace!

One cannot read even this short passage without seeing that Laud's day was at hand; he had been brought before the Lords in the March previous; but England had half-forgotten, if not half-forgiven, the feeble old man, who had long ceased to mutilate Puritan lawyers, and worry and ruin Puritan di-

vines. But there were those in London then, as this sermon testifies, who could neither pity nor forgive: and after long delays the old man, with his once sour spirit sweetened and purified by suffering, was brought forth, and preached his last sermon on Tower Hill, on January 10. He died peacefully and calmly, the founder and proto-martyr of a great and powerful Church party. There is a terrible earnestness in Mr. Case's peroration: he has just extracted a *Gospel sense* (i. e., a cry for blood) from a peaceful passage in Obadiah, and he ends thus:—

"And the means whereby God will accomplish this deliverance and salvation, is by raising up saviours, chosen men, fitted for the purpose, to *execute judgment and vengeance upon the Edomites.* . . . Now, the Lord grant to you that are called to sit and judge in this honorable council of war, that by a *thorough execution of justice upon these cursed Edomites*, you may be the saviours of England; and the kingdom, yea, these three kingdoms, may be the Lord's. Amen."

So little did the preacher at Milk-street and his zealous disciples—so little did good men on either side, understand the meaning of His words who said "ye know not of what manner of spirit ye are"—so little had they leant the great truth, that the Christian man's Edomites and Ammonites lie in his own bosom: not in the ranks of his brother Christians, whose views of Episcopal succession or "parity of ministers" may clash with his own.

If, however, Mr. Case shares to the very full the intolerance of his age and party, if the broader views of Cromwell or Milton or Vane would have found no favor in his sight, it is fair to remember that this sermon stands almost alone as containing a plea for prisoners, and as perhaps the earliest appeal for reformatory discipline. Those who are familiar with George Fox's journal and its ghastly revelations of the "lock-up" and prison of the time, will welcome this gleam of light amidst the surrounding darkness. If in one page he dares to utter the grewsome sentence, "I hope you will not be less active in avenging blood than your enemies have been in spilling it," in another he uses words oftener heard in a milder age: "It is a sad complaint that, for want of instruction, they come to be more wicked in these places than when they came in. The house of correction will make them fit for the jail, and the jail

for hell . . . be ye therefore merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful." There is something that would have tasked a Shakspeare to portray in this extraordinary combination of opposite and discordant principles, this grotesque jumble of law and Gospel, this strange concord of Christ and Belial. But it is eminently characteristic of the English Puritan and the Scotch Calvinist of the time : it is nowhere brought out so clearly as in the sermons of their divines ; and he who deals with it flippantly and hastily will lose the key to the sometimes mysterious epic of that mighty struggle.

This, however, is a subject which would soon lead us beyond our present limits. The reader has perhaps had enough of the "drum ecclesiastic" of the London pulpit. We will however, before we part, introduce him to a very different circle of thought and language—to an assize sermon preached at Northampton in the spring of 1627. The preacher is Dr. Sybthorpe, vicar of Brackley in the year 1627. The sermon is one which made no small stir from being regarded, and justly so, as a manifesto of the principles on which the Government of England was henceforth to be conducted. Its unqualified assertion of arbitrary despotism as the only form of Government consistent with the worship of the true God, proved too much for the digestion even of Archbishop Abbott. He refused to license it, and repeated the refusal after the MS. had been revised by Laud. Laud was already looking to the see of Canterbury, and was high in the favor of "my very dear Lord the Duke of Buckingham;" Abbott had long been under a cloud for his "calamitous accident" at Lord Zouch's park in Hampshire, where, pointing his bow at a deer, he had slain a keeper; and the king now ventured to suspend him from his functions and order him to retire to Canterbury.

But it was a gloomy time for others than archbishops. Scarce two years had passed since Charles mounted his father's throne. "*Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est*," said the courtiers; but the shouts which hailed his accession had long since died into ominous murmurs, and the breach between King and people was growing daily wider. Buckingham, in defiance of all that was sober or respectable, or even decent, was retained as virtual ruler of England, and the star of Laud was rising fast above the horizon. The peers

had been irritated by ill-judged violations of their privileges. Wentworth and Elliott led a fierce opposition in the Commons, and Parliament—"this great, warm, ruffling Parliament," as Whitelocke calls it—had been dissolved to save the favorite from impeachment. County members brought home to their constituents printed copies of a remonstrance which the dissolution alone had prevented them from voting, and events showed that the worst must be looked for. The storm soon broke: aids, benevolences, loans, letters of privy seal, every evil precedent which the perverse ingenuity of Noy could discover among dusty parchments, every high-handed claim which the mightiest of the Plantagenets had solemnly relinquished, were eagerly pressed into the service of the Court. Tonnage and poundage were exacted by Order in Council, soldiers billeted on refractory townsmen, London called on to provide ships as though the Spanish Armada were once more off the Isle of Wight, high and low were torn from their homes to the Marshalsea or the Gatehouse; and Sybthorpe and Mainwaring, and every courtier who could accept their creed were giving England good reason to know that if Solomon was in his grave, Rehoboam and his Council were exchanging whips for scorpions.

Let us cull a few flowers only from our Northamptonshire divine. His sermon bears the innocent though ominous title of "Apostolic obedience." We need scarcely say that a very few sentences conduct us to St. Paul's time-honored words, "the powers that be are ordained of God." Readers familiar with the controversies of the time will guess what follows. An ordinary Englishman might imagine that an ancient senate and an hereditary nobility might hold some place among the powers that be; but we need scarcely say that there is no such application here. From first to last we are transported from English ground to the land of Abraham—from the seventeenth century far back into the mist of ages. Every assertion from Holy Writ of the *power* of oriental monarchs is claimed as establishing the *rights* of an English sovereign. The King is put forward as the one law-maker on the strength of a passage in Ecclesiastes; as the master of his subjects' lives, on that of a verse in the Book of Proverbs ("the wrath of the King is the messenger of death"); as entitled not only

to the Crown domains which Ezekiel is supposed to assign him, but to a full and free right to levy "taxes on immovables," "imposts upon merchandize," "tythes upon land," and even "poll-tax," on the joint authority of St. James, St. Matthew, and Bucanus. The argument, not very strong, we may suppose, on its own merits, positively reels and staggers beneath a load of authorities piled upon it, no doubt, by the industry of its reviser. This "other Gospel" of English freedom is attested by Aquinas, Paræus, Cyril, *Balthesba*, Peter Martyr, Cyprian, Calvin, Polycarp, Ambrose, St. Bernard, and a hundred others. Ancient fathers, Spanish kings, Jewish prophets, are pressed alike into the service of a Royal Stuart; and on their authority the doctrine is announced, repeated, and enforced in every possible form, that by the law of God, the law of nature, and the law of nations, kings have absolute and entire control over the lives, purses, and liberties of their subjects; that even when obedience to the King's commands is contrary to the law of God or physically impossible, "yet subjects are bound to undergo the penalty without resistance or railing or reviling."

It is noticeable that but for a single allusion to Cranmer, and another to Bacon, not one English authority is produced. There is not a single precedent from English law or English history, not the slightest reference to the native land of the family in whose behalf these vast demands were made upon a proud nation, with the exception of a marginal notice of "Buchanan's factious discourse and rebellious positions." It was reserved for the standard historian and philosopher of the next century, who neither feared the law nor regarded the Gospel, to complete the argument by the assertion of the identity between the constitution of his country and the Government of Turkey—by portraying to his countrymen their ancestor of the seventeenth century as an hereditary bondsman who, in an access of gloomy fanaticism, had burst his chains and murdered an indulgent master.

But what the preacher says, and what he omits to say, are alike in keeping with his creed. Every year that the Stuart family reigned in England revealed in clearer light that between them and the nation there yawned a widening gulf. Charles II., as he pocketed his French pension, was not more dead to national honor than James I. and his

son were alien to every tradition of English law and freedom. Mary Stuart, a captive in an English prison, might be excused for speaking of herself as the "absolute sovereign" of Scotland. Nursed in a foreign court, she could not but feel as an alien and a stranger to the land from whose seething surface she had been so rudely flung. But her spirit lived in her children, and James and Charles turned their backs as resolutely on English history and English law, and fixed their eyes as steadily on the alien despotisms of France and Spain, as if the royal standard had been the one rallying point against popular insurrection or feudal anarchy. The result was that momentous struggle on whose result hung something more precious than even the priceless jewel of English freedom.

Strange indeed to the modern student is the effect of reading these assertions,—assertions made in the name of all that is sacred and revered, of the supremacy of a king's will over law and charters. Then these doctrines sent a fire over the land: they tore up old landmarks and severed old ties. Now we read them, as men recall the last words of the pilot before he ran his argosy on the breakers; yet they were once the cherished creed of men who could die for their faith better than they could argue, and we listen to them with something of the interest that attaches to the ballads of an expiring race, or with the feelings with which we gaze on the pale, sad, yet kingly features on the canvas of Vandyke.

As for the men of Northampton, we can but guess their feelings. Doubtless they cared little for the doctor's phalanx of authorities. But we know that, when at last the Royal standard had been hoisted at Nottingham, their town became at once the head quarters of the army of Essex; and in three more years, on one rainy Wednesday in June, 1645, we find Fairfax marching, with the army of the new model, "from Stony Stratford to Wotton, within three miles of Northampton."

"We found there* (says one who marched with him) none of the best accommodation. But what was wanting in that way was kindly and respectfully endeavored to be supplied by the mayor and magistrates of Northampton, who the same night came to the General at the head-quarters, upon the errand of a congratulatory visit and present. The next day we marched to Gilsborough, . . . and on

* Sprigg's *Anglia Rediviva*.

the 13th, about six of the clock in the morning, a council of war was called, . . . in the midst of the debate came in Lieutenant General Cromwell, out of the association (i.e. from the Eastern Counties), with six hundred horse and dragoons, who was with the greatest joy received by the General and the whole army. Instantly orders were given for drums to beat," &c.

And the next day, June 14th, was fought the Battle of Naseby, and another chapter of that great history begins.

We know not whether we have succeeded in winning our readers' attention to these mutilated fragments of bygone sermons. We can assure him—and we write not as leisurely students, but as busy men who read by snatches—that none who know English history only through the volumes of standard historians, can guess the untold treasures of information and delight which the age of Cranmer, of Shakspeare, or of Milton, yields to him who will read it in its own light,—in the letters, records, laws, the pamphlets, songs, and sermons of the time. He who

has once saturated himself, so to speak, with the memories of any of the nobler epochs of the life of England, will feel himself forevermore doubly and trebly an Englishman. Such memories will ennoble and idealize a stately pedigree: they will more than fill the place of ancestral honors and an historic lineage. They will "hang a new association" about the roaring street, the dull country town, the sleepy hamlet, the isolated farm-house, as well as on the crumbling castle and the Norman cathedral. They will make the names that crowd the pages of Hume like the pale, bloodless ghosts that pressed around Ulysses, become beings of flesh and blood, speaking to us in manly voice across the void, familiar to us as the features of fathers to their children, and cheering us to face the future hopeful and trustfully. So will history fulfil one of the noblest of her functions, that of stealing fire

"From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present."

G. G. B.

LONGFELLOW'S PRISCILLA—HER NAME.—The distress occasioned among the readers of Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in consequence of the announcement that the fair heroine "Priscilla" was a Mullins, will possibly be alleviated (says the Evening Post,) by the following extracts from Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, which make it appear that Molines and not Mullins is the true surname of the Puritan maiden. Bradford, however, is capricious in his orthography, adopting the different spellings—"Mullines, Molines, or Mollines";

Among "the names of those which came over first, in ye year 1620" was—

"Captain Myles Standish, and Rose his wife."

"Mr. William Mullines, and his wife, and two children, Joseph and Priscila; and a servant Robert Carter." . . .

"John Alden was hired for a cooper, at South-Hampton, where the ship victuald; and, being a hopfull young man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed and maryed here."

After the list, Bradford adds:

"I have thought it not unworthy my paines to take a view of the decreasings and increasings of these persons, and such changes as hath passed over them and theirs, in this thirty years.

It may be of some use to such as come after; but, however, I shall rest in my owne benefite. . . .

"Captain Standish, his wife dyed in the first sickness, and he married again, and hath 4 sones liveing and some are dead." . . .

"Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla survived, and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children. And their eldest daughter is married and hath five children." . . .

"John Alden married with Priscila, Mr. Molines his daughter, and has issue by her, as is before related."

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.—Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love,—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.—*Jerrold*

From The Press.

THE MORTARA CASE.

THIS case, which has created so profound a sensation abroad, and given rise to such violent controversy in the journals of the Continent, has been hitherto so little noticed here, save in the foreign correspondence of our newspapers, that it may be desirable, before giving our own view of this last aggression of the Papal Church, to state shortly, for the information of our readers, the circumstances as they occurred. The son of some Jewish people at Bologna, aged six years, has been forcibly taken from his parents on the pretence that two years previously—that is, at the age of four—he had been subjected to the rite of lay baptism by his nurse. The child has been placed in an Institution called the Refuge of Catechumens, and is still forcibly withheld from his Parents under the express sanction of the Pope, who has been appealed to, on the ground that by the Canon Law he has become a subject of the Church into which he has been fraudulently baptized.

This monstrous outrage on all usage, on all fundamental principles of law, and upon those universal rights of man which it ought to be the first object of all law to establish and to uphold, has excited, we are glad to observe, the strongest and most unfeigned indignation among the greater portion even of the Members of the Roman Church. The *Constitutionnel*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Nord* have animadverted in the most earnest manner upon the scandalous conduct of the Papal Priesthood, and urgent appeals have been made to the French Government to interfere in the matter. Of their right, of our right, of the right of every member of the family of European nations to use their influence by representation to have this grievous wrong redressed, there cannot, we apprehend, be the slightest doubt, if not in the mere interest of Mortara, a Jewish citizen in the Papal States, at all events in the interests of humanity at large. It is a right of the same character as that by which we use our influence to protect the children of Africa from slavery and the subjects of the King of Naples from subjection to the treatment of wild beasts. Much as we pity and feel for the parents of this unfortunate little victim of Papal greed and despotism, the interests of the family are absorbed in the greater question of the interests of humanity, and of the necessity that all Europe should make a stand against this new attempt of the revived Inquisition to assert the immunity of their order and of their system from the control of natural and civil law.

It is to be regretted that some of our foreign contemporaries have suffered themselves

to be in a considerable degree led away from the true issue by the false issues which have been raised by the *Univers* and other advocates of the Ultramontane doctrine, with regard to the enactments of the Canon Law, and the powers conferred by it. The defence that has been put forward is of a twofold character. It is asserted, firstly: that this little boy of six years of age is in a perfect state of beatitude; that in reply to an appeal from his father praying him to return to his home on the ground that the Commandments enjoin him to honor his father and mother, he said, "The Pope knows the Commandments better than you, and I will do what the Pope tells me;" that he desires earnestly to convert his father and mother, a task to which the Weeping Virgin, whose statue is over the door of this prison-house for infants, has miraculously made him quite equal; and finally, that he is a remarkable instance of special grace, and that his abduction has been forcibly effected in order to secure to him that perfect liberty of conscience to be found only in perfection within the pale of the Papal Church. Those are the arguments in support of the violence derived from the alleged condition and wishes of the Boy himself. We shall not trouble ourselves to inquire into the truth of these allegations or the soundness of these arguments, as they are put forward merely to lead opponents into by-paths of controversy that can lead to no end.

The real issue that is raised by this act of the Inquisition, and upon which the *Univers* on its behalf, before it was aware of the strength and universality of the feeling against it in the first instance, took its stand, is the preëminence and supremacy of Ecclesiastical Law and Ecclesiastical Authority whenever the Church and State are in presence together, and whenever Civil and Canon Law are in antagonism. That is the issue which Rome is bent on trying now, and which she will continue to try with that continuity of policy and perseverance of action in which no other Power, save Russia, has ever equalled her. She tried it here in England in 1851, when She parcelled out the dominion of Queen Victoria into territorial principalities. She tried it in Sardinia upon the question of marriage. She tried it in Austria upon the question raised by the Concordat. She tried it in Ireland upon the occasion of the progress through the Kingdom of one of her Temporal Princes, by proclaiming, through the marked and designed omission of the Queen's health on a great public occasion, the supremacy of the Pope and his authority, and She is trying it now in the face of Europe by the violent abduction of this Boy, and by the reëstablishment in Germany of those Ecclesiastical Councils which the Emperor Joseph II. so

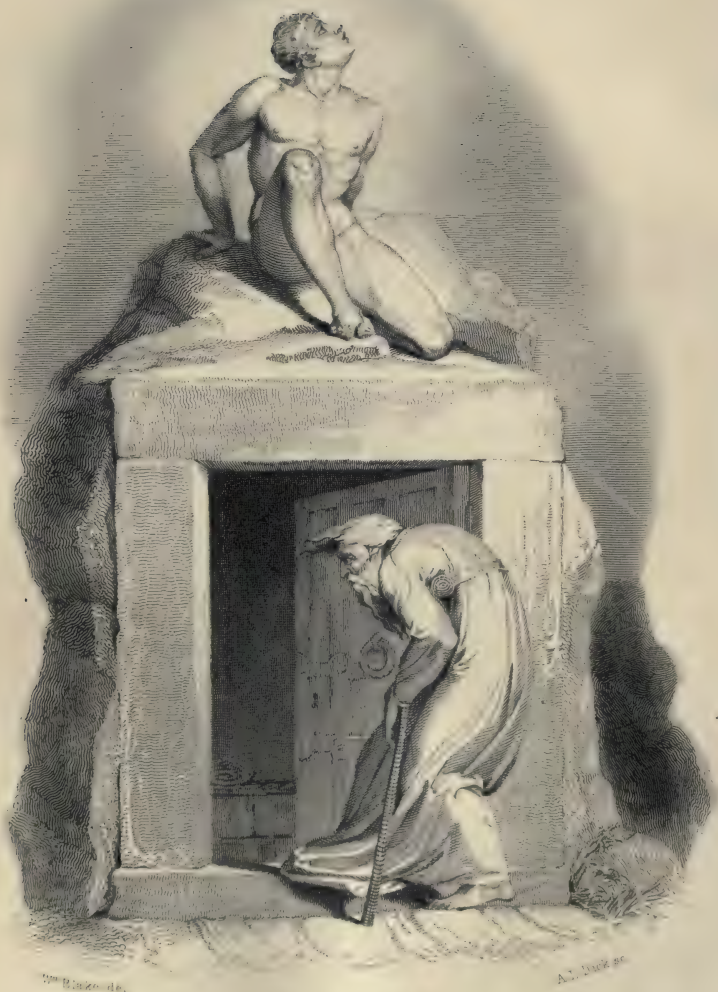
wisely abolished and interdicted. In the first attempts She has failed ignominiously. Her territorial Bishops are myths, her Cardinal-Prince is a laughing-stock. In Austria alone she has met with success. It remains to be seen whether the Emperor of the French, by the aid alone of whose soldiery the Pope sits in the Chair of St. Peter, will permit all law, natural, human, and Divine, to be set aside and overridden by an organization of despotic Priests seeking irresponsible *temporal power*. We have italicized the last words because we desire especially to impress upon the minds of our readers the great and important fact that these aggressions have every one of them been as a temporal, not of a spiritual character, and that in every one of them the object has been the acquisition of purely temporal despotism, of undisputed and irresponsible control over the political ordinances, the social life, and the private property of all men in all countries.

The affair of the Jew boy Mortara is assuming considerable gravity. The French Government has represented, in very serious terms, to the Pope that it is absolutely impossible that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church can be allowed to kidnap an Israelite child, baptize him, and shut him up in a convent away from his parents. But his Holiness has answered the famous *Non Possumus*—"Such is the law of the Church, and I cannot, dare not, will not alter it!" The French Government has been deeply hurt at this response, and is now pressing on the Pope to reconsider it. In the meantime, the affair is creating a profound sensation in France. Public opinion pronounces decisively and indignantly against the conduct of the Papal See. The Ultramontane party, however, defends that conduct with all its usual violence. As the matter stands, it is not easy to see what will be the issue. The Pope cannot, evidently, give up the child without rendering the canon subservient to the civil law, and without in the eyes of fanatical Catholics, abandoning a soul to perdition; but the indignation of the French, and it may be added of all civilized Europe, will never let the little creature remain in the Papal clutches. It is seriously recommended by many eminent personages that the French Government shall make its troops at Rome rescue the child by force.

FOR many years no continental sovereign was more familiarly known to the people of this country than Frederic William, or, we may add, more generally respected by them. He was dear to us as the godfather of the heir to the British Crown, nor was the respectability of his private character lost upon a serious and Protestant community. It was known,

too, that he was a patron of arts and literature, and himself an accomplished scholar. He was not only the patron, but the friend of Humboldt, and indeed of all who distinguished themselves in the pursuit of science. In addition to all this, he was believed to a liberal-minded sovereign, a warm supporter of constitutional liberty, and a true friend to the healthy progress of his subjects. And it was so. Unhappily, however, there was another side to the picture. Frederic William had rather a taste for the good and beautiful than any settled convictions or political faith. His faith at least, was not that of a martyr, or such as to enable him to withstand any very trying ordeal. In the hour of trial he was found wanting, and the people in their disappointment imagined they were betrayed. Such was not really the case. A creature of impulse, he was sincere for the moment, whatever might be cause he took up; but his strength was unequal to his intentions. *Impar congressus Achilli*, he succumbed to the iron will of the late Emperor Nicholas, and when once that yoke was fixed, in vain were his feeble struggles to shake it off. From the moment he fell under the influence of Russia his power was gone in the great family of nations. Prussia was no longer regarded save as a satellite of the Muscovite empire, and her place in Europe became as a vacant stall of the Garter in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Now, however, there is hope of better things. Unless fame be at fault, the Prince of Prussia is of all men the best fitted to restore his country to her proper position in the councils of the civilized world. Her geographical position renders her the keystone of the political structure of Europe, and her brave, moral, and intelligent people are worthy to be treated with the highest consideration. It is for the Prince of Prussia to command the respect of the great empires that surround him on all sides, by his modest firmness and independent bearing. It may rest with him to preserve the peace of Europe, or to light up a fire that shall consume her ancient monarchies. He will have no easy task, at first, to keep up the middle course between a subservient and a defiant demeanor. Both extremes will be alike fatal. If he attach himself to any one of his powerful neighbors, Prussia will soon cease to be looked upon in any other light than a worn-out and powerless dependency. On the other hand, if he listen to those who loudly proclaim that Prussia is the sword of Germany, he may learn, when too late, that they who live by the sword shall perish by the weapon they were too ready to draw. But we augur better things from a Prince esteemed so truly brave, so wise, and so experienced.—*The Press*.





Death's Door.

To mid' Night, a long and aimless Night,
We make the Grave our Bed, and then are gone!

THE DIVINE AD

By the Rev. J. H. ...

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THE LIVING AGE.

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From The Quarterly Review.

Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858.

THE last four popes, of whom Cardinal Wiseman undertakes to record his recollections, were remarkable men; they lived in critical times, and had to deal with circumstances of unusual difficulty; their talents and virtues rise high above the average standard; and among the two hundred and sixty occupants of St. Peter's chair whom the Romish Church numbers in her annals, few have equalled and none have surpassed them in personal disinterestedness and rectitude of intention.

It is unfortunate that the Cardinal adds so little to our knowledge of their characters and their history. In the early part of his career he has nothing to tell. Later in life, when his employments bring him into closer contact with the subjects of his biography, discretion, as he hints, seals his lips. Of their administrative capacity as indicated by the external aspect of the capital or the social condition of the people, he scarcely gives more information, although, as his motto* boasts, he has received his nurture and education at Rome. This piece of good fortune he owed to Pius VII., who, soon after his restoration, reëstablished the Collegio Inglese, and among the first cargo of youths who were sent out to fill its long-deserted halls, was the future Cardinal Wiseman. In those days the facilities for travelling were comparatively few. The time of railways was yet far distant, that of steamboats was only just beginning. The "overland route" was rejected by the students, for, we are told, it "required appliances, personal and material, scarcely compatible with the purposes of their journey." Accordingly, on the 2nd October, 1818, they took their passage on board a merchantman bound for Leghorn, and at last arrived at Rome on the 18th of December. As soon as they were released by the Custom-house they drove to the English College. The rector, its sole occupant, was out; but they made themselves quite at home, took possession of the house, and eat up his dinner. Or as the Cardinal expresses it in more dignified style,—

"On returning from his walk, the excel-

* "Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri."—Hor. Ep. II. 2.

lent superior, the Rev. Robert Gradwell found the first instalment of this important body (his future pupils) really installed in his house, to the extent of having converted to present use the preparations for his own frugal and solitary meal.

"The arrival of the English students (he continues) was an event of sufficient magnitude to be communicated to the Secretary of State, and the answer was that as many of the party as could be provided with the old and hallowed costume of the English College should be presented to the Holy Father within a few days. Among the more fortunate ones, owing to a favorable accident, was the present writer. Thus, not in the garb of a courtier bred in the palace halls, not by the privilege of dignity or station, but in the simple habit of a collegian, and through the claim of filial rights upon a common father, was an early approach secured to the feet of the good and holy Pius VII."—(p. 17.)

In the course of his collegiate career the student has occasional opportunities of being presented to the Holy Father, and, further, the English College used frequently to direct their afternoon walks towards the Porta Pia, in the neighborhood of which Pius used to take his brief allowance of exercise in winter, by the side of some lofty wall which sheltered him from the "Tramontane" wind, and reflected the glow of the bright evening sun.

Such were the future Cardinal's opportunities of observing Pius VII., and he himself seems, in all sincerity, to think them considerable, although to us they scarcely seem to exceed those enjoyed by a chorister of Westminster for studying the character of his neighbor the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what his portraits want in distinctness of outline and fulness of detail, they make up in brilliancy of coloring. His volume is one uninterrupted strain of panegyric: we wish he were in as good humor with the public he addresses as he is with his subject and himself. But while he devotes a page to explaining how innocently the Romans become quarrelsome over their cups, and get drunk from the mere love of sobriety (p. 258), he takes offence at the most indifferent action of the English tourist, and even sneers at his lodging as "the region honored with his residence" (p. 159). Against his countrymen he keeps up a running fire of controversy. He is always parrying some imaginary thrust, on all occasions he anticipates a "sneer," or

a "snarl," and is ever protesting against their "cynicism," or "*ultra-biblical exclusiveness*," a phrase, by the by, not very well chosen by a champion of Rome, who desires to throw into shade the weak points of her theological system.

It is not to be expected that we should regard Cardinal Wiseman's subject from his point of view. But we have not tempted to "sneer" or to "snarl." We have no desire to disparage his idols, whose actions must be judged on their own principles and not on ours, and whose characters, we believe, will gain rather than lose by being stripped of the halo of mythical eulogium and by being examined in the impartial daylight of history. The period which Cardinal Wiseman's narrative embraces has a more important bearing on ecclesiastical history has generally been noticed by political writers, or by the Cardinal himself. It comprises the restoration of the papacy from its lowest point of depression, the depth of which must be measured rather by the contempt into which the Church of Rome had fallen than by the misfortunes of its visible head, to its present state of full-blown pride and almost mediæval pretension. At the close of the last century the spirit of sceptical philosophy had made fearful progress among the educated classes of continental Europe.* It needed nothing less than the misfortunes of the unhappy Braschi to bring a pope within the limits of public sympathy. From the time of his death in a foreign prison (though the disasters of the Roman see were by no means ended) the beginning of the reaction may be dated. His successors were eminently qualified to carry on the work of restoration. We propose to make from other sources† such additions to Cardinal Wiseman's biographical sketch of Pius VII. and his successor Leo XII. as may serve to illustrate their characters and their services to the Church of which they were

the visible heads. For the remaining two Popes we have no space at present. Bernabò Luigi Chiaramonti was born at Cesena in 1740 or 1742 (for accounts differ), the younger son of a noble family. His mother is said to have been a woman of exalted piety, who, in middle age, retreated from the snares of the world to a cloister, and only escaped beatification by the good sense of her son, who resisted the insidious suggestions of his flatterers to enroll her in the celestial hierarchy. To us it seems a proof of the strength and tenderness of Pius VII.'s affection for his mother, that his feelings instinctively recoiled from associating her memory with the legendary process of canonization; or it may be, as our author seems to think, that he was not less anxious to avoid the change of unduly advancing his relations in heaven than in earth. A similar feeling of delicacy, we are subsequently told, made Pius VIII. hesitate to bestow the title of "Doctor of the Church" on St. Bernard, when it was suggested to him that the Châtillons of France, to whom St. Bernard belonged, were probably a branch of the Pope's own family of Castiglioni. We cannot understand how such scruples can be felt, or can be recorded by a man of sense, without working in his mind the conviction that the power whose exercise has called them forth is one which God can never have entrusted to mortal man.

Young Chiaramonti, it is said, gratified an early vocation for the monastic life by taking the habit of St. Benedict at the age of eighteen. Our author describes in glowing colors the sacrifice he made in quitting the "damask curtains," "the paintings and tapestries of the ancestral palace," and in "dropping the high-sounding names of Barnabas Chiaramonti for simple Don Gregory." (p. 35). Far be it from us to underrate the effort of self-denial which a youth makes when he leaves the comforts and tenderness of home for the cold and rigid routine of the cloister. But the princely splendor of the Chiaramonti family, who were far from wealthy, is purely imaginary; the hardship of exchanging the name of Barnabas for Gregory is not unintelligible; and as for "Chiaramonti," Cardinal Wiseman must know Rome well enough to be aware how little effect would be produced there by the name however sonorous of a provincial noble. It is true that the

* Cardinal Pacca gives some curious instances of the strength of this irreligious spirit even among the royalist emigrants at Cologne.

† The most complete Biography of Pius VII. with which we are acquainted is by the Chevalier Artaud. He was successfully attaché and secretary to the French Embassy at Rome, at various periods, under the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration. He writes as an ultra-royalist in politics, and an ultra-montane in ecclesiastical principles—but his opportunities of observation and his means of information were considerable, and his book bears strong internal marks of good faith and veracity as to facts.

Archdeacon Giacinto Chiaramonti wrote a Latin poem, "*De Laudibus Majorum Suorum*," but then it was addressed to his brother the Cardinal, whose red stockings put the whole family, their ancestors included, into a very different light. Pius VII. himself resolutely rejected all flattery on the subject of his pedigree. When the Consular Government, in recommending the Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre, urged that the Clermonts of France were a branch of the Chiaramonti of Italy, the Pope disclaimed all knowledge of this illustrious relationship, wittily adding, that, as he had not permitted the members of his own family at Cesena to come to Rome, he could not incur the blame of nepotism for his more distant, though more distinguished, kindred in France.* On the restoration of the Bourbons his flatterers went so far as to trace his descent from the Comte de Clermont, the sixth son of St. Louis, and the ancestor of Henry IV. To put a stop to this extravagance, Pius requested the Chevalier Artaud, who tells the story, to prove the negative by obtaining for him the complete pedigree of this branch of the house of Valois.

Cardinal Wiseman, desirous to dignify his hero with the legendary portents which foreshadow future greatness, assures us that young Chiaramonti's mother, in her retreat, predicted his future elevation and his tribulations; and moreover that, on first going to Rome, he was present at the coronation of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); and there his presence inspired a coachman with the spirit of prophecy. "Eager to get a look at the spectacle and clear himself of the throng that elbowed him, he leaped up behind an empty carriage. The coachman turned round, but, instead of resenting this intrusion on his dominions, said good-naturedly to him, 'My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which will one day fall to your lot?'"—(p. 34).

If these stories really came from Pius himself, we doubt not they are substantially true, but they are by no means marvellous. No nun probably ever had a son in orders without dreaming he would become pope, and no prophetic gift was needed to foresee troubles to Braschi's successor. The story of the coachman is highly illustrative of Roman manners. The Romans are as much amused

at the possibility that any one who wears the ecclesiastical costume may be their future sovereign, as is the authoress of "*Manners of the Americans*" at the possible Presidentship of every dirty boy she sees cheating at chuck-farthing in the street. This possible reversion of the tiara is a frequent topic of good-humored banter at Rome, and nothing was more likely to suggest itself to the facetious coachman, who doubtless was amused by the grotesque appearance of an undersized, childish-looking monk perched in the footman's place behind his carriage.

No man's life presents such a wonderful contrast between its opening and its close as a pope's. We remember to have heard an anecdote in illustration of this, which, though trifling in itself, is nevertheless worth recording, as showing Chiaramonti's amiable and grateful disposition. Some of our travelled readers may doubtless remember at Naples, Monsignor Capece Latro, ex-Archbishop of Tarento, who, for some years after the peace, was frequently met in English society. He had been Murat's Minister of Public Instruction, and was a church reformer to the extent of having written against tithes and the celibacy of the clergy. He had in consequence fallen into deep disgrace with the authorities of Church and State, and had been removed from his see. He used to relate that he applied to Pius for some indulgence, admitting that he had no claim on his favor, and not only had no personal acquaintance with His Holiness, but had never even seen him. "Tell the archbishop," said Pius to the Cardinal Secretary, "he is mistaken. I remember him, though he has forgotten me, and will try to remind him. Ask him if he recollects a poor little monk whom he once saw looking for shelter on the Ponte Sisto from a sudden storm of rain, and whom he took into his coach, all drenched as he was, and carried back to the convent. I was that monk, and deeply felt his charity and kindness at the time, nor can ever forget it." It is scarcely necessary to add that the archbishop's request met all the favorable consideration of which the case admitted.

The young Benedictine pursued his studies with assiduity and credit, and in due time was appointed Professor of Theology. He was connected by relationship with Pius VI., and was further recommended to his notice by his mild and reasonable conduct in some monastic

*Artaud, vol. ii p. 281.

disputes which arose to such a height as to call for the intervention of the supreme authority. His adversaries clamored for his removal from Rome. The Pope assented, mysteriously adding that the applicants probably did not guess the nature of the removal he contemplated. Not long after the recluse of S. Paolo fuori le Mura was promoted to the bishopric of Tivoli, and subsequently, on the death of Cardinal Bandi, was translated to that of Imola. Finally, in 1785, he was offered a cardinal's hat. It is said that the humble and diffident bishop hesitated to accept the expensive dignity. He had a horror of debt, and the revenues of his see would scarcely support the state which the cardinal's purple renders necessary. One whom he had known when he was an inmate of the convent, Marconi, a notary's clerk, pressed the whole of his savings (about 1000 dollars) on the cardinal elect. The sum was utterly inadequate, nor could Chiaramonti consent to take it. But the zeal of his humble friend raised his confidence and overcame his scruples, and the hat was accepted.

The next few years of the cardinal bishop's life were the last of peace and security. The final triumph of the French Revolution menaced danger to all existing institutions, and especially the Church. At last the thundercloud, which had long been gathering on the north side of the Alps, burst in all its fury over the plains of Italy. There were wars and revolutions, fear and tribulation everywhere. During the last three years of the century disasters succeeded each other with breathless rapidity. The Roman states were invaded, and successively appropriated by the conqueror. The peace of Tolentino, a brief respite from utter annihilation, was broken by the march of the French army on Rome to revenge the death of Duphot, the victim of a riot which the republicans had purposely provoked as an excuse for the renewal of hostilities. The Papal government was overthrown, a republic was declared, and Pius VI. was carried away into captivity. Imola was in the thickest of the confusion; and was at last incorporated in the Cisalpine republic; the cardinal bishop's allegiance was claimed by new and strange masters, and his difficulties were further aggravated by the discordant violence of the feelings which divided the population. Among the inhabitants of the towns generally the most anarchical theories and the most

open infidelity prevailed; in the agricultural districts an enthusiastic devotion to the ancient order of things prompted the people to risk their lives in a generous attempt to save the feeble government against its will.

In this perplexity Cardinal Chiaramonti published the famous homily (the only work ever presented to the world in his name) which has given rise to so much controversy and so much censure. M. Artaud supposes that the weak and inconsistent passages were dictated by the fears of his attendants. But this is a mere assumption; and even if it be admitted, the Cardinal is equally responsible for all that he allowed to be published in his name. His excuse must be sought in the difference of sentiment among those whom he addressed. To the one portion of his flock he meant to urge the inutility of persisting in a hopeless resistance to the oppressor; to the other he desired to prove that republican opinions did not necessarily involve the subversion of religion. He vainly hoped to save the Church, though the State was lost. "Be good Christians," he exhorts them in conclusion, "and you will be excellent Jacobins."

In the course of the struggle for the dominion of Italy, his embarrassments were multiplied by the alternate successes of the two hostile armies. His wishes were all for the Austrians and their allies, but he was willing to make the best of the triumph of France if such was decreed. To withhold from the allies such aid as he had in his power was to desert the cause of his sovereign, to give it was to break faith with those to whom he had submitted. He was in a position from which it was impossible to escape without incurring the censure of one, perhaps of both parties. But, on the whole, he behaved with wisdom and courage. He remained at his post* (as the invading general remarked to his credit), and was ready on all occasions to answer for himself when accused, and to plead in behalf of the population when they were threatened with French vengeance. When the ill-advised and unfortunate insurrection at Lugo was punished with such unrelenting severity, he interceded earnestly with the French general in favor of the revolted district: that he "knelt at the conqueror's feet" is an exaggeration for which he would not have thanked Cardinal Wiseman, inasmuch as this act of humiliation would have lost him his subse-

* Artaud, vol. i., p. 26.

quent election to the throne. At the ensuing conclave the objection to Cardinal Mattei which proved insuperable was that at Tolentino he had been seen in a paroxysm of distress to kneel at the feet of Citizen Cacault.*

From a comparison of the many contradictory narratives of this period which have been written, it may be inferred that Chiaramonti's conduct exhibited the characteristics which his admirers admit have marked it on all subsequent emergencies. On occasions of doubt, where there was ground for argument, and room for the alternate play of hope and fear, his diffidence of his own opinion, his eager desire to do right, and dread of blame acting upon a certain feebleness of character and sensitiveness of feeling, disposed him to yield too much to the pressure of circumstances, to vacillate and to defer too timidly to the judgment of those about him. When he saw his way clearly and had made his decision, his passive courage was admirable and his resolution inflexible.

In the last year of the century and the twenty-fifth of his reign, the longest recorded in the history of the Popes, Pius VI. closed his sufferings in captivity at Valence. At that moment Italy was freed from French occupation; Buonaparte, the master-spirit, had been recalled to take the command in Egypt, and the spell which had hitherto ensured success to French arms in the Peninsula was broken. The dispersed cardinals, to the number of thirty-five, were enabled to assemble in Venice, and there, by permission of the Emperor of Germany, to whom the ancient republic had been bartered away by its conquerors, the conclave met in the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, on the 1st of December, 1799. It might be supposed under the circumstances, the tiara would have appeared a crown of thorns, which few would have had self-devotion enough to accept. Never, on the contrary, had it been more eagerly sought. Perhaps such is the lust of rule—*regnandi tam dira cupido*—that any crown is an object of ambition. When, in the decline of the Eastern empire, the enemy thundered without the gates, and faction raged within, when, in the poverty of the exchequer, the gorgeous dia-

dem of Constantine was replaced by a paltry imitation in gilt leather, men were found to betray, and mutilate, and murder each other for its possession; or it may be, as M. Artaud thinks, the assembled Fathers showed a noble faith in the vitality of their church polity and the buoyancy of St. Peter's bark. Be this as it may, the conclave sat for one hundred and four days. Cardinal Braschi, nephew of the late pope, had twenty-two votes at his disposal; Antonelli headed an opposite faction (the word in this sense is strictly technical), with the command of thirteen. As a majority of two-thirds is necessary to secure the election, it was manifest that neither party could carry their candidate. But both, each day at the morning and evening scrutiny, with unbending obstinacy recorded their votes, the former for the Cardinal Bellisomi, the latter for Mattei. It was obvious that without some compromise any election was impossible.

This conclave brings on the stage for the first time a personage more important than the Pope it met to elect. Hercules Consalvi, born of a gentleman's family in the ancient but obscure village of Toscanella, had entered on the ecclesiastical career, because in the Roman States it is the only road which leads to office, and had hitherto followed it with success. Dexterously seizing the occasion, he persuaded old Monsignor Negroni to make way for him as Secretary of the Conclave; and here his talents found their full exercise. The secretary is usually the mediator and the channel of communication between the rival parties, he holds the thread of many an intrigue, and is often the animating spirit of the whole assembly. It would be tedious to relate the various efforts made by the two parties to effect a compromise. Consalvi, by patiently watching his time till the patience of the combatants was exhausted, by adroit insinuations, eliminating, one after another, all on whom he did not wish the choice of the electors to fall, succeeded in persuading each of the contending factions that the only independent Cardinal not fettered or disqualified by his previous conduct for the arduous task of vindicating the rights of the Holy See, was Chiaramonti. On the 14th of March, the Cardinal Bishop of Imola was proclaimed Pope, and in compliment to his predecessor, took the name of Pius VII.

At the time of his election Pius was a temporal sovereign. His dominions had been r-

* It must be remembered, however, that Cardinal Mattei knelt in his anxiety to save his sovereign and his country, not himself. When previously Buonaparte had threatened to shoot him, he replied with dignity that he only begged for a quarter of an hour to prepare himself. (Artaud, vol. ii. p. 81.)

conquered by his allies in his name, and it was to be hoped for him. The moment he was able to leave Venice, he set out to claim them. His progress from Pesaro was one continued ovation. Rome, weary of its republic and sick of the Neapolitans, received him with joy. But Rome was sorely changed; the pontifical palaces were stripped to the bare walls; the museums were rifled; the churches were plundered; the accumulated treasures of centuries were dispersed; and this not by the violence of an excited soldiery, but by the legalized rapacity of French commissaries and the officers of the Roman republic. These were but the outward signs; the social fabric lay in ruins; church property was confiscated; the religious communities dispersed; the finances were annihilated; government there was none; all was discord, anarchy, poverty, and distrust. Nor was the task of reconstruction easy. The rich were pauperized, the poor were demoralized; men's faith in the old order of things was shaken, their expectations from the new had been disappointed, their hopes from the future were cold. Many had been severely tried in the fiery ordeal of revolution, and it was safest not to ask how they had stood the test. There were, however, some whose services deserved reward. Marconi was not forgotten. Besides his previous claim on the Pope's gratitude, it is said that he had advanced the funds needed to defray his journey to Venice. Consalvi was immediately made Cardinal and Secretary of State. The measures of the restored government are variously represented. A plan for redeeming the base coinage was one of its boldest and most liberal acts; but, on the whole, the code of regulations contained in the bull "Post diuturnas" is not supposed, even by the Pope's greatest admirers, to have been judiciously framed.* Administrative reform at least, it may be inferred, had made no great progress, when no better way of rewarding Marconi suggested itself than to give him some lucrative contracts; one of these, a contract for the maintenance of the galley-slaves at so much per head, he disposed of the next day at an enormous profit. We are afraid of inquiring how much the sub-contractor in his turn made out of the wretched convicts.

Very early after his return Pius was called on to perform the most important act of his

* Artaud, vol. i, p. 100.

reign and of his life. French arms were rapidly regaining in Italy the ground they had lost. Buonaparte, virtually wielding the supreme power under the title of First Consul, reappeared like Achilles on the field, and defeat was turned to triumph. But he had no desire to destroy (at least for the present) the temporal power of the Pope. From the first he had seen and urged on the Directory the advantage that might be derived from retaining him as an instrument in the hands of France, instead of compelling him to be a weapon of offence in the hands of her enemies. He had never lost sight of the impending work of reconstruction; and from the first moment that the idea of grasping the supreme power dawned on his mind, he saw that he should have work for the Pope to do which could be done by no one else. From the field of Marengo, when Pius probably expected nothing less than a decree for re-establishing the Roman republic, to his great joy he received an overture for a Concordat, and esteemed himself fortunate to be stripped of only the three Legations.* The Revolution, with all its demoralizing influences, had failed to extirpate religion in France, or to substitute any other for the old faith. But the clergy who had refused the constitutional oath were at war with the government, those who accepted it were not in communion with Rome. There was a schism in the Gallican Church. To the First Consul a schism was a formidable impediment to his ulterior design of securing to the State the support of the Church. To the Pope a schism like that of Henry VIII.—Popery without the Pope—is the most dangerous form of heresy. The Pope and the first Consul had equal need of each other, but on both sides there were difficulties. Many months had not passed since Buonaparte had taken credit, in his famous Egyptian proclamation, for having trampled under foot the vicar of the false prophet; and though it mattered little what the Turk thought of his consistency, his having done so with the applause of the army and his partisans in general showed how little they were disposed to sympathize with an attempt to re-establish papal authority in France.† More-

* Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna.

† How strong were the infidel party may be inferred from Mr. Protali's Report on the projected Concordat; the two first sections of which are occupied in proving, first, that some religion is desirable in France, and that, secondly, if so, that religion must be the Roman Catholic.

over, the constitutional prelates protested against submission to the Pope, and desired to vindicate the independence of the episcopate and the national church. The Pope on his part felt that he was deserting the cause of the orthodox clergy and sacrificing those who had sacrificed all for their obedience to the Holy See. But the greatness of the emergency overbore all minor considerations. The first step involved an unprecedented exertion of Papal authority, which, perhaps, as such, was not displeasing to the Court of Rome. As an indispensable preliminary to a new arrangement, it was stipulated that a new circumspection of the dioceses should be made by the Holy Father in concert with the French government, and this signified nothing less than that the whole body of prelates, constitutional and nonjurors, should be invited by the Pope to resign their sees, on the penalty of deprivation in case of noncompliance.

The affecting remonstrances and pertinacious opposition which this measure called forth, made it one of the most painful acts of the Pope's life. Many of the orthodox prelates, especially those who had taken refuge in England, refused to resign, or to acknowledge their deprivations; and the constitutional functionaries, in tendering their resignations, declined to admit their previous irregularity, or even inferentially to accept absolution. The Pope asked only for the most trifling and equivocal submission; but even this in some instances was denied.* However, the union of the supreme power of the church and the despotic power of the State carried the measure into practical effect, and the small remnant of opposition which could not be overcome it was prudent to overlook.

The Concordat is so well known, and its history has been so ably written, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. Buonaparte, in his subsequent quarrels with the Pope, called it the greatest mistake of his life.† He was enraged that he could not secure the support of the clergy, and at the same time maintain an absolute independence of his supporters, and, as usual, he repined that he had not obtained inconsistent and incompatible

advantages. However, the Concordat answered his immediate purpose. It gave him all that Francis I. had obtained from Leo X., including the nomination to the vacant Bishoprics. The Pope retained that vital point of Papal supremacy, the right of institution. It was absolutely necessary to ratify the alienation of church property, and moreover to subject the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion to such restrictions as the civil power might see fit to impose. This demand was made by the Consular government in good faith. They saw the danger and dreaded the ridicule of reviving immediately all the rites of the Church of the "ancien régime," and the Pope, who hesitated to give his ratification, fortunately found sensible theologians to assure him that it was lawful to grant as a concession what it would be heresy to lay down as a principle. To make the Concordat more palatable to the Legislative body and the laity in general, certain "organic laws" were subjoined, which embodied the celebrated declaration of 1682. Against this supplement the Pope thought it necessary to protest, but not so loudly as to endanger the stability of the great work he had just accomplished.

The sovereign Pontiff was still independent, but every day showed more strongly the danger of making concessions, and the difficulty of refusing them. Every courier brought some fresh demand from Paris, and the most ancient allies of the Holy See, and its most insignificant neighbors, were as importunate in their requisitions as its tyrannical protector. Spain refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Nuncio, and the President of the puny and ephemeral Republic of Lucca wrote to the Pope a letter of menacing bombast in ludicrous imitation of the dictatorial style of the Consular diplomacy. Nervously anxious to give no unnecessary offence, the government exalted into importance every trifle that might affect the susceptibility of the First Consul. His desire to engage Canova to execute some commissions at Paris was treated as a matter of state. In those days of violence artists and men of letters had sometimes shown an independence which statesmen dared not imitate. Canova deeply resented the treatment which his native country, Venice, had received at the hands of Buonaparte, and scarcely less acutely did he feel the wrongs sustained by

* Before Pius would perform the ceremony of the coronation he insisted on the conventional bishops signing a sort of implicit submission, but four refused to do even this, and he begged that they might not be admitted to the ceremony.

† Histoire des Quatre Concordats, par M. de Pradt.

Rome, the country of his adoption, in the plunder of her museums. When General Miollis, in insulting, or perhaps only thoughtless, triumph, said to him, "It is a noble marriage which we have made by uniting the Venus di Medici to the Apollo Belvidere at Paris," he replied with not less boldness than wit. "Si, signor Generale, ma in quel vostro clima di Francia non faranno mai figli" (In your French climate they will produce no progeny). On the present occasion the government exerted itself to overcome [his scruples, with a zeal which proves how great was the terror that Buonaparte's despotism inspired.

For a brief space the French ruler had his reasons for keeping measures with the Pope. As time and success matured his schemes, he coveted the style of Emperor. He would be crowned, and the Pope must do it. To the last he imagined that by the Papal consecration he had strengthened his title, but the time was past when such a solemnity could impose on the multitude, and, in the eyes of thinking men, says M. de Pradt, "it lowered the Pope, while it failed to raise the Emperor, who, in truth, was consecrated only by his own sword." Pius felt that by his compliance he was betraying the cause of legitimacy, and his pledges to the exiled French Court—that he was giving mortal offence to all the crowned heads of Europe, an offence which nothing but his subsequent persecutions could have expiated. But he had staked all on the good-will of the new Emperor. From him he had every thing to fear; and from him alone he had any thing to hope. The restitution of the Legations was the bait held out. With hesitation, misgiving, shame, and reluctance he consented.

And now the Emperor of the French and King of Italy would no longer be content with the privileges that belonged to the "eldest son of the Church" and the "successor of St. Louis,"—he would be the representative of Charlemagne and the inheritor of all the undefined claims of his shadowy sceptre. Entirely ignorant of Church matters in the first instance, he had taken great interest in the negotiation of the Concordat, and the rapidity with which his quick administrative instinct had seized on the bearings of its various points, persuaded him he had a genius for ecclesiastical business. He insisted on regulating the dioceses of the

kingdom of Italy, and he repeatedly intimated in his letters to the Pope that he was a better friend to the Church, understood its affairs more accurately, and certainly dispatched them more expeditiously, than his Holiness himself. The Pope and his suite were deeply mortified at the disappointment of the hopes with which they had been lured to Paris. The Emperor's respect for the Papal court was not increased by a nearer acquaintance. They had parted more coldly than they met, and the breach widened daily. The Pope's Legate at Paris, Cardinal Caprara, cajoled or intimidated by the despot, lost his master's confidence. On the other hand, the French government refused to transact business with Consalvi, who in consequence was obliged to retire from office. The Pope complained that from the moment he had performed the act of complaisance which ought to have secured him the friendship of France forever, as by it he had sacrificed all other friendships, he had never had a respite from the menacing encroachments of the French government.

In the midst of all the splendors of his reception at Fontainebleau and at Paris there had been much to humiliate him and much to alarm. It is said that he had been sounded on the project of transferring the See to Avignon, and that it had been withdrawn only on his threatening an instant abdication. And now the Emperor put forth demands inconsistent with the very existence of the Papal See;* among others he required the Pope should forsake his position of universal father of Christendom, and become little more than the Imperial chaplain and vicar, excluding from his ports all nations who gave umbrage to the French government, and placing all his resources for offence and defence at its disposal. If this were refused (and refused it must be), it was obvious that he intended to occupy the Pontifical States. This long meditated act of spoliation was at last executed on the 2nd of February, 1808. On that memorable day, as the Pope calls it in his bull, an army of six thousand men under General Miollis, which had advanced towards the capital on pretence of reinforcing the army at Naples, treacherously seized

* He demanded the establishment of a patriarchate in France; toleration of all religions at Rome; abolition of convents; of the celibacy of the clergy the introduction of the Code Napoleon; and the coronation of Joseph as King of Naples.

the Porta del Popolo, and the Castle of St. Angelo, and took military possession of Rome.

On the arrest of Cardinal Gabrielli, the Pro-secretary of State, which not long afterwards took place by order of the French commandant, the Pope in his distress sent for Cardinal Pacca,* whose merits he had hitherto somewhat neglected. At least so the Cardinal thought; but he was too generous and too courageous to disregard his sovereign's call in the day of his need, to take the post of danger. The Pope's civil government was nominally still in existence. Cardinal Pacca draws a lamentable picture of its position when he became its ostensible head. The Cardinals from whom he might take counsel had, on various pretexts, been banished from Rome. The troops of the line, on the insulting plea that they should no longer be commanded by women or priests, had been enrolled in the French army. The Guardia Nobile had been arrested. The *Sbirraglia* (the police) obeyed no orders but those of the French General. The Swiss Guard were the only body who acknowledged the Pope's authority. The Treasury was exhausted by the exactions of the French; the Secretary of State had scarcely the means of writing a dispatch; his own officials were suborned; his correspondence was intercepted; and above all he knew that in executing the commands of his sovereign he was responsible to a foreign and hostile power. The Cardinal tells us he had determined to give no wilful provocation. The lamb resolved to speak the wolf fair; and the whole of his discussions with the French authorities are an illustration of that fable, which will never be out of date on this side of the Millennium. However, he was obliged to protest against the organization of a revolutionary force, under the name of "Civic Guard," and the practice of enrolling in it all the scoundrels who had incurred the penalties of

the law, and wished to secure impunity for the past and license for the future. And this was resented as an offence. One morning at the "Consulta" some French officers abruptly entered his apartment and brought him an order to leave Rome. Declining to obey any commands but those of his sovereign, he sent a note to the Pope to ask his pleasure. The palace of the Consulta is immediately opposite that of the Quirinal, where Pius always resided. Before the answer could be expected, the door was thrown open with violence, and the Pope himself stood before the astonished officials. Pius, Cardinal Pacca says, was, like Moses, the meekest of men; but he was a hearty believer in himself and in his divine commission; and he was in a state of uncontrollable agitation. For the first time, continues the Cardinal, "I saw a phenomenon of which all have heard, but few have witnessed. The hairs of his head stood erect, and his sight was dim with the violence of his indignation." He could scarcely speak; he did not seem at first to know his own Secretary; at last he grasped him by the hand, and saying, "Andiamo, Signor Cardinale," he led him down the great staircase and across the Piazza to his own palace, in the midst of the applause of the Papal household and of the crowd which, in expectation of some strange event, usually kept watch about the Sovereign's residence. Pius ordered the great gates of the palace to be closed, all communication with the town to be restricted to a postern, and a watch to be regularly set—not for the purpose of opposing force to force, but to establish that force had been employed. For ten long months this blockade continued, and the adverse parties remained in presence, waiting for the result of the chapter of accidents. There were three contingencies which might have suited the purposes of the French Commandant. If the Pope fled, his flight might be interpreted as an abdication of his rights, but the Pope turned a deaf ear to every proposal of escape. If a rising of the people, who were strongly attached to his person, could be provoked, the cry of Basseville, Duphot, and Sicilian Vespers would give the occasion and the pretext for every act of violence: the Pope well knew this; and what little influence he possessed was exerted to keep the people quiet. Or lastly, a revolution might be effected, and the patriots might

* To Cardinal Pacca we are indebted for the best and most faithful account of all that occurred since he came to office. He is not the less trustworthy because he does not attempt to conceal his prejudices. He professes himself unable to understand why so salutary an institution as the Holy Office (the Inquisition) is so detested and calumniated; and the aversion with which sovereigns regard bulls and briefs from Rome, "eschewing them as they would papers infected with the plague," is, he declares, inconceivable ("inconcepibile"). Cooks never can, nor ever will, understand why eels object to be skinned,

again plant the tree of liberty in the Capitol. But all the well-known machinery for manufacturing revolutions had failed.* The loyalty of the populace amounted to enthusiasm, and the ferocity of the Trasteverini and the Montagnuoli made patriotism a dangerous trade. The French government grew weary—at ten o'clock on the 10th of June, with a loud discharge of artillery, the Papal flag was lowered, and the French tricolor was hoisted in its place on the Castle of S. Angelo. With the sound of trumpets and with every mark of military triumph the change of government was proclaimed. In a decree, dated from Vienna, on the 17th of the preceding May, which might seem to be penned in derision, but which probably put forth what the Emperor seriously thought the most colorable pretext, for he knew just enough of history to pervert it, he states that "his august predecessor Charlemagne" had given to the Popes their dominions merely as fiefs, and that the experiment of uniting the temporal to the ecclesiastical power having failed, he now resumes the grant and reannexes the forfeited fiefs to the Empire. The Pope had long been prepared for this crisis—the bull of excommunication was ready; one clause only remained to be added. It had not been foreseen whether the violent abduction of the Pope would precede or would follow the confiscation of his dominions. The clause was soon added; and a man was found bold enough to affix the bull to the gates of the three great Basilicas and the other usual places of publication, in broad daylight, when the churches were filling for Vespers; he escaped undiscovered, and lived to be rewarded at the restoration.

The bull "Quum Memoranda," so much talked of and so little read, is feeble and diffuse; its prolixity may be excused by the number of the grievances it had to record; but it fails to make the most of so strong a case. The Pope's unwillingness to give up his dominions need not be defended by the example of Naboth,† nor are the cases

* When the French General had insisted on continuing the usual amusements of the Carnival in defiance of the Pope's edict to the contrary, his invitations were disregarded, and the Corso remained a desert.

† It is not impossible that these defects of the bull may be attributed to the uncertainty as to the facts in which it was written: possibly the comparison of Naboth may have been suggested by an apprehension that some sort of exchange might be offered to the Pope in France or elsewhere.

parallel. Unlike Naboth, the Pope was offered no equivalent, nor indeed any indemnification whatever. The excommunication had been wisely delayed till the last outrage had been committed, and public opinion was prepared to sympathize with this extreme and almost obsolete exertion of the spiritual power. Though ridiculed by the anti-papal and philosophical party, the bull had acquired by the Concordat a value they could not deny. It was received with delight by the enemies of the new dynasty, and restored the Pope to that place in the estimation of Europe which his previous compliances had forfeited. In fact, it has generally passed for an act of greater daring than it actually was, for excommunication is naturally associated in our minds with the spiritual thunderbolts of the Innocents and Gregories of olden time. But this document is couched in much milder phrase; its censures are general; no names are mentioned; no outlawry from social rights, no dissolution of political ties is pronounced; no interdict is imposed. It was indeed a bull better suited to a reasoning (not to say sceptical) age, and to the captive Pope's mild temper and dependent position; but had the spiritual arms with which his predecessors made their temporal acquisitions in the middle ages been always thus blunted, Pius in the nineteenth century would have had no temporal dominions to defend. The Pope himself, M. Artaud tells us, in a subsequent letter to the Emperor, concluded with the apostolical benediction, by which he stultified, or if he chose so to interpret it, implicitly revoked his previous act. The cardinals at Paris made no scruple of attending the mass of the excommunicated sovereign, and though the bull continued to be talked of by the clergy in the course of these disputes, the Pope never ventured to treat it as a reality, by enforcing or withdrawing it.

Such as it was, however, it was quite unexpected by the French General, and brought matters to an immediate crisis. The Pope could no longer remain in Rome. The only difficulty was, how to get possession of his person without tumult or bloodshed, and for this purpose secrecy and surprise were necessary. By daylight the papal residence was watched by a curious crowd. At night the guard kept within the walls was on the alert. Accordingly the dawn of day, on the 6th of July, was chosen for the escalade; and troops,

among which was a considerable auxiliary force from Naples, were placed so as to prevent interruption on the part of the populace. M. Artaud tells us he has seen General Miollis's order to General Radet for this operation. (Vol. III. p. 92.) It is obscure and confused, and full of erasures. It seems in express words to command the arrest of only Cardinal Pacca. But Radet knew well what he had to do, and he executed it with dexterity. The Cardinal, and others of the attendants on duty, had just retired to rest, believing that all danger for that night was past, when they were aroused by the noise of the attack, and had barely time to call the Holy Father and to hurry on their clothes before a forcible entrance into the palace was effected. When the French General had penetrated into the Pope's apartment he found him standing between two cardinals, and his attendants ranged on either side. For a few moments there was a dead silence; the General was pale and agitated; he said afterwards that as long as he was climbing walls and breaking down doors it was all very well, but when he suddenly saw the Pope standing before him, somehow his "first communion" came into his mind—at last, when he spoke he hesitated as one who has difficulty to find words to convey his meaning. But the purpose for which he came needed no explanation. Pius spoke with dignity, but yielded at once; resistance could only have provoked further outrage.

The Pope gave a list of the attendants whom he wished to follow him, and he was hurried into a travelling carriage, accompanied only by the Cardinal Secretary. To prevent the demand (which it would have been difficult to refuse, and impossible to grant) for time to make due preparation, he was given to understand that he was to be conveyed only to Palazzo Doria, the head-quarters of General Miollis. The carriage issued from Rome by the Porta Salara, and skirted the walls till it reached the Porta del Popolo, where Post-horses were in waiting. The Pope and the Cardinal were in their habits of ceremony; they had not with them even a change of linen; and, on comparing the state of their purses, the aggregate of their wealth did not amount to eighteen pence. At the post-houses where they stopped to change horses the Pope was at once recognized by his dress, and attracted so much attention that Radet

was obliged to request his Holiness to pull down the blinds, and thus to exclude every breath of air under the burning heat of a July sun. Radicofani was their first halting-place. The inn was then just what those who first travelled after the peace remember it. Nothing had been prepared; the Cardinal, in his robes, helped the servant-maid to make the Pope's bed and to lay out his supper, such as it was. The general had positive orders to resume the journey with the dawn; but Pius absolutely refused to move till his attendants arrived. General Radet, in sore perplexity, and much disquieted by the crowds of peasantry which the strange news of the Pope's advent attracted to the spot, rather than employ force ventured to disobey his orders, and delay his departure till the arrival of the suite towards evening. At Poggibonsi the carriage at starting was driven, perhaps by the unskillfulness of the postilions, as Cardinal Pacca surmises, but more probably by their nervousness, over a heap of stones, and was overturned. It was impossible to prevent the crowd from rushing forward to assist the Holy Father (who fortunately was not hurt), and to kiss his hands, his feet, his robes. It was lucky for General Radet that the mob contented itself with vociferating at the highest pitch of their voices, "Cani, cani!" and lucky that the escort abstained from provoking further uproar by resenting this insult. Whatever mishap had occurred would have been imputed to his disobedience of orders at Radicofani. At Florence, Pius was received at the Certosa, in the same apartment which had sheltered his unhappy predecessor; and here at least he hoped for rest; but in the middle of the night he was hurried off to Turin, and from thence to Grenoble. The French government seems to have been much embarrassed what to do with its captive; perhaps it was alarmed at the warm reception he met with in France. The weary prisoner was suddenly dragged back to Turin, and from thence to Savona, while Pacca, who was believed to have written the bull of excommunication, was sent alone to the Alpine state prison of Fenestrelles.

Cardinal Wiseman, in alluding to all this violence, at the close of several pages of unintelligible bombast, comes to the conclusion that "no doubt his (the Pope's) violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor, and still less could he have in-

tended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done (p. 76)." For this hypothesis he seems to assign no better reason than that the restorer of Papal power in France can do no wrong. But it is true that M. de Pradt,* on the authority of Marshal Bessières, endeavors to throw the blame of this outrage on Murat, to whom was intrusted much of the direction of Italian affairs, and M. Artaud, in his "Life of Pius VIII." (p. 352), has since produced evidence to confirm his statements. But even if this version of the story is accepted, it is worth nothing as a defence to Napoleon. When he ordered the annexation of the Papal states he must have foreseen the necessity of removing the Pope from his capital, and he must have left to his subordinates a discretionary power expressed or implied. He well knew what they would be compelled to do; and if he omitted to furnish them with precise instructions, it is no diminution of his responsibility that he thus reserved to himself the right of disavowing them, or of complaining, as he did in his conversation with Bessières, of their want of dexterity, because they did not accomplish the impracticable feat of taking the Pope prisoner without shocking the feelings of Catholic Europe. He could not have supposed that the Pope's removal would be voluntary, nor was he ignorant that a forcible and secret abduction could not be effected without "rudeness and irreverence." He neither disavowed his agents expressly in words nor inferentially by his actions. The treatment of the captive Pope at Savona, varying in rigor according to the degree of resistance he displayed, was of a piece with the violence with which he had been transported thither; and when he was conveyed to Fontainebleau some years later the removal was characterized not only by irreverence, but by cruelty. General Radet, as we have seen, incurred no slight risk by softening the severity of his orders; and he always conceived himself to have executed his commission with as much delicacy as its painful nature allowed. Cardinal Pacca confirms his statement, and adds that he ventured gently to take the Holy Father to task for treating his reluctant gaoler with less than his usual gentleness.†

* Histoire des Quatre Concordats.

† Radet has left his own narrative, which in no important point differs from Pacca's. M. Artaud says that the General was so well satisfied with his

At Savona the Episcopal palace was assigned for the Papal residence, and there the Pope spent nearly the next three years of his captivity.

We cannot see why Cardinal Wiseman thinks it necessary to exalt the patience of his hero by sneering at the deportment of Charles I. and Louis XVI. In comparing their fate with that of Pius, he tauntingly tells us, "Such a prisoner—such a captive [as the Pope]—creates no scenes, gives no impassioned pictures for the pencil or the pen. You cannot invest him with the pathos of St. James's or the Temple, nor get soft or tender speeches or dialogues out of him." "There is nothing dramatic" in his sufferings. Does our author mean to say that the words or actions of these illustrious secular victims were calculated for stage effect. Pius's imprisonment was not dramatic, because there was no subject for a drama—there was no tragedy! Does not he see that he weakens our sympathy for his hero by comparing his trials with those of a sovereign daily expecting a violent and ignominious death at the hands of his own subjects, and leaving all that is most dear to him on earth to the mercy of those who had shown they never knew mercy? Truly the situation of Pius resembled theirs as much as an uneasy couch resembles the rack.

The Pope's life at Savona has been represented as frivolous or heroic, according to the prejudices of the narrator. The French prelates who were placed about him as spies used to complain of the meanness of his employments, and the tediousness of his "historiettes" of Tivoli and of Imola. But how few were the safe topics of conversation, and how natural was it for the persecuted old man to turn to the only tranquil periods of his existence! After all, how many men of superior intellect have found occasional relief in "twaddle!" We should be sorry to measure Lord Eldon's understanding by the jests which he has deliberately recorded in his note-book, and which have been published on his own conduct in this business, that he had a picture painted, in which he is represented as standing in a respectful attitude before his Holiness. Pius, however, always resented General Radet's conduct. After the restoration Radet solicited permission to come to Rome, and to retain his estate of S. Pastor, which had once belonged to a Dominican convent. Cardinal Consalvi told the French ambassador that he dared not recall to his Holiness's recollection so painful a remembrance, and the estate of S. Pastor was instantly restored to S. Dominic.

by his biographer. Some have related as a proof of saint-like patience—Cardinal Pacca denies it as a calumny—that the Pope used occasionally to mend and wash parts of his own linen. M. Artaud, one of his warmest admirers, tells us (vol. iii. p. 69) that he did so to avoid being scolded for the stains of snuff by his personal attendants. This is far from improbable. Insulated as a Pope is by his exalted rank, he is often impelled by the natural craving for human sympathy to permit an undue familiarity with his servants. But whatever may have been the motives which induced Pius to resume the humble occupations of his conventual life, we see nothing in the act that is either sublime or ridiculous. He was old; a close prisoner (for he refused the little liberty that was allowed him); in feeble health; and probably indisposed by corroding care for intellectual exertion; what wonder if he experienced the immense relief that is afforded under such circumstances by slight manual occupation?—a relief so great that, under the many hardships imposed on woman by her subordinate position, it goes far to equalize her lot with that of her tyrant, man. All this, we grant Cardinal Wiseman, is not dramatic, but nevertheless, in spite of the sneers of detractors, and the exaggerations of eulogists, Pius bore his sufferings with the patience which is the true dignity of those who are unable to resist.

No doubt Napoleon had from the first looked forward to the time when the march of events would force Pius or his successor to accept a nominal sovereignty at Avignon, and a palace at Paris, but, in the mean time, there were matters of extreme urgency that required adjustment. The Pope had not imitated the Venetian Signory, who released their subjects from their allegiance when they saw their provinces overrun by the resistless hosts of the League of Cambray. Such humane temporizing he deemed inadmissible when the interests of the Church were at stake. He desired to leave every impediment in the way of the usurping government. He anathematized the oaths they imposed, and denounced the compliances they exacted. He was a martyr himself, and expected his subjects to follow in the path of martyrdom. The Emperor was not less obstinate; the prisons were full of recusants, and the distress and perplexity were extreme. But

there was a farther difficulty which caused a more wide-spread confusion. The Concordat had reserved to the Pope the institution of bishops. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century this right has generally been conceded to the Holy See, and forms its chief instrument of coercion in dealing with the civil power. In early times the Gallican Church struggled long for independence. By the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, the right of episcopal election was secured to the Chapters, that of institution to the Metropolitan; this was agreeable neither to Pope nor King. By the Concordat of 1616, between Leo X. and Francis I., the power of naming the bishops was assigned to the crown, that of instituting to the Roman See. This much coveted power of conferring institution involves the right of withholding it at pleasure, and thus enables the pontiff, when he chooses to think himself aggrieved, to strike the national church with paralysis, till the distress thus occasioned compels the government to come to terms. During the quarrels of Clement XI. with Louis XIV. for eleven years the bulls of institution were withheld, and thirty-two dioceses were deprived of their legitimate pastors. Pius, since his captivity, had abstained from all exercise of the pontifical office; many sees were vacant, and he formally condemned the expedient of governing the dioceses by capitular vicars. It was loudly demanded that the Pope should correct what was now called the error of the Concordat, and give up the right of withholding institution. M. de Pradt's arguments against the fitness of entrusting such a power to the Pope are unanswerable, but they are equally cogent against all the other usurpations of Rome. Napoleon underrated the character of Pius, both moral and intellectual. He believed that, when deprived of his counsellors, his firmness would fail, and that he would consent to whatever was urged on him with sufficient importunity. But the captive Pope made his insulation a reason for refusing any answer. It was necessary to give him counsellors who could be trusted. Five cardinals, who were known to be subservient to the Emperor's views, were dispatched to Savona. Monsignor Bertazzoli, whose fidelity to the Pope was unsuspected, but who was notoriously the most timid of churchmen, was sent to work on his master's fears by exhibiting his own. In Paris a na-

tional council was called to extort the Pope's compliance, or to provide some substitute for it, if refused. A deputation from this body waited on him at Savona. From every quarter calamitous pictures were presented of the state of the church deprived of its lawful pastors. The bugbear of schism was again and again presented to his eyes; the sufferings which his faithful counsellors endured on account of his obstinacy were urged with importunity. The Pope yielded, and put his signature to a Bull, which was thought by the Emperor's commissioners to grant all that was needed; but their master was not satisfied. Suddenly, and with the most extraordinary precautions to ensure secrecy, Pius was again hurried across the Alps. At the hospice on the Mont Cenis he was so ill that he received the viaticum; but his conductors were not permitted to delay his journey, nor was he allowed once to leave the carriage* till it brought him more dead than alive to Fontainebleau. The Emperor now demanded in substance a new Concordat, by which the power of institution was transferred to the metropolitan in the event of the Pope's delaying to exercise it beyond six months; and moreover the papal sanction for the oaths he imposed, for the various acts of papal authority he had performed,† and for his usurpation of the dominions of the see. He again tried his own personal influence, and the effect of mingled threats and flattery. The Pope always denied the personal violence which has been imputed to his persecutor in one of these interviews, but he admitted that the Emperor spoke very harshly, and accused him of being ignorant of ecclesiastical affairs. (Pacca, iii. p. 96.) Exhausted, bewildered, terrified, cajoled, Pius yielded at length. He put his hand to the fatal document, and he believed, or tried to believe, he had signed only the basis of a future agreement: all now was congratulation and jubilee. The imprisoned cardinals were instantly released. The Sacred College, who had been obliged to reside at Paris including both the red cardinals, who were allowed to wear the usual dress of their rank, and the black, who were deprived of it

because they had refused to attend the Emperor's marriage, were permitted to form a sort of court around the captive pontiff at Fontainebleau.

When Cardinal Pacca arrived from Fenestrelles he found the Pope sunk in the deepest dejection. His health, and even his mind, seemed affected. He received his faithful minister with indifference, almost with coldness; "*Ci siamo sporcificati*," he exclaimed, by the coarseness of the expression marking the recklessness of his despair. He could neither eat nor sleep; nor did he show the slightest symptom of amendment till it was suggested to him that a remedy for his error was yet possible. With the utmost secrecy he wrote with his own hand a formal letter to the Emperor, in which he solemnly revoked his concessions; and to give this revocation all the publicity possible, he read it to each of the cardinals separately, and made it the subject of an allocution addressed to them collectively in Consistory. It has been said that the Pope urged the most frivolous pretexts for repudiating his own act. He urged no pretext at all save that he had erred as dust and ashes will err, that he repented, and that Pasqual II. had done exactly the same thing. M. de Pradt retorts that the times of the papal contests with the house of Swabia do not furnish the best precedents, and that if repentance were a valid reason for revoking a promise, all contracts between man and man must cease. His reasoning would be unanswerable if the Pope had been a free agent, but the force that had been put on him was notorious to all Europe, and he carried public sympathy with him even in an apparent breach of faith.

For some days the captive court waited in extreme anxiety, the result of the violent measure they conceived they had taken. The course adopted by government was so adroit that we could fancy it had been suggested by M. de Talleyrand. In M. Scribe's clever play of "*Bertrand and Raton*," Bertrand (M. de Talleyrand) is made to say, "I have given them my advice in this emergency, and I think they will take it." "What have you advised them to do?"—"Nothing." It was precisely this "nothing" which defeated the calculations of the Pope and his advisers, and stifled the publicity they wished to give to their protest. The only answer the Imperial government made was to publish the

* The Pope was shut up with the carriage in the coach house during the few halts that were permitted, and there his food was brought him.—Vide Pacca and Artaud.

† The French commandant at Rome got possession of the fisherman's ring, and publicly gave out he would seal with it all papers to which it had usually been affixed.—Artaud, vo. ii. p. 387.

new Concordat as the law of the empire. However, as the Pope and his court had shown a disposition to be mischievous, their liberty was restricted; the cardinals were admonished not to meddle with business; and Cardinal di Pietro, the head of the "Zelanti" or high church party, was sent *in terrorem* to a distant prison.

In other respects there was a respite from persecution. We are now arrived at the year 1813, and the Emperor was preparing for his great German campaign, which involved his final struggle with confederated Europe. As time wore on, the Pope, in spite of the concealments of the "Moniteur," obtained intelligence of the French reverses. He might have guessed them from the Emperor's anxiety to effect a reconciliation with him, and the improved terms that each time were offered. But statesmen and prelates tried to open negotiations in vain: even "ladies interposed," and they too were repulsed.* The Pope felt his advantage, and refused to treat anywhere but at Rome. As the allies approached Fontainebleau his removal to his own dominions was ordered, and before he reached the frontier the power of his persecutor was no more. Once more he journeyed through his own states in triumph. His solemn entry into Rome was made on the 24th of May, with unusual splendor, and with much real rejoicing. The Neapolitan troops had not yet evacuated the town, and it was remarkable, even in this age of revolutions, that General Pignatelli, who had been sent from Naples to assist General Radet in his attack on the Quirinal, how escorted the triumphal procession of the restored Sovereign Pontiff.

Cardinal Consalvi was instantly sent to England to meet the allied sovereigns, and to anticipate all other negotiators in urging on all who had any influence the entire restoration of the dominations of the Holy See. On this occasion Cardinal Wiseman taunts "the haughty and selfish George of England with breaking through all the bonds of *præmunire* and penal statutes, and the vile etiquettes of three hundred years," by his reception of a papal envoy. That he could break through them with safety, and even applause, is an answer in full to the sneers at

his Protestant countrymen with which the Cardinal's book is filled. The English are the last people to be enslaved by etiquettes; and as the Cardinal seems to have read no History of England but Dr. Lingard's, he must permit us to offer a few words in explanation of the statutes which he so stigmatizes. They were enacted, in the first place, to protect the life of Queen Elizabeth, who was more constantly the object of plots than the late sovereign of France. They were maintained by her successor, who had no wish to be blown up together with his parliament. They were enforced by the people, when they suspected they were betrayed by Charles II., and when they found themselves betrayed by his brother. They were reenacted by William, who wished to give a pledge that no sovereign in future should prove false to the Protestant constitution. The cordial welcome of Consalvi by the English people proves that they regarded the spirit of the law, and not the letter. Never was there a time when the Roman Catholic religion was looked on so favorably in this country. It was believed to have lost its bigoted and exclusive character. The sufferings of the French emigrant clergy had attracted universal sympathy; the persecution of the Pope by England's greatest enemy had raised him to the rank of an ally and a martyr. That this state of things exists no longer is a subject of deep regret; but the Cardinal and his co-religionists alone must bear the blame. Ever since the admission of the Roman Catholics to power, a party in the House of Commons who are nominated by the Irish priesthood have pursued the objects of that body, to the exclusion, and even to the subversion, of all national interests. This section, though numerically weak, yet in the nice balance of parties exercises an undue influence over the legislature. It was improperly courted by the Whigs, by whose ignorance, perhaps, rather than ill intention, successive encroachments were encouraged till they culminated in the Papal aggression. It may be, and no doubt will be, courted again by future administrations; and it is to guard against the failing virtue of our statesmen that the people refuse to surrender any more of those "etiquettes" which Cardinal Wiseman thinks so contemptible.

Cardinal Consalvi subsequently repaired to Vienna to advocate his master's cause at the

* Mme. Brignole, one of the Empress's ladies, whom Cardinal Pacea calls an ambassador truly extraordinary, was sent to propose a reconciliation.

Congress. The return of Napoleon from Elba caused no further inconvenience to Pius than a hasty flight to Genoa in the middle of the Holy Week, to avoid the approach of his troublesome neighbor Murat, who to his infinite relief subsequently lost the crown of Naples for his pains; and on the whole it was favorable to his interests in the Congress. This event, it is said, impressed the allies with the necessity of returning as nearly as possible to the original state of things. The Cardinal availed himself with dexterity of the arguments it afforded in support of his master's claims. He was aided powerfully by schismatic Russia and heretical England; there was no longer any question of Murat's retaining the march of Ancona: and Austria, though with reluctance and with the reserve of two fortresses, consented to surrender the Legations.

Thus Consalvi accomplished more than the most sanguine friends of the See of Rome could have hoped, and the Pope for the first time entered into the full possession of his States. With his persecutions terminates the chief interest of Pius's life. But the busy part of his reign only commences. One important act which he had long meditated in his captivity took precedence of all others. Cardinal Pacca tells us that, in the extremity of his penitential despair, he exclaimed, at Fontainebleau, "I shall die mad, like Clement XIV." There are three versions of Clement's death. At the time it was generally believed that he was poisoned by the Jesuits in revenge for their suppression. The rationalistic theory was that the perpetual alarm in which he lived, and the unwholesome diet which he resorted to in the dread of poison, hastened his end. That which was industriously circulated by the reverend fathers themselves was, that he was driven mad by remorse for having betrayed the Church by the destruction of its strongest bulwark. When we hear that this last was the opinion held by Pius VII., it is easy to foresee his intentions with respect to the Society of Jesus. He had already permitted the dispersed brethren to reassemble in Russia, in 1800, at the request of the Emperor Paul, and also in Sicily, in the year 1804, at the request of Ferdinand. Among zealous churchmen a notion had for some time been gaining ground that the abolition of the order had hastened the French revolution and the fall of the Church. This was a

mistake—the dislike and fear which the Jesuits inspired had greatly contributed to foster the anti-religious spirit which subsequently overwhelmed both Church and State: and an attempt to save them would only have accelerated the general ruin. But the Sacred College, though many of them had been vehemently opposed to the Jesuits (and of those Pacca tells us he was one), were now unanimous in their favor, with the sole exception of Consalvi. He alone was opposed to a measure which he saw would excite a general clamor against the restored Papacy; but in matters purely ecclesiastical he was not all powerful, and he was overborne. Before any of the allied powers could remonstrate—while public attention was riveted on events so important that even the restoration of the Jesuits attracted little notice—while Consalvi was engaged in negotiating at Vienna, on the 7th August, 1814, the bull "*Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*" undid the work of Clement's famous bull, "*Dominus ac Redemptor noster.*" Pius went in state to the Church of the Gesù, and the Jesuits were restored to all their privileges.

On the Pope's restoration the relations of the Holy See with foreign Courts all required to be renewed or remodelled, and the subjects of dispute were endless. No power could persuade the restored king of Naples to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Pope, and to pay the tribute of the China.* Murat, while his crown was yet trembling on his head, was as ready as Charles of Anjou, some centuries before him, to acknowledge any thing, or promise any thing, if the Pope by his sanction would consent to strengthen his title. But Ferdinand owed the recovery of his dominions to the allied sovereigns; and he would yield nothing to the Pope from whom he had nothing to expect. To relate the ecclesiastical negotiations of the Roman See during the reigns of Pius and his successors, would be to give the Church history of Europe during the period. Suffice it to say that the general result was an important advance towards the recovery of its former power. The times were singularly favorable for the revival of Papal pretensions. The misfortunes of the Pope had disarmed jealousy and had excited sympathy. Addresses and congratulations flowed in from all parts, and the Papal court,

* The white palfrey which was annually presented at the feast of the Ascension.

with its usual dexterity, affected to accept the expressions of voluntary attachment and respect as the tribute of bounden duty and service.

In France, the return of the emigrant clergy brought discontent and confusion. There had always been in that country a party "ipso Papa Papalior" who would not acknowledge the usurper's Concordat, and thus reinforced, to the Pope's infinite joy, they clamored for its abolition, and desired the reestablishment of the ancient sees. The result was the Concordat of 1817—a changeling which no party dared own or present to the Chambers, and the clergy petitioned for its execution in vain. Thus no longer in harmony with the body of the people, the Church threw itself into the arms of the ultra-royalists, and both sought the alliance of Rome. And accordingly the spread of ultramontane opinions in France, the country of all others once the most opposed to them, has of late years been prodigious.

Throughout Europe the Protestant states were for the first time brought into close relations with the See of Rome: many of them had received accessions of territory, the inhabitants of which were Roman Catholics, and they desired Concordats. For England alone chooses to be ignorant that, when Romanism is only the creed of a tolerated minority, not less than when it is the religion of the State, it is necessary to establish certain limits within which the authority of the Pope shall be exercised. If this is neglected, the plenitude of papal power is virtually directed by the national Roman Catholic hierarchy, and gives them a preponderance which makes them formidable to the Protestant government, and despotic over the laity of their own persuasion.

Important as were these negotiations abroad, at home the Pope's cares were more anxious still. What had been done in 1800 was a rehearsal of the part he had now to play, but the difficulties were greater than any amount of experience could suffice to overcome. The throne of a restored sovereign is no bed of roses. His feelings are ever at war with his interests. The faithless are too many to be punished, the faithful too many to be rewarded. It is said, on the Pope's passage through Cesena, Joachim, still king of Naples, solicited an interview, and showed him a memorial, numerous signed, professing to

come from the nobility and people of Rome, and expressing their strong desire to live under a secular prince. The Pope threw the paper unread into the fire. (*Artaud*, iii., p. 82.) But some had sinned past forgiveness. It is disappointing to hear that his old friend Marconi, despairing of his patron's fortunes, had become a courtier at the Tuileries, where nothing was given without value received; and had been induced to take a part against his benefactor, which could not be forgotten. It was not without difficulty that he was permitted to return to Rome.*

In the Roman States it was necessary to reorganize the constitution and the law. The Code Napoleon and the French laws of succession had been introduced. The old law and the feudal regulations respecting real property, could not be reestablished without considerable modifications. Every thing was expected from the new government, which was perplexed by the inconsistent outcries for renovation and restoration. Cardinal Consalvi had given to the Congress at Vienna a pledge to reform the administration. Unfortunately nothing better occurred to him than the bureaucratic centralization of which he had found the model in France. No form of administration is more adverse to the gradual education of the people for self-government, none is less favorable to the stability of the constitution. When the nation is represented by the capital, the fate of an empire depends on the success of a casual riot, a mutiny of Prætorian guards, or an intrigue in the Seraglio. But we can hardly blame the Pope's Minister for adopting a system which is recommended by the example of the vast and disjointed empires of Russia, Austria, Prussia and Spain, and which is beginning to find favor even in democratic England.

In former days the Roman provinces were administered by a Supreme Board, which assumed the title of Buon Governo, and was presided over by a Cardinal, but which interfered little with the local authorities, and rarely reversed their decisions. At that time there existed between the central power and

* Marconi married a very handsome woman, whose beauty and whose diamonds were seen in all crowded parties at Rome for some years after the peace. Marconi was extravagant and speculated, but his speculations were no longer fortunate: he died poor. His widow still lives in the deep seclusion of a convent. His villa at Frascati is an inn, and a very good one.

the provinces a mutual confidence which, in the interval of French annexation, was destroyed. Rome lost its prestige. It ceased to be the seat of an opulent government, and it never could be the centre of manufactures and trade. The provinces, as constituent parts of a great empire, had learned to feel their importance. Their wealth and intelligence were increased, their ambition was roused, their interests were distinct, and they repined at being compelled to support the dominant priesthood with the fruits of their industry. The system which Buonaparte had found so effectual when the main spring was directed by a genius like his own, was entirely inoperative when administered by the dilatory habits and suspicious temper of a priestly oligarchy. Stories were circulated of the ludicrous inconveniences which had arisen from the necessity of referring questions requiring instantaneous decision to distant and procrastinating boards; and it was loudly complained that the industry of the provinces was paralyzed by the arrogance of the capital and the incapacity of the government.

Consalvi was a careless financier, indifferent to the public burdens, and anxious only to tide over the evils he was unable to remove, trusting to-morrow would make up the shortcomings of to-day. The Church was clamorous for the restitution of her endowments, but in deference to public opinion, backed by the example of France, it was necessary to show some respect to the claims of actual possessors. Where no great changes had been made, and the property could be easily identified, it was restored to its original owners on making a compensation to the occupiers. So vague a regulation could not be carried out without the accusation, and, in fact, the reality, of much partiality and injustice; and to make this compensation, a debt of twelve millions of dollars was contracted,* which has ever since been on the increase, but its amount can only be surmised, as no account of it is ever rendered to the public. A further sum of two millions, given by France under the title of indemnification for the loss occasioned by the French occupation, was, to the infinite disappointment of those who thought they had

claims on the government, diverted from its original purpose, and spent by Consalvi on entertainments to the sovereigns who visited Rome, the restoration of public buildings, and the erection of that beautiful portion of the Vatican Museum known by the name of Braccio Nuovo. The minister evidently aspired to raise the popedom to the level of the traditions, still unforgotten, of the splendid but unfortunate Braschi. The times, however, were changed. The wealth of a credulous world was no longer poured into the Roman treasury. The habit of paying money, when once discontinued, is with difficulty resumed. Spain and Spanish America were devoted in their expressions of obedience, but they kept their dollars to themselves, and, while revenue diminished, expenditure increased. Throughout Italy the discontents which are inseparable from a restoration, and the aspirations which are necessarily caused by previous revolutions, had given rise to secret societies and conspiracies. The revolution of Naples caused the Pope expense as well as anxiety. The disturbances in Romagna, which clouded the last years of his reign, were a further drain on the treasury. Zeal must be rewarded, information must be purchased, enemies must be propitiated. The revolutions in Spain and Portugal were watched with anxiety, and the exhausted coffers of the Vatican were further taxed to support the cause of orthodoxy and legitimacy in those countries.

The Pope, enfeebled by age and suffering, distrustful at all times of his own judgment, and taught by his weakness at Fontainebleau a lesson of diffidence which he never forgot, can hardly be blamed if he trusted all to the friend who had been his staff and support from the first. Consalvi was virtually the sovereign of Rome; nor must it be attributed exclusively to ambition if he called on none of his colleagues of the Sacred College to share his power. Those who rated their claims the highest were unfitted to coöperate with him by the rigidity of their principles. He was as much bent as any of them on restoring the Roman See to its former preëminence; but while he was satisfied with obtaining what was possible, and would yield trifles to gain essentials, they would have lost the end while disputing about the means, and, like all High Church parties, would have sacrificed the substance in an attempt to secure the shadow.

* This was done by Monsignor Rivarola and Gustiniani (both afterwards cardinals) when Consalvi was absent; but whether the Cardinal Secretary sanctioned so important a measure, or allowed it to be carried without his sanction, he is equally responsible for it.

So much power brought the Cardinal a world of jealousy, and the hatred of the whole state, lay and ecclesiastical. Nor can it be denied that, in spite of many pleasing and some noble qualities, his unpopularity was not wholly undeserved. He undertook more than it was in the power of any one man to perform, and he trusted those who had perhaps a claim on his affections, but did not merit his confidence. Not less graceful and winning in his address than he was commanding in his personal appearance, not less supple in finding expedients and suggesting compromises than he was persevering and even obstinate in pursuing the object in view, he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the art of leading others, and yet he himself was notoriously ruled by his valet. Personally above all suspicion of corruption, he did not hesitate to employ the means which he disdained, and the government of an incorruptible minister was corrupt. He was a good Italian in the best sense of the word, and deserved well of Rome, with whose glory he completely identified himself. Though born in the provinces, and of no very distinguished family, he felt no mean jealousy of the dominant city and its exclusive aristocracy. Hence the many noble works which attest his patronage of art and his administrative talents, though, of course, all are labelled for posterity with the name of his master, Pius VII.

In a Cardinal it must be accounted a merit that he was a thorough churchman. His liberality of sentiment, so vaunted by the travelling English, and so reprehended by his colleagues, was little more than a varnish which assisted him to conceal his purposes. At the Duchess of Devonshire's house he met foreigners of all nations, and in the course of familiar conversation he could hint what, in a formal interview, would have had no propriety, and would have obtained no credence. Few English tourists of any distinction but had some lively and graceful saying of the Cardinal's to quote as a proof of his liberal statesmanship. His grand object was to promote the cause of the "Catholic emancipation," and he had the art to persuade the English that they were treated at Rome with distinction, and that a change had taken place in the spirit of the Papacy, when they were allowed to hire a large room, wherein to meet, and to hear read by some travelling clergyman of their own persuasion the prayers of their

national liturgy. Our author attributes the reëstablishment of the college at which he received his education to the gratitude which his Holiness felt for the assistance he had received from the English government. That his intentions were benevolent there is no doubt, and that he believed the spread of Romanism in this country would ultimately conduce to its true interests may be fairly presumed. But Pius, or, at least his accomplished minister, was too shrewd a statesman to overlook the political inconveniences of dissent, and he must have known that to infuse fresh activity into the small minority of Roman Catholic Dissenters in England was not the best means of showing his gratitude to its Protestant government.

Not even the popes and cardinals who have been immortalized by the pencils of the great masters of the Cinquecento looked their parts better than Pius and his minister. Of this future generations may judge, for Sir T. Lawrence has surpassed himself in the portraits of them which he painted for Windsor Castle. We cannot entirely agree in the admiration which Cardinal Wiseman more than once (pp. 56 and 212) in his pages claims for the extraordinary beauty, the "regal aspect," the sanctified demeanor of the Sacred College; but there are always some striking heads among them, and of these we never remember to have seen any, in life or on canvas, since Bentivoglio was painted by Vandyke, that so completely as Consalvi realizes the ideal of the ecclesiastical statesman.

In the portrait of the aged Pope we see that neither time nor sorrow has changed the blackness of his hair nor dimmed the lustre of his eyes; his front is still smooth, his mouth serene and smiling; but yet an air of lassitude and anxiety pervades the countenance, and the feebleness of the sunken frame tells of long previous suffering and advancing age. No further unpopularity accrued to the Pope personally from the imputed despotism of his minister * than justly falls to the share of him who delegates to another the authority he ought to exercise himself. Pasquin did not spare him. One morning the following dialogue was found affixed to the statue:—Pius was supposed after death to knock at the gates of paradise

* A pasquinade on the election of the new Pope says—

"Dio ci salvi
Da un uomo despotico
Qual' è Consalvi."

—"Well," says St. Peter, "you have the keys, why do you not let yourself in?" "I have given them to Cardinal Consalvi," replies the abashed pontiff. "In that case," retorts St. Peter, "you must wait till the cardinal comes from purgatory and brings the keys with him." Pius with all the virtues had some of the faults of his order—devout and conscientious according to the notions of his Church, gentle and humane in his temper, simple and self-denying and even ascetic in his habits, he was a true monk at heart. Humble he was, but, like all who have ever worn the tiara, he had an exalted notion of the dignity of his office. The humblest of mankind thus elevated could not retain his humility. Approached with genuflections, carried on men's shoulders, seated on an altar and adored as a divinity, who can distinguish between the individual and the office? Some virtuous pontiffs there have been, and many clever ones; but not one will be found who did not think it his first duty to exalt the power of the See and to extend his own authority to the utmost. Pius believed it his especial mission to restore the papacy to what it had once been, and in this great work he will be considered by the future historian to have made a greater progress than was perceived by his contemporaries.

The Pope, in the spring of 1823, had completed his 80th year: he had long been too infirm to officiate at the great pontifical ceremonies, but at Easter he gave the benediction from the balcony of the Quirinal palace. This was his last appearance in public. Consalvi, who was some years younger, was suffering from repeated attacks of fever; but he had no leisure nor inclination to heed them; he felt he should have strength enough to fulfil his task, and it was no courtier's speech when he assured his friend and master he should not long survive him.

On the 6th of July, a day marked with black in his calendar, as the anniversary of the attack on his palace, the Pope fell in attempting to rise from his chair. Twice he had fallen before, and Cardinal Consalvi had implored his "Camerieri" never on any pretext to lose sight of him; but popes and sovereigns may die of neglect as well as the meanest pauper. By the fall the thigh-bone was broken at the socket, and at his time of life such a hurt is incurable. His physicians desired to conceal from him the nature of

the injury; but in the following night he himself demanded the viaticum. A few days after the Pope's accident Rome was alarmed by a calamity, which to the superstitious seemed a portent. The great Ostian Basilica (St. Paolo fuori le Mura), to which is attached the convent in which the Pope had resided as a monk, was set on fire by the carelessness of the workmen employed on the roof, and was nearly consumed. Those who first penetrated to the spot, as soon as it was safe to approach the tottering and smoking walls, will not readily forget the scene presented—the cedar roof lying on the ground in charred and smoking fragments; the one hundred and twenty columns, for which some of the finest monuments of antiquity had been rifled, partly calcined, or lying in broken masses on the pavement: while the arco trionfale (as it is called) and the tribune with their rich mosaics, the high altar and its granite canopy, still towered in the midst of the desolation. The Pope was spared the pain of knowing the calamity which had befallen the home of his youth. He languished for six weeks after his accident. Cardinal Consalvi was constant in his attendance at the bedside of his patron and friend, and in the solitude and neglect in which, it is said, the apartments of the dying Pope were left, he alone performed every needful office. On the 20th of August the great bell of the Capitol, answered by those of every parish church in Rome, announced to the world that Pius VII. was no more.

It was nearly half a century since Rome had witnessed the obsequies of a pope or the assembling of a conclave. At the first meeting of the Sacred College after the demise of the Pope, its disposition towards the late government was made manifest. A violent attack was made on Consalvi for transacting after the Pope's death, and when his office had ceased, some indispensable business of routine which his attendance on his master's death-bed had compelled him to neglect. Fesch and Pacca alone, though personally his enemies, had the courage and generosity to stand up in his defence; and it was plain that hostility to the late minister was the best title to the electors' favor. Consalvi's real offence was the exclusion of his colleagues from power; and it was resolved to raise no one to the vacant throne who would not previously bind himself to establish a privy council of the Sacred College—a condition

which was of course accepted, and afterwards evaded. No experience will convince even those on whom the proof is oftenest enforced that it is vain to take a bond of him who in his own hands holds the powers to bind and to loose.

The courts of Europe desired the elevation of a man of moderate opinions, and both France and Austria concurred in promoting the election of Cardinal Castiglione; but the "Zelanti," whose party was all-powerful, were determined to advance one whose first object was to vindicate the supremacy of the Church. They ostentatiously brought forward Cardinal Severoli, who was particularly obnoxious to Austria; and on him Cardinal Albani, who held the secret, as it is called, of that court, was induced (prematurely and unskilfully, it is said) to waste the veto with which he had been entrusted.* The way was now clear for the advancement of any other enemy of this dreaded power. The Cardinal della Genga was not generally popular; he was known to be a reformer, and the Sacred College have no love for reform. He had held the high and responsible but invidious office of Cardinal-Vicar, and in its discharge the severity of his character had made him an object of dread. On the other hand, he was known to be a man of integrity, and his aversion, personal and political, to Consalvi, was indisputable. The late minister had inflicted on him a mortification never to be forgiven. When Consalvi had left Rome in 1814, on his mission to England, the party opposed to the Secretary persuaded the Pope to send Monsignor della Genga to congratulate Louis XVIII. on his restoration. Consalvi was still at Paris. He considered the mission as an act of hostility and defiance. In virtue of his legatine authority he superseded the crest-fallen nuncio, and at a stormy interview is said to have treated him so harshly that he absolutely fell sick and retired to Montrouge.

No candidate could give so strong a guarantee of hostility to the late minister. He was formally recommended to the dominant party by Severoli, when his own elevation was no longer practicable, and he was elected.

* Each of the three great powers who have the right of "veto" can exercise it but once in each conclave; and moreover the veto must be pronounced before the candidate has actually obtained the number of votes required to give the necessary majority. Hence the veto is the cause of no small part of the intrigues which take place within the conclave.

It was subsequently remarked, at the coronation of the new Pope, that when Consalvi, as senior deacon, presented to him the chalice, not a glance of triumph on one part, or a scowl of mortification on the other, could be detected by keenest scrutiny. Neither Pope nor Cardinal we believe, at that solemn moment, was actuated by the feelings ascribed to him; but, be that as it may, they were not men to give every coxcomb of an attaché the opportunity of writing a lively dispatch at their expense by betraying the working of their minds to the gaping crowd. That Consalvi was seriously mortified by his enemy's election there can be no doubt, but he could hardly have been sanguine in his hopes of preserving his power in another reign, and his failing health must have warned him that his race was run. He had, however, a duty of friendship to discharge. He claimed, as a privilege, and no one disputed it with him, the task of raising a monument to the late Pope.* He sent for Thorwaldsen, whose reputation then stood highest in that department of art, and gave him the commission. In these days of affected bigotry the selection of a Protestant for such a work would be impossible, and even then it was censured as a fresh proof of the cardinal's offensive liberalism.

Before his death he seems to have been reconciled with the newly-elected Pope, who had need of his advice, and he accepted the honorable post of Prefect of the College "De Propaganda Fide." In Italy, where no man of eminence is believed to die by decay of nature, if any other cause can be assigned, the great minister is said to have died of a broken heart. It is more probable and more creditable to his character, that his constitution was worn out by his constant application to business. He survived his friend and master only five months. He died poor, and left his fortune, which consisted principally of the diamond snuff-boxes which had been given to him in the course of his diplomatic services, to pious and charitable uses.

The new Pope took the name of Leo, it is believed as an earnest of his intentions to restore the power of the church. His choice of a title provoked Pasquin to put forth a dog-grel distich, which may be thus rendered, al-

* Where a Pope does not leave a wealthy family, whose duty it is to raise his monument, his "creatures" (cardinales ab eo creati) usually subscribe for the purpose.

though Leo hardly suggests Lion obviously enough to preserve the point in an English version :—

“Neither Pius nor Clement, not he, forsooth,
But a Leo (Lion) will be, though without a
tooth.”

He was born, in the year 1760, of a gentleman's family in Umbria, near Spoleto, and had several near relations living at the time of his election. One of his nephews, on hearing the joyful tidings, set out immediately for Rome, and was met at the gates by an order to quit the city without delay. Chiaramonti had set the example of eschewing nepotism, and Leo was determined not to sacrifice his fame and his duty to his family affections. In his youth he was said to have been good looking, but his features must always have been mean and insignificant. His height, however, was commanding, his pallor ghost-like, and his movements eminently graceful. No one since the days of Braschi, whom few now alive can remember, has performed so majestically the part of Pontiff in the great ceremonies of the Church. His manners had not the gentle bonhomie and innate courtesy of his predecessor, and very nice observers among his countrymen have said they could detect beneath the varnish of later life the traces of early rusticity. But these distinctions, if not altogether fanciful, were lost on the ordinary critic; and in general, those whose business brought them into contact with Leo were struck by the polished urbanity of his address not less than by his knowledge of affairs and his patience in listening to a statement. In the career of the “nunciature” he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the languages and manners of foreign countries, and also the ease which familiarity with the great world alone can impart. The energy of his character and the excellence of his intentions no one could doubt, but his judgment was less good than his intentions; and such as it was, he often thought it his duty to distrust it as the mere prompting of worldly wisdom. His disposition was severe, and his temper despotic. Ill health had rendered him peevish, and, in spite of his rectitude of purpose, he not unfrequently appeared harsh and vindictive. Pasquin only expressed the popular feeling, when he says, alluding to his sallow complexion—

“Pope Leo's a lemon, as no man can doubt,
He's all sour within, and all yellow without.”

At the time of his election his health was so bad that he is said to have remonstrated with the Conclave that they had chosen a corpse—a protest which probably did not diminish the zeal of many of his supporters; and for some time after his coronation he was obliged to keep his bed. On this occasion our author tells the following wonderful story :—

“All Rome attributed the Pope's unexpected recovery to the prayers of a saintly bishop, who was sent for, at the Pope's request, from his distant see of Macerata. This was Monsignor Strambi, of the Congregation of the Passion. He came immediately, saw the Pope, assured him of his recovery, as he had offered up to heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. It did, indeed, seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the Pope's languid frame: he himself died the next day, the 31st December, and the Pontiff rose like one from the grave.”—p. 236.

Whatever all Rome may have thought, we cannot suppose that Cardinal Wiseman himself believes the miracle which he introduces with no more parade of faith than Horace thinks necessary to attest his poetical tale of witchcraft :—

“*Et otiosa creditur Neapolis
Et omne vicinum oppidum.*”

Had there been the slightest foundation for this story, can it be supposed that Leo would have missed the opportunity of ushering in his reign with a prodigy, or that he was so ungrateful as to make no return of spiritual favors to his benefactor? If the self-devoted man who was the instrument or the subject of such a miracle died in the odor of sanctity, why was he not beatified? If not, why did not Rome resound with Pontifical masses to obtain the liberation of his soul from purgatory? But in truth we can find no evidence that at the time or subsequently “all Rome” ever heard of any such story. If the Cardinal tells us that it was whispered in the English College, we must believe him; but we doubt whether any one would have the courage to circulate in sceptical Italy, a

* “Papa Leone
E un limone
Agro di dentro giello di fuor.”

fable which is calculated only for the controversial credulity of Tractarian England.

Had Leo reigned in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, his exalted pretensions would have provoked rebellion at home and schism abroad. In the nineteenth he assumed in his intercourse with the most powerful princes a tone which called to mind the Gregories and Alexanders, and was endurable only from a Pope who held his temporal dominions upon sufferance.* The first great act of his reign was to proclaim the Jubilee for 1825 in defiance of the wishes and advice of all the sovereigns of Europe. But in this a great principle was involved. He designed to show that nothing in the Papacy was grown obsolete. While the statesmen of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, desired to believe that the maxims and pretensions of Mediæval Popery had passed away forever, he conceived his especial mission was to restore all that appeared most objectionable to the enlightened or incredulous spirit of the age. The disasters of the times had prevented the celebration of the Jubilee in 1800 : once suspended, it was hoped that this invention of the middle ages would never be revived. It was felt more or less distinctly by all enlightened Roman Catholics that its indulgences and formalistic observances brought into prominent relief the most questionable parts of the Romish discipline and doctrine. The call on Christendom to visit Rome took the peasantry from their labor and turned them into pious vagrants, and in the disturbed state of the Peninsula political danger of various kinds was apprehended from the perpetual migration of large masses of people. Leo's own ministers remonstrated that the Treasury could not bear the expense, and that provisions were wanting to feed the expected crowds. The princes of Italy were hostile to the proposal; Austria was cold; France politely indifferent; and the greater part of them forbade their subjects to obey the invitations of the Holy Father.† But to all con-

siderations of prudence or policy Leo turned a deaf ear. Great preparations were made in Rome. Two vast hospitia were opened for the male and the female pilgrims, where they were respectively fed, washed, and put to bed by persons of their own sex. To supply the necessary number of attendants all citizens were expected to offer their services, including those whose subaltern position did not at other times entitle them to make any display of their humility. They were regularly organized in bands with appointed periods of service; the attendance was very fatiguing, and its duties far from agreeable. But nothing could exceed the alacrity and unanimity with which the whole city answered the Holy Father's call. It is to be regretted that so much zeal was expended in exertions which did nothing to diminish the sum total of human misery. The Pope himself would often enter without previous notice and take his share in washing the pilgrims' feet. Cardinal Wiseman says it was touching to observe the simple humility with which those pious peasants submitted to the ministrations of their betters. To the generality of observers they exhibited only the thoughtlessness and the petulance of children; they seemed to take all they saw as a matter of course, and were no more astonished at a prince's washing their feet than at a Cardinal's saying mass for them. In the female ward the ladies had their own troubles to restrain the tongues and make up the quarrels of the devotees under their charge. To perform their laborious duties they established among themselves the discipline of a well-ordered household, and dressed themselves in a plain servant-maid's costume. The lovers of art must not be misled by a clever sketch of Wilkie's, entitled "Princess Doria washing feet." This is no portrait of Princess Doria, nor of the scene in which she is engaged. The painter never could have witnessed what he represents, for no man except one or two "Monsignori" on duty is admitted to the female ward; and when asked why he supposed Princess Doria washed feet in an oriental red turban, he had no better reason to give than that "he wanted a bit of warm color."

* A letter of admonition to the king of France gave very great offence to Louis XVIII., whose "Bourbonian pride" was quite a match for Leo's Papal pretension.

† It was fortunate for the tourists who visited Rome in that year, that the king of Naples, in spite of his opposition to the jubilee, permitted his subjects to avail themselves of it. From the remotest provinces of the kingdom crowds of the most picturesque costumes flocked to Rome, such as at no other time could have been seen without penetrating the wildest and most inhospitable mountain fastnesses.

The pilgrims have guides to conduct them in procession to the various objects of pilgrimage, and even of interest and curiosity. The Museum of the Vatican was daily opened

to their wondering gaze, and was visited by the generality of them in their ignorant simplicity as a part of their religious duties. The holy year is opened by knocking down the wall which closes a certain door in the great front of the three Basilicas of St. Peter, Sta. Maria Maggiore, and St. John Lateran. This door is called "holy;" and during the course of the year is entered only by pilgrims on their knees. These ceremonies are performed by the Pope in person, and two Cardinals deputed by him, and the year is closed by laying down the first stone for walling them up again with not less solemnity. The interval is one prodigious round of religious fêtes, processions, and ceremonies. The Pope was busy and delighted: he had triumphed over all the sovereigns of Europe; none of the predicted evils had occurred. He had advanced the cause of the Church—and, as he doubtless thought, of religion—and in commemoration of the event he struck off medals in abundance.

In the year 1807 Pius VII. had thought fit to make some canonizations: for fifty years no Pope had ventured to provoke the incredulity of the age by reviving such a pretension; but Pius from the first considered himself as the restorer of the papacy and all its traditions. Leo followed this example, and in the course of his reign made several additions to the Celestial hierarchy. As the beatified were for the most part without families on earth to pay the expenses incident to their elevation, the cost of the ceremony, which is enormous, was defrayed by the State. The saints themselves were persons whose obscure lives were unknown to the world, and whose ecclesiastical, rather than social, virtues gave them little hold on secular sympathy.

Leo's projects of reform embraced every department of the state, every order of men, every class of society. His zeal was hot; his time, he knew, was short; and his reforms, though commendable in themselves, were pursued with a vehemence that gave them the appearance of persecution; indeed, so eager was he in the prosecution of guilt that it seemed as if he desired rather to punish the offender than prevent the offence. As Cardinal Vicar he had made many attempts (which had gained him much ill-will) to reform the manners of the clergy. These he now resumed with superior power and increased energy. In his honest zeal he would not respect

even the immunities and the decorums which often secured impunity for clerical crime, but in case of flagrant irregularities, he would, regardless of scandal, cause priests to be arrested in the open day. He delighted in making unexpected visits at undue hours, and (in order to preserve his incognito) in his ministers' carriage. Cardinal Wiseman speaks of the joy these surprises occasioned. Much more frequently they were productive of consternation. On one occasion our author admits the Pope made a nocturnal visit to a convent, and entered the solitary church at the time when it ought to have been filled for the midnight service. On being asked by the frightened superior to leave some memento of his visit, he said he had done so in the church; and on examination the brethren found he had written with his finger on the dust of the neglected prie-dieu "Leo XII." We have no desire to rake up old scandals, but if contemporary report said true, this was by no means the most painful of his exposures, nor the most severe of his rebukes. Uniting in his own person the civil and the spiritual power, his ideal of papal government was a sort of theocracy. Other governments might content themselves with repressing crime, his business was to reprove sin. Public decorum, at least, he would maintain; accordingly an inquisitorial surveillance of private life was established. Lord Macaulay says, in his brilliant biographical sketch of Frederick the Great, "that to be governed by a busy-body is more than flesh and blood can bear"—and of all busy-bodies, if a military one is the most tyrannical, a clerical one is the most tormenting. Some of his own wealthiest subjects withdrew from this paternal interference; and strangers of rank, who had been driven to Rome by stress of politics, on declining to comply with his suggestions, were requested to quit the States, or retired in disgust. The Pope saw their departure without regret. He was ready, he said, to offer an asylum to misfortune, but not a harbor for guilt. This was no new display of zeal. As Cardinal Vicar he had endeavored to reform the manners of the great. It is said that, on one occasion when officiating at the altar, a lady of illustrious rank, whose life he knew was not irreproachable, presented herself, and he was, or affected to be, so much overcome by her presence, that his hand visibly trembled as he held the wafer, and he cast on her such a glance of ineffable scorn,

that she fainted away. On the lower classes he enforced by compulsion, as a sovereign, those virtues which he was bound as a priest to recommend by persuasion. He closed the wine-shops as places of resort, and prevented all customers from entering them, by ordering the construction of certain "cancelletti," or gratings, through which the wine was to be handed to them. At the inns it was ordained that no one should drink without eating, but (alas for the impotence of law!) all that was effected by this was, that when the thirsty "Buttaro," or chance wayfarer, called for wine, the cautious host first placed before him a plate of half-gnawed crusts and broken eggshells. The laws for enforcing the fasts of the Church were revived in all their severity. The markets were regulated by edict, domiciliary visits were made in lodging-houses and "osterie." Delations were encouraged, and all the evils that follow in their train were rife. Those who absented themselves from the confessional were denounced and imprisoned; and if they were in the employment of the State they lost their offices. Nothing was beneath the attention of the Holy Father. Statues were removed as indelicate which had hitherto been exhibited without scruple. The law interfered with the costume of the Opera dancers, who complained that their profession was ruined by the prudish exigencies of the government. The love of dress is a passion which the Roman "Contadine" share with their betters; they are especially addicted to the display of jewellery. This taste he endeavored to repress, and more especially he made war against the combs worn in certain districts, which somewhat resemble the coronal fixed on the brows of the Virgin. The guards at the gates had orders to insist on the removal of these obnoxious ornaments; and scenes of indecorous merriment, and not unfrequently of angry and even bloody brawl, ensued in consequence. The Pope sighed over these incidents, and though he did not recall his ordinance, he suffered it to become a dead letter.

It cannot, however, be said that Leo desired to impose on others the burdens which he was unwilling to take upon himself. In his own religious observances he was devout, and even ascetic, beyond what it might be supposed his feeble frame would bear. He constantly officiated himself; his fasts were rigid. On one occasion we remember to have

seen him, in a chilly spring day, walk barefoot from St. John Lateran to Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, and similar exhibitions were frequent. Unable to check the excesses of carnival, he established for himself a routine of expiatory services to atone for them; and it was soon observed that those who wished in any way to invoke his paternal interference in their domestic affairs had no better way of conciliating his good-will than by making themselves conspicuous as attendants on what he called his "Carnovale Santo."*

In preparation for the holy year, the Pope made several regulations to improve the decorations and the services of the churches. Among others, he took away in the Papal chapel the raised seats for ladies, which put a stop, says Cardinal Wiseman, to the "English practice of eating and drinking in the churches." We cannot be angry with the Cardinal for propagating a libel to which so many Protestant writers have given currency, and which has been repeated till it seems to be believed. But keen as is the zest which many of our tourists find in disparaging their countrymen, we cannot understand how they can think it possible that English ladies want to eat luncheon in church, and at such strange, undue hours.† But if we admit that these insatiable fair ones were bent on committing this impropriety, how was their voracity defeated by lowering the seats? After this change they might perhaps eat unobserved. Before it, they were exposed to public view; or is it meant that this forbidden food had no relish unless it was eaten in public? Leo also put a stop to the exhibition of the illuminated cross which, on the night of Thursday in Passion-week, was suspended from the centre of the dome of St. Peter's, while all the rest of the church was left in darkness. And for this Cardinal Wiseman makes the English answerable. "The inhabitants of the north," it seems, were chatting and laughing, while those of the south were prostrated in rapt adoration. If this were the case, it ill became so pious a man to suppress the devotion of so many thousands for the levity of a few score. But, in truth, the guilty Eng-

* A lady, whose name is well known in Europe, was obliged, much against her will, to pass the carnival thus, in order to carry the point which had brought her to Rome. She was called in derision "La Madalena di Papa Leone."

† No church ceremony takes place at luncheon time, for that is the priests' dinner hour.

lish had little facility for chatting and laughing. The confusion was great; the darkness was but little relieved by the blazing cross; and great care on the part of the strangers was needed not to lose their party: on the other hand, the crowd of the lower classes was dense, and grave disorders often ensued; the spectacle was indeed striking, but experience proved it not edifying, and the Pope suppressed it without hesitation.

It was clear that Leo did not mean to be governed by his minister, like his predecessor, when he chose for his secretary the Cardinal della Somaglia, the dean, and one of the oldest members, of the Sacred College. But though well stricken in years, the Cardinal retained to the day of his death all the mental powers for which he had been distinguished in his youth. He had great quickness of apprehension, a thorough knowledge of business, manners that happily blended the dignity of the purple with the ease of the man of the world. He united the exquisite tact which is supposed to belong to Churchmen with that skill in concealing his own thoughts and divining those of others, which has been attributed to his countrymen as their peculiar talent. Leo's next choice, towards the close of his reign, fell on Bernetti, formerly governor of Rome, and then legate of Ravenna, whose talents and knowledge of business merited a greater share of influence than they obtained during the reign of the active and self-governing Pontiff.

One of the first subjects which engaged the Pope's attention was finance. A Board, with a cardinal for its president, was instituted for examining the resources of the country, the expenditure, the revenue, and the method of collection. If any expectation was entertained of inculcating the late secretary, that expectation was disappointed; nearly the whole of his financial arrangements, with slight modifications, were adopted. The Pope introduced rigid economy into every department which he could control. His own personal expenditure was reduced to the lowest scale. The burdens of the people were diminished, and even the debt incurred for indemnifying the religious bodies was reduced. But at his death the treasury was found as empty as is invariably the case at the demise of each of St. Peter's successors. It is possible that Leo himself may have supplied funds for the cause of legitimacy in the

Spanish peninsula; and it has been said that Don Miguel was largely indebted to his policy or compassion. Though Leo was proof against the weakness of nepotism, and resisted the domination of a powerful minister, he was not armed against the influence of favorites whose talents and position were too inconsiderable to excite his apprehensions. Gulli Fumaroli and Pfiffer, the latter an officer in the Swiss guard, were permitted a degree of familiarity which was unseemly, and exercised an influence which contributed greatly to the Pope's unpopularity, though in all probability fame greatly exaggerated its amount, and the benefits which the favorites derived from it.

Leo spent little on public works, excepting such as were commenced by his predecessors or forced upon him by necessity. He undertook to restore the great Ostian Basilica to its former splendor; but this was beyond the resources of the Apostolic chamber, and he appealed to the generosity of Christendom for subscriptions. In the autumn of 1826, the Anio, swollen by floods, swept away a whole street of the town of Tivoli that stood on its left bank, and dashed away the dam which forms the great cascade. Considerable efforts were necessary to protect from future ravages the town, and the rock on which stands the beautiful little temple of the Sibyl. It was a peculiarity of Leo that he would not allow any record to be inscribed on the public works of his reign. We entirely agree with Cardinal Wiseman in approving the inscriptions with which the Popes are wont to commemorate their respective labors; they afford a most amusing historical lesson, which those who walk may read, and which as effectually adds interest to their walks as the tallies bearing the names of the plants contribute to our enjoyment of the botanical garden. No traveller is justified in "smiling" or "snarling" at them as historical mementos, though it must be admitted that their pompous phraseology and inflated style sometimes provoke criticism.*

Anxious though he was to maintain the orthodox faith in its purity, Leo did not personally take much part in the discussion of

* In modern days a much more modest tone prevails. *Munificentia Pii VI.* is succeeded by *Cura Pii VII.*; *P. O. M.* is succeeded by *P. M.*, though in truth we believe it was rather the taste for classical Latinity than priestly arrogance that introduced the style of Pontifex *optimus maximus*.

questions relating to dogma. He was no theologian, and all questions of this nature he trusted to the "Sacred Congregations,"* and by their decisions he was content to abide.

It was part of his ecclesiastical system to restore the Jesuits as far as possible to their former dignity and power, and he took the first opportunity to put the Collegio Romano again under their direction. He did not, however, trust to them exclusively the whole education of the Papal States. He knew the disadvantages of a monopoly. He was not one of those bigots who hold that the ignorance of the people is the strength of the Government. His own early education had been neglected, and he was anxious to spare others a disadvantage which it had cost himself much labor to rectify. He had not been originally destined for the Church, and the habits and the society of his early life were any thing but clerical. It is said that to his intimates he used frequently to bewail the waste of precious time in the days of his youth, and the severity with which he looked back on his own failings is supposed to have added much to the sternness with which he endeavored to repress the transgressions of others. He was passionately attached to field-sports, and up to the last he would occasionally repair to a lonely farm-house in the Campagna, which he had fitted up for himself as a shooting-box. He published a code of game-laws to protect the birds during the

* In these congregations practically lies the infallibility of the church. They are committees presided over by a cardinal, and composed of prelates with whom are associated a certain number of learned theologians. These are generally monks uninterested in the political contests of the day, and uninfluenced by those motives which act so powerfully on the secular clergy. They are deeply read in ecclesiastical history and canon law, subtle casuists, and resolute champions of orthodoxy. These are the pioneers of dogmatic theology, who work in silence, and whose decisions, expressed with technical precision, and set off with the high sounding phraseology, the "paroloni preteschi" which Rome loves, are announced to the world as the sentence of the Holy Father ex cathedra. This machinery, which has been contrived so admirably to support the Holy See, occasions it sometimes not a little inconvenience by its inflexibility. When the decree of one of these congregations has raised a storm of discontent which the Pope can neither soothe nor neglect, it is in vain that he applies to the same body to withdraw or qualify their decision. In the frequent discussions with the Gallican church in the seventeenth century, the Pope himself would have conceded something for the sake of peace; but the sacred congregations, securely entrenched within the line of orthodoxy, steadily refused to relieve the embarrassments of their infallible chief.

breeding-season, and was undoubtedly the best shot that for a series of years has worn the triple crown.

In his foreign relations Leo's chief object was to uphold and advance the power of the Church. His political views were supposed to be opposed to those of Austria, but this bias had little effect on his conduct. Cardinal de Bernis in his letters gives it as the result of his long experience that nothing can be more futile than the anxiety displayed by each of the great powers of the Continent to procure the election of a Pope devoted to its own interests. When elected, the Pope acknowledges no interests but those of the Holy See. Former hostility will not prevent his conceding what policy tells him must be conceded. Former friendship will not induce to grant one iota more. The only hold retained by Spain over its Transatlantic provinces was by means of the Church. The bishops nominated by the revolutionary Governments were not acknowledged by the Pope. This state of things might terminate in a schism, and Leo, on application of the provincial churches, did not hesitate to desert his old ally the Catholic king in spite of his angry remonstrances. Leo's ideal of the papacy was as lofty as that of Pope Hildebrand, but he retained an indignant consciousness that he was fallen on evil times, and, in spite of his reprobation of his predecessor's example, condescended sometimes to flatter the spirit of the age. In England he had the great point of the Catholic emancipation to carry, and lost no opportunity, in his interviews with English governors in the Mediterranean and with casual English tourists at Rome, of mollifying anti-Catholic prepossessions. On one occasion, when a noble lord who had taken a most violent part against the Roman Catholics, chose, rather to the surprise of his friends, to be presented at the Vatican, it was thought that Leo would decline seeing one whose hostility was so notorious; he received him however with more than usual civility and even kindness, telling him with a marked emphasis that he was particularly glad to see him in Rome. "I hope, my lord," he added, "you are now disabused of your errors, and if you cannot conscientiously give us your vote, at least we shall no longer suffer from your misconceptions." In all such interviews with our countrymen the Pope and the Secretary of State piqued themselves on disarm-

ing prejudice and conciliating good-will by their reasonable sentiments and their winning address. They had nothing to fear from the contradiction which was practically given to their professions by the whole course of their policy. Our countrymen, and, above all, our statesmen, are resolutely bent on remaining in ignorance of the real meaning of all that relates to the social state of the Peninsula and the ecclesiastical policy of Rome. Leo did not live to know the success of the cause he advocated.*

Though Leo considerably raised the pretensions of the see of Rome, he had not the satisfaction of finding he had proportionally augmented its real power, or added to its stability. Another storm seemed gathering in France; the Crown had allied itself with the Church, and those who were plotting against the Crown made a violent onslaught on the Church. The Jesuits, though not established in France, had introduced themselves under the shelter of constitutional freedom, which (it was urged) does not deprive citizens of their rights, though they are living under the rule of St. Ignatius. In this modest guise they filled the confessionals, engrossed the places of education, and by their unpopularity endangered the government. Charles X. was obliged most reluctantly to issue an ordinance against their encroachments; and Leo XII. was unable to advise him to rescind it. Things must have gone far.

In the Pope's own states political discontent had increased to a fearful extent; and the Carbonari, against whom he fulminated a bull in vain, gave serious alarm to the government. Cardinal Rivarola, the legate at Ravenna, who had made himself very unpopular, one night as he was getting into his carriage was fired at—by some reckless desperado as the public affirmed, by the agent of some secret society as the government believed. A commission was sent down to investigate the facts. For a year the judges proceeded with impenetrable secrecy, and remained in apparent inaction. How far they acted with wisdom and justice can never be known; where there is concealment there will always be accusation, and there can be no defence. At last they took active measures; many arrests

were made, and the assassins were said to be under trial. After long protracted proceedings certain persons were condemned; the public persisted in affirming their innocence. The scaffold was erected before the palace of the legate. Hanging was the mode of execution selected, as being the most ignominious. The condemned were kept under the gallows (it was said to enhance their punishment, but probably in the hope of reconciling them to the Church) for the greater part of a burning summer day. The inhabitants of Ravenna closed their windows; all who could left the town, the rest kept their houses. The city was a solitude. Nothing was omitted that could safely be done to show horror, disgust, and disaffection. This occurred only a few months before Leo's death. His sun set in gloom. Vast designs thwarted—benevolent aspirations disappointed—filled his soul with bitterness. Some mischiefs no doubt had been remedied, and some abuses had been exposed: but it seemed to him as if, after all, little more had been done than to discover the magnitude and the strength of the existing evils. Violent enmities had been excited, sullen opposition had been roused. Like all benevolent despots, he was to learn how powerless he was for good—his own instruments failed him, when applied in any but their wonted direction, and he was obliged to acknowledge in despair, that it required a stronger arm than his to cleanse the Augean stable of Roman abuse.

His health, which had been wonderfully maintained during the last few years, seemed rapidly to decline. His majestic form became daily more gaunt, his paleness more cadaverous, his strength and appetite more perceptibly diminished. He was as well aware of the nature of his symptoms as the anxious prelates who watched him: distress of mind aggravated his symptoms. His day was closing while little of the mighty work he had projected for himself was accomplished, and he had as yet reaped no reward from the gratitude of mankind whom he had endeavored to serve. Conscious of benevolence for which few gave him credit, and disinterestedness which none could surpass, he felt he had been misunderstood—he sighed to find himself not loved. When obliged to appear in public, he had latterly perceived symptoms of the popular aversion, and hardest of all he knew himself to be hated of the clergy of whose power and

* On the 5th of February, the very day when the Speech from the Throne announced the surrender of the principle of exclusion, Leo was seized with his last illness, and before the news could reach Rome he was no more.

privileges he was the professed champion. He foresaw his approaching end. He consigned the fisherman's ring to the Maggior-domo, lest it should be lost in the confusion of an elective sovereign's death. He wrote his own epitaph, and gave it to his Latin secretary to put into the best form of lapidary Latin. He took leave of his ministers and awaited in firmness and resignation his release from the acute bodily sufferings which afflicted his last days.

The moment he expired the populace celebrated the event by breaking down the cancellotti in the wine-shops, which had provoked so much of their displeasure. He died at the Vatican, where he had established himself from the first, and thus his ungrateful people were deprived of the opportunity of manifesting their hatred, if indeed such was their wish, by insulting his mortal remains in their passage to St. Peter's.

THE VATICAN GREEK TESTAMENT.—At last this long-expected work, which has for the last twenty years sorely tried the patience of the Biblical scholars of Europe and America, has made its appearance. The Vatican Codex—the queen of MSS.—to inspect which Bentley, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and many others have made journeys to Rome—is no longer a sealed book, an unknown volume. Here are its whole contents, given to the world, and available to all who can afford to pay the goodly price at which the work is published. As the title-page announces, the MS. is edited by Cardinal Mai, to whose laborious industry we are indebted for many other valuable works. Although but recently published it has been long known that this edition of the Greek Scriptures has been printed some years. The Cardinal showed Tischendorf the whole five volumes ready for publication in 1843, and from the work itself we learn that it was printed so far back as the year 1838. Various reasons have been suggested to explain this unaccountable delay. Dr. Tregelles says that when Rome was in the hands of the Republican Government, and the authority of the Pope could no longer hinder the appearance of useful works, Cardinal Mai offered the impression for sale to Mr. Asher, the publisher at Berlin, but the terms named by the Cardinal were deemed too high, and thus the negotiation came to nothing. The French occupation of Rome and the Restoration of the Papal Government soon prevented Cardinal Mai from publishing his edition, and thus Biblical scholars have been doomed to wait another ten years for this precious boon. Now that it is in our hands it is melancholy to reflect that the learned editor did not live to see the consummation of his labors, and that the work was finally sent forth to the world under the superintendence of another. The work is well and handsomely got up. The type is very good, and the paper very stout and capable of being written on. The text of the MS. is comprised in five stout quarto volumes, of which four contain the Old Testament, the fifth the New. The Old Testament—

the Septuagint translation—is, of course, valuable, having never before been correctly published; but the New Testament is beyond all comparison that which renders this work so especially important. On this account it is much to be regretted that the one cannot be separated from the other. The old and New Testament must be bought together. As the cost of the work is rather considerable—£9,—this is a serious matter to scholars, a race not usually burdened with wealth. It is true an edition of the New Testament alone, in smaller size, is announced as to follow hereafter; but the editor adds, some considerable time will, probably, first elapse. The Vatican Codex thus at length given to the world, we need scarcely say, is generally regarded as the most ancient copy of the Greek Scriptures in existence.—*British Quarterly Review for October.*

THE WORLD AND ONE'S SELF.—The world can pry out every thing about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Psha! your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing has happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes: appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose that society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner, pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili*.—*The Virginians.*

THE WATER AND THE FLOWER.

A MEMORY.

ONE quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering
by a stile,
That ran along a wayside path, to watch the
clouds awhile,
Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow
of her wing,
I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the
spring.
Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls
of silken hair,
Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very
fair,
With something in her sunny face pure as the
sky above,
And something in her gentle eye, that guardian
angels love.

A little flower blossoming a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy
espied,
Whilst letting down her pitcher with the same
sweet, joyous song,
She watered it, half-laughingly, and gaily tripped
along ;
The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a
summer's sun,
And smile beneath the act which she uncon-
sciously hath done,
Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry
as before,
I saw her pass the garden-gate, and close the
cottage door.

Oh! often when this little scene has crossed my
thoughts again,
I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed
her spirit then—
This little girl has tripped through life as joyous
to the last,
Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as
she passed—
If with unconscious tenderness her heart has
paused to bless
The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their
distress.
Still following up God's teachings day by day,
and hour by hour,
Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water
and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has
hushed to rest
The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-lad-
dened breast,
If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps
have led
The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from
her head.
O! holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures
lost
By those who have not known thee, had been
worthy of the cost

How many heads a blessing from a better world
have borne
Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the
worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of
blessings day by day,
To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it
away ;
The poor and the dejected—whom God hath
willed to roam—
Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy
home!
Oh, let thy heart beat ever quick, in actions kind
to be.
Remember him whose bounty has at all times
followed thee.
And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the
town
To linger where the weary are, and let the
pitcher down. A. H. S.

—Home Journal.

THE LAST OF OCTOBER.

It was late in mild October,
And the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields
All green with grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen,
Leaving all the woodlands gay
With hues of Summer's rainbow,
Or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist that morning,
The sun rose broad and red ;
At first a rayless disc of fire,
It brightened as it sped.
Yet even its noontide glory
Fell chastened and subdued
On the cornfields, and the orchards,
And softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon.
Slow sloping to the night,
It wove with golden shuttle
The haze with yellow light ;
Slanting through the painted beeches,
It glorified the hill,
And beneath it pond and meadow
Lay brighter, greener, still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
Caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves,
And laughed they knew not why ;
And school girls, gay with aster flowers,
Beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of Autumn with
The sunshine of sweet looks.

—J. G. Whittier.

PART II—CHAPTER VI.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land."

THE stately homes of England! They have no equals. It may be right to carp at their architectural defects. As edifices, as masses of stone and mortar, they may be incongruities, defiances of art; but see them as homes set in the midst of Nature—take them with their accompaniments of tree and shrub and park, their accessories of garden, covert, stream, woodland, and wilderness, of glade, grove, and dell—and they present a harmony, a whole, a perfectness of pictorial effect, a unison, a community between man and creation, which seldom characterizes palazzo, Rhine castle, château, quinta, casino, villa, or kiosk. Their association with nature, too, is no off-hand connection, no arm's-length meeting. Up to their very threshold sweeps the green turf; the boughs of trees hang over their roof-tops; the light breezes breathe on their casements, and bear with them the song of birds and the smell of flowers. The narrow gravelled walk or carriage-drive, the light palings, make no line of demarcation, raise no barrier; the eye passes straight from window to portico, to turfey terraces, grassy slopes, clumps of trees, and the waving shades of giant oaks, the moving forms of grazing herds, and the passing flight of wings; the ear takes in at once the caw of rook, the carol of the throstle, the gentle symphonies of the wind passing through the grasses and leafy branches, the sound of "some rejoicing stream," or the murmuring of a brook; the sense inhales at once odors from flower-beds, fragrance from shrub, freshness from surrounding verdure.

The man in his home stands face to face with Nature; his life goes forth to mingle with her life, his soul hourly and daily feels her presence.

As the homes are, so mostly are the men who live in them. Not moulded by conventional art or form, perhaps, but fresh, strong, and useful, hearty and heartfelt, drawing from nature the culture which many seek only in social refinements, and dashing the mannerism of breeding and *ton* with the free impulses caught from fellowship with the outer world.

Such a home was Penhaddoc Park—such

a man was old Squire Grenfell. The old man in his home was a portrait well set. It was a bright, gladsome place, stately enough, but with more of beauty than stateliness. All other effects were sacrificed here to beauty. All the rules of landscape-making were violated again and again to let in the sunshine, to preserve an old tree, to encourage a wilderness of wildlings and briers, to retain an old, moss-grown bridge, an old knowe, where early flowers grew, or to keep the old road winding under mossy banks, and betwixt old oaks and beeches, or through a deep dingle. The house had in itself no especial character, came under no particular denomination of style; was merely substantial and handsome. The wings, with their bay, mullioned windows, were connected by a rather heavy colonnade, from which a short flight of granite steps led down to the gravelled path. Whatever there was of formality or coldness in the structure was toned by the white smoothness of the stone, and the invasion of ivy and Virginian creeper, which were allowed free swing and play for their luxuriant fancies. In front, stretched a fair, wide vista of park scenery, intercepted only by an old oak which stood before the library window. It was an old tree, but as an oak had scarcely passed its *première jeunesse*, and was lusty and burly in the full strength of gnarled trunk and vigorous, spreading boughs. Artists, landscape-gardeners, formalists, hygeists, had again and again spoken its doom. It spoiled the view, destroyed the perspective, darkened the windows, made the walls damp; spite of all, it had stood. It had roots deeper and stronger than its own—old memories, early-day associations and recollections, which were twisted and twined around the Squire's heart—these made its safety. On the other side, near the drawing-room, was a Portugal laurel, in which a nightingale had built its nest. This was also sacred; and at night, when the mellow, rich "jug, jug" was heard, the piano and harp and song would be hushed in deference to the natural melody, which poured in through the open casements. To the right, a narrow path ran through a shrubbery, thick and luxuriant with thorn, syringa, laurel, arbutus, acacia, and the hundred-and-one plants which in English ruralism vary every shade of green and every shape of blossom. In the midst, a rhododendron had annexed

a large share of the sward by tarowing up shoots in every direction, which spread around in masses of flower and leaf, sloping downwards, tent-like, in folds of foliage from the parent stem. Beneath this covert the rabbits had formed a colony; and it was curious enough ever and anon to see a broad leaf move upward mysteriously, and then a head and ears protrude themselves, or a tail and legs disappear suddenly. After awhile, the path, growing narrower and more mazed by the grass and underwood, would be lost altogether in tangles of brier and bushes. The drive wound, as has already been said, in most meandering turns, avoiding all broad and straight effects, and leading suddenly on glimpses and unexpected touches of beauty. Another and shorter road led towards the gardens and stables, through what was called the Lady's Meadow. There the grass grew in long, thick tufts, and along the hedge the turkeys, in their season, sat brooding in state; and there also stood an oak, lone and solitary, and eremite, without companion or kind, and subject, from its isolation, to the degradation of having carrion for the hounds suspended from it by hooks. Garden-trees threw their shade over the meadow, and a tiny stream trickled through it, stagnating here and there in tiny pools. From a tragic legend attached to one of these the meadow had its name. It was said that a lady of the Grenfell race and her lover had wandered forth into the meadow on a moonlight night. They were seen last linked arm and arm, strolling towards the streamlet. In the morn she was found lying on her face in the water; her lover was never seen or heard of again. Of course her spirit haunted the spot, and had been seen again and again by domestics who loved the moon. Quamino, on one of his visits to the butler, had seen with his own eyes the thin white form floating on the pond, and could never be persuaded that it was one of the swans making a moonlight voyage.

If there was some pretence to regularity in the front of the house, the back denied it altogether; scoffed at, repudiated, and set it at naught entirely. It had been witness and residuary legatee to every vagary and whim which every successive Grenfell had conceived. There was a sort of family sacredness about the front, but here every wicked will had worked itself out most recklessly. A bow had been thrown from a study, and

projected like the back of an oven; a latticed window had been set in a boudoir, a small balcony thrust from a nursery, and a verandah over the bower-room faced the garden-house, a quaint old place, built of spars and unhewn stones, and covered with mosses, ivy, and periwinkle. It looked as if some of the minor designs and sketches in books on architecture had been pasted together, and placed side by side. These eccentricities, however, looked forth on a scene consistent and perfect in its prettiness. Beds of verbenas and heliotrope, baskets of roses and carnations, groups of sweet-william and pansies were set and shaped on the greensward, o'er which trailed many a wildling bough and bud: old stumps, from which fell clusters of rich red creepers, stood here and there, and there was a row of them with bright festoons hanging from one to the other; lilacs, box, privet and guelder roses, lightly fenced in the sides of this gardenplot; and at the top, a low hedge of brier and eg-lantine, with hop-tops fantastically wreathing and shooting out above, only half hid the clover and cornfields beyond. In different corners were turf or wooden seats placed, so as to catch the changes of the sunlight, and a wide vista opened to the setting sun. 'Twas a summer eve, and old Squire Grenfell loitered about on the gravelled path in front of his house, now stopping to pat a dog, now to take a look across the park, and now to give a passing word to his lady, who sat beneath the colonnade. He was the squire of other days, so often portrayed, so well remembered by all who can look back beyond this age of utilitarianism. Ripe as an old wine, ruddy as an autumn, sturdy as an old tree, he was the very type of his class. The locks were partly grey, which fell behind his ears, and the clear, blue eye was calm and steady; the face was fresh and unwrinkled, and the form was falling from its muscular set into that half looseness, which, ere it degenerates into bulkiness or obesity, looks well and comely with old age. The Squire seemed attired for a ride. Judging by the brown tops, the cords, the blue coat with plain brass buttons and broad flaps, the double-breasted kersey-mere waistcoat, the hat low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and the whip stuck in the pocket, he was always conceiving that intent, for this was his invariable out-door dress. Invariable, outdoor and in, was the white

cravat laid in full, loose folds, and fastened by an old diamond brooch, and the long watch-chain, with a massive bunch of seals at the end.

A traditional character had descended with the Grenfells from generation to generation. Men of the open air, men of the field, men of the home, men of narrow spheres and large sympathies, of few duties and strong feelings, of simple lives and single purposes; they were ever behind their age in fashion; in advance of it in feeling; below it in enlightenment and intellectual culture; before it in moral impulses and truthfulness; laggard, perhaps, in political wisdom, but honest, faithful administrators of their several functions. The character, as it passed downwards, though preserving its nature originally, took a tone from the different ages. The father of our Squire was of the thorough sporting class, and on returning thanks, when the health of the new-born son and heir was drank, was reported to have said, "That he hoped to bring him up as a good sportsman and a good Christian." The son inherited the love of field-sports, but refined them by other pursuits and acquirements. He was still, however, earnest in the belief that a gentleman should be also a man, that he should support the superiority of his class by manly attributes, as well as by mental endowments or conventional graces; and held, that to acquire these, other nurture was required than that of the closet or *salon*. Now and then, however, he showed a taint of the old leaven, especially on the judgment-seat; there he enacted the laws of the field like a very Draco, though in other cases his sentences might have been written in milk. Once he astonished the bench of brother magistrates, by inveighing bitterly and violently against a poor wretch who stood in the box for some petty offence of trespass or poaching, and shouting out, when asked what he knew against him, "Know against him! Why, that fellow would murder his father, would rob a church—do any thing; last week he ginned a fox." One of his peculiarities was, to perform all his journeys on horseback, a servant riding behind him with the saddle-bags; and he had never been seen inside of a carriage, except on the occasion of his being sheriff, and then he fidgeted and tossed on his seat to the great discomposure of ermined dignity. Oftentimes such

homes and such men are marred by *mesalliances*. A fine lady—a vulgar or artificial one—a fashionable lioness or an amazon, would have jarred on the harmony of the whole. Luckily, like met like here. Of an old country stock like his own, the wife could sympathize with his pursuits, his principles, and even his fancies. Feminine, but not delicate, healthful in mind and spirit, she could participate in most of his tastes, could understand all; could listen to the details of a fox chase, or the killing of a salmon; could give advice on laying out the grounds or cutting down a tree, and ever administered the details of charity, as women alone can do. Gentleness, the gentleness of the heart, was her charter of ladyhood, a gentleness which repudiated falsetto tones, or the acted mannerism of phrase or gesture, and reposed on an innate tranquillity and nobility of soul. Gentleness! most beautiful of the moral attributes; most pleasant of the social! Blessed be its presence! Blessed ever be that spirit which garbs itself in love and charity; which looks even on error with sweetest pity, and has courtesy for all and every one; which shrinks not only from words and thoughts which wound or sting, as philanthropists would turn from a worm in their path, but will not even harshly rub the down from such butterfly wings as foibles and prejudices. In this gentleness she was educated for the mission of almoner, a friend to the poor. In those times such missions were supposed to need education and training. It was then thought a necessary preparation to learn the language of the hearts, feelings, and habits of the people, for whom the mission was meant; not to rush upon them as on a tribe of Ashantees, or, with the zeal of Crusaders, fiercely enforce it on the masses of ignorance and sin. So it was then, so it will be again, when the enthusiasm of missions has subsided, and the theories of regeneration and development have fallen back into the old beaten world-worn tracks. Gentle she looked as the evening sunlight fell on the soft face, which yet retained the autumn shade of bloom, and on the soft silky hair, streaked here and there with silvery braids, and on the full figure, sunk now in graceful repose. She was reading and knitting by turns, or indulging in that musing reverie which *habitués* of the world would call dullness, but which, perhaps, are among the most delicious of life's calmer

pleasures: a few summer plants grouped around filled in the picture.

The dog, the sporting dog, was largely represented there and then by patriarchs of tribes. Under the old oak lay an old Talbot, the last of a race, with his huge head stretched between his paws, and his large ears hanging down like the leaves of a giant cactus. With half-shut eyes he followed his master's movements, watching for signs of a start. Old Grouse the pointer, of the old breed and old time, when steadiness and strength were more thought of than fleetness, deep-chested, broad-nosed, and strong-legged, took turn and turn with the Squire, pacing when he paced, halting when he halted, and seeming to take the same interest in the view. A small Blenheim gambolled about his mistress, or made sudden rushes on a stray rabbit, arousing from their corners or explorations spaniels and terriers, and drawing them on by his noise to join him in a *melée razzia*, in the fastnesses of the rhododendron.

Presently the Squire's face brightened as he exclaimed, "By Jove, here they come!" And then, like a bright gleam, Rose on her pony was seen through the intervals of the shrubs, through the branches of the great trees, and by the dancing, leaping water, as she cantered up the park. Behind her, very unlike a bright gleam, came Quamino, sorely tried by the cantrips of Peperpot, sorely tried by his gold-laced hat. That hat was to him what crown and sceptre are to some monarchs, what diamonds are to dowagers, what ribbons are to courtiers, at once a glory and a trial. It had brought him into all sorts of scrapes and troubles. It was always coming into contact with doorways or boughs, was always being carried off by chance gusts, or tipped from its equilibrium by any odd movement. Once, when perched on a branch sconce at a meeting-house, it had furnished the preacher with an illustration of the wicked, who bring their gold and their silver into the house of the Lord. It must be confessed that it was a strange head to fix a dignity upon. Like Sancho Panza's, if mites had been rained on it from heaven, 'tis doubtful if any had fitted it. Had the efforts of Christie and Co., the handyworks of Collet à Paris, the fezzes, turbans, sombreros, Panamas, and wide-awakes, from all parts and all lands, been poured upon it in a full shower, 'tis a question if any one would have

found an easy or comfortable fit. Nature had intended that head to be unadorned save by its woolly covering. So thought not Quamino, who never rose to the height of his grandeur until the hat was fixed upon it.

"Ah! Rose, Rose, sweet, blooming Rose, my summer-flower, here you are at last," said the Squire, kissing her cheek, and lightly fondling her golden curls as he lifted her from the pony.

"Well, god-pa, you give me prettier names than Quamino, for he is always singing something about Rose, Rose, my coal-black Rose; whether he means me or not, I don't know," said she, laughing, as she was handed onwards to the caresses of Dame Grenfell.

Meanwhile Trevenna and his wife had arrived by the short cut through the lady's meadow, and we, Gerald Grenfell and myself emerged from the gardens, where we had been making a sort of exploratory expedition, and made the group and the greetings complete.

The dogs, too, had their greeting. The Talbot and Domingo touched noses with a cold courtesy, after the fashion of Oxonians, or Englishmen meeting abroad. Grouse was less stiff, though also very stately in his welcome; the rest were more demonstrative, some cringing and fawning around him, some making furtive rushes, and giving little short yelps at him, behaving generally as little things do in the presence of a great one.

"Don't you think, god-pa, I am improved in my riding?" said Rose, after awhile, looking up in the old man's face; "did you see how I held Snowdrop in hand, and how well I kept him at his paces coming up the park?"

"Oh yes, you are growing a perfect horse-woman, quite a Di Vernon; I shall be taking you to the cover side with me soon; and as for Quamino, he is getting such a first-rate jockey, that I must get him to ride the next steeple-chase for me."

"Ah, Massa Squire, you pokey de fon at Quamino. How can ride that old debil? I tink him always habe a fly under him tail. Me want him to go so (imitating an amble) to look quite proper in de town with Missey Rose, and den him surely give plunge and kick, and me go up and up, and de hat bump and bump, and all de little boys laugh. Oh, him tarned ole debil, dat Peperpot."

"Well, never mind, Quamino, we will

mount you better some day," said the Squire: "I am glad, however, to see that you have that fine hat still. They told me that the lads wrestled for it at the Whitsun games."

"Hi! Squire, dat all de game of dat Bob Mullis; me gib him hiccory-nut for dat."

This was a sore subject, one of the trials he had undergone in behoof of his hat. The story was, that standing one day by the ring at a wrestling-match, with the hat well to the front, some wag had toppled it over, and that it was there and then seized by the sticklers as a gage of battle. Quamino, following it eagerly, was also set upon; speedily swathed in a wrestling-jacket, and to his great surprise found himself in the grip of a practised player, who, after exhibiting him in all his attitudes and grimaces to an admiring audience, laid him playfully on his back. On rising, the first thing he saw was his hat, the hat, stuck on the pole upon which the prizes were usually exhibited, labelled "For the best man." His rage and fury then were most grotesque, and made the joke and laugh of many an after day.

Moving on to the portico, he made a most elegant obeisance to the lady of the house. "Me hope me see de laady berry well to-night, and dat all the fam'ly quite well."

"Very well, I thank you, Quamino," was the reply; and she, too, had then her quiet fling at him.

"I hear that you were at the meeting for the abolition of slavery last night. I hope you were edified and gave them some valuable information on the subject."

"Yes, me dere, laady, and me neber hear sich fool-man's talk. Dere one preacher dat ca.. me 'him poor black broder.' Me scorn de connection. Me hab white blood in me veins, me hab white heart, and me tink that dis tight skin, tho' it war a leetly black, look more better dan him scarecrow carcass; so me tell dem."

Thus Quamino was passed on from one to the other, like a liqueur, until he came to our turn, and was then assailed with one of the old jokes, for schoolboys are not often inventive in their wit.

"Halloa, Quamino, how many blue beans make five?" an arithmetical problem which always posed and bothered him sorely.

"Hi, massa Gerald, you raaly too cleber—too cleber for Quamino. You see dem five

crow on de tree. Now, 'spose you oang an' kill two, how many left—eh?"

"How many left? why, three, to be sure."

"No; dey wasn't. Dey sabe too much for that. Dey fly away. Me tink young gemmen at class'cal school know more better dan dat." And away he marched, strutting and chuckling at his triumph.

Tea was brought round in the open air, and with it all kinds of cakes, and baskets of fresh fruit just plucked. Then we all strolled through the shrubbery, and by a little wood path down towards the brook, the elders moving on quietly and sedately; we, the young fry and the dogs, scampering and scouring over the banks and through the copse, startling birds, and trampling down moss and wild-flowers. In a little dell by the water's edge was a quaint old summer-house, perched on the tops of some old roots, twisted, twined, and knotted into a fantastic frame-work. Over it hung the shadow of a tree, and behind was a beetling rock overgrown with mosses and creepers, which had spread themselves over the thatched roof, and fell trailing wild wreaths and festoons down the sides and front. From either mossy seat within, the rivulet could be traced in all its windings, and the ripple of its waves over the pebbles mingled softly there with the rustling of boughs and leaves, and the playing of the breeze. The setting sun now lit the pools into a bright glow, and little gusts ever and anon swept over them, ruffling and dimpling them for a moment; swarms of flies flitted over them, and here and there the rise of a trout left a tiny widening circle of waves. 'Twas the scene of a summer eve. Who has not seen it? Yet who would tire to see it again and again, bringing fresh beauty, new thoughts, at each repetition? When such things pall, shut up the book of nature, close this word of God, for it has no longer a sign, or voice, or inspiration, for the soul.

An open glade was our play-ground; there, too, the mothers sat on an old trunk. In the summer-house Trevenna and the Squire held converse more serious and confidential than their wont.

"I didn't see you on the bench to-day, Trevenna," said the Squire, after some interesting observations as to whether the trout that rose in the pool under the rock was the

one he had hooked the day before, or whether the mist rising from the river was a sign of heat or rain. "There was not much business, no poaching, though that fellow, Tom Nicholl, was brought up on suspicion of throwing lime into the river to kill the fish. We had, however, rather a serious case of house-breaking. By the by, did you ever hear any thing more of the fellow who gave you that fright? I should have thought that you and the dog and Quamino would have tackled him, though I don't think much of the darkey's pluck; the dog, however, was to be depended on, and you used to have a firm, strong grip. I never met with any thing of that sort," continued he, mauding back into old recollections; "but a curious circumstance occurred once to me in looking after poachers. My father one day discovered a wire near the west-end plantation, and saw the gap by which the man who set it had come and gone. In the evening he took me—quite a boy then—with him to watch the spot. It was agreed that I should remain close by the wire, and that he should make a detour, and return in another direction, avoiding the gap. It was almost dark; and I remember that my heart beat quickly at the excitement and novelty of my situation. Suddenly in the gap there appeared the figure of a man cautiously and quietly climbing over the hedge. I made one rush, and sprang upon him as he came down; we grappled and fell together on the grass, tumbling over and over in the struggle. He was stronger and heavier than I was, and I felt my strength failing, and a dizziness coming over my eyes; he was fumbling, too, to get free play for a short stick he carried: in a sort of despair I raised my hand to strike, when a gleam of moonlight fell upon us, and I saw my father's face. He had come back, contrary to agreement, by the gap, and each had taken the other for the poacher. I never trembled so as at that moment, and my father could not look at me for days without shuddering at the thought of what might have happened."

Some faces show emotion by deep flushes or fiery eye-flashes, some by a cold pallor, and a fixedness of eye and feature. As the Squire went on and on with his story, a paleness came o'er Trevenna's face, and the features grew still, cold, and fixed as stone.

"I never could think," rambled on the

Squire, returning to the first idea, "what that fellow's motive could have been. Why he passed all the passages and closets where the plate or valuables might have been, and how he stumbled on the child's room, is a mystery to me." Turning round, he saw the paleness on his friend's face grow more deadly, and the drops of perspiration stand coldly on the forehead. "I have said something to hurt you now, Trevenna—have touched some sore. If there be any thing painful or embarrassing in this matter, let it pass by forever. John Grenfell is not the man to unkenne! any one's secret. But if there be aught in which a helping hand or kindly thought can aid or comfort you, speak it out, man. The second barrel often brings down the bird, and a second head may wing a difficulty. At any rate, a clean breast often makes a free heart. So, let it be as you will, silence or council; you may trust me for either. Our fathers for many generations have been friends and play-fellows, and I would be true to you for the sake of old associations, if nothing else. Say the word, then—shall it be a still tongue or open heart betwixt us?"

At this appeal Trevenna's face changed and changed again, showing the deep workings of an inward struggle. Once or twice he made an effort as if to speak; but the words seemed to stick in the throat, and there would come instead a low gurgling sound and the dead pallor would return, and the cold sweat-drops burst forth afresh. At last he seemed to gather up his strength into resolve; the inward workings settled into a calm; the throes of heart-pain subsided, and then, laying his hand on the Squire's arm, he revealed in fitful, fervid utterances the story of a life.

"Yes," he said; "I will tell all. There may be much of shame in my story, much of error; but there has been also much suffering, much retribution; and though the doom of expiation may be not yet fulfilled, I feel that my soul has through the long years gradually been clearing itself from the degradation of its one sin; and since God has given me my sweet child, it has been no longer dark; and come what will now, whilst that blessing remains, there will be light on my hearth, light in my soul. You know, John Grenfell, how that at my father's death our family property was found to have dwindled and dwindled in successive generations, until

there was little left, save some plantations in the West Indies, which had always been managed by an agent, and with which we never concerned ourselves much, as long as the proceeds were regular and ample; and how we, my brother John and myself, resolved to set forth for our Barbadian estates, and see what fortune and endeavor might do for us there, rather than stay at home, and find our property falling off field by field, and ourselves sinking gradually down to the state of poor gentlemen.

"Well, away we started—young, strong, and sanguine—differing in temperament, but united enough in feeling and intent to be good yoke-fellows in the earnest work before us. The sphere was new, not very genial perhaps, or very accordant with old habits and early training; yet it had its excitements and attractions. We found on our estates the usual effects of absenteeism. The land had deteriorated, and fallen into disorder; the buildings were dilapidated, and the slaves were suffering from the grossest neglect and maltreatment. Here was work to do, and we stood to it manfully. Year by year we began to reap results; prosperity dawned before us; order and well-being sprang up around. With our slaves we were especially successful. It is some time ere fresh young blood yields to the influences of climate, and the young, fresh nature equally resists for awhile the influences of vicious habits and society. Thus in the strength of our own hearts, still pulsing with home feelings, we were able quietly and calmly to carry out our work of reform on those around us. Character always tells, even on slaves; and we soon found that we could do more by personal influences than many had effected by the strictest penal systems,—could do often more by word or look than by whip or shackle. John, especially at first, had a wonderful mastery over them. His nature took more with them than mine. His strength, his jovial spirit, his humor, had great attractions for them. They chimed in well with their own rough sports, their love of fun and drollery. They would do any thing—even work—for him; and his voice, laugh, or presence would always set them agog, and draw out all the best points of their nature. He was their constant theme and admiration. "Hi!" they would say, "dere Massa John—how him walk—how him talk

—how him work—how him laugh—and, my gar, how him drink!" alluding to his practice of quaffing large goblets of cane-juice at a draught. Thus all went well; we lived on and on, prospering, toiling in kindly brotherhood of hope and intent. In these days of our confidence, under the influence of the feeling of community, which so often grows up betwixt men laboring and succeeding together, we made an agreement, a bond, that whatever wealth was won should be common; that in case of one dying, the survivor should inherit all—that should one be childless, the children of the other should be heirs to both; and there even gleams upon me a vague consciousness—a dark recollection—that, more than this, there was a compact binding us to unite the property by marriage, should one have sons and the other only a daughter or daughters; and that, failing this contract, the whole inheritance should go in the male line—so anxious were we to preserve our newly-gotten gain from the causes which had frittered away and exhausted our ancestral estates. This clause has haunted me of late like a spectre, and is more a dread than a reality.

"About this time our common interest compelled a temporary separation, and I went away to superintend a plantation in a different part of the island. Here I was alone, without companionship, without communion, and soon found that isolation is more dangerous to the soul even than free society. I began to lose that elasticity, and buoyancy which often protects the heart from debasement or corruption, and keeps it bounding and rising continually above temptation and beyond the passions. My energy, too, took a more selfish aim and purpose, and my spirit grew unsocial and less sympathizing. Then came my trial and my fall. In a hut near my own house, close to the gate, so that I must needs pass it in all my outgoings and incomings, lived a mulatto girl with an old crone, her natural or adopted mother. They belonged to the property, yet in some way, had gained a privileged exemption from the usual routine of labor, and performed only such light service about the house and grounds as they chose. They were from Grenada, and the girl showed signs of Spanish blood in her fine, rich color, her oval face, full, voluptuous figure, and in the easy grace with which she moved. Ever as I came

and went, she stood before me a present temptation—obtruded before me in all her attractions. At first I withstood it well, and felt nought but indifference. Then use had its effects, and the cravings for some companionship wrought upon me. Our salutations became longer, our meetings more frequent. I looked for them, then sought for them, and then—'twas the old story—we fell. From that hour my peace was gone. The spell of passion soon passed away, but the curse of sin clove to me, and entered into my life. I was no longer alone. With me and beside me was one who influenced my every action; whose presence was a daily debasement, drawing down my soul step by step in pollution and misery. The nature of this girl was base, below the ordinary level of her kind; her temper and passions were strong, fierce, and wayward. Money, finery, pleasure, were her sole objects. If thwarted in her tastes, she would become furious, demon-like, and soon I scarcely dared to provoke these bursts. A love of power, and a vindictiveness towards those who offended or displeased her, often showed themselves in little acts of tyranny and oppression, in which, God help me! I was often an unwilling abettor; and I became the veriest slave on the plantation—a slave with the sense of slavery hanging on me as a millstone. In time a child was born—a son. It could bring no joy, no pride, yet for the time it was a bond and tie between us. This soon ceased. The boy grew up vicious and wilful. It was in vain I strove to curb or subdue his passions. The mother fostered and fed them by indulgence, by example, by every encouragement. Very early appeared signs of that deep and innate depravity which makes one shudder for the future. In the vices of the child I saw the coming retribution of the man. In my own heart there dwelt a sense of moral degradation, and I saw this ever and ever reflected in the bearing of those around me. The obedience paid was more that of fear than respect, and I missed the cordial, confiding tone which once existed in the intercourse betwixt me and my people. The bearing of dependents, like the shadows on a dial, indicate the stages and changes in the moral revolutions. I was fallen, and, as a consequence, self was more and more in the ascendant. My only thought was to get rich—to make money enough to escape and throw

off the fetters, the irons of which entered into my very soul. God forgive me! to this thought I sacrificed every thing—for this I toiled—for this I wrought, for this I taxed hardly and relentlessly the labor of others, for this I racked the land under my care; and I was growing rich. The hour of release seemed near, the day of liberty was already dawning.

“Meanwhile, all I saw and heard of my brother was far from comforting. His free, jovial temperament made him more susceptible of the vitiating influences of the society around him. Gradually he yielded and yielded; the temptations fastened themselves into habits. The debauch became more frequent—excess habitual. The canker of daily vice was eating into his fine nature, spreading and stretching its roots through mind and body. He was not so far gone, however, but that a saving hand might have drawn him back from the abyss. I tried, but I had lost my power. My own sin paralyzed my arm, and made my tongue falter. Yet there was hope—hope that his nature might rebound and recover itself. This hope was soon lost. In one of his reckless fits he proposed to, and then married, a Creole lady. Her character toned rather with the encouragement of his vices than with their reform. Her influence became paramount—mine was repudiated, my counsel rejected, and my own sin thrown in my face. Hence we lived apart—seldom meeting—never with affection or in confidence; but rumors came to me of increased profligacy—of health, means, and character wasted in debauchery—of a temper soured by vice and disease; and soon, very soon, it began to be heard that the popular planter was becoming a tyrant,—that punishment, harsh and intemperate, inflicted in haste and passion, was more and more frequent on his estate—that complaints, murmurs, then words of wrath and threats of vengeance, were muttered sullenly and secretly among the people with whom he was once a sort of idol. The time was a crisis with us both. To me, thank God, it brought only warning—a dread, dark warning—fearful enough, bitter enough; to him it brought death—an evil, violent death. Oh, God! I scarce dare to recall the events of that time; memory revolts against passing back again across those dark limits. But it must be told.” Here Trevenna gasped, as if for

breath and strength, ere he went on with the story of his life. "It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and I was sitting in my room with closed blinds, striving to be cool—striving to forget the growing misery at my heart—striving to see brighter spots in the future, when suddenly my son entered, his face flushed, and his eyes glaring with intoxication. He had grown now into youth, and we had become all but estranged. Our meetings were only altercations—reproof on my side, and insolence and anger on his. He only sought me to get money. That was his errand now. Heated and excited, he demanded a larger supply than ever I had granted before. I remonstrated; he persisted with insults and oaths. Roused from my forbearance, I gave a flat denial, and ordered him from my presence. Scarce had I spoken, when—oh, God! it is too horrible to speak—his hand lifted and raised a knife to strike me—me, his father. Horror paralyzed me; I could not move hand or foot to arrest the blow. The blade gleamed before my eyes. At the instant Domingo, then almost a puppy, sprung from his place at my feet at the raised arm. The blow was turned, and the knife fell with broken force on the dog's ribs. His growls and the noise brought Quamino to the spot. The wretched boy was disarmed, and led away, yelling out imprecations and threats. I was left alone—alone with my thoughts—alone with my conscience. 'Twas a dark, dark hour. Those only who have wrestled with remorse, and stood face to face with the doom of retribution, can know the agony of such hours.

"Scarcely had the sweat-drops dried on my forehead, my limbs ceased to tremble, or my heart to beat so wildly, when a horse's steps were heard, and a man galloped up to the door to say that my brother was dead—had died in the night of a fit—was found lying dead in his balcony in the morning.

"My own woe made me callous for the moment—hard, stony. I had no grief, no tear for my brother. I could scarce comprehend who or what it was that had been taken from me. Mechanically I went with the messenger—mechanically went on and on—on through the cane-fields—on through the avenue of cocoa-nut trees—on through the door—up the stairs—on to the balcony, and there he lay on the floor—he, my brother—dead. There he lay, stricken in the fulness

of life. Taken in the midst of enjoyment, a shattered glass was beside him—a cigar lay in the poor, clasped fingers. Could this bloated, discolored corpse be he who had so lately stood beside me strong, lusty, and life-ful—who a few years since, had started forth with me fresh, ardent, and hopeful? And here was the end—death, sin, misery. For awhile I knelt down by him alone; all the early memories—all the early hopes—all the early thoughts, came rushing back, and with them came the early feelings, softening and hallowing the heart, and kindling it into prayer; and there, by that dead brother, were uttered prayers which were answered in after-life—there were formed resolves which have been patiently, firmly fulfilled.

"The cause of death, on inquiry and examination, was said to be apoplexy, and so it seemed—so it was believed. Shortly after, it was darkly whispered about that a man's hand had done the deed—that some slaves, goaded to vengeance by wrong and punishment, had climbed up the balcony whilst he was asleep and insensible, had tied a cord round his neck outside the cravat, to leave no mark of violence—strangled him, and laid down the body in the semblance of death by the visitation of God.

"These whispers at last reached me, adding to my grief the dark, dread suspicion of murder.

"I could no longer stay in a spot darkened by such fearful scenes, even to realize my dreams of wealth. My resolve was made and acted on. I settled the inheritance with my brother's widow and sons—placed my own portion under careful management, for I was bound by our compact not to sell it—provided for the woman and her son—and then turned my back on a place which I had first seen with such hope, and which was now nothing to me but a dark, black memory.

"Soon after my arrival in England, chance led me to meet with one whom I had known and regarded in early years, who had then held a dependent position, but was now free. She was one in whose gentleness and affection I could hope to find the repose and peace I sought. We married; my thoughts were attracted back to the home of my youth, and we came hither. You know the rest. How the longings, the prayers of years were answered, after many bitter disappointments, by the birth of my sweet Rose; how she has

woven and clustered blessings around me; and how I began at last to feel peace and know happiness. I had almost forgotten the dark past. My life, welling purely and brightly at first from the fountain-head, then fouled and stained by a dark stream running into it, seemed again to be clearing itself as it widened and deepened towards the close. I had heard regularly from Barbadoes. My brother's children were going on in the old voluptuous course. My son had sunk lower and lower, deeper and deeper, in wickedness and depravity; his mother was taken off by fever, and soon after he disappeared altogether. I had heard nothing for several years—had almost ceased to think of him until that terrible night, when I was roused from my sleep by my child's cries, and rushed in pursuit after the man whom the dog had seized. Once—ay, twice—in my terror at the danger which had threatened my darling, I levelled a pistol I had taken up at him, but the head of the dog moved ever between, and intercepted my aim. God be praised for this; for when I had strangled the dog off him, and lifted up the light, I looked in my son's face. Yes; 'twas he who stood there, pale and bleeding. You may well imagine now how he escaped, and why Quamino, who alone of my domestics had followed me to England, diverted the pursuit from the right direction.

"What the wretched man's motive was I cannot tell—whether it was plunder or violence, or only reconnoitering—whether he came by chance or design. But his presence has brought back all the old thoughts, and filled my future with forebodings. I live in fear—in fear that at every step I may once more come upon him—that every paper I take up may reveal some villiany or violence he has committed.

"Now, Grenfell, you have the clue to my life, and whether it may loosen or strengthen your friendship, you know all."

There was a pause, a short pause. The Squire had listened with deep, earnest interest, marked here and there by occasional exclamations, and, when the story was ended, seemed sunk in thought; then rising, he laid his hand on Trevenna's shoulder, and said, "'Tis a sad, strange tale; my thoughts don't come quickly. I must think over, sleep on it, ere I can give counsel or opinion; but

you have trusted me, and I will stand by you to the end. What can or may be done, I cannot yet see; we will talk more of it to-morrow. Meanwhile look at this, and let it cheer your spirit."

As he spoke, he turned Trevenna towards the glade where Rose was sporting in the evening light, dancing on the grass, and tossing up handfuls of flowers, with the boys and dogs all playing around her, and the two mothers sitting with their gentle faces turned towards the group and the sunset. The picture flashed back a light upon his soul, kindling it with hope, with faith.

CHAPTER VII.

YOUTH—if angels guard the cradle bed, if they spread their wings fondly and lovingly over childhood, there must be joyousness in their glances, a glad motion in the winnowing of their wings, as they hover and circle around the courses of youth, and see them leading, mingling, joining with all the emblems of young life, the morn, the spring-time, the dawning light, the buds, the blossoms, the springing corn-blades; see them blended with the gentle influences of sunshine, sweet airs, bright skies, and luxuriant verdure. It must be joy to their beings, joy such as there is in heaven, to breathe in the pure thoughts and aspirations of young hearts, to catch their free, high impulses, their fresh, warm affections, and float them upward, heavenward. It must be joy, the joy of angels, to move around, a celestial barrier, warding off the arrow that flieth by day, and the evil thoughts that fly day and night. A pleasant sight is youth to men and angels, pleasant to see the meeting of youth with youth, of youth with the morn, with the spring-time—pleasant, above all, to see young natures meeting and mingling, their thoughts blending, their impulses bending to each other, their hearts shedding forth their emotions and impressions, joy to joy, fervor to fervor, love to love, feeling to feeling, courage to courage, hate to hate, sensibility and apathy, tenderness and coldness, rashness and timidity, impressiveness and falseness, acting and reacting on each other, shading, toning, and reflecting each other. Pleasant are the memories of such meetings. Even to world-worn hearts, world-tried natures, they came as

moon-gleams on the waters, soft and beautiful, reflecting in a mellow light the bright, joyous life of other days.

Thus come back upon me the memories of the hours passed with Rose and Gerald. Even now—now that I look back on a full-joyed youth and a goodly prime—no memories have so tender a light, or such a thrilling voice for the heart as these.

Gerald and Rose—summer days, and summer eves—autumn rambles, rides, nuttings, scramblings in woods and orchards, winter sports, fireside stories, all come wafted back in one vision, the two loved faces and forms standing out as the figures grouped in the lights and shades of youth.

Gerald, as he appears now before me, was a fine, healthy, active, bold fellow, free-hearted, generous, full of impulse, full of quick spirit, not a genius, not even clever, but gifted with ready, innate perceptions of moral greatness or feeling, with a keen, though not deep, sense of natural beauty. Hero-deeds and hero-thoughts, the maxims and apothegms of the great, stories of adventure or of broad fun, caught his sympathy and admiration at once. Nature's pictures were, at the moment, glorious, beautiful; but it was hard to see what impress they made on the heart, or how they were casting themselves into the future being. He had that gift, so mysterious, so enviable to those who have it not, the gift of winning love and notice. None seemed to look with indifference on that open, handsome face, with its bright brown eye, on that smooth, rounded forehead, overhung with short, thick, chestnut curls; or on that figure, so round and elastic that it was redeemed from the ungainliness which so often stamps hoppityhoyhood. All seemed to recognize the attraction of the sweet smile, the pleasant voice, and the gay laugh. I myself, his chosen companion and friend, sank back from a comparison with him. Sometimes there would arise in my mind a sense that this inferiority was not real or just, and there would cross my thoughts instances from the schoolroom and the play-ground, which made me rebel against the judgment of the world—our world; but a word from him, a smile, or a slap on the shoulder, would again make me content to be his *fides Achates*, his man Friday, or any thing, so that I were with him and Rose. Of course, he was her favorite; his

impulsiveness, his mirth, the wild spirit with which he dashed and bounded onwards, climbing trees for the mere sake of climbing, leaping across brooks, to leap back again, jumping up for a flower she fancied, or springing after a squirrel, always made him the chief of our parties. It sometimes flashed upon me, that I thought more for Rose, when absent, did more in gathering up treasures, in reading stories and learning verses to repeat to her; yet some way his services had always a greater charm, and she would spring away from listening to some legend I had gathered for her, at a shout, or a call, or a laugh from him. Still there was no envy or rivalry. We were happy together, happy in our triple alliance.

One fine afternoon towards the end of August we all accompanied the Squire in one of his strolls. The first of September was near, and he was taking out some young dogs to try them in a field near the park. They were the progeny of old Grouse. That patriarch, indeed, rejoiced in as numerous an offspring as any caliph or Eastern sultan. There was no chance of the paternal name or virtues dying out from want of representatives. The pepper-and-mustard style of nomenclature would have been necessary to designate all the branches of the stock. In every kennel in the county was a Grouse. These were the youngest born, and were said to take very much after the father, though, of course, falling far short of his perfection. The old dog moved amid them with a sort of pride and condescension, repressing by his grave deportment all familiarities and excesses, yet showing a mild forbearance for the exuberances of youth. No elder in the presence of juveniles—no tutor before his pupils—could have been more exact, more precise than he was, the moment we entered the stubble or arrish. His every movement, his every attitude, was most perfect and pointer-like. All his casts and turns were made with a most exemplary correctness. Neither tail nor head was a shade out of its bearing. True and steady he moves. Ah! he will show those young dogs what a pointer should be. Hush! the Squire's finger is uplifted. He is standing firm as a rock; the tail straight and stiff; the body motionless; the forefoot lifted; the head turned; the eye fixed and still—a sculptor might take that posture. The shades of departed pointers might look

on it with pride. The critics of all the tribes and families of the race could see no fault in it. It was a challenge and an example. At the same instant the three young dogs, with the impulse of instinct, all backed the point, though trembling and quivering with excitement. "Beautiful, by Jove!" muttered the Squire, with bated breath. "Oh, how pretty!" cried Rose. A look and a gesture checked even her voice. We were on professional ground now—beyond the limits of toleration. Presently a young Grouse—the son of promise, too—gives a low whine and creeps forward. This is an error of youth, and may be excused. Again he creeps on. This, even, may be overlooked, as the indiscretion of inexperience. But now he is growing more and more restless—moves on and on. This is not to be borne; no dog of character can allow his dignity to be thus compromised. So old Grouse quietly gives up his point, and turns indignantly away, throwing from his shoulders the responsibility of such an un-pointer-like act. Two hours after, he is discovered standing by himself at a solitary bird, as though he had found some satisfaction and relief in this exercise of character. When he turned, all the young dogs rushed in—the birds rose—and Quamino, who had looked on the whole proceeding with great interest, excited by the movement and the whirring of the wings, sprang after the covey with open mouth and outstretched hands. This escapade saved the blood of the Grouse race from the indignity of the lash, and was nearly giving the Grenfell property the benefit of a minority. The Squire went off in a fit of laughter, which ended in apoplectic chokes and coughs. Nothing is ever so ridiculous to a man as a blunder or burlesque in his own line or walk.

"Why, Quamino," said the Squire, when he had recovered breath again, "how is it you didn't catch them? I never knew you were such a sportsman before."

"Me not berry much sportsman, Massa Squire, but me kill turkey once."

"Ah! how was that, then? Come, give us the story."

"Why, you know Massa Higgins in Barbadoes; him hab next station to us. Well, him hab turkey; and dis turkey come to roost tree night on our fence, so me knock him over, and take him for de rent."

"By Jove, Quamino I hope you won't be trying your hand on those in the Lady's meadow, or my Christmas dinner will come short?"

"No, saar. Me hab 'spect for property. Dey no commit trespass."

Our walk homeward led us through a woodland path. The pointers had been taken back, and Domingo alone was following us. On a sudden he rushed forwards towards a bed of briars at the foot of a tree, and then started back with a sharp yell and a look of fear. At the same moment we saw the heads and forked tongues of two adders reared above the brush-wood. Gerald, with his usual impulse rushed on them striking right and left; I followed crushing the heads of both with well-aimed blows of a stick; yet it was Gerald who killed the adders that stung poor Domingo. An exclamation from Rose attracted our attention towards the dog; his head had swollen to a great size; his eyes were half closed, and he seemed almost stupefied. This was a great dilemma, for the elders had left us and we knew not what to do. Luckily an old woodman came to our relief and applied what he supposed an effectual remedy, by tying the bark peeled off a young ash round the neck near the swelling advising us on getting home to rub the part with oil and send for old Biddy to charm it. "Then" added he "at sundown when them varmint die the dog will be all right or he will die." The thought of the possibility of her old guard's death set Rose a-crying but we set ourselves manfully to work—half dragged, half led Domingo home. The remedy of the oil was at once applied, and a hint of the charm set Quamino off for old Biddy, who was supposed to possess the power of healing all scalds and burns, and extracting venom from wounds. Presently he was heard ushering her in with much ceremony and deference, for in his heart he had great awe of the old crone, who had the reputation of being a witch as well as charmer.

"Come in, Biddy; dis de dog. Here, ole fella," addressing Domingo, "here de great Obee woman come to cure him. She say, 'Go out, snak,' and him go."

Biddy was the very spirit of witchdom. The weird sisters of *Macbeth* were never better got up for the part. The withered, begrimed skin, the wrinkled face, the sharp features, the quick, cunning grey eye, the

dirty white hair hanging in elf-locks, the red cloak, the crook stick, were all according to established characteristics. The cringing, whining, fawning voice and manner, were not so orthodox. The antecedents of her life, as they were known and told, all favored her present reputation. She had been a camp-follower in the Peninsular War; had witnessed the death of two successive husbands; had seen many a battle-field; and boasted of having once saved the colors of the regiment by sewing them under her petticoats. It was said, too, that the old, withered form, once gaunt and bony, had often been seen prowling amid the heaps of dead and wounded on the night after a battle, and that the skinny hand, as it passed over their faces and down their limbs, struck more dread into the hearts of bleeding, maimed, dying soldiers, than the bayonets or swords of the foe. She came in curtsying, and bowing, and uttering blessings on the house, which sounded in her tones like maledictions. Then, after swallowing a glass of gin, and attempting to force caresses on Gerald, whose father she declared that she had nursed, she sat down by the dog, took his head in her lap, mumbling some words, and making some signs as she passed her hands over the bitten parts; and when she rose and shuffled rather hurriedly away, it struck me that I saw something drop from her, and immediately afterwards the dog's nose seemed attracted towards it. I stooped down, and picked up what seemed a roll of meat. On showing it to Quamino, his eyes started out from his head, and his teeth chattered as he exclaimed—

"Dat cussed ole tief—dat tarned ole witch—she try to poison de dog. Me must show dis to massa."

The old pallor came back on Trevenna's face as he saw the meat, and heard the story. The attempt to poison the dog roused the suspicion that some scheme of violence and plunder was meditated towards his house, and his mind could associate only one man with such a deed. 'Twas too late to consult the Squire. He dared not seek other aid. So that night he kept silent, lonely watch. The dog, strangely enough, had begun to revive soon after sunset—had roused and shaken himself, and taken his old post by Rose's bed. He, the father—father of one so dear, and one so dreaded—sat by the lone

hearth with a solitary light, keeping such ward as a man would keep who felt that each coming hour, each coming minute, might bring him in deadly contact with his own flesh and blood; that in self-defence, or in defence of those dearer to him, his hand might be raised against his own son. He sat unarmed and alone. None but he might see, none but he might meet the face which might intrude on the watches of that night. The beating heart told the minutes as they passed away; as each hour was chimed, the dread gathered thicker and darker o'er his soul. The night wore on slowly and stilly, and the morn broke at last. With the morn came Rose—Rose, with her twining arms, her soft kisses, her merry laugh, and her play, chasing away the darkness which had brooded o'er that dread watch.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the road leading from Trevenna's house to Penhaddoc Park, there was a by-path branching off to the right. It was a muddy, grass-grown lane, a favorite abode of toads, and was darkened by overhanging bushes. At the bottom it was crossed by a dull, sluggish, gutter-like stream; and in a corner on the other side, where hemlock, and mallow, and brier grew, rank and matted, stood a mud hut, rudely thatched, with one or two small, narrow windows oddly placed at some height from the ground. In front, there was a stagnant pool, in which squattered a brood of half-starved ducks. This was the home of Biddy, the witch. On one side of the door was a cage, inhabited by an old half-bald raven; and on the other lay a large flat stone, underneath which was supposed to be kept an old toad, to assist her in her incantations. Down this lane, on the night after Domingo was bitten by the snake, walked the Squire and Trevenna, moving slowly, and stopping at intervals in close and serious talk.

"Yes, Trevenna," said the Squire, enforcing some previous argument, "I am convinced that this old hag must know something of the man you seek, and that her attempt to poison the dog must have been made at his instigation. Her hut has often been a sort of mumper's inn, a refuge for tramps and vagabonds. Depend upon it, he is here. We will easily unearth him, if you have the courage to meet him, and, once for all, face the difficulty."

For awhile Trevenna stood communing with himself, his lips moving as though he were asking for other and better aid than the strength of his own heart. Then bracing himself up to the resolve, he said, "Be it so; I will stand the trial. I must—I will see him; will try whether there be any hope of reclaim, any means of rescue for him. It is my part to forbear, my part to offer atonement for my own sin. At any rate, it may be that this dread, which is overshadowing my life, which is threatening others, may be dispelled if met fairly and boldly."

"That's right. Meet it like a man. Half the difficulties in the world disappear before a brave, open front. I will manage old Biddy. Do you enter the house. If he be there, as I think is almost certain, your own heart will tell you what to say, what to do. That is not for me to advise. God help thee, friend. I know it will be a sore, hard trial."

At that moment they came in view of the hut. All was quiet. There was nought stirring. A knock at the door produced a grumbling, grunting interjection from Biddy; and then, after a little delay, she appeared herself. The sight of her visitors startled and alarmed her, at first; but she soon resumed her old manner, and began to fawn and whine round the Squire.

"Oh, blessings on his dear face! Is he come to see his old Biddy, that nursed and suckled un?" snivelled out the old crone, trying to kiss the Squire's hand. "Doesn't she love un better than her own children, the dear?"

This might easily have been the case without the Squire's suffering from excess of affection, as she was said to have sold one child, and driven another out of doors, and to have brought up her family generally in such loving and happy nurture, that the eldest son was now a sojourner in the colonies, and the rest scattered as vagabonds over the kingdom, gathering experiences of all the different jails, lock-ups, and cadgers' haunts.

"Well, well, Biddy, that will do," said the Squire, after successively freeing his hand, button, and coat-tail from her grasp. "Now we want to talk upon a little business. Mr. Trevenna here wishes to give you a little compliment for curing his dog."

"Ah, poor, dumb cretur! Did poor old Biddy's charm save him?" she continued, in the same whining tone. "Any trifle will be

welcome. 'Tisn't much Biddy wants—a little snuff, or a little of the comfort, dear," she added, in a whisper.

"Ay, ay, Biddy, we will take care of that; but we want to know how this piece of poisoned meat came to be dropped in the kitchen, close by the dog's nose, the night you were there. Can you tell us any thing about that?"

The old hag's face grew more haggard, more witch-like, as the Squire spoke, and her whine became more abject, more jarring, as she answered—

"Her dear boy wouldn't think his old Biddy would go to hurt the dog—would he? she that loves all the animals, poor things. Why should she want to harm un?"

"Well, Biddy, you know that Mr. Trevenna's house was broken into," said the Squire sternly, and that the dog siezed a man in the passage, and nearly killed him; and 'tis rather odd, so soon after that, some one should be trying to make away with the animal. We want to see that man, Biddy, and we must see him. You know where and who he is. I shouldn't like to bring the constables down on my old nurse, or to have her brought up for conniving with burglars; but what can I do if it comes before the bench?"

This last hint seemed to take great effect, and to rouse her from the crooning, groaning state into which she had fallen when the Squire began.

"Oh, what can old Biddy know about it? How can she tell what every poor boy who comes to lay down on her straw, is doing? Sure he seems harmless enough; and if he wants to have his rights, who can blame un?"

"He is here, then, that's all we want to know. No harm shall come to him."

The hag spoke not, but looked assent with her cunning grey eyes. The Squire nodded to Trevenna. He stood a moment or two to collect courage, then lifted the latch and entered.

An hour passed away, and still the door was closed. Another was half spent, when Trevenna came out, with the tried look of one who had gone through much in short space; yet there was lightness of spirit about the whole man, which told that relief had come out of suffering.

Silently the Squire took his arm, and they walked on for awhile without speaking.

"Yes, Grenfell, you were right," he said at last—"right in advising me to face my trial. Not for all the wealth I once sought so eagerly, would I pay back the peace that this last hour has given me." There has been much of agony in this meeting—old wounds have been ripped open—the ashes of old memories raked up. There have been re-cremations, explanations, revelations, reconciliations, and at last there is peace, if not love, betwixt me and my son. Oh God! what a pang it was, as I entered that hut, to see the poor, ragged, vagrant-looking being, who lay huddled on the straw in a corner, haggard, world-worn, scarred with wounds in the strife of life, vengeful with despair and hatred. For years he had been tossed and buffeted—cast hither and thither—been ever stranded or wrecked; had tried the land, the sea, the mines, the prairies; had failed and suffered everywhere. At last chance threw him on the English shore—despair led him to seek me out—the entry into my house was more with the object of discovering whether any children had succeeded to what he conceived his rights, and of seeing in what state and how I lived, rather than with an intent of violence or plunder, when the dog rushed upon him, and, with the instinct of old hatred, nearly throttled him. What he might afterwards have meditated, goaded on by despair, want, revenge, and the suggestions of that infernal hag, my soul shudders to think. Thank God, by your counsel that has been averted. At first he repelled all commune with me, rejected all overtures, and stood on his old war with the world. But my heart was firm in its resolve, and I persevered, until, at last, he softened and melted, and we sat side by side. All was to be forgotten and forgiven; from the dark past and the clouded present we went on into a future. There was yet to be the promise of a new life before him. Sent forth by me, with new hopes and under new auspices, he was to start afresh, and make another advance in the battle of life. To-night I write to town, asking my confidential agent to meet me here, and arrange for my son's being introduced into a new course in one of our colonies—Canada or Australia. A week hence, when all is settled, we are to meet at the Cross Keys Inn, on the other side of the river from Panhaddoc Ford. Rose shall see and know him ere he leaves. Thus all looks well

and fair. A few years more—a few years of earnest work, of reputable career, and we may meet once more as father and son should meet."

The Squire would say naught to gloom this hopeful prospect, though it looked not so bright or promising in his eye, but pressed his friend's hand with a kindly sympathy as they parted at the park-gate.

CHAPTER IX.

A WEEK had passed, and the eventful morn had arrived. All the necessary arrangements had been fairly made, and Trevenna set forth for the interview. Quamino was driving him in a gig. The day was fair and bright. As they crossed the bridge, Trevenna saw that Domingo was following them, and it struck him that the animosity betwixt him and his son might lead to unpleasantness, and they stopped to drive him back. The dog, as dogs always do, obeyed the dismissal reluctantly—went partly back—then stopped—then, when unobserved, crept on again. This delayed them on the bridge until they saw people on the other side making signs to them to come on. All eyes were fixed on the hills towards the north, where the river had its source. O'er them the clouds were banked in a dark, heavy mass, which seemed, again and again, to burst with great masses of water. It was a waterspout which had fallen at the very head of the stream, and was swelling its gentle current to the rush and force of a cataract. Presently was heard a deep boom, like the sweep of a mighty wind—then a roar deep and hoarse as the beating of the surge against the sea-shore—then the huge body of swelling waters was seen rolling, flooding onwards, whelming trees, houses, and meadows in its impetuous flow. It is nearing a large oak, reaches its topmost boughs, and in an instant the tree is whirled onwards, roots uppermost; a farm-yard, with its ricks and linheys, is before it; and presently a mass of stone and straw is sucked in and driven round in the eddies. Onwards it flows and gorges; nearer and nearer now to the old bridge. For a moment it is seen standing with its hoar stones and ivy-covered buttresses—then the waters are upon it—they beat and surge against it. There is a louder roar, a heavier rush, and the old greystones—the old time-worn buttresses—are hurled from their foun-

dations, and borne on in the maelstrom whirl of waters. The dog had stood on the bridge, hesitating whether to come or go, until it was too late, and the flood swept him away. His master and Quamino shouted and waved to encourage him; and when last seen he was lifting his head boldly and battling bravely with the waves. Saddened by the fate of this old faithful servant, Trevenna went on to the trysting-place. Hour passed on hour, yet no one came. 'Twas true that the river might have swollen just before he came to pass the ford, and stopped him. There was as much cause for hope as fear; yet dark forebodings came over them, and the night was passed in dread suspense. In the morning the waters had subsided to their usual height, leaving the fields and meadows strewn with wreck, like the bottom of the sea. Heaps of stone and timber, bee-hives, trees, sheep-folds, gates, lay scattered here and there; and the whole ground was covered and lain with matted fragments of hay, and straw, and mould. Trevenna and Quamino passed back easily by the ford, and as their safety had been seen and notified to the family, there had been little or no uneasiness. After the first greetings, however, Rose turned round and said, "But where is Domingo?"

"Ah, Missey Rose," half blubbered Quamino, "him gone—poor ole fella, him took away in de flood yesterday. Me see him lift his head one minute, and gib one leetle bark, as much as say, Give my love to Missey Rose, and den me see him no more—dem his last words."

Poor Rose—the sweet blue eyes were filling with tears, and her young bosom was heaving with sobs at hearing of the loss of her staunch old friend and guard, when a scraping and whining were heard at the door.

"Dat him duppy—dat old Domingo's duppy," said Quamino, with a scared look.

The door was opened, and in stalked the dog, or rather the spectre of the dog—so gaunt and lank was he, so hollow-eyed, his coat so matted and worn. Rose leaped upon him at once, threw her arms round his neck, kissed and hugged him, crying out—"O my dear old friend, you are safe, you are not drowned." And the dog, as if overcome with the like feeling, put his huge paw on her shoulder, licked her face and neck over and over, whining with joy. Quamino, in

the eagerness of welcome, placed a large platter of food before him, saying, "Dere, ole fella, eat on as long as good skin hold—you want some ballast, me tink."

The dog, as if understanding the words, set to at his meal: that finished, he began to look round restlessly and wistfully for his master; then, hardly answering his caresses, he moved out through the door, whining and stopping at times to see if they followed. "Come, Quamino—come along," said Trevenna at last, "the dog has something to show and tell. God grant it be not what I forebode."

On went the dog, slowly and steadily, towards the river, they following, until they came to a part below the ford, called the Cadger's Pool. There the dog sat on the bank, looked steadily on the opposite shore, and howled.

"He sees something," said Trevenna; "go—run—Quamino, get men with the drag-nets at once. The pool must be dragged—we must know the meaning of this, good or bad."

The Cadger's Pool, so named from a cadger having been drowned in it, was a dark, gloomy spot, where, after a bright, rapid flow, the river stagnated for awhile, and lay in black, heavy stillness—a stillness so great that no breeze ever seemed to stir it; a blackness so thick, that no eye ever penetrated to the bottom. Black rocks, overgrown with stunted brushwood, shelved down towards, and threw their shadows on it. It was a place avoided by schoolboys and anglers generally. There was a superstitious belief that no fish ever lay there—none certainly were ever caught. The men and the nets came at last. The pool is dragged again and again; naught is found or seen; yet still the dog looks at one spot on the opposite shore, and howls. At last an old veteran salmon-fisher, well used to fathom the waters with his eye, goes over, lies down on the rock, and there on a jutting point, sees something hanging and floating; the grapnel is thrown down—misses—catches—and upwards is drawn the body of a man—a young, dark, powerful man, for death had smoothed out the wrinkles and the scars. He is laid on the bank—a cry is uttered that something has been found—all rush across, Trevenna among the rest. One look—it is enough; and forth from his heart

goes the bitter cry—heard by few, perhaps by none, “Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh—my son, my son!” and the strong man totters away to sorrow and weep alone.

The man, the poor, wretched man, had been crossing the ford when the flood came, and had been caught in its rush. By what mysterious instinct the dog knew of his fate—whether in his own swim for life he had seen the man struggling or the body hanging, who can tell? ay, who can tell, save He who planted the instinct?

The body was found—that was enough for the many. “Found drowned,” was the sentence by which the fact and the fate were recorded among men.

Trevenna sat in his room—the darkness

of old times had overcast him; his heart was heavy even to rebellion—rebellion against the doom of retribution which had fallen so suddenly on him, when hope was breaking on him—hope that the consequences of his sin might yet be redeemed in happiness. He sorrowed as one who would not be comforted. The door opened, and Rose glided in silently, for she felt the presence of grief, and threw her arms gently round his neck, placed her soft cheek on his, and murmured soft, loving words in his ear, which were to his soul as the strains of David’s harp were to Saul’s.

The man looked up from the depth of his sorrow, and saw only “light on his hearth.”

MR. ALBERT SMITH AT HONGKONG.—Writing from Hongkong on the 22nd of August, Mr. Smith says, “Here we are all safe and sound, among them at last, surrounded by junks and pigtailed, and noble ladies and gentlemen. I have bought the enclosed pictures from a splendid merchant who has come off to the side of the ship on three planks, by the aid of a broomstick. We left Singapore on the 23rd ult. I was immensely delighted with it; it is quite a Chinese place. The shed shops are such rich places, they sell the most wonderful things in them,—toys and gods and lanterns, and joss properties and queer crockery. The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists, for the most part, of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cook shops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars, boiled in a thin gravy with onions. The barbers also carry their shops about, and they shave, cut beards, and syringe ears right in the middle of the street. A Chinese merchant asked me to dinner. I went, of course, and after dinner we started for the theatre. They played a Chinese opera, with about fifty performers; there were lots of devils in the piece, with tumbling and fighting in every scene. They only had one clarinet and two gongs in the orchestra, but when there was a situation in the piece one fellow knocked two hollow canes together to show the audience they were to applaud. The merchant lives in first-rate style and has a wonder-

ful garden. All the fruit trees are very small; there were pines like cabbages, and a quantity of a large creeper called ‘monkey cups,’ because down the stalk there are regular pitchers and tops filled with water, from which Jacko refreshes himself in the woods. There were, also, among his live stock, Cashmere goats, porcupines, kangaroos, Pekin pigs, and Brahmin bulls, and in the jungle across the valley tigers and all sorts of novelties. I slept on shore that night, or rather I went to bed but I could not sleep, as I missed the noise of the screw and the creaking of the timbers, and the bed was too steady. The last night before we got to Hongkong we had an “entertainment” on board, and I was stage manager. We made a first-rate room of sails and flags, and the whole affair went off capitally. There are no hotels at Hongkong, but a very nice club with bedrooms. I was proposed and elected as soon as I arrived, so that is very jolly. To-day they hold a Chinese *fête* in honor of their dead relations. They keep firing crackers all day in the streets and burn their long pastilles. I don’t think they care much about their religion; they go into the temples to get cool, or sit down, or go to sleep. The children are frightened at the gods, they are so hideous; they roar with terror when they are placed in front of them. The people walk about with their hats on, and whistle and smoke, and do what they like; the merchants selling gilt paper and pastilles sit round the sides, and sometimes they beat a gong to attract customers. Nothing that I can write now can give you the least idea of this wonderful place; I see every hour how very faithful Cooke’s descriptions were.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE two days of practice appointed for the Charltons were well used, and Charlton showed a fair degree of skill, and was very glad of the excuse the shooting gave him for being out of doors, away from Sir Simon, for he found his temper too much tried in his company, and Lady Allerton's was not much more tolerable to him. Luckily the marching between targets was too monotonous for her to endure with patience, and after a few shrugs of the shoulder, and a few smart sentences, a few cuts at Edith and Vernon, and a few words of flattery to the poet and to the lord, she generally retired from the field, her short presence only serving to strengthen the sensation of satisfaction at her absence.

On one of these occasions, when she had been especially impertinent, Vernon whispered to Edith,

"Now, are you not glad she is gone? Depart from the common ways of women, and tell me the truth."

"I *will* tell you the truth," replied Edith. "I don't want to think whether I am glad or not: I only want to enjoy the present, and not to mar it with any disagreeable recollections."

"You are right," said Lord Hanworth, who overheard them; "let us enjoy the present fully, as it deserves to be enjoyed."

His face was turned so that only Edith could see it; and the look that he fixed upon her had in it an expression both earnest and tender. Edith became conscious of this, and it was, indeed, not the first time that such a consciousness had painfully struck her; she wished he would look some other way, she did not like it; she became agitated and she dropped her arrow. Charlton picked it up, and suggesting that she was tired of shooting, invited her to take a turn with him in the shrubbery; but Vernon interfered, and said he was sure she required further practice, but that he was the last man to be surprised at Charlton's desire to carry her away. "By the by," added he, "have you seen Miss Ramsay's clever likeness of Miss Somers?" Charlton had not, and expressed a wish to see it. Vernon asked leave of Margaret to go and fetch the drawing. Margaret replied, with a certain embarrassment in her manner, that she should have been very happy, but that she didn't know where the drawing was.

"Oh, but I know," said Vernon, "for I saw

you put it in the pocket of the green portfolio."

"It is not there now, it is lost: I have looked for it. Indeed it is not there; it must have dropped out of the pocket."

"Lost! impossible; you will never do so good a likeness again. Miss Somers, don't you resent being lost?"

"I do resent the loss of Margaret's sketch."

"You do resent it—then resent it firmly. Summon the whole establishment upon the lawn, pounce upon the guilty housemaid, and tell her that, guilty as all housemaids are, inimical as their race is known to be to mankind generally, and destructive of those few blessings that nature grants, she of all housemaids is most guilty. Hanworth shall harangue her, and Charlton shall curse her in an ode. What do you say, my lord?"

He looked round for an answer, but received none, for Hanworth was gone.

"It is not worth any more inquiry," said Margaret, shortly, "I will do another—the same, only better."

"I suspect," said Adeline, who had joined them, in a loud whisper to Charlton, "that Lord Hanworth has stolen it."

"Come away, Edith," said Margaret; "it is time for us to go in and prepare for the reception of the guests: in another hour they will be here."

The arena upon which the possession of the archery prizes was to be disputed was a level meadow, lying a little off one side of the main road of approach to Elderslie Hall. The rows of targets were duly placed north and south of each other, and the sward between them was mowed and rolled into the smoothest surface. Tents were erected for those who were to take no active part in the business of the day, but were to be only spectators of the shooting. The meridian refection, however, which was to support both performers and lookers-on under their exertions, was not to be eaten on the ground, but in the long library of the house, converted into a banqueting-hall for the time. On this occasion Sir Simon's notions of comfort and dignity met with almost general approval. Only a very few enthusiastic young-lady shooters might possibly regret the time to be abstracted from the important duties of the day in walking to and from the house. To many of the spectators it would be a relief to escape for awhile from the scene of the constantly repeated

walk of the shooters as they traversed the distance backwards and forwards between the targets, and from all the other business of the ground so interesting to those actively concerned, so much the reverse to the bystanders. To them, the occurrence of the luncheon, in which all can take a part, would furnish an agreeable variety from their previous comparatively passive existence. Clever people however, need not be dull anywhere, and the sufferings of the stupid may be considered as amply compensated for by the joy of all the young people in the rare event of a general gathering in what was esteemed a very quiet neighborhood. The hour that was to elapse before the expected arrival of the guests was passed much as such hours usually are. The young ladies were dressing themselves and talking; the elder ones were dressing and not talking, for with them the cares of the toilet were become elaborate and serious; Lady Howell was giving some last judicious orders to ensure perfect punctuality, and the little boys were having their hair crimped somewhat in the manner of the Nineveh sculptures, and their deepest Brussels lace frills properly adjusted. By degrees the result of these praiseworthy pains showed itself in the assemblage in the drawing-room. When Margaret, Adeline, and Edith entered it, they were received with applause by Lady Howell, Mrs. Charlton, and Mr. Vernon.

"The hats were just as they should be," Lady Howell said.

"The jackets admirably becoming," said Mrs. Charlton.

And Vernon stood on tiptoe to see their faces, and said—

"Now would be the moment to call Sir Joshua to life to do a portrait of Miss Somers: she looks really like a Sir Joshua; and if Lady Howell will but give her a frame, and she will but stand still, she may pass for one of his famous portraits as she is. What do you say, Charlton?"

"That I am often reminded of Sir Joshua's subjects by Miss Somers."

"They are clever, faded things," said Lady Allerton.

"But I'm sure Miss Somers doesn't look faded to-day," said Adeline; "she looks quite fresh and bright."

"Yes, Edith is flushed," said Mrs. Ramsay, "flushed with a purple grace she shows her honest face;" but never mind, dear, don't turn away and look disturbed."

"Why should she?" said Lady Howell; "we all know it's not rouge. She would have lent some to Margaret, no doubt, if she had had any, and Margaret is as pale as one of Raphael's palest Madonnas. Now, just observe what a model of indifference she is; she doesn't look even as if she heard me, but I know she does. Eh, my little sister?"

Margaret was leaning upon her bow as she stood in a recess by the window, and her perfect face showed no change. She was absorbed in some secret meditation.

"Oh dear me, now," cried Vernon, who had turned round to look at her; "what shall I do? I've dropped my eye-glass; I'm nothing without it—I know nothing, see nothing, think nothing without it."

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form," observed Mrs. Ramsay.

"If I haven't found it by the time your first people arrive, I may just as well go to bed," continued Vernon, petulantly.

Edith stooped to help him to look for it, and so did Charlton; then he knelt down himself to hunt, and knelt on it and broke it. This was a real calamity. What could he do? The loss of his glass was positive blindness to him, and it was quite true that he might just as well go to bed. Lady Allerton advanced towards him at this crisis of distress.

"Mr. Vernon," said she, "I am near-sighted, myself: I have two glasses; will you condescend to borrow one of mine? Here it is at your service; will you try it, or are you too proud?"

"Condescend! Lady Allerton; condescend to borrow an eye! Why, I will kneel at your feet for it, and I will publicly pronounce you the best-natured woman I know, if the number suits me." With this he lifted it to his eye. "Thank you. Really I can see with it—not so brightly as I sometimes do, but still enough to discern the target and, if luck favors me, to win the prize, which I beg, Lady Allerton, you will consider yours in advance."

"I thought," said Charlton, "that the prize was to be Hanworth's."

"Where is Hanworth?" asked Lady Allerton; "Adeline, where is Hanworth?"

"I don't know, mamma; he never tells me where he's going; but I dare say he's poking over a book."

"Yes, he is in the library," said Mrs. Ramsay. "I spoke to him as I passed. I looked in and I said, 'My lord, your library is duke-

dom large enough ;' and he said, 'It might be, only it is not mine;' and I left him, for he seemed to like to be alone. I think he was drawing."

"He draws very well," said Charlton.

"He seems to do every thing well except feel," said Lady Allerton; "but he is as cold as an icicle."

"He is as easily melted," said Charlton.

"Is it possible," cried Mrs. Charlton, who had not been enough in society to hear with polite indifference a friend abused, and whose whole face was in a glow with the warmth of her feeling; "is it possible that any one who knows Lord Hanworth at all can believe that he has a cold heart? Can any one look at him and think so; can any one hear his voice and think so?—is not his face all benevolence?—is not his voice all tenderness?"

"Now, Lady Allerton," said Lady Howell, "you are to answer that! Has not Mrs. Charlton convinced you that Hanworth is a perfect mixture of tenderness and benevolence?"

"Mrs. Charlton has convinced me," said Lady Allerton, "that *she* is all tenderness, and has enough to spare for another lord after she has given the due measure to her own. Mr. Charlton, I admire you that you are not jealous!"

"Lady Allerton, I do not admire *you* for that sentiment," replied Charlton, and turned away from her.

"Then you are as uncommon a man as I have always thought you," said Lady Allerton, quite unblushingly; "for most men, and especially most poets, admire those ladies who admire them. But you and Hanworth are a strange, unaccountable pair."

"Lady Allerton," said Mrs. Charlton, carried away by the earnestness of her feeling, "I am resolved that you shall know the reason I have for esteeming Lord Hanworth."

"By all means; I shall be most happy to listen," replied Lady Allerton, while a shrug of her shoulders showed her impatience. Listening, indeed, was an art in which she was not accomplished, and which was particularly difficult to her when she was requested to hear any good of any neighbor. But while she wriggled and shrugged, Margaret stood silent and erect by Mrs. Charlton's side, not moving, scarcely even breathing, and with an air of determination not to lose a syllable.

Mrs. Ramsay approached with an eagerness that was bustling and affected; the very reverse of Margaret's, which was so still because it was real.

"Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell," cried Mrs. Ramsay.

Vernon drew near; and "for my part," said he, "I am more afraid of bursting when the thing is told. Lady Allerton and I are both in a horrid tremor lest we should hear of any thing very virtuous. We hate to listen to good of our friends—it makes us feel so bad ourselves, you needn't groan, Charlton, that's only because we're truly humble. When we hear something very vicious, we feel ourselves a little more comfortable, a little more easy, a little better, and we call it *deliciously wicked*. Miss Somers, I do believe, sympathizes with *us*, for she has turned her back and pretends to be thinking of nothing but Simon Percy's curls."

Mrs. Charlton turned towards Edith, and smiled, and then said—

"Don't be afraid of me; I have no long history to tell, only this: that I was not more than sixteen when I first became acquainted with Lord Hanworth, and that in a great extremity of misery he suddenly appeared as a deliverer, a protector, and a friend. It was at Rome. My poor father was an artist, an artist of great genius, I believe—yes, I am sure, of great genius; but his genius could not extricate him from his struggles with its enemy, poverty. Unhappily, he married early. Children were born to him. My mother's health failed. He had no fashionable friends to give him a name. He painted well—but he painted in vain. Pictures that showed his feeling, his reading, his fine thoughts, filled his studio—but few ever went out of it. Debts accumulated; and worn out with labor, with disappointment, with mortification, he fell ill himself. A more fortunate brother-painter, who was his friend, felt for him, and did all he could to relieve him, but he had not the means to be of any great service, until one day he was inspired with the happy thought of bringing Lord Hanworth to see my father's studio. That day is to me a holy one in the calendar. Lord Hanworth's fine taste, fine feeling, real knowledge of art, at once told him the merit of the pictures he saw; and the worn-out look, the sick wife, and perhaps the friend, told the painter's

bitter poverty. The generosity, the delicacy with which he relieved it, I cannot describe to you—indeed I cannot. Even now, when so many years have passed, these recollections quite overwhelm me.”

And excited, agitated by her review of the past, Mrs. Charlton stopped in her narrative, interrupted by a sudden flow of tears.

“My dear creature,” said Lady Howell, “don’t cry; your eyes will be so red; and besides, there’s Simon Percy looking at you. I’m always telling him it is so foolish to cry; and indeed I think it is.”

“Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean. Tears from the depth of some divine despair,” said Mrs. Ramsay.

“Don’t; it’s so bad for me,” said Vernon. “You’re raising the waters with me, and I’m blind enough without them. Do leave off. I said how you would distress me if you told me any thing good of anybody, and you would persist: cruel woman! There’s that good-natured Lady Allerton never thinks of doing me such a mischief.”

“That’s because I haven’t it in my power,” said Lady Allerton. “These romantic things have never happened to me. I hadn’t the advantage of being brought up in poverty.”

Margaret now leant down, and kissed Mrs. Charlton’s cheek, and passing her arm round her waist, whispered low—

“Go on—go on, or these people will be coming to interrupt us.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Charlton, “Lord Hanworth admired, praised, and bought up my father’s studio. All those pictures, the fruit of long study and labor, the subjects of hope and of neglect for so many years, were suddenly taken from the walls against which they had leant—they were taken to adorn Lord Hanworth’s house, and purchased at very high prices. It was not the sudden relief from poverty—it was not even the means afforded to discharge the burthen of unpaid debts that exalted my father’s broken spirits now to sudden happiness,—it was the sense of the appreciation of his genius. And this was Lord Hanworth’s true charity. It was not the mere giving of money, it was the sympathy with the painter’s feelings. As long as my father lived he made his life happy.”

“And all for love and nothing for reward,” said Mrs. Ramsay, wiping an imaginary tear from her eye with an embroidered handkerchief.

“And not at all for *l’amour de vos beaux yeux?*” said Lady Howell, with a searching glance; for it was in her nature to seek for a selfish motive in every generous action.

“No,” said Mrs. Charlton, ingenuously; “he never even looked at me, though I was generally thought pretty then—even very pretty.”

“You needn’t say *then*,” said Vernon. “Excuse the impertinence of an old bachelor, Mrs. Charlton, but it’s just the same now. And I’m thinking how lucky it was I wasn’t at Rome, for if I had been, I should have got my second rejection, infallibly. I’m quite sure I should have blundered into that studio, and have asked you to share my blindness, my queerness, my poverty, my ill shape, and my ill temper—”

“All the natural ills that flesh is heir to,” said Mrs. Ramsay.

“I see,” said Mrs. Charlton, “how kindly you really sympathize with all I have told you; and now I must go on to say how, when my poor father suddenly died, my mother and I found in Lord Hanworth a considerate, a perfect protector; and then, Mr. Charlton was his friend, and they had visited us together in my father’s lifetime. And now I need say no more, for you all know that I am Mrs. Charlton; and I think I hear the sound of carriage-wheels.”

Mrs. Ramsay on this walked to the glass, and adjusted her cap-streamers. Vernon, in imitation, walked to the glass, and adjusted his short, grey hairs. Lady Howell seated herself with an air of unconcern. Lady Allerton touched up the feather of Adeline’s hat. Margaret for a moment closely embraced Mrs. Charlton. Edith went out to stroll on the terrace. Lord Hanworth entered the room just now, looked round him, caught a glimpse of Edith’s figure outside, said something about his bow, and went on to the terrace too. He joined Edith, but he had not been by her side half a minute when Lady Allerton appeared there, and she said if he were going to stroll on the terrace she would stroll with him. She was quite of Miss Somers’s opinion, that it was well to be out of the way while the first arrivals and first introductions were going on. And why shouldn’t three elope as well as two? She hoped she was not one too many. She hoped there were no secrets. Edith replied hurriedly, and in accents that betrayed vexation—

"You are mistaken in supposing that I came out to avoid the first arrivals. I came out to consider the contents of a letter I have received this morning, and now I shall go in again to satisfy my curiosity about the guests."

"You had better not. I believe there's a horrid number of hobbledoys and clergymen; each to set off the other, for each would be the most tedious thing on earth if it weren't for the other. The one can't be agreeable, and the other thinks he mustn't. Isn't that so, my lord? Hadn't Miss Somers better stay where she is? I mean, of course, where we are?"

And as Lady Allerton spoke she looked significantly at him, but before she ended her sentence, Edith had gone in. Lord Hanworth, who had hitherto appeared engaged with the equipments of his bow, now turned towards her and said—

"You have roused in me a wish to see these arrivals, and I think we had better follow Miss Somers."

Lady Allerton, swelling with spleen against Edith, passed her arm through Hanworth's, and entered the drawing-room with him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE first carriage which came upon the ground brought the Rector's family. The Rev. Dr. Silverston was himself the patron of the living held by him, and it had been in his family for some generations. It was not a very valuable one; but supported by private means, and with the prestige of county-familyskip, the Rectory folk always took a good place in society. The rector had been tutor of his college at Oxford, and a Bampton lecturer, which may suffice to vouch for his learning and theology; and in other respects he was an excellent model of a parish priest. He had formed his opinions and notions of duty before Exeter Hall was built or thought of, and before the art of theological dancing on the tight rope had been brought to perfection by the opponents of that remarkable institution. The old lions and monkeys were roaring and chattering on the site where the May-meetings are now held, long after the rector had added D. D. to his name, and he was a good way up on the list of those who bore that dignity in the University calendar before the writers of the Tractarian publications began to compete with Evangelical activity in the church. He was equally re-

spected and liked by both rich and poor, and for the same reasons. He dealt kindly and wisely with both. He was as ready with his sympathy as his purse for the poor; and as he did not confine his interpretation of charity to mere almsgiving, he had as much of that virtue to bestow on the rich, his equals, as he had for the poor, his inferiors. With meet difference of expression, the rector exhibited the same courtesy and firmness to all classes of his parishioners. And while assuming no power which did not belong to him by law, usage, or custom, he in fact exercised a broad and beneficial influence over all who fairly came within its reach.

In the matter of archery, when that sport first within living memory made its appearance in the neighborhood, divers appeals had been made to Dr. Silverston to set his countenance against so vain and worldly a pastime. Miss Surtanage in particular had violently endeavored to rouse his opposition to it. This lady occupied the best cushioned pew in church, and was generally supposed to be the person who circulated the pink tracts which arrived every month in nice envelopes at almost every house in the parish. These were at once made into spills, or reverently consigned to the fire by the best disposed among those who were favored with them; but they sometimes made ungodly sport, and on the whole may safely be said to have done more harm than good. But none of Miss Surtanage's remonstrances against the new amusement had their intended effect upon Dr. Silverston. They took a variety of forms. Sometimes they were urged by word of mouth—sometimes in anonymous letters describing a dreadful elopement in an adjoining county, which was entirely owing to archery; and sometimes by letters in a county newspaper, signed "A Young Lady," which announced the most disastrous consequences as ensuing, or to ensue, from the promiscuous use of bows and arrows. The cholera, and a recently reported failure to convert the inhabitants of the Looetooopoa Islands to Christianity, were among the least of the evils to be traced to it. Nevertheless, Dr. Silverston, undeterred by the public and private exertions of Miss Surtanage and her coadjutors, did not think it unbecoming him to assist in promoting a healthful, innocent, and social amusement, and now appeared in his own proper person as the principal occupant of the

rectorial phaeton. With him came his daughter, who had been so long his daughter that she was not ever likely to be any thing else; but who, although she drew no bow herself, liked to see other people enjoy themselves. The rector's son, too, was there (much younger than his sister), who officiated as his father's curate, and trod worthily in the paternal steps. There was also another son at home for the university long vacation, and whose age belonged to the debateable land between boyhood and manhood. He was a mighty archer; but unless when at his work before the targets, suffered and caused to suffer from the shyness and self-consciousness proper to the very disagreeable portion of life—for social purposes—to which it was for the time his misfortune to belong.

Other arrivals rapidly followed, lay and clerical; and among the latter it may be noted that various shades of opinion prevailed. Some of the clergy stayed away and had tea that evening with Miss Surtanage, when they comfortably denounced the sinful amusements of worldlings over their muffins; but among those who came there was not an entire uniformity of sentiment. There were subtle difficulties of conscience and curious compromises to be observed. One very popular curate, who might have been a successful competitor for the prizes, had joined the practice meetings previously held on divers lawns, but did not feel it consistent with his duty to appear as an active bowman on the great day at Elderslie. Poor fellow! his fingers were itching to be at the bowstring; but he went through his self-imposed penance with tolerable equanimity, and without inflicting his case of conscience upon too many hearers—indeed only upon those who taunted him with his defection at the last moment.

There were county lords and county ladies, other baronets than Sir Simon, city knights appearing as country squires, a few officers from a cavalry depot at some little distance, and a goodly show of youth and beauty, high-born and middle-born, among the ladies, who formed a part of almost every arrival.

Mrs. Lacy, of course, was there—always genteel and always complaining, yet disposed—as this was one of her most cheerful days—to make the best of the grievances she was propounding. “It was certainly a very hot day;” which was not at all the case, for it was as perfect a day as could have been or-

dered for the occasion. “But then if it had not been very hot it might have been very cold, which would have been a great deal worse.”

Her young friends many of them looked pale, sadly pale—indeed, deplorably pale; but then that was the natural effect of heat. Lady Howell would certainly find it all fatiguing, sadly fatiguing—indeed, deplorably fatiguing; but then it was so kind to undertake so much fatigue for her friends. General Allerton, to whom some of these observations were addressed, remarked that all would be fresh and well enough after luncheon; and Sir Simon graciously expressed his satisfaction with the ordering of the weather. It was exactly as he would have arranged it if he had had the doing of it,—a bright but not a broiling sun, a gentle air, but not enough to affect the flight of the arrows. He could not help noticing that a garden party at Elderslie generally commanded a suitable day. The English climate was not often favorable to such meetings, but at Elderslie it was always as it should be. Lady Howell interrupted these observations by a proposal for a procession to the field, in which the shooters were to walk in double file. Vernon, who appeared to be impatient for the shooting, perhaps because he was tired of the conversation, said he was ready to head the procession; but Lady Howell looked towards Hanworth. He was standing near Edith, and he drew nearer as if to offer her his arm; but she retreated behind Miss Allerton, and Lady Howell said, “Yes, that will do very well. Lord Hanworth and Miss Allerton lead the way.” “‘Marshal them in the way that they should go;” said Mrs. Ramsay, and looked round perturbedly for Margaret. She was standing between Charlton and his wife, and there was a shade of care on her countenance. Charlton offered her his arm, Captain French found himself obliged to escort Edith; and so it happened, as it often does happen, that none of the principal performers were satisfied with the cast of the parts. Vernon stumbled along outside the line unpaired, and muttered as he went, trying to approach Edith, “Well has our great moralist observed, ‘celibacy has no pleasures.’” But however painful this arrangement might be, it had the merit of short duration, for once arrived at the shooting-ground, arms were unlinked and prisoners set free.

And now the strife began. Adeline Allerton stood up gracefully and joyously, and sent off her arrows true to the mark; for although she believed herself very much in love, she was not at all agitated, and as her second arrow hit the gold the sound of Lady Allerton's applause and Captain French's was heard above the praise of the trumpet that was appointed to signalize such a triumph in the field whenever it occurred. Some others among the ladies shot fairly, but when Margaret came forward, her extreme beauty and her close relationship to the hostess, with the knowledge that in England never fails to gain respect, of her being possessed of a considerable fortune, made her the object of particular observation. There was a consciousness of beauty in her bearing generally, at once an expectation of homage and an indifference to it; but that wonted indifference gave way now to the influence of the new sentiment that had taken its place in her heart, and the composure of her demeanor was slightly ruffled as she directed a hurried glance towards Lord Hanworth and saw him standing apart, with his eyes thoughtfully bent upon the ground. Her hand shook, and both her arrows fell wide of the target. When Edith Somers took her place Vernon offered himself to pick up her stray arrows, and Charlton leant eagerly forward to watch her success, while Hanworth directed towards her a grave, earnest look. She was aware of this look, and distressed by it; why should he fix his attention upon her? why had he not taken his place by Margaret's side? The uneasy apprehension, the pang of doubt that had struck her before, returned with double force. During the last three days, Hanworth's manner had seemed to her to lose its habitual tranquillity, and she had felt herself too much the object of his regard. These reflections sent a flush to her cheeks, but she was resolved to surmount her agitation, she was determined that she would not appear troubled by such a look; if Lord Hanworth were not her friend because he loved her friend, then he was nothing to her, or worse than nothing, and she would not shoot less well because he chose to turn his glance upon her; so fixing her own eyes steadily on the target she drew her bow with a resolute hand. She shot very well, and Charlton and Vernon whispered to each other that she would probably beat Miss Allerton. Hanworth advanced a few steps

and picked up one of her arrows, and she then retreated to the side of Mrs. Charlton. She hardly dared to ask herself why she did not as usual join Margaret, but some ideas would intrude upon her which were uncomfortable and perplexing, and under the influence of which her spirits became wearied. She looked on listlessly at the sport, and she had no notion who was gaining the day till Lady Allerton's voice roused her attention with this remark, "Was ever any thing so provoking, so ill-contrived, so irritating, so depressing, so thoroughly stupid? There is the hobbedehoy, Silverston, getting all the best shots: he will win the day; he will have the prize; not that I envy him the silver arrow, but to think that a hobbedehoy, *who is to be a curate* (mark the awful combination), should be the hero of the day. Miss Somers, I give you leave to beat Adeline out of the field if this is to be the partner of your glory. Look at him—look at the awkward booby; he is stepping aside, and Sir Simon is paying him a solemn compliment. Now Hanworth says something agreeable to him in his benevolent way, and what does the hobbedehoy answer? Why, with an awkward curve of his long body—first 'oh'—and then 'thank you!' He is both shy and conceited, like all his race. Now there's Mr. Vernon going to begin. He's got my glass luckily for us all, for without it he wouldn't hesitate to mistake one of us for a target." And so Lady Allerton talked on, and Edith made languid attempts to listen till the consciousness of a sudden blow on the back of her head put an end even to these attempts; and with the sense of a forgetfulness coming on of all around her that she welcomed and yet felt she must contend with, she clasped the hand and threw herself upon the support of the only woman in the world whom she truly disliked, for Lady Allerton happened to be near her. Lady Allerton's exclamations told her what had happened. "The wretched man! the wretched man! he's done it at last. I knew he would shoot one of us;" and then, Vernon hurried up to her, called her Edith and entreated to know how she felt. His unlucky ill-shot arrow had lodged, happily not in her head, but in an arrangement of ribbons beneath her hat which acted as defensive armor. Lady Allerton had drawn it out, and as she exhibited it to Vernon she told him that he ought to feel himself the luckiest man

in the world to have escaped in this way when so near doing a serious injury. Fortune, she said, clearly favored the blind, and if they did awkward things no harm came of it. The force and surprise of the blow had discomposed Edith, but she was not otherwise hurt, and she soon recovered sufficient self-possession to feel annoyed that Lord Hanworth was close to her, that there was an extreme solicitude in his manner and countenance, that he hurried, it being so little his custom to hurry, to obtain for her a glass of water, and that when he offered it to her his hand shook and his color changed. She thanked him, she did not want it; she was really very well. He feared that was impossible; he knew it was her habit to think little of herself, and therefore her friends must think for her—she must allow him to lead her to the house. He offered her his arm as he spoke, but she declined it, saying she needed no support. He walked by her side; Charlton joined them, and Vernon also, in a state of dejection. He had, he said, always hated himself, but never so much as now. Presently, running towards them, out of breath, and pale with emotion, Margaret met them, Simon Percy running on before her, and crying at the top of his voice, "Edith Somers is shot! Edith Somers is shot!" No sooner did Margaret see Edith really safe than, shaken by the quick revulsion of feeling she experienced, she burst into a fit of tears and caught her in her arms. "My dear, dear, dear Edith, why wasn't I near you? are you hurt? when did it happen?" Lord Hanworth and Charlton moved on to leave them together for awhile; but when they joined them again, Lord Hanworth, with a gentle kindness, endeavored to reassure Margaret, and when she said she feared she must appear very foolish to him, he replied tenderly, that it was impossible that any degree of anxiety should appear foolish for *such* a friend.

The sound of the punctual gong told them now that it was time for luncheon; and Edith felt glad that she might go in and sit down quietly, and she hoped unnoticed, while the rest were engaged in the portion of the day's performances most certain to be universally interesting. But her hopes were destined to be disappointed; and the moment she entered the drawing-room she was overwhelmed by anxious inquiries from a number of persons not really in the least degree anxious, unless

to break the monotony of ordinary conversation by commenting on what might well be called an event. Foremost among the questioners was Mrs. Lacy.

"It was a very sad interruption, to be sure; a deplorable interruption indeed to the gaiety of the day. She had known persons, particularly the niece of her second cousin, Mrs. Hamilton, feel the effect of a blow on the back of the head all their lives. The person she alluded to—of course she spoke in strict confidence—was certainly sixty, but she still felt the effects, though she was only twenty (she supposed that was Miss Somers's present age) when she received the blow. The poor, dear creature (the confidence now became stricter and the tone more suppressed) was very stupid ever since—rather deaf she thought, and certainly very stupid."

Edith laughed, and said, "she could well imagine such an effect; and she hoped, if she appeared so presently, they would kindly attribute it all to the blow."

"Are you quite sure," said Lady Allerton, "that your friend was not stupid before she was struck?"

"Oh no! not at all sure; but it was no doubt a sad event, and most distressing to all her friends. Yet they must naturally be thankful she was not killed, just as all must be thankful in Miss Somers's case—thankful, truly thankful, that she most providentially wore ribbons in her hair."

"I felt that, Mrs. Lacy," said Vernon, in a husky voice, coming up to her at this moment; "and see what I've done." Lady Allerton, in pulling out the arrow pulled away some of the ribbon with it, and I got hold of it. I'm not an honest man, Mrs. Lacy; I don't consider myself honest, for I know I'm poor, and I always doubt the honesty of poor men. The rich can afford to entertain that virtue, but we younger sons really can't; and so, with my principles, it didn't cost my conscience much to add a petty larceny to the assault, and to keep this pretty ribbon for myself."

He flourished it in the air as he spoke, and a very small knot of ribbon dropped from it. Edith saw it drop, and saw Lord Hanworth pick it up and put it in his waistcoat pocket silently and, as he probably thought, unobserved; but this trifling action corresponding too well with her previous apprehensions, so much affected her that she found herself

obliged to sit down, while an almost stunning pain seemed to press upon her head. Lady Howell noticed her paleness, and handed her a smelling-bottle. Mrs. Ramsay fluttered about her in sentimental agitation, enough unmoved to indulge in quotation, and remarked to Lord Hanworth that the "damned arrow glanced aside," an observation that was overheard by Mrs. Lacy, who, ignorant of the inverted commas, deplored to her next neighbor the melancholy fact that a lady of so graceful an exterior as Mrs. Ramsay should be addicted to swearing; and the fact was in due time of course reported to Miss Surtanage, who was not in the least degree astonished when she heard it: for what else could be expected of those who were given up to this world's pleasures and frivolities, even at an advanced period of life?

Sir Simon's punctuality, however, and General Allerton's appetite, would not suffer the gong to sound in vain; and now the procession to the library took place, where a costly entertainment was prepared. From this procession Edith sought to withdraw herself, for her spirits were tired, and she longed for a few moments of peace. But the hobbledehoy who had offended Lady Allerton by his success at the target, now offended Edith by his polite behavior. It is the misfortune of his species to offend even in their virtues, and this young man was disagreeable only by his merit. He remembered his sister's advice to attend to any one whom he saw neglected; and fancying Edith neglected because she was sitting alone, he advanced to her and said, with the bow that Lady Allerton despised—

"Oh! wont you take my arm?"

"Thank you," said Edith; "I prefer sitting quiet."

"Oh! but then, wont you allow me to fetch you something to eat?"

"No, thank you. Indeed, Mr. Silverston, I must confess to you that I feel unwell; my head aches. I know that quiet is the only remedy, and I want to be quite alone while luncheon is going on. If you wish to oblige me you will not mention to any one that I am here; I am anxious that my absence should remain unnoticed."

The hobbledehoy was really a well-disposed one; so he made no attempt at a compliment, but simply said, "Oh! I'm sure I'm very sorry," repeated his bow, and left Edith alone.

CHAPTER X.

In an arm-chair by the open window Edith sat for a time with her face covered by her hands, then roused herself, read the letter she had gone out with the intention of reading before, sat down again and cried. She was in a painful position, full of doubt and perplexity, with no friend to appeal to. What was the meaning of Lord Hanworth's manner? Had he ceased to care for Margaret, or had he never cared for her? Had Mrs. Ramsay's chattering folly deluded her high-minded daughter into an unsolicited affection? Was it possible that he could be blind to Margaret's beauty?—that he could fail to appreciate the fine qualities of her heart and understanding—that he could fail to see how her accustomed dignity of manner was changed when he was near, and yielded to an undisguised and admiring deference? What could make *him* so blind when she saw it all so well? Could it be a preference for herself that absorbed his attention; could she be so very unfortunate as to have attracted his regard? If it were so, what an unpardonable whim! but then he was a whimsical character. Lady Howell was right there; yes, even Lady Allerton was right in that; he delighted in eccentricity; he pleased himself by doing something unexpected. Why should Margaret so much like such a man? Was not that a whim too in *her*, when there were so many others younger, handsomer, to admire and to love her? Ah! had he been a strong, earnest, simple-minded, straightforward, chivalrous man—such a man as she had once known; such a man as Charles Stirling: the Charles Stirling who was at one time the most frequent, the most welcome visitor at her own home—she could not have been surprised at this enthusiastic affection for him. And then Edith's thoughts, out of tune with the present, went back to past days. But of what use could that be? Why should such a remembrance thrust itself upon her? Had she not resolved to banish those old times from her mind; had not this friend, this man so dear in her regard, this man whom she might have loved, had he not accepted an appointment in India without a word to her? And had he not remained there now for three whole years without once seeking to communicate with her? Had she, then, not been mistaken in him, as Margaret might be now in Lord Han-

worth? But no; her heart would not admit the notion: Charles Stirling might have changed—something, she knew not what, might have changed him; but he *had once* loved her. And to this dim shadow of a past love she must still cling. She rose from her chair; she wished to shake from her these forbidden recollections, and she again forced her attention upon the letter she held in her hand. It was from her father; an indifferent, a selfish, and a cruel letter. He continued to find Paris very agreeable; he had written to his house-agent to let his house in London; his mode of living in Paris would not suit her, and she must manage to stay on with her friends. “Manage to stay on with her friends!”—at the very moment that she felt it for the first time in her life an imperative duty to leave them. Yes, it was a duty; she could not conceal it from herself. This uncertainty as to Lord Hanworth’s feelings must be put an end to; she must leave him no excuse for seeking her society with her friend’s. She must depart from Margaret’s side; but how? to whom could she go? Vernon, who seemed her surest ally, was an old bachelor; there was only Mrs. Charlton to appeal to. But how would that be? What right had she to force herself upon the kindness of the Charltons? How cruel was her position; how dreary it was in any grief to be alone, with the one tender friend who had been so true, so confiding with her, shut out from the knowledge of her oppressive secret. Fresh tears came up with these thoughts; but now the buzz of approaching voices was heard, and dreading to meet the penetrating glance of Lady Allerton, the gentle inquiry of Margaret, the awkward kindness of Vernon, and above all, perhaps, the solicitude of Lord Hanworth, she escaped out at the window, and hurried towards the walled garden, where she might remain for awhile undisturbed, intending as soon as she recovered her composure to join the shooters again. She reached this quiet garden safely, without the sound of any pursuing steps. It was always, to her feeling, the most peaceful, the most comfortable, the least pretentious portion of ground at Elderslie, and now she welcomed it as a sheltering friend. She seated herself under the shade of its high walls with a feeling of security; she was away from the great glare of the sun, away from the noise of voices; her tired eyes rested upon the green

enclosure where the sun-dial stood, and the cool, still water of the little fish-pond was in its undisturbed repose pleasant to her to look upon. It was not the show part of the garden; she had no reason to dread interruption; and she collected her strength, determined to take her place presently among the company, and knelt down at the edge of the water and dipped her handkerchief in it, to apply it to her eyes. After doing so, as she raised her head she perceived Charlton advancing towards her; the only person whom she could then see without annoyance. But his quick sympathy suggested that she wished for solitude, and he said—

“Miss Somers, if my presence is unwelcome to you, speak to me (as it is your nature to speak) frankly, and say, Leave me alone.”

“I *will* speak frankly; I could not do otherwise to *you*; and I say, Mr. Charlton, pray stay with me for a few minutes.”

While Edith spoke she offered him her hand, which he pressed for a moment cordially in his own. As he relinquished it again he said, with that tone of earnestness and tenderness that gave a value to every word he spoke—

“I have observed this morning, not only since poor Mr. Vernon’s unlucky accident, but before, that you have appeared feverish—disturbed. If there should be any cause but indisposition; if there should have arisen any circumstance—as I almost hope, from your asking me to remain here for a few minutes—in which friendship can serve you, I trust you will feel that you have in me and in my wife very warm friends.”

Edith paused for a moment, watching silently the expression of countenance that was both a faithful and a delicate indicator of the feelings of its owner. It was well that he was a man who never had the wish to conceal his thoughts, for his face would have been a traitor to his wish. After this silent look she took courage and spoke.

“Mr. Charlton, I will tell you the truth. I am unhappy, I am very unhappy this morning. I have received a letter from my father which places me in a cruel position. He writes to me that he has let his house in town—that he does not wish for my presence at Paris—that I must contrive to stay on with my friends. This is most unkind. He does not mean it. I am sure he does not mean to distress me, but indeed he does

distress me very much. Oh! how unhappy it is for a woman to have no mother. A mother would not—even a foolish mother would not—expose her daughter to such a chance. My father leaves me so carelessly, so unconcernedly, that I really have no more protection, no more guardianship, than if I were an unregarded orphan.”

Edith spoke with strong emotion; but though her voice was shaken by it, she did not allow any tears to escape her.

“It is, then,” said Charlton, “your father’s neglect that grieves you so much. It is the consciousness of his indifference that pains you. If only this, I can merely say, try to bear it: but if owing to that neglect you suffer from any other troubles—if you can tell them to me—”

“I can. I will. This is the case. I feel that I must go away from Elderslie. Pray do not ask me why. I know that I ought—I know that I must—and yet what excuse can I offer for my departure? Only yesterday I had made up my mind to say that I was going to town—that I expected a friend to stay with me. But now what can I say? I hardly know what to do. I only feel that I **MUST** go. I feel it strongly; it is a duty—it is a wish, it is a necessity.”

“I have no doubt that you are right,” said Charlton; “I feel that you must be right, and I will not ask your reasons. I have no claim, no desire to ask any thing but this: will you come to us? You know that Emilia will be as glad as I am at the prospect of securing the delight of your society; as sorry as I am that we shall owe this privilege to an occurrence that gives you pain.”

“I accept your invitation,” cried Edith, with a sudden burst of joy. “I know it is sincere—I know all you say is true. I thank you—I cannot tell you how much I thank you.”

“But can you,” said Charlton, “make up your mind to depart from Elderslie so soon as to-morrow? for such is our intention. I confess that I long for my return as a school-boy longs for home. This company, this parade, is irksome to us both. Our home, Miss Somers, is peaceful, but it does not offer much variety—it does not offer the amusements of society.”

“Oh! Mr. Charlton, you cannot doubt the happiness with which I should at any time look forward to being an inmate of your home. You know—you have long known—my esteem

for you; an esteem that began even before I personally knew you, and that has been only increased by more intimate knowledge. It is hardly worthy of you to seem to doubt it; but you cannot—you certainly cannot—know the inexpressible relief I feel in the prospect of leaving Elderslie.”

“I can well understand it,” said Charlton; and they again shook hands.

And now they were joined by Lord Hanworth.

Edith, with the secret consciousness that she was engaged at that very moment in a plot the object of which was to escape his presence, changed color as he approached. He looked at her, and his own face was for a moment flushed.

Charlton was annoyed at the interruption, and he discerned that it was unwelcome to Edith. This feeling, which showed itself in his voice and countenance, prompted him to say—

“Why are you here, Hanworth? How is it that you have left the field?”

He spoke with an irritation of manner, but Lord Hanworth’s was unruffled as he replied—

“I must answer your question by another. Why are you here? for that was what I was sent to ask, and that is why I am here. Vernon has been inquiring after Miss Somers. Mrs. Charlton has been asking for you. Lady Allerton announced that she knew you were both together, and she believed you were in the walled garden. I undertook to ascertain the fact; and I have found that Lady Allerton is right in this case, as I conclude she is in most cases.”

He glanced at Edith as he spoke. He knew that she and Charlton both cordially disliked Lady Allerton, and he wanted to see how they would receive his praise of her. Charlton was a man who never left his friends to doubt his sentiments on any subject; and he said, with strong emphasis, “Lady Allerton is a hateful woman.”

“It is often hateful to be right,” said Hanworth.

“I am going home now,” said Edith. “I do not intend to shoot any more.”

“Do you intend to relinquish your chance of the prize?” said Hanworth. “Reflect that Miss Allerton will get it if you do not, and that will distress Charlton.”

“I shall be very glad to see Miss Allerton

win the prize," said Edith slightly offended. "Her energy deserves it, and she is really a much better shot than myself; and even if I did look upon her with that spirit of rivalry and jealousy which men believe, or affect to believe, that women cherish towards each other, the effort of shooting now would cost me more than any degree of triumph would pay."

"I am afraid you are ill, then," said Hanworth, and there was a real concern in his tone.

"No," replied Edith, not willing to excite his interest, "I am not in the least ill, but I am tired of shooting and tired of company."

"Charlton," said Hanworth, taking him by the arm, "Miss Somers is tired of our company, and our post of duty is at the targets; come away."

"Come away, indeed," cried Lady Allerton, as she just then entered the walled garden. "Come away, indeed! It is time you should, if you wish to save the day, the place, the meeting, our hosts, our friends, I might almost say the world at large, from a great disgrace; for if you do not come in with some grand stroke, the hobbledehoy Silverston will infallibly carry off the silver arrow: the very thought is intolerable; a gawky, awkward creature, with a gruff voice, and long, lank hair, and legs to match; the son, too, of the rector: that he should come out as victor with such men as you in the lists against him is revolting to one's better nature; and, as Mrs. Ramsay has just said, is calculated to amaze indeed the very faculties of eyes and ears, and cleave the general ear with horrid speech. Mrs. Ramsay has especially begged me to tell you, Lord Hanworth, that she is distilled to jelly with the act of fear, and that in respect of her hair she is like the fretful porcupine."

"I too am distilled to jelly," said Vernon, who had come in among them unobserved; "but it's not with the act of fear, it's only with the act of walking on such a hot day. I am Lady Howell's Mercury, and I am come to summon you to your posts, lest the fortune of the day be lost. I feel like the porcupine too, as far as the fretfulness goes, but in the matter of the hair I stop quite short. Miss Somers, will you console me by taking my arm as far as the targets?"

"Dear Mr. Vernon, I am sorry to refuse you, but I am going home."

"Come away," said Lady Allerton, putting her arm through Hanworth's and leading him out of the garden. Charlton and Vernon followed, and Edith took the homeward path alone.

As soon as the party reached the shooting ground they were joined by Mrs. Ramsay, who told them that the hobbledehoy was "fanned with conquest's crimson wing," and "mocked the air with idle state." Lady Allerton was indignant; truly angry. Adeline was indeed mistress of the bracelet, but her victory, so shared, was worth nothing, and she was too much provoked to forbear from doing some mischief; so she took Mrs. Ramsay aside, and whispered to her one or two suspicions that had entered her mind concerning Edith. She began by mildly wondering at her kindness in having her so much with her, with only a sly hint at a possible rivalry with Margaret; but Mrs. Ramsay's stolid opposition, her serene satisfaction in Margaret's superior beauty and fortune, and the contempt with which she met these insinuations, provoked her to a more vigorous attack, and finally she plainly told her that she believed Edith had sought to attract Lord Hanworth, and that she was certain she had succeeded. Mrs. Ramsay laughed uncomfortably, and played with her gold chain nervously while Lady Allerton spoke, but at the end merely observed that, this was "Such stuff as dreams were made of," and walked away and joined Lord Hanworth, beckoning Margaret to her side. Meanwhile Charlton drew his wife away from the ground, where young Silverston was receiving his congratulations, and wishing that he had not earned them, on account of the difficulties that presented themselves in the attempt to make proper acknowledgments, and led her into a remote shrubbery, there to discuss at ease the recent interview with Edith Somers. Mrs. Charlton was, as her husband knew she would be, delighted that Edith was to be their guest; gratified, in the first place, because she was really fond of her, and in the next, because it was pleasant to her feminine nature to have a little mystery to penetrate, and a little love story to help to an end. It was exactly what she had expected. She was not in the least surprised. Hanworth had not been straightforward enough; he had no right to keep her so long in doubt—it was time to explain himself. She could not doubt that

Edith returned his affection, but she admired the delicacy that made her withdraw herself from an undeclared attachment. Lord Hanworth had had sufficient opportunity; he ought to have spoken; and it was as well that he should learn by her speedy withdrawal that it was not always pleasant to wait. His tardiness in action, that really was the only fault in his admirable character. His habit of weighing, reasoning, considering on all subjects, left him too constantly in a state of balance; but love would overcome habit, and Edith was assuredly taking the best means in every way to secure her own peace of mind.

"Was it certain," Charlton ventured to ask, though in such matters he was deferential to his wife, "that Edith really did return Hanworth's affection?"

Mrs. Charlton was astonished at the question. There could not be the shadow of a doubt on that subject; she thought that she had none before, but now she confessed she

was conscious of an increased certainty, and indeed, strengthening her own observations, she had not failed to perceive Margaret Ramsay's friendly and tender sympathy on the subject. She had remarked how she silently watched Edith, and how anxiously she was thinking about her all day, while she delicately refrained from saying any thing that could in any way compromise her. She approved the course Edith was adopting, and she felt sure of a happy termination. Charlton suggested that there should be nothing said to any one on the subject; careless talk had sometimes created grave troubles in matters of this kind; Mrs. Charlton quite agreed with him, but now she must say no more, she must hasten in to assure Edith how much she rejoiced in this new plan; and so Mrs. Charlton left the shrubbery, pleased with her confidential talk with her husband, and still more pleased with her own unflinching penetration.

VORACITY OF THE HYDRA TUBA.—The body of the Hydra tuba is a simple gelatinous bag, so irritable and contractile, that, when alarmed, the creature shrinks to half its original size; and yet at the same time so dilatable, that the animal swallows prey apparently much larger than itself. Its movements in general are remarkably slow, and its appearance any thing but indicative of energy or activity. Nevertheless, fixed and apathetic as these creatures seem—helpless and inactive as they might be supposed, few denizens of the aquarium will be found more voracious, or better able to satisfy their craving appetites. Who would believe that that transparent bag is a destroyer more redoubtable than even the faded Hydra after which it takes its name? Who would dream that those long, silken threads which wave so prettily around its mouth were instruments of death more terrible than all Medusa's snakes? The food of the Hydra is by no means limited, as we might naturally conjecture, to vegetable particles or microscopic infusoria; on the contrary, creatures the most active of their kind not unfrequently fall victims to its rapacity, and its powers of destruction seem only to be restricted by the smallness of its dimensions. Observe the specimen before us with its tentacula all expanded—hundreds of active little beings swimming round it—tiny shrimps of various forms disporting themselves in the water, any one of which appears ten times a match for such a sluggish foe. The hydra seems unconscious of their presence, and hardly deigns to sweep the water with its lazy arms to seek its breakfast; but now a passing shrimp has hit against one of the outstretched tentacles, and instantly arrested in its course, succumbs before the magic touch; the filament contracts and coils around the

scarcely-struggling wretch—arm after arm involves it in repeated folds, and slowly it is dragged towards the hydra's mouth, which gladly opens to receive the prey. The trout that takes the mimic fly is not more firmly held by the tenacious line—the landing-net gapes not more widely for the captive fish—until at length the fatal gate is passed, and the swallowed victim finds itself plunged in the insatiable stomach of its destroyer, where it is ultimately digested and dissolved.—*The Aquarian Naturalist.* By T. Rymer Jones, F.R.S.

NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Badet died a short time since after an illness of three months. He was in the habit, during his illness, of sitting at a window looking upon the street, where he remained motionless for hours together watching the passers-by. The house opposite was inhabited by a M. Peltre, who was not a little surprised quite recently at seeing, to all appearance, the pale, thin face of the defunct M. Badet looking out of the same pane of glass. Great was his emotion, not to use a stronger word. He called in some of his neighbors to whom the visage of the deceased was familiar, and who added their authority to his statement. He then pointed out the apparition to the family of the deceased, who, after satisfying themselves of its existence, had the pane of glass removed immediately. "It is therefore beyond a doubt that the glass had taken the impression of the face of the sick man as if it had been daguerreotyped—a phenomenon that might be explained, if on the side of the room opposite the window there had been another window, by which the solar rays could have fallen upon M. Badet; but this was not the case, the room having only one window."—*Photographic News.*

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the bitter part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life;
And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure,
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "we walk by faith and not by sight;"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—my cross I cannot bear;
Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might some other burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.
A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And "follow me," He said, "I am the way;"
Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold—
A little one with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this methought I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear;
And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my
pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye;
Fair flowers around its sculptured form en-
twined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors
fair;
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not
bear,"—

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."
At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me,

My perfect love shall now be shown to thee;"
And then with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon;
With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!
But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for
me;
And so whatever his love sees good to send,
I'll trust its best because he knows the end.

"For I know the thoughts that I think to-
wards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil,
to give you an expected end."—*Jeremiah*, xxix,
11.

"NOT, AS THOUGH I HAD ALREADY AT-
TAINED."

Not, my soul, what thou hast done,
But what thou art doing;
Not the course which thou hast run
But which thou'rt pursuing;
Not the prize already won,
But that thou art wooing.

Thy progression, not thy rest,—
Striving, not attaining,—
Is the measure and the test
Of thy hope remaining;
Not in gain thou'rt half so blest,
As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the Past wilt go,
Of experience learning,
Faults and follies it can show,—
Wisdom dearly earning;
But the path once trodden, know,
Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
Sit not down bewailing;
Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart!
'Neath despair's assailing:
This will give thee fairer start,—
Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
In the dust be lying,—
Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
In defeat be flying;
Then shall a triumphant song
Take the place of sighing.

—J. K. Lombard.

[ON a late visit to New York, while looking over holiday books preparing for the public by Messrs. Stanford and Delisser, we were struck by some drawings we had never seen before, illustrative of Blair's Grave. The designs are by William Blake, of whom we intend hereafter to give some account. They are highly praised by Fuseli and by Charles Lamb. A specimen is given in this number of *The Living Age*.]

DEATH'S DOOR.

The door opening, that seems to make utter darkness visible; Age, on crutches, hurried by a tempest into it. Above is the renovated man seated in light and glory.

From The Grave: a Poem, by Robert Blair.

DEATH disarm'd

Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary, worn out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and like a bird
 That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
 Whilst the gold gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast coming harvest! Then—oh then
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of naught! Oh, how he longs
 To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more,
 Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolat: and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale!
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnished,
 And each shall have its own. Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
 That reared the piece at first and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose, scattered parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impaired
 Through length of days; and what he can he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;

* * * * *
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner. * * * *

Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.





William Pitt the Younger

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From The National Magazine.
SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

WINTER: AT HOME AND IN THE STREETS.

It is said that people see the cold in Russia, and feel it in Italy. When I was in Russia I certainly saw the cold, and it did not appear at all necessary to go to Italy in order to feel it. Still, so great and effective are the precautions taken against the common enemy, that when fortified behind double, or perhaps treble, windows in a thick-walled house, and protected in your occasional sorties by a stout armor of fur, you have nothing to fear from the attacks of this most unmerciful assailant.

Russia in the summer is no more like Russia in the winter than a camp in time of peace is like a camp in presence of the enemy. Moreover, snow is one of the chief natural productions of the country; and without it Russia is about as interesting as an orchard without fruit. We always think of Russia in connection with its frosts, and of its frosts in connection with such great events as the campaign of 1812, or the visit of the deputation from the Peace Society to the Emperor Nicholas. Accordingly, a foreigner in Russia naturally looks forward to the winter with much interest, mingled perhaps with a certain amount of awe. He waits for it, in fact, as a man waits for a thief, expecting the visitor with a certain kind of apprehension, and not without a due provision of life-preservers in the shape of goloshes, seven-leagued boots, scarfs, and fur-coats, &c.

The house I lived in was in the middle of Moscow; and, with the exception of the stoves, the internal arrangement was like that of most other dwellings in Europe. These stoves, however, were nothing but thick hollow party-walls, built of brick, and sometimes separating, or connecting, as many as three or four rooms, which are, of course, contrived so as to meet at the corners. If, instead of opening like furnaces at the bottom, they had opened all the way down the front like cupboards, they would have made excellent wardrobes for hanging up clothes in during the summer months; but as it was, they remained useless during nearly half the year. The outer sides of these lofty intramural furnaces were faced with a kind of white porcelain, though in many houses they are papered like the other walls of the room; so that the presence of the stove is only known in sum-

mer by two or three apertures like port-holes which have been made for the purpose of admitting the hot air, and which, when there is no heat within, are closed with round metal covers like the tops of canisters. Sometimes, especially in country-houses, the stove, or *peitchka* as it is called, is not only a wall, but a wall which, towards the bottom, projects so as to form a kind of dresser or sofa, and which the lazier of the inmates use not unfrequently in the latter capacity. In the huts the *peitchka* is almost invariably of this form; and the peasants not only lie and sleep upon it as a matter of course, but even get inside and use it as a bath. Not that they fill their stoves with water,—that would be rather difficult; but the Russian bath is merely a room paved with stone slabs and heated like an oven, in which the bather stands to be rubbed and lathered, and to have buckets of water poured over him, or thrown at him, by naked attendants; and accordingly a stove makes an excellent bath on a small scale. As a general rule, every row of huts has one or more baths attached to it, which the inhabitants support by subscription; but when this is not the case, the peasant, after carefully raking out the ashes, creeps into the hot *peitchka*, and is soon bathed in his own perspiration. He would infallibly be baked alive but for the pailfuls of water with which he soon begins to cool his heated skin. However, thanks to this precaution, he escapes without a singe, and issues uninjured from the fiery furnace, like Shadrack, Meshach, and Abednego of old.

When a stove is first lighted, the port-holes, are kept carefully closed, to prevent the egress of carbonic acid gas; but after the wood has become thoroughly charred, and every vestige of flame has disappeared, the chimney is shut down from the top, the covers are removed from the apertures, and the hot air is allowed to penetrate freely into the room; then, if enough wood has been put into the *peitchka*, and the lid of the chimney closes hermetically, the sides of the stove will remain warm for twelve or fourteen hours, and the air of the room for a still longer period. Occasionally it happens that the port-holes are opened while there still flickers a little blue flame above the whitening embers. In this case there is death in the stove. The carbonic-acid gas, which is still proceeding from the burning charcoal, enters the room, and pro-

duces asphyxia, or at all events some of its symptoms. If you have not time, or if you are already too weak, to open the door when you find yourself attacked by *ougar* (as the Russians call this gas), you had better throw the first thing you have at hand through the window; and the cold air, rushing rapidly into the room, will then save you. A foreigner unaccustomed to the hot apartments of Russia will scarcely perceive the presence of *ougar* until he is already seriously affected by it; and in this manner the son of the Persian ambassador lost his life two years ago in one of the principal hotels of Moscow. A native, however, if the stove should chance to be "covered" before the wood is thoroughly charred, will detect the presence of the fatal gas almost instantaneously; and having done so, the best remedy he can adopt for the headache and sickness, which even then will inevitably follow, is to rush into the open air, and cool his temples by copious applications of snow. Persons who are almost insensible from the effect of *ougar* have to be carried out and rolled in the snow,—a process which speedily restores them to their natural condition.

The attention of the stranger on entering a Russian house is at once attracted by the *icon*, or image of the Saviour, the Virgin, or some saint, in one of the corners of each room. The Russians, like the rest of the Eastern Church, are only half iconoclasts; and while their religion excludes statuary, it enjoins the use of consecrated pictures. These images or ornamented paintings (the ornaments may be in the highest possible relief, but the images must not be literally *graven* images) are the Russian household gods, and are found in the rooms of every habitation, rich or poor, great or small. They attract your notice in the dismal cabins of the little steam-tugs, which ply between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, otherwise completely destitute of furniture: and you may discover them in the dazzling galleries of the Hermitage, where they naturally make but a mean appearance in the presence of the master-pieces of Italian and Flemish art. The holy pictures belong, one and all, to the Byzantine school. The glory round the head of the Saviour or Virgin is of solid metal—sometimes of silver or gold, but usually of brass, or at best of silver-gilt; and when the image does not stand in a favorable light, the halo, which is alone visible, looks like a horse-shoe nailed to the wall. Some-

times the whole of the garments are covered with gilt plate, and the only parts of the painting which can be seen are the face and hands; so that many of these compositions deserve to be looked upon as so much goldsmith's work rather than as productions of art.* Many of these pictures (though fewer than formerly) are, indeed, manufactured in the true sense of the word at Souzdal, a town in the government of Vladimir, which is celebrated for its images, as Toula is famous for its hardwares, Tarjok for its embroidered leather, and so on. There are seldom more than three colors employed, and each of these has its own separate set of artists (or journeymen, as they may with more propriety be termed), just as in the now obsolete horn-bands of Russia each note had its own special executant. The only point at all remarkable in the workmanship of the Souzdal fraternity, is the fineness and evenness of the coloring. The painting is executed on a perfectly smooth surface of very hard wood; the painter dilutes his color with large quantities of oil, and as he progresses polishes his work with a preparation of pumice-stone. When the artificer in red has finished his portion of the performance, he hands it to the artificer in yellow, who in his turn passes it on to the artificer in blue; then the worker in metal affixes the halo; and all is ready for the frame-maker, if a frame happen to be required. There are shops in every large town devoted exclusively to the sale of *icons*: and an *icon* is the only thing in Russia which is bought and sold without the least haggling about the price; for to attempt to cry down the value, even in a commercial sense, of a holy image, would be considered worse than unbecoming, while any attempt at extortion on the part of the vendor would of course be equally culpable.

The size of the images is generally in inverse proportion to the social rank of the person whose habitation they sanctify and adorn. Thus, in the booths of that permanent fair the Gastinnoi Dvor they assume the dimensions of historical pictures, for the Russian dealer is as devout as he is cunning; in the

* The most celebrated specimen of the class is the immortal panagia of the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin, which is nothing less (as the faithful affirm) than the Virgin, painted by St. Luke himself. It is surrounded by a frame of solid gold, and decorated with a jewelled halo, of which the principal ruby is worth 80,000 roubles; while the total value of the gold-work and precious stones is said to amount to 200,000 roubles.

private residences of the merchants of the first guild they are about as large as *genre* paintings; while in the houses of the nobles they seldom extend beyond the modest limits of a miniature. The smallest *icon* I ever saw was in the dining-room of the Nobles' Club in Moscow, where, close to the ceiling in the eastern corner, is a black little image, looking at a distance very like the queen of spades, and certainly no bigger.

Facing the house in which I lived were two detached houses, with the usual courtyards and *portes-cochères*. One of them had white walls and a high, sloping roof of dark red sheet-iron; the walls of the other were painted a very light yellow, and its roof was of a pale green. The light yellow walls enclosed a Tartar family, the most interesting portion—that is to say, the female portion—of which was never visible. The men, on the other hand, were most liberal in exhibiting themselves. They were constantly to be seen in their gaudy, silden dressing-gowns, and their round skull-caps ribbed with red and yellow. Sometimes these Tartars would make incursions into my apartments, and insist on selling me shawls, silks, and, above all, dressing-gowns, at eight times their original cost. On another occasion they would come over with propositions for disposing of a ton of Indian ink to a friend of mine, whom they happened to see making a sketch, and who they were determined should not be stopped in his pursuit of art by want of materials. Probably horse-flesh is difficult to digest; for every day after each meal, the Tartars would spend three or four hours sitting or lying down on the stone bench in front of their dwelling, and immediately opposite my windows. In the early part of September, the bench did not occupy altogether more than four or five hours of their time, and by the middle of the month they had nearly abandoned it. One morning about that period I observed a little puddle in the street with ice on the top, and from that day the Tartars took to digesting their horse-flesh indoors. Then to my alarm one of them came out again with a fur-coat, or *shouba*, which he began to brush with much care, as though he expected before long to have use for it. A few days afterwards I saw a sledge being conveyed along the street on the top of a cart laden with firewood. I confess this gave me just such a shock as I experienced in Paris on the 3d of December 1851, when, before

the firing had commenced, a party of soldiers passed solemnly along the boulevard, bearing a very significant *brancard*. The next morning there was a fall of snow; and the cream was brought in from the country in jars wrapped carefully round with matting to prevent it freezing. Hundreds of cabbages and thousands of potatoes, all wrapped up more or less in matting, were purchased and stowed away. Furlongs of wood (in Russia wood is sold by the foot) were laid up in the courtyard; an inspector of stoves arrived to see that every *peitchka* was in proper working order; and an examiner and fitter-in of windows was summoned to adjust the usual extra sash. At last the windows had been made fast, each pane being at the same time re-puttied into its frame. On the window-sill, in the space between the outer and inner panes, was something resembling a long, deep line of snow, which was, however, merely a mass of cotton-wool placed there as an additional protection against the external air. Indeed, the winds of the Russian winter have such powers of penetration that, in a room guarded by triple windows, besides shutters closed with the greatest exactness, you may see the white curtains slightly agitated when the howling outside is louder than usual. "The wind," says Gregorovitch in his *Winter's Tale*, "howls like a dog; and like a dog, too, will bite the feet and calves of those who have not duly provided themselves with fur-goloshes and doubly-thick pantaloons." Such a wind must not be suffered to intrude into any house intended to be habitable.

Besides the cotton-wool, which is specially directed against draughts, the space between the two sashes is usually adorned with artificial flowers: indeed, the fondness of the Russians for flowers and green leaves, during the winter, is remarkable. The corridors are converted into greenhouses by means of trellis-work covered with creepers. The windows of many of the apartments are encircled by evergreens, and in the drawing-rooms flower-stands form the principal ornaments. At the same time enormous sums are paid for bouquets from the hothouses which abound in both the capitals. Doubtless the long winters have some share in the production of this passion for flowers and green plants, just as love of country is increased by exile, and love of liberty by imprisonment.

There are generally at least two heavy snow-

storms by way of warning before winter fairly commences its reign. The first fall of snow thaws perhaps a few days afterwards, the second in about a week, the third in five months. If a lady drops her bracelet or brooch in the street during the period of this third fall, she need not trouble herself to put out hand-bills offering a reward for its discovery, at all events not until the spring; for it will be preserved in its hiding-place, as well as ice can preserve it, until about the middle of April, when, if the amount of the reward be greater than the value of the article lost, it will in all probability be restored to her. The Russians put on their furs at the first signs of winter, and the sledges make their appearance in the streets as soon as the snow is an inch or two thick. Of course at such a time a sledge is far from possessing any advantage over a carriage on wheels; but the Russians welcome their appearance with so much enthusiasm, that the first sledge-drivers are sure of excellent receipts for several days. The droshkies disappear one by one with the black mud of autumn; and by the time the gilt cupolas of the churches, and the red and green roofs of the houses, have been made as white as their own walls, the city swarms with sledges. But it is not until near Christmas, when the "frost of St. Nicholas" sets in, that the sledges are seen in all their glory. The earlier frosts of October and November may or may not be attended to without any very dangerous results ensuing; but when the frigid St. Nicholas makes his appearance,—staying the most rapid currents, forming bridges over the broadest rivers, and converting seas into deserts of ice, then a blast from his breath, if not properly guarded against, may prove fatal. However, foreigners alone are afraid of him. He is the Russian's best friend. Of the Russian peasant he is not only the patron-saint, but also the real benefactor. He is the greatest engineer in the country, and does more in the department of roads and bridges in a single night, than the once illustrious Kleinmichel did in the whole course of his ministry. But when he approaches you, you must not go out to meet him otherwise than in a garment of fur, or the disrespect may be visited upon you with severity. This is the sole return he requires for his services in enabling you to receive the veal of Archangel and the beef of the Steppes, which can only be transported in winter along his excellent roads.

Last year St. Nicholas was nearly playing false to his *protégés*. The winter appeared to have set in for a continuance in the month of November, and provisions were beginning to come in from the country, when suddenly there was a thaw, and soon afterwards the smaller rivers, which, as they freeze the first, are also the first to break up, were pronounced unsafe. Accordingly the peasants, on arriving with their sledges at the Oka, distant about twenty miles from Moscow, waited on its banks before risking their precious lives, and, what was more important, their valuable provisions, on its treacherous ice. As the thaw continued, the river soon became altogether impassable, and the peasants found themselves in a terrible dilemma. If they attempted to cross the Oka, they and the contents of their sledges might be lost together; but if they remained where they were, the poultry and meat which they had intended to convey to Moscow would inevitably spoil, and they would have to return home without provisions and without money. Now the peasants on their road to the Moscow markets take their meals at the wayside inns on credit, and pay as they go home after they have effected a sale; and so that to return without money was out of the question. Accordingly *rustici expectabant*, and in this case with some reason; for though it was now flowing, the river was certainly not destined to roll on *in omne volubilis ævum*. In the midst of the difficulty a Jew appeared on the banks of the Oka. The provisions were still sound, and the Oka, though now nearly free from ice, might be converted into a hard road almost in a single night. At all events, if the frost once recommenced, the provisions were safe; and a Jew can always wait for his money, if by a few days' delay it will become tripled and quadrupled. Accordingly the Hebrew offered some sort of pottage on the spot for the right of taking all the sledges with their contents to the Moscow markets as soon as an opportunity presented itself. Whether he also offered something to St. Nicholas is unknown; but it is certain that that night the mercury fell, the next morning the ground was covered with snow, and before evening the Oka was again a road, and the sledges on their way to the "Frozen Market" of Moscow, where they arrived just in time for the Nikolsky fête.

The Frozen Market is one of the most cu-

rious in Moscow, which abounds in markets of a curious kind. There is the market for the hiring of domestic servants; the horse-market, beloved by gypsies; the market for earthen pöts, and the market for wooden pails. There is the fruit-market, especially pleasing to foreigners from its delicious water-melons in the autumn, and its admirable frozen apples (like lumps of apple-ice) in the winter. There is the hay-market, where (besides hay) cream, butter, eggs, and all kinds of farm produce are exposed for sale. There is the market of the Soukhareff Tower, for the sale of furniture, clothes, sledges, tea-urns, screw-drivers, rusty nails, secondhand books, and especially stray numbers of the *Russian Messenger*, the *Contemporary*, the *National Annals*, the *Moscovite*, and other indigenous Reviews. Then there is the market for odoriferous sheep-skins and moth-eaten *shoubas*, vamped-up winter-boots; huge leather gloves, shaped like baby's mittens, Cossack and Circassian caps, felt goloshes, caftans and girdles, to say nothing of fish-pies, salted cucumbers, boiled liver, raspberry kvass, black bread, and other delicacies of the season, for buyers and sellers; a market whose popular and emphatic name is "Loose Market," and where you may have your handkerchief stolen from you at one end, and offered to yourself for sale at the other. But none of these markets are so peculiar as the Frozen Market. It is not until the fête of St. Nicholas—or later still, the week between Christmas and the new year—that this strange exhibition is to be seen in all its glory; and by that time the severe period of winter has fairly set in. The soldiers, tall strongly-build men, are wearing their long gray coats over their heavy knapsacks, which bulge out and make them look like so many hunchbacks; while the broad black bandages which protect their ears and cheeks give them the appearance of persons suffering from tooth ache. The cold has indeed had some effect upon them; for as they march in from the country their raw-looking countenances are as red as beef, and their frozen moustaches as white as horse-radish. Every *moujik* with his long and literally snow-white beard looks like an allegorical figure of Winter. The blackest horses are now pie-bald, thanks to the hoar-frost which decorates their sides; while the congelation of their breath round the hairs that project

from their nostrils adds to the peculiarity of their appearance, and provides them with a set of spikes such as calves wear in weaning-time.

But although the drivers and horses of the sledges, as they hurry towards the marketplace, form a by no means uninteresting part of the exhibition, their loads, when taken out and arranged with a view to sale, present a picture which is far more striking. On one side you see a collection of frozen sheep,—stiff, ghastly objects,—some put to stand on their hoofs like the wooden animals in a child's "Noah's Ark;" others on their sides, with their legs projecting exactly at right angles to their bodies; others, again, on their backs, with their feet in the air, after the manner of inverted tables. The oxen are only less hideous because they have usually been cleft down the back with an axe. The pigs are usually in rows, where they are made to stand on their hind-legs with their forefeet extended above their heads, in an attitude of exhortation.

Among the poultry and game, the hares are especially remarkable, from the fact that their fur, which through the summer is either brown or gray, has at the approach of winter turned completely white; a provision of nature which enables the Russian and Siberian hare to travel through the snow in quest of food with a certain amount of impunity; though for all that it never fails to be represented at the winter-markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The partridges, quails, grouse, heath-cocks, wood-hens, &c., are lying together in a frozen mass; and by their side are the ducks and geese, with outstretched necks, so straight and stiff that you might take one of these harmless birds by the bill, and, using it as a bludgeon, knock your enemy down with the body. The fowls have been plucked immediately after being killed, plunged into water, and then left to freeze. Thus they are completely encased in ice, and in that condition will keep until the spring, or, if placed in the ice-cellar which is attached to every Russian house, until a still later period.

Besides game of every kind, not only from the neighboring governments, but even from Finland and Siberia, the markets of St. Petersburg and Moscow are supplied with fish from every sea and river in the empire. Lomonosoff, the earliest Russian poet, the au-

thor of the first Russian dictionary, and one of the most celebrated chemists and natural philosophers the country ever produced, made his first appearance in St. Petersburg with a sledge-load of fish from the White Sea, where his father gained his living as a fisherman. The Black Sea and the Caspian also contribute largely. The Don sends its sturgeons, after the roe has been duly extracted for the purpose of making caviar; and the Volga its rich, oily, yellow-fleshed sterlet invaluable for fish-soup. The presence of the sterlet is the more welcome in the winter-markets from the fact that that delicately-organized and exquisitely-flavored fish will only live in the water of the Volga. But in winter there is no necessity for it to live at all after it has once been caught; for it can be conveyed in its frozen state to the extremities of the empire without losing any of its freshness, or any very perceptible amount of its taste.

The mode of catching fish in the winter is simple enough. A hole is made in the ice, and the fish rush to it for the sake of the air. Then, in the case of the sturgeons of the Don, the Cossacks "of that ilk" harpoon them; while elsewhere the smaller fish, equally in want of air, precipitate themselves into the nets and thus get out of the ice into the frying-pan, or, in a metaphorical sense, out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Another peculiarity of the Frozen Market is, that it takes place in the middle of an improvised wood—a wood which suggests the forest in *Macbeth*, and which is composed entirely of evergreens for Christmas-trees. Beneath the shade of this portable thicket are sold brooms, wooden spades for clearing away the snow from before the houses, and the hand-sledges in which servants and shopmen draw their parcels along the streets; for it would be out of the question to carry any thing at all heavy or cumbersome when it may be pulled so easily along the slippery pavement.

Nor must we forget the itinerant vendors of sucking-pigs, who start from the Frozen Market with whole litters of the interesting little animals (not much larger than guinea-pigs) hanging from their necks and waists; nor the dealers in dried mushrooms, who string those leathern delicacies together like pieces of paper on the tail of a kite, and wear them in garlands about their sheep-skinned

persons. A similar kind of pedler is to be found in the man who is hung all over with chains and rings of thin, whity-brown bread,—doubtless a friend to the owner of the tumbler and tea-urn who walks about the commercial quarter and sells hot tea to the bearded and caftaned merchants.

We have said that it is not until the *Nikolsky Maros*, or Frost of St. Nicholas, that the sledges fly through the streets in all their glory. By that time the rich *boyars* (as foreigners persist in styling the Russian noblemen of the present day) * have arrived from their estates, and the poor peasants, who have long ceased to till the ground, and have now threshed all the corn, begin to come in from theirs; for, humble and dependent as he may be, each peasant has never theless his own patch of land. For the former are the elegant sledges of polished nut-wood, with rugs of soft thick fur to protect the legs of the occupants; whose drivers, in their green caftans fastened round the waist with red sashes, and in their square thickly-wadded caps of crimson velvet; like sofa-cushions, urge on the prodigiously fast trotting horses, at the same time throwing themselves back in their seats with outstretched arms and tightened reins, as though the animals were madly endeavoring to escape from their control. The latter bring with them certain strongly-made wooden boxes, with a seat at the back for two passengers and a perch in front for a driver. These boxes are put upon rails, and called sledges. The bottom of each box (or sledge) is plentifully strewed with hay, which after a few days becomes converted, by means of snow and dirty goloshes, into something very like manure. The driver is immediately in front of you, with his brass badge hanging on his back like the label on a box of sardines. He wears a sheep-skin; but it is notorious that after ten years' wear the sheep-skin loses its odor, besides which it is winter, so that your sense of smell has really nothing to fear. The one thing necessary is to keep your legs to yourself, or at all events not to obtrude them beneath the perch of the driver, or you will run the chance of having your foot crushed by that gentleman's heel. Sometimes the horse is fresh from the plough, and

* It would be equally correct to speak of the English nobility of the present day as "the barons."

requires a most vigorous application of the driver's thong to induce him to quit his accustomed pace; but for the most part the animals are willing enough, and as rapid as their masters are skilful. The driver is generally much attached to his horse, whom he affectionately styles his "dove" or his "pigeon," assuring him that although the ground is covered with snow, there is still grass in the stable for his *galoupchik*, as the favorite bird is called &c. &c.

As for the real pigeons, or doves, they are to be found everywhere,—on the belfries of the churches, in the courtyards of the houses, in the streets blocking up the pavement, and above all, beneath the projecting edges of the roofs, where you may see them clustering in long deep lines like black cornices. But the holy bird is seen to the greatest advantage in the poulterer's shop, where, conscious of the kind of divinity that hedges a pigeon, he struts about among the carcasses of his fellow-flutterers, first examining the breast of a partridge, then devoting his attention to the plumage of a quail, and never fearing for an instant lest the slaughterer of so many of his species should irreverently lay hands on his sacred head.

Aware of the immunity accorded to the pigeon, the gray crow presumes upon a certain distant resemblance to inhabit the same localities, and, thanks to his uneatable nature, is but seldom knocked on the head. Some years since the magpie was also an inhabitant of Moscow, until one day a distinguished metropolitan of the Greek Church undertook the expulsion of the tribe. The "facts" of the affair were briefly as follows. The metropolitan was about to lay the foundation-stone of a new church, when, at the very moment for applying the mortar, the golden trowel could not be found. A workman who happened to be in the vicinity of the metropolitan, and who enjoyed no very brilliant character for honesty, was suspected, accused, sentenced, knouted, and sent to Siberia. But scarcely had the unfortunate man reached Tobolsk, when the trowel was discovered by the bell-ringers at the top of the celebrated tower, or belfry, of Ivan Veliki, whither it had been carried by some magpie, who was evidently acquainted with the plot of *La Gazza Ladra*. Upon this the metropolitan cursed the magpies, as a less virtuous person might have done under the same circum-

stances; and the birds thus anathematized flew out of Moscow, and have never since ventured within thirty miles of the holy city. In reality the magpies *do* keep at a respectful distance—which of course proves the truth of the whole story.

It will be asked how all the pigeons manage to subsist. In the first place, they are fed by good-natured persons, who are gratified to find their pensioners come regularly every morning for their meals. In this way Krilaff, the Russian fable-writer, is said to have entertained all the pigeons of the Gastinnoi Dvor for a considerable period. Then they have the free run of the poulterer's shop, where they consume a large portion of the corn intended for fowls that are fattening for the knife. Moreover, there are nearly sixty thousand horses* in Moscow during the winter (about one for every five persons), and wherever there are horses there is food to some extent for pigeons.

Among the sixty thousand horses which Moscow is said to possess, a large number are of great beauty; and their elegant heads are seen to the more advantage from the absence of blinkers and the extreme lightness of the harness generally. The rarity of collisions in thoroughfares crowded with sledges, going in every direction, and every one of them at a pace which in Paris would insure the prosecution of the *izvostchik* for "furious driving," is to be attributed as much to the liberty left to the animals of using their own eyes as to the skill with which they are guided. Most of the English trainers in Russia now break their horses in to go without blinkers; which, regarded in the light of a decoration, are about as ornamental to the head of a horse as an eye-shade is to that of a man.

Besides the private sledges and the sledges from the country, there are town sledges of various degrees of excellence, some of which can vie in every respect with the best private ones. You have a comfortable seat, a fashionably-picturesque driver, a magnificent fur for your knees, and probably a scarlet net covering the back of the swift white horse, and attached to the front of the sledge so as to

* Tegoborski, in his work on the "Productive Forces of Russia," tells us that in Moscow the number of horses is equal to twenty per cent. of the population. In St. Petersburg they only represent seven per cent.; while in Simbirsk they amount to as many as seventy-two per cent.

guard your face from the lumps of frozen snow which might otherwise be kicked into it. These magnificent *isvostchiks* occupy the same proud position as the Hansom cabmen in London, or the drivers of *remises* in Paris; and look down with deep and openly-expressed contempt on their country-bred competitors, whom they upbraid with the unkempt condition of their horses and the inelegant form of their vehicles. But the rustic driver, with his meekness and civility, is not to be spurned. In the words of a Russian saying, "he wears the skin of a sheep, but he has the heart of a man;" and it is astonishing how far he will take you for about fourpence.

In Moscow no one thinks of walking during the winter, except perhaps on one of the boulevards, when the weather is particularly fine. In fact, the people are clothed so warmly and so heavily, that to walk any distance is quite out of the question. Sometimes, it is true, a man may be seen in the depth of winter wearing no fur at all, in which case you may be sure he will understand you if you address him in English. And you may be almost equally certain that he has not been more than a year in Russia; for our countrymen, though they stand the first winter to the admiration or rather the astonishment of every one, generally find it necessary to adopt fur-clothing for the second. Indeed it is not the mere unpleasantness of cold which has to be guarded against; it is the danger resulting from the great and sudden change of temperature to which one is exposed, in going even on a moderately cold day from a warm room into the open air, or in other words, from a temperature of sixteen degrees (Réaumur) above freezing-point to sixteen degrees below it.*

It appears strange to assert that, in a country where every year men are frozen to death, the amount of cold is nevertheless much exaggerated. However, it requires no very low temperature for a human being to freeze to death in it, if he takes care beforehand to get drunk and go to sleep, and does not awake before the warmth produced by the alcohol has left his body. Travellers speak of the cold represented by thirty degrees and thirty-five degrees Réaumur as if it were nothing extraordinary; but the thermometer does not mark thirty degrees more than once in about

twenty years; and it appears from the published tables that in seventeen years the average maximum of cold was twenty-one and two-fifths degrees. In a work published in 1840, it is mentioned as an extraordinary fact that the thermometer was at thirty degrees on the 9th of February 1810. However, it rarely happens that the thermometer does not descend to twenty-five degrees for a few days in the winter. Every third or fourth year it goes down to twenty-seven or twenty-eight degrees. At twenty-eight degrees the birds will sometimes fall frozen from the house-tops; and a few years ago, when the thermometer was at twenty-nine and thirty degrees, pigeons were seen to become paralyzed and drop as they were flying through the air. Probably, however, they were half frozen before they took wing, and only did so on being ejected forcibly from their hiding-places.

For a good portable thermometer there is nothing better than a tolerably thick moustache. It will scarcely become stiff from frost at less than ten degrees (always of Réaumur's thermometer), at fifteen degrees it becomes a solid mass, and at twenty degrees you cannot walk twice as many yards without having ice enough on your upper lip for an ordinary sherry-cobbler. I once lived for three minutes and a half in a temperature of twenty-six degrees. It was about half an hour after sunset, the streets were full of gloom, and I felt as if the cold would dissolve me; whereas, if left to itself, it would of course have hardened me into a solid concrete mass. Thus a friend of mine saw a man carried with frozen feet from his sledge into a hut by the side of the road. By way of showing how completely his toes were ice-bound, he tapped them with his walking-stick, when a hard sound was heard such as would be produced by a similar operation on a piece of marble. Ladies have their thermometers as well as gentlemen. First of all there is the veil, which hardens with the frozen breath of the wearer at only a few degrees below freezing-point; then there is the handkerchief, which, if made of the finest cambric, will in a certain number of seconds freeze into something like the coarsest canvas; and lastly, there are the cheeks and the nose, which I had almost forgotten. The appearance of the features is very useful in indicating the exact amount of cold you happen

* A difference of seventy two degrees Fahrenheit.

to be suffering to another person; and when they turn white it is a clear proof that you are frost-bitten; but it would be rather difficult to perceive this yourself, and all you can do is to feel from time to time whether they are getting stiff. If you should suddenly discover that your nose has become as hard as stone, you will feel no immediate inconvenience; but, unless you begin rubbing it with snow, you will probably lose it altogether.

Travellers from the West of Europe pity, or affect to pity, the Russians for their interminable winter: "the land appears to be under a curse;" it is "covered with a wind-ing-sheet of snow," &c. However, we have seen that all kinds of provisions are plentiful and cheap in the winter; and a period of abundance is with most people a period of happiness. In England the traditional cheerfulness of Christmas is certainly somewhat marred by high prices, and to the very poor the enormous cost of fuel is known to be a fruitful source of distress. In Russia the stove must be lighted as a matter of course for about seven months in the year; and once lighted, it matters not much, thanks to the double windows, whether the cold outside is more or less intense than usual. Of course a very large portion of the population,—that is to say, all who are engaged in agriculture, as well as builders, and generally those who labor out of doors,—are thrown out of work at the approach of winter. But the change is not, as it would be in other countries, from profitable work to destitution, but merely from one kind of labor to another. All these men have at least two trades, one for the winter and the other for the summer; and doubtless the well-known facility with which the Russian workman varies his occupation may be to some extent accounted for by the inevitable change which takes place in his employment and habits every autumn and every spring. By the time the corn has been threshed the streams which turn the water-mills are covered with ice, the soil is frost-bound, and, in the towns, building has become utterly impossible, if only from the fact that a few minutes' exposure to the air would harden the mortar into stone. But the miller will take to weaving, the bricklayer will become a carpenter, the ploughman will turn sledge-driver. Some, as we have seen, will take provisions to the towns, and numbers of peasants will go to work in the factories,

which are always unusually brisk during the winter-months, whereas in the summer there is frequently a difficulty in procuring hands. And I have been assured, not by Russians, but by Englishmen from Lancashire and Frenchmen from Alsace, that the readiness with which the Russian *moujik* adapts himself to any kind of work, whether spinning, weaving, printing, or even machine-engraving, is marvellous.

There are certain callings, also, which belong exclusively to the winter. For instance, there is the sweep, whose occupation is entirely gone with the frost. Fortunately, however, the sweep can work with the spade as well as with the broom. Then there is the extra *dvornik*, or porter, who sits outside the *porte-cochère* in his capacious sheep-skin (like a garment of tripe), while his fellow-*dvornik* is warming himself in-doors, or *vice versâ*. In summer, one *dvornik* suffices, but the extra *dvornik* is luckily an excellent gardener. Speaking of gardeners, what a curious spectacle a procession of "frozen-out gardeners," such as is sometimes seen in England, would be to a Russian! Probably it would lead him to moralize on the disadvantages of a temperate climate, where, thanks to the entire absence of precautions, we suffer more from heat than in India, and more from cold than in Siberia.

But to return to the alternating system: in Russia it has one great advantage—that of abolishing the "slack season,"—the period of *chômage*,—during which the workman in France and England is frequently reduced to the position of a pauper. It also appears to relieve labor of a certain portion of its drudgery; the toil becomes less mechanical, and with each change of occupation a certain amount of energy is developed. Of course an excess of variety would render some kinds of skilled labor impossible, on the principle that "Jack-of-all-trades is master of none;" and, if carried beyond a certain point, might be the means of turning a nation of industrious men into a horde of vagabonds. But there is no reason why a laborer should be either a mere townsman or a mere rustic; and the union of city occupations with those of the country might be expected—other things being equal—to give a certain superiority to the working-classes of Russia over those of other nations.

Doubtless the sight is not benefited by the

perpetual white, slightly relieved in the towns by the swarms of dark-blue pigeons on the house-tops, and the gray dust of the great thoroughfares, when neither a thaw nor a snow-storm has recently taken place, and when the frozen mud and snow have been pounded and ground into a gravelly powder by the hoofs of the horses, and the iron-bound rails of the sledges. But as far as the pleasures of the eye are concerned, it may be said that the snow of a Russian winter is less disagreeable than the black mud, the gray mist, and the dirty yellow fog of the same season in Great Britain. At home we associate snow with darkness and gloom; but, when once the snow has fallen, the sky of Moscow is as bright and as blue as that of Italy; the atmosphere is clear and pure; the sun shines for several hours in the day with a brightness from which the reflection of the snow becomes perfectly dazzling; and if the frost be intense, there is not a breath of wind. The breath that really does attract your notice, is that of the pedestrians, who appear to be blowing forth columns of smoke or steam into the rarified atmosphere, and who look like so many walking chimneys or human locomotives. And if breath looks like smoke, smoke itself looks almost solid. Rise early when the fires are being lighted which are to heat the stoves through the entire day, and if the thermometer outside your window marks more than fifteen degrees, you will see the gray columns rising heavily into the air, until at a certain height the smoke remains stationary, and hangs in clouds above the houses. Looking from some great elevation, such as the tower of Ivan Veliki in the Kremlin, you see these clouds beneath you, agitated like waves, and forming a kind of nebulous sea, which is, however, soon taken up by the surrounding atmosphere.

It is astonishing how much cold one can support when the sky is bright and the sun shining; certainly ten or fifteen degrees more, by Réaumur's thermometer, than when the day is dark and gloomy. And the effect is the same on all. On one of these fine frosty days there is unwonted cheerfulness in the look, unwonted energy in the movements of every one you meet. If there were the slightest wind with so keen a temperature, you would feel, every time it grazed your face, as if you were being shaved with a blunt razor,—for to be cut with a sharp one is comparatively

nothing. But the air is calm; and as the day exhilarates you generally, it makes you walk more briskly than you are in the habit of doing in your *shouba* of cloth, wadding, and fur; and the result is, you are so warm, and so surrounded by sunshine, that, but for *seeing* the cold, you might fancy yourself on the shores of the Mediterranean instead of on the banks of the Moskva, which is now a long, sinuous, shiny path of ice, like the trail of a serpent. In London, on a damp, foggy, sunless winter's day, when the thermometer is not quite down to freezing-point, the system is so depressed by the atmosphere and the cheerless aspect of the streets, that you feel the cold more acutely than you would do on a sunshiny morning in Moscow with ten degrees of frost. In St. Petersburg, where the winter sun is at best but "dimly bright," and where the city is frequently enveloped in a mist (which is, however, ethereal vapor compared to the opaque fogs of London), the cold is, on the same principle, more severely felt than in Moscow. Nevertheless, in St. Petersburg people go about far more lightly clad than in the more southern towns of the empire, for St. Petersburg is half a foreign city, and the numerous pedestrians have found it necessary to reject the ponderous *shouba* for a long wadded *paletôt* with a fur collar. The real Russian *shouba* is undoubtedly very warm; for it enables the Moscow merchant to go upon 'Change, which in the old capital, during the coldest weather, is held in the open air, but, as the reader has been already informed, it is almost impossible to walk in it.

In considering the advantages and disadvantages of a Russian winter, we should not forget the question of rain. It is evident, then, that where there is frost there can be no rain; and accordingly, for nearly six months in the year, you can dispense altogether with that most unpleasant encumbrance, the umbrella. For it must be remembered that in Russia the snow does not fall in the soft, feathery flakes to which we are accustomed in more temperate latitudes. It comes down in showers of microscopic darts, which, instead of intercepting the light of the sun, like the arrows of Xerxes' army, glitter and sparkle in its rays as they reflect them in every direction. The minute crystals, or rather crystal-line fragments, can be at once shaken from the collars of fur, on the points of which they hang like needles, but above all, like Epsom

salts; and on the cloth of the men's *shoubas* and the satin of the ladies' cloaks they have scarcely any hold.

The most pleasant time of the whole winter is during the moonlight nights, when the wind is still and the snow deep on the ground. In the streets the sparkling *trottior*, which appears literally paved with diamonds, is as hard as the agate floor of the Cathedral of the Annunciation in the Kremlin. In the country, where alone you can enjoy the night in all its beauty, the frozen surface crunches, but scarcely sinks beneath the sledge, as your *troika* tears along the road as fast as the centre horse can trot and the two outsiders gallop. For it is a peculiarity of the *troika* that the three horses which constitute it are harnessed abreast; and that while the one in the shafts, whose head is upheld by a bow, with a little bell suspended from the top, is trained to trot, and never to leave that pace, however fast it may be driven, the two who are harnessed outside must gallop, even if they gallop but six miles an hour; though I must admit that they are far more likely to be called upon to do twelve. Lastly, the *traika* must present a fan-like front; to produce which the driver tightens the outside reins till the heads of the outriggers stand out at an angle of forty or fifty degrees from that of the horse in the shafts. At the same time the centre horse trots with his head high in the air, while the two whose existences are devoted to galloping, have their noses depressed towards the ground, like bulls running at a dog.

There may be enough moonlight to read by when the moon itself is obscured by clouds; but when it shines directly on the white, er-

mine-like snow, which covers the vast plains like an interminable carpet, the atmosphere becomes full of light, and the night in its brightness, its solitude, and its silence, broken only by the bells of some distant team, reminds you of the calmness of an unusually quiet and beautiful day. As you turn away from the main road towards the woods, you pass groups of tall and slender birch-trees, with their white, silvery bark, and their delicate, thread-like fibres hanging in frozen showers from the ends of the branches, and clothing the birch with a kind of icy foliage, while the other trees remain bare and ragged. The birch is eminently a winter tree, and its tresses of fibres, whether petrified and covered with crystals by the frost, or waving freely in the breeze which has stripped them of their snow, are equally ornamental. The ground is strewn with the shadows of the trees, traced with exquisite fineness on the white snow, from which these lunar photographs stand forth with wonderful distinctness. To drive out with an indefinite number of *troikas* to some village in the environs, or to the first station on one of the government roads, is a common mode of spending a fine winter's night, and one which is equally popular in Moscow and St. Petersburg. These excursions, which always partake more or less of the nature of a picnic, form one of the chief pleasures of the cold season. Of course such expeditions also take place during the day, but, whatever the hour of the departure, if there happen to be a moon that night, the return is sure not to take place before it has made its appearance.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—After the campaign of Italy, in the year 1799, when Souvaroff returned to St. Petersburg, Paul did not display much feeling of propriety in sending Koutaissoff to compliment the illustrious general upon his safe arrival. The witty and sharp warrior said to him, "Excuse, my dear count, an old man, whose memory slackens. I can recollect nothing about the origin of your illustrious family, or perhaps you got your title of count for some grand victory?" "I never was a soldier, prince," replied the ex-valet. "Oh! then, you have no doubt been an ambassador?" "No!" "Minister?" "Neither." "What important post then did you occupy?" "I had the honor

to serve his Majesty in the capacity of butler." "Well, that is very honorable, my dear count." In this instant he rang the bell for his own butler, and addressed him in the following strain: "I say, Troschka! I have told you repeatedly every day, that you must give up drinking and thieving; and you don't listen to me. Now, look at that gentleman: he has been a butler like yourself, but being neither a drunkard nor a thief, you see him now a great equerry-in-waiting to his Majesty, a knight of all the Russian orders, and Count of the Empire! You must follow his example." — Prince Dolgorouky's *Handbook of the Principal Families of Russia*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EDWARD IRVING.

A GREAT preacher is a peculiar and unusual development of nature. It is hard to prevail upon people to confess, in this age, that there is any thing which cannot be learned—yet few will be bold enough to place this among the list of acquirable faculties. An orator must be born, like a poet; and even the limited circle of natural orators shrinks into proportions more contracted still, when we specify the manner of the oration. A great preacher requires additional gifts independent of the mere oratorical gift. While his influence lasts, it is such an influence as is possessed perhaps by no other development of genius—and of all the endowments of human nature, this is perhaps the rarest. Great command of language, and great skill in putting it together, are powers of literature as well as oratory; and the charm of voice and gesture are common to the actor and the mime as well as to the public speaker. When you add the two together, the result is a Burke or a Macaulay—a splendid, cold-blooded, dazzling mechanism of speech, so perfect in itself that it fills and satisfies the ear, and is independent of all other results—the voice of a charmer, to which the dullest cannot choose but listen. But these endowments will not make a great preacher of the highest fashion of that order of man. It lies in the nature of true oratory to produce this satisfaction and fullness of ear alike and mind. The buzz of applause is but the natural relief of that enthusiastic consciousness of something complete and unimprovable, with which we listen to those full, liquid, resonant sentences, which thrill us with a pleasure perhaps more perfect in its kind than any other intellectual enjoyment. Music does not approach it, for the very soul of music is wistful—and there is no other art in which we cannot find something to be improved. There never was poem nor picture which did not leave something desirable unaccomplished, even in the consciousness of its devoted admirer; but the great orator charms his audience by the most perfect and faultless expression of human art. If the speech is improvable, it is no longer oratory; and the natural result of its perfection is, that the audience, excited to the highest point by that brilliant completeness, rest upon it, and stand still there, in a pause of admiring satisfaction, acquiescence, and content. Friends

can but glory in the thought that all opposition is silenced; enemies themselves, being human, can but hold their breath with the universal sentiment. A great oration defeats reason and every mundane faculty—makes an end of argument—fills, as with a meal, the hungry public appetite, which is so seldom content, and reduces the world to a condition of sudden calm and momentary unanimity, which no other exercise of power has a chance to bring.

Few human things share this attribute of perfection. Is this so perfect, one wonders, because we shall have less need for this mortal tool of language in the other world?

The effect of preaching is, and is meant to be, different. It is not the ineffable applause of an audience, satisfied and delighted to the highest extent of which it is capable, but a stir and tumult of new-awakened thought, a crowd of hasty, restless, eager suggestions, which surge around the great preacher, who has suddenly arrested the world. Content is the last thing in the world which this fashion of oratory engenders. The highest aim of the pulpit is to bring all men, in the first place, to such a noble discontent as will stir them to the deepest and most radical of revolutions. The end of preaching is something to be believed, something to be acted upon, something to do. It has a practical application and purpose, which reaches beyond the range of oratory; and whereas the gift of the orator, as bearing upon matters less important, may be exercised with a certain degree of calmness, and on a moderate amount of conviction, the preacher who has a right to be called great, must first throw himself into his vocation with such a fervor and inspiration, that it is at risk of mind and balance, at risk of the very greatness he is winning that he exercises his prodigious power. He who would arrest the careless world in the midst of its occupations; he who would compel the multitude to pause and listen; he who would startle the everyday quiet by instant proclamation of that divine Might and Majesty—that awe and terror of death, that glory and solemnity of life unseen—which are nigh to every one of us, must first be so penetrated with the truth he speaks, so confident that what he speaks is startling, terrible, glorious, and of importance beyond all words, that the burden of his prophecy becomes well-nigh the tenure by which he holds his reason and his

life. This is not the development of eloquence, staid and dignified, which commands bishoprics and presidential chairs; it is not a gift necessary for the common nourishment of the church; but it is the temper and mood of the old prophets—the cry of one who cometh from the wilderness—the special, arbitrary voice calling out from one age to another that world-wide report, with which these sentinels answer each other across the heads of a hundred generations, and which is not, and never will be while this world remains as it is, an “All’s well.”

The gift of preaching, in its widest and most general sense, is, let us be grateful for our privileges, the most universally diffused of all gifts. Happy is that man who has not experienced its special development in his own immediate and closest surroundings, and who has yet to discover the remarkable fact, that it is the thing of all others for which his wife, his father, his mother, possibly even the urchin at his knee, is most perfectly qualified. We all preach, *con amore*, to the extreme extent of our chance; it is the one faculty common to mankind. Honest people, who are contracted by the limits of a private possibility, take it out in revenge, as is natural, upon their friends; and anybody who ever has exercised the gift in public, is but too willing to repeat it on every feasible opportunity: but in this wide and general sense, we are grieved to say, the power of preaching is less popular and welcome than it ought to be. We are pleased to exercise it ourselves, but not to furnish material for the exercise, nor to receive it with due and becoming humility; so that it is impossible to deny that the word has become a synonym for a very unattractive necessity of life. And we are not sure that the general bulk of authorized preachers throw much light upon the matter, or improve in a high degree the regard in which we hold it. Men taken from all classes and complexion of mind, and placed in a position which largely enhances the natural human proclivity towards moral addresses and good advice, stand on their little bit of platform everywhere, most ready, and sometimes urgent, to tell us all that we have to do. We give them that respect which the very name of God’s service is enough to secure in this country; but it is undeniable that we are not always seized upon, shaken out of our common lethargy, and recalled to thoughts of our real ob-

ject and destination, by the ministrations of our authorized teachers. Perhaps the whole machinery of the churches has become too absolute and regular for all the exigencies of this variable and changeful humanity; perhaps an extraordinary occasional office—the ministry of a wandering apostle—might be of more advantage than we are apt to suppose any thing so opposite to ordinary rule and decorum could be. At all events, it is true that preaching generally is tinctured with dullness to a very large extent, and that people do not go to church, except in special instances, with very lively expectations of what they are to hear there; while at the same time it remains certain that no art of human skill, or inspiration of human genius, has ever startled the world into such a universal excitement as this gift of preaching, in the hands of a man to whom Providence had given the mastery of its extraordinary power.

It is not easy to pronounce upon the kind of qualities which make great preachers. They have been, like other great men, of different character and different temperament throughout the different ages of the world. The one thing needful is that the speaker be possessed to the utmost extent of his capacity with the message which he bears to the world—that he be too much absorbed in this to take time for the small dishonesties of eloquence—that he be beyond thought of effect, of reputation, of prudence, of the common barriers which limit common men—but that with a spontaneous flood and overflow he give forth what is in him in that unflinching confidence of response, sympathy, and comprehension, which all great men have. It needs not that he should be wise or always right—these are qualities of quite another kind; perhaps it is even impossible that the full swell of a merely mortal voice should reach its height of sound at any time without a certain mixture of error; but it is certain that he who stands fearing and trembling over his words, and hesitates to say what he thinks, will, right or not, never be a great preacher. The man who is, does not take time to think what style of preaching his shall be—he does not make up his mind to address the intellectual, or the sentimental, or the imaginative; and the secret of his power is not, in the first place, the manner or the form, the diction or the argument, which he uses—but the force and fulness with which he pours forth *what is in*

him—a glorious storm of reproof, of discontent, of longing, of hope, sorrow, rejoicing, exultation,—the voice and passion of a man, the praise and demonstration of God.

It is not the calm of the pulpit, heaven knows—the calm of the pulpit drives us asleep, exasperates our everyday toils and sufferings with platitudes and placidities, coaxes our superficial sympathies, appeals to our feelings—as if men had time to have feelings in these hard laboring days, when everybody runs to and fro, and knowledge and sadness grow upon the burdened world; but the great preacher ventures to go into his pulpit a complete man, with all his natural griefs and loads upon him, not a whit less or more than God has laden him withal, and under the yoke, like us all, speaks, to us all, all that is in his heart. It is thus alone that one man rules over a thousand, that the common limitations of space and number vanish, that the heart of the crowd is pricked with sudden consciousness of all it wants and has not—of all it has, and makes no thanksgiving for: such was the effect wrought some thirty years ago upon the curious crowds of London, by the extraordinary man whose name stands at the head of this page.

At once the greatest and the saddest instance in modern records of his prophetic race—a man whose merest words lift up his reader still into an atmosphere, sublimed and changed, out of the common breath—a man standing so close and full at gaze upon his God, that the dazzle of that glory made motes in the common sunshine, till the great soul fell astray, and pursued the motes instead of the light. How it happens that a career so wonderful has passed without record, save of the most trifling and unworthy kind, it is very hard to tell. Every circumstance of interest unites around a man, who in himself is as perfect an example as any disrowned emperor of the fickle popular favor, which crowns and kills, and, more touching and true than any Faustus, declares the mortal weakness which accompanies all the glory of human mind and spirit. He whose prime of strength was attended by the delicate flattery of the most delicate and noble, yet who died with a heart-break, forgotten of his worshippers, a dethroned king—he whose errors have effloresced and blossomed out into a magnitude he never dreamed of, almost hiding by the name they bear the true story of that life

which dimmed its glory by their means; and there is only some tenth-rate hack of literature, or some Dissenting minister bent upon the edification and warning of his young men's society, to read this epic to the world. In the sunless splendor of that sole place in Scotland which has preserved austere and noble walls for a fit shelter to such dust, lies this apostle, whose true sphere was the world, but whom custom cramped into a span of ground too small to give him breathing-room, where his fiery soul consumed itself, and his light went out in darkness. A tragedy more noble or more pitiful has never been enacted in this great theatre of all tragic things. The world and the time, which have changed their fashion, have room now for other battles than those of arms, and know how a hero may be worsted and overthrown by means more subtle than the slaughter of hosts opposed; and we cannot but think that this age, if it paused to look upon the picture, might spare its tears from Brutus and Coriolanus, to spend them over the uncommemorated grave of Edward Irving, a soul as great, a victor as famous, and an end as moving as theirs.

This singular man was born in the end of the last century, in the little town of Annan—born of that Border country, full of ballads, full of traditions, meditative with long stretches of moorland, singing with burns and streams beyond counting, breaking forth into wistful hills, which is, perhaps, as fit a nurse for a poetic child as the grander mountain-country farther north; hills not great enough to overawe, blooming with heather here and there, otherwheres seathed and yellow as if with a fiery breath—towers of defence upon high river sides, watching still, through narrow window and arrow-slit, with the jealous eye of age, how peaceful modern men come and go unchallenged on the southern road;—solitary churchyards in unlikely, silent places, some with their rude death-chapel falling into the universal grave, some undistinguished even by such a mark as that—solemn hamlets of the dead; and everywhere running rivers and tributary burns—so frequent, that it is rare to be out of hearing of some tinkle of that fairy music—winding their pleasant way among the fields and trees—

“The muse a poet never fand her,
Till by himsel’ he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn’s meander.”

One can well suppose that Burns had this

rhythmical country in his thought when he identified thus, the most poetic and dramatical of all rural rambles, the walk which is accompanied by a living, animate, and companionable stream, the very minstrel and story-teller of nature. This south country divides its heart, according to the different likings of its population, between the faint yet martial reminiscences of the old fights of the March, and those stories of the Covenanters which hang about every glen. The last are the most vivid, as is natural; and Professor Aytoun himself could win little favor for Claverhouse, and still less for the Claverhouse of the district—the “Lagg” who, in that countryside, impersonates the most diabolical ideas of persecution—among the cottages and farm-houses of Annandale, where the fervor of popular execration, and the fiery partisanship of popular sympathy, have not yielded yet to forgetfulness and time. In the little metropolis of this district, with the wan water of Annan at his father's door, and tawny Solway rushing on his banks almost within hearing, Edward Irving was born. There he shared his child's porridge with Hugh Clapperton of Africa, and learned his boy's lessons, where, some time after, another boy called Thomas Carlyle, born of that same big race and poetic country, received the like instruction; and whether the tidal swell and daily ode of the great Firth close by, rung into the lad's ear and heart till they grew at last to the climax and cadence of his own grand sentences, we cannot tell; though to our own thinking the stormy Solway echoes continually through the preposterous, intolerable, magnificent chant of his great countryman. But at least Irving's genius, like Carlyle's, betrays the inspiration of his district. It is stormy, hilly, irregular, full of the swell and passion of nature—the climaxes and choruses in which all natural music abounds.

These were deepened by associations which belonged to that scene and landscape. To strangers accustomed to more impressive ecclesiastical services, the forms of the Church of Scotland are bald and meagre; but it needs to be a child in a Scottish church-loving household, to know what a romance and enthusiasm *may* be gathered around this grave and simple worship. All the more because it is unimaginative, the fervid imagination builds upon that austere superstructure of doctrine and faith; and it is no marvel to the

young Presbyterian, inexperienced and heroic, that peasant “confessors” should have died by the score for that which the world calls freedom of worship and religious liberty, but which the Scottish ecclesiastic, not choosing these terms, names more abstrusely “the Headship of Christ.” This distinction is worthy to be considered when one looks at the character of such a man as Irving. It seems to lie at the very foundation at once of his greatness and his errors. Destitute of those imaginative accessories which catch the lighter wing of fancy as it soars, the Church of Scotland has little protection against the grave, fervent, prophet imagination which avenges itself upon her simplicity by carrying to a wild extreme the spirituality which she prizes. The outside world, when it has regarded with any thing beyond a passing curiosity the singular and eventful course of ecclesiastical history in Scotland, has ever attributed to the external and visible cause the struggles which it saw. The Covenanters suffered for religious liberty—the Seceders, of a recent date, for the democratic principle that ministers should be chosen by the people. So the public generally supposes; but put the question to one of the sufferers, and he will scout your explanation. Neither for democratic rule, nor liberty of worship—for “the Headship of Christ!” This is the idea with which all the graver spirits of the Presbyterian community identify the martyrdoms of their fathers; and this is the principle with which the disrupted portion of the Scottish Church justifies its own sacrifice. That the Church is an absolutely-constituted kingdom, over which Christ reigns—that the Synods and Assemblies of that Church are guilty of high treason if they acknowledge any other authority there but that of their sole King and Head—and that the sway of that elaborate ecclesiastical polity, with all its legal forms and courts of appeal, is absolute, because it is Christ's appointment, and bears rule under Him—is the leading idea of Presbyterian church government; an idea great in the abstract, but dangerous enough in the hands of common men, and capable of being misconstrued into the basis of a vulgar papacy. But we confess it is not very easy to convey the living power and influence of this thought as it did exist, and does exist, to persons unacquainted with these hereditary principles of the Scotch Church. Nothing is so

common as the idea that the Church of Scotland is the most democratic of all corporations; but so far as principle and intention go, nothing can be more mistaken; the democracy and the religious liberty come by the way—secondary matters; whereas the principle is that of the highest and most positive of monarchical institutions. The great historian of those troubled times, when the last Stuart reigned, and when “the persecution” was at its height, can understand no more of this fountain-head of Presbyterian resistance than to set down the refusal of the poor girl who, drowning on the sands of Wigtown, would not say “God save the King,” as an amazing and altogether unintelligible example of bigotry and the doctrine of reprobation! What chance, then, have we to convey a better idea to our excellent reader, who, perhaps, is not so able as Lord Macaulay? But the boys in Annandale who were in training for the ministry—the lads who heard these martyr-tales till their young blood boiled as with a present and personal tyranny—the theological shepherds on the hills, and ploughman-elders in the furrow, not only understood, but believed, and were ready to dare as much again in the fervor of their hearts. This strong, national, unanimous assertion of a principle quite beyond demonstration—of a dominion totally invisible, and of the spirit, yet extending an absolute and formal authority over everyday matters and objects—and the fact that religious liberty and personal freedom of faith are always kept secondary and subservient, rather accidents of blessing which have befallen the true servants of the King, than things for which they have fought at first hand—is a thing which should never be lost sight of in the consideration of Scottish religious character, and which, above all others, is of importance to the character of Irving, a sublimated type and revelation of the deeper thoughts and dangers common to all impassioned men.

With this principle, gleaned not only from theological teaching and the standards of the Church, but from every martyr's grave and glen of covenanting worship, a truth beyond question to his eager spirit—that power and authority are from Christ alone, service and devoir due to Christ alone—and that all external matters are external and secondary to that strait and close allegiance, the theocratic rule—Edward Irving set out upon his life. It

is said he was cast in the strongest mould of man, a superb human creature, nobly developed, able for any thing and every thing, ready to be a Xavier or a Loyola as occasion called. Occasion, as it happened, called the boy to neither. For the ripening of his genius and the youth of his spirit, the calm, ordinary discipline of the Scotch probationer was enough. He dropped into a school as young ministers in Scotland were wont to drop, and went out of hearing of his own irregular, eccentric Firth to gain a broader note of music from the stately flood which parts from Edinburgh and the golden Lothians the kingdom of Fife. He became a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy while he was still a youth; and by and by brought to the same place and school his countryman, Thomas Carlyle. Strange blank of human nature, which holds its steady average in spite of all excitements! One does not know that any thing has ever come of the Kirkcaldy boys who chanced upon such teachings; that marvellous yoke of winged steeds did not carry the chariot to its goal with shouts of triumph as one might have expected, and made little more commotion in their race than any tame couple of educational ploughers who know nothing of Pegasus. In the manse of Kirkcaldy, at that period, was a parish pastor of the old type of hereditary Scottish ministers, who rejoiced over and perceived the mightiness of the lads beside him; and the two young schoolmasters walked and talked with the fittest auditory that could have been provided for their youth—young daughters of the manse, as full of intelligence and apprehension as their companions were of genius—stimulating the speculations, the discussions, and the overflowing fancy of that early time, by the subtle and indescribable impulse which a woman's mingled sympathy and contradiction give to the powers and imaginations of a young man. Imagine the two big men of Annandale, with the dew upon their boyish genius, and all their future glories still unknown, and the girls, who doubtless revered and mocked them as girls use, witting nothing of the fame and the disaster—the good report and the bad report—the conquest and the overthrow which waited on that further way! The scene charms like a picture; and there was not wanting either that touch of warmer interest, without which, let philosophers say what they will, the record of young life is always incomplete. Two of the four

were lovers; for Irving had found his future bride in the Kirkcaldy manse.

This time was the time of the young man's preparation for all his future work. His reading was not perhaps the fashion of reading most in use among Scotch probationers; and the long pause which he had to make before engaging at first hand in the immediate duties of ministerial work, left his eager and impassioned mind full room to consider and note the imperfections of the religious community around him.

"I have been accused," he writes at a later date, "of affecting the antiquated manner of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament, and their style of writing hath fallen much out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology—Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy, have been my companions, as Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly what I think and feel; which I have, in the strength of God, endeavored to do. They are my models of men—of Englishmen, and of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world hath acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul and heart and strength and mind. They seemed to think and feel and imagine and reason all at once, and the result is to take the whole man captive in the chains of the sweetest persuasion."

Thus, according to his own judgment, he formed his style; but the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* burns too warmly through the stately speech to suggest to his audience the judicious Hooker, or the princely calm of Bacon. Solway and the winds had their share in it, though the orator does not own their power; and the young man who surrounded himself in his study with these old potentates of thought, standing in the unwilling pause of youthful genius, restrained by Providence till his time came, looking on, restless and indignant, while meaner men carried on with lower powers the battle into

which he burned to plunge, made such observations as such a man was like to make upon the fashion of the warfare in which he was most interested, and where his true vocation lay. One cannot doubt, from his own words, that Irving, voiceless, and chafing at his own unwilling silence, had sat through many a monotonous Sabbath, listening, and scarce able to contain himself, while dull and tedious voices drowsed through the hour-long sermon, in a style which no critic could dream of objecting to, and which was as different from Hooker and from Milton as it was alien to all nature; and this, too, helped to mature into its future character his vehement soul. Had he risen into immediate renown in his earlier youth, as he might have done, it is very like that a difference of development would have happened to his genius. As it was, the original independence of his theocracy gained fire and distinctness by his probation. We never see the imperfections of the existing combatant so well as when we wait breathless with eagerness to take his place, more especially should we be convinced that the place is properly, and by nature, ours. It was thus that Irving gradually unshackled himself of those curbs of custom and law which regulated tacitly the tone and thought of the preachers whom he heard, as it does of most preachers at all times; and in spite of his strong national enthusiasm, and fervent love of his mother Church, came by degrees to recognize only God, his Master, and his own mind and conscience, as the rule of what he ought to say: not that he ceased to reverence the law and polity, which was always dear to him, or disowned the authority of the Church which he served; but that his scorn of the limited range and ignoble thought of the common strain of preaching, confined; as he believed it to be, by modern rules and proprieties, not binding upon any man who was truly commissioned of God, thrust him more and more upon that isolated platform of direct responsibility—to his Master, and not to any one beneath—which by and by made the great soul giddy in its solitude, and turned the natural longing for sympathy and brotherhood into a supernatural and suicidal, yet most pathetic yearning for sympathies and voices, mysterious and ecstatic, out of the unseen.

His own opinion of ordinary pulpit ministrations, formed in this time of silence, when

he had to listen where, in the fervor of his youth, he longed to speak, he expresses fervently and boldly as soon as he has the opportunity, and always by way of explanation and apology for his own preaching, which bore a difference, and which proper persons made objections to.

"Some preachers," he writes, "are traders from port to port, following the customary and approved course; others adventure over the whole ocean of human concerns. The former are hailed by the common voice of the multitude, whose course they hold; the latter blamed as idle, often suspected of hiding deep designs, always derided as having lost all guess of the proper course. Yet of the latter class of preachers was Paul the apostle, who took lessons of none of his brethren when he went up to Jerusalem: of the same class was Luther the reformer, who asked counsel of nothing but his Bible, and addressed him singlehanded to all the exigents of his time; of the same class was Calvin, the most lion-hearted of churchmen, whose independent thinking hath made him a name to live, and hath given birth to valuable systems, both of doctrine and polity. Such adventurers, under God, this age of the world seems to us especially to want. There are ministers enow to hold the flock in pasture and in safety; but where are they to make inroads upon the alien, to bring in the votaries of fashion, of literature, of sentiment, of policy, and of rank, who are content, in their sensual idolatries, to do without piety to God, and love to him whom he hath sent? Where are they to lift up their voice against simony, and acts of policy, and servile dependence upon the great ones of this earth, and shameful seeking of ease and pleasure, and anxious amassing of money, and the whole cohort of evil customs which are overspreading the church? Truly it is not staggers who take on the customary form of their office, and go the beaten round of duty, and then lie down content; but it is daring adventurers who shall eye from the grand eminence of a holy and heavenly mind all the grievances which religion underlies, and all the obstacles which stay her course—and then descend, with the self-denial and faith of an apostle, to set the battle in array against them."

These same sentiments, with a still bolder note, he proclaims once more in the preface to his first publication:—

"Until the servants of the living God do pass the limits of pulpit theologies and pulpit exhortations, to take weapons in their hand gathered out of every region in which

the life of man or his faculties are interested, they shall never have religion triumph and domineer in a country as beseebeth her high original, her native majesty, and her eternity of freely-bestowed well-being. To which the ministers of religion should bear their attention to be called, for until they thus acquire the password which is to convey them into every man's encampment, they speak to that man from a distance, and at disadvantage. It is but a parley; it is no conference nor treaty, nor business-like communication. To this end they must discover new vehicles for conveying the truth as it is in Jesus into the minds of the people—poetical, historical, scientific, political, and sentimental vehicles. For in each of these regions some of the population dwell, with all their affections, who are as dear in God's sight as are others; and why they should not be come at—why means should not be taken to come at them, can any good reason be assigned? They prepare for teaching gypsies, for teaching bargemen, for teaching miners, by apprehending their ways of conceiving and estimating truth; why not prepare for teaching imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and scientific men, who bear the world in hand? and having got the key to their several chambers of delusion and resistance, why not enter in and debate the matter with their souls, that they may be left without excuse? Meanwhile, I think we ministers are without excuse."

Such were the thoughts which grew and ripened in the mind of Edward Irving as he sat in the church of Kirkcaldy, or in other adjacent churches, listening with all the dissatisfaction and restlessness which are like to befall the classes he described. The one revered voice of the excellent parish minister who received there the full honor of his office, did not shut the young man's ears to less worthy voices. He heard the usual drowse of routine preaching; he heard the commonplace orator sailing calmly over the uncomprehended depths, and making complacent appeals to the "feelings" of his hearers; and while he kept silence, his heart burned. Noting every thing with an instinctive human apprehension which nothing can purchase, he learned to see what apostolic work waited a modern prophet, and how unfit were these common hands to lift the shining reins and guide the heavenly steeds, and urge forth through the very throng of the highway, in triumph and glory, the chariot of the Lord. In that quietness his work grew and shaped itself to his ambition; and his ambition took

fire from the thought of that work to which no man put his hand—an ambition well worthy of such a spirit. And, doubtless, before his very eyes came gleaming forth, in charmed imaginations, crowds more brilliant, and more intent, if that were possible, than those who afterwards realized the prophetic fancy; and an issue more magnificent and lasting than preacher, since the Apostles, has ever made on earth. For it was no accidental and unlooked-for fortune that drew these crowds about him in after-days; it was the big design of his heart growing into fire and eagerness as he kept silence, and looked forth on the world, and saw not, like his Master, that there was no man to help, but that most men were busied in corners, and did not discern the vast necessity which grew dark and terrible—a wall which they could not penetrate—before their very steps. This perception fixed the scope of his desires; and it is impossible to read his own self-explanations without feeling that to be merely pastor of a certain congregation never entered into the intentions of Irving, but that he felt already his vocation seizing on him with the urgency of inspiration not to be denied—the vocation not of a habitual edifier and consoler, the husbandman of a hedged and cultivated bit of garden, but of an apostle and prophet errant to the world—a mailed knight consecrate and sworn to war and to conquest—“such an adventurer” as he himself thereafter described, and made apparent to the common sight of men.

This silence and these thoughts could, of course, last only for a time. What might have happened to Edward Irving had he held the learned leisure of a Fellowship, happened to him in the Kirkcaldy school. There came a climax to the vigil, when it was no longer within the possibilities of human nature to be still and wait. The ripening life and unquiet thoughts broke loose from that youthful anchorage, quickened, no doubt, by the stimulation common to men in like position, of a long betrothal, and a natural anxiety to enter upon the full individual existence of maturity. Unprovided for the future, he threw himself upon the world, bent upon exercising his true vocation one way or other, though he saw no opening as to the *how*. He preached—but either his preaching was still chaotic and obscure, the falsetto voice of youth, or else the auditory were too much startled to appreciate

its real excellences. From one cause or another, he found no favor with his contemporaries and countrymen—and, failing a mission at home, began to occupy himself with thoughts of a mission among the heathen, the manner of which imagination one may learn from the discourse upon Missions preached years after, to the amazement and dismay of all concerned—which shows plainly enough that this prophet had no mind to offer himself as a stipendiary to any of the Societies, or to be held in the leash of any Exeter Hall. Ruminating this thought, and full of dreams of such journeys and labors as Paul accomplished in his days, he was led somehow—one cannot see how, for the Church bore almost such comparative rank among metropolitan churches, despite of “Presbyterian parity,” as a cathedral might hold—to the pulpit of St. George’s in Edinburgh, where the unpopular probationer had Dr. Chalmers among his audience. Nothing followed for the moment. Disgusted and disappointed, and sick at heart, he dropped into a chance steamboat, and went to Ireland, with a caprice not unusual to solitary and discontented men, to solace his vexed spirit with a lonely journey, and blow his disappointment away by the free winds and open air of an unknown scene—a very admirable and wise remedy, as most people have learned nowadays. This journey was interrupted by a call into the battle where he longed to be. Without delay, the eager young man returned to ascertain in downright and plain simplicity whether the Glasgow congregation, among whom Dr. Chalmers desired his assistance, would tolerate his ministrations. “I will preach to them if you think fit,” said the sincere giant, “but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have borne with it.” The honest citizens of St. Mungo were, however, wiser than he gave them credit for. They were not “so far left to themselves” as to reject one of the greatest orators of their age, even in the bud—and Irving began his true work, and opened his eager mouth at last.

He was the “assistant minister” of the congregation of which Dr. Chalmers was the head—in other words, he was simply the curate, holding just such a place as a young man in deacon’s orders holds in the Church of England; the difference is merely a difference of words—words which, like every thing

else in Presbyterian diction, are held to represent a severe and strict "principle." And here Irving had reached, at length, to that interval of real discipleship and willing service which his previous experience wanted. He chafed no longer at unworthy voices, burned no longer over his own silence, but combined a quaint acknowledgement of his former unpopularity, "this congregation is almost the first in which our preaching was tolerated," and of the moderate degree of appreciation which he had still attained, "we know that our imperfections have not been hid from your eyes, and that they have alienated some from our ministry,"—an acknowledgment which would be humorous and odd, but for its evident most grave and simple sincerity—with the most affectionate enthusiasm, and love for his work and his leader. He tells the story himself with the ingenuous fulness of his nature; in the dedication of his first published work, which is inscribed to Dr. Chalmers, his "honored friend," in these words:—

"I thank God, who directed you to hear one of my discourses when I had made up my mind to leave my native land for solitary travel in foreign parts. That dispensation brought me acquainted with your good and tender-hearted nature, whose splendid accomplishments I knew already—and you now live in the memory of my heart more than my admiration. While I labored as your assistant, my labors were never weary, they were never enough to express my thankfulness to God for having associated me with such a man, and my affection to the man with whom I was associated. . . . The Lord be with you and your household, and render unto you manifold for the blessings which you have rendered unto me. I could say much about these Orations which I dedicate to you; but I will not mingle with any literary or theological discussion this pure tribute of gratitude and affection, which I render to you before the world as I have already done into your private ear."

He lived and worked in Glasgow for three years, in such a noble graceful subordination as genius delights to pay to genius; but still feeling upon his big heart the cramp of local position and limit, kept dreaming in his study by himself over that mission of the Christian knight-errant, which Nature, with instinctive wisdom, kept still suggesting in his solitary ear. We are much tempted to show by his own words what manner of mission that was which attracted the mind and imagination of

Irving: it was not such a mission as modern preachers use—it was, we fear, a grand, impossible imagination; only to be conceived in minds heroic and of an antique-apostolic strain; but the very singularity and impracticable nature of the thought makes it suitable to Irving, and helps to show the entire unity, simplicity, and sincerity of all his projects and ideas. A missionary, in his conception, was not a man either to be paid or commanded by vulgar committees and commonplace combinations of religious men. "Up, up with the stature of this character!" cried the preacher, gazing abroad over the blank of dismayed yet entranced faces which looked to hear a plea for a society, and seeing, instead of that, only the old enthusiast imagination of his own glorious youth; "it is high as heaven; its head is above the clouds which hide the face of heaven from earth-born men. Though none of those who at present respectably bear the honors of the name come near to it, still let it stand, that, being ever in their eye, they may approach it more and more near. Though none of this generation can bear the palm of it away, some of our children may. And though none of our children should reach it nearer than their fathers, some of our children's children may." And the great optimist hurries on in his own breathless conception of a man who went forth without scrip or purse, without sword or cloak—forth to take what was set before him, as the first disciples did—to pass from one city to another as the first disciples passed, and to have for his pay and reward souls saved and kingdoms won, but nothing less nor more. Such was the missionary office over which he pondered as he sat retired from the busy work of the Glasgow parish; where still he had not found the freedom for which his soul yearned; and once more, amid these thoughts and projects, he was summoned to a work as urgent, and more near. "Well," he writes, "do I remember the morning, when, as I sat in my lonely apartment meditating the uncertainties of a preacher's calling, and revolving in my mind purposes of missionary work, this stranger stepped in upon my musing, and opened to me the commission with which he had been charged." This commission was a request that he would preach to the poor remnant of a congregation which hung together in the Caledonian Chapel in London, in Hatton Gar-

den, wherever that unknown locality may be. There were fifty seatholders, and a little nucleus of that old fashion of Scotch churchmen who are not common in our days—absolute, positive, high-handed Presbyterians, who kept the discouraged little community afloat somehow by sheer persistence and determination. The church had a connection with a Caledonian Asylum which still exists, and on account of that had some stipendiary aid from the Government, and an amount of semi-royal patronage. Whether it was the prescience of a conqueror which flashed upon his mind, what battles and victories were there to be achieved, or whether it was but the necessity for an independent field of action which influenced him, Irving seized at once upon the proposal, which by no means conveyed to a common mind any remarkable promise of fame. He preached, and was found, “acceptable” to the handful of people; and so strong was his impulse towards this place and work, that the condition of being able to preach in Gaelic did not discourage him for a moment. He made up his mind to proceed to the Highlands forthwith and “master their ancient tongue,” an intention which he himself states as a proof of “the steadiness of purpose with which I desired to preach the Gospel in London.” This waste of time, however, was not necessary—the condition yielded to the man; he was ordained in the church of Annan, where he had been baptized; and in 1822, thirty years old, in the prime of his youthful manhood, a bridegroom and a conqueror, came to London to his glory and his fate.

Within three months the fifty were fifteen hundred—a year, and all the mighty world of English modern life swelled round the pulpit of the Scottish preacher, who dared say out his heart. With wonder, with awe, with criticism—some to fall into fashionable worship of a fashionable idol—some to admire with technical and scientific admiration—some to watch with cold philosophic eye how the blood coursed in those living veins, and the heart throbbed under the fulness of its inspiration—the great glittering stream of Society poured into those walls where fifty undistinguished people had called an undistinguished Scotch probationer to preach to them. And then occurred perhaps the most wonderful spectacle that has ever been seen

in this wonderful town—a sight that makes it easy to understand how everybody rushed to the besieged doors, and great and small fell under the universal enchantment. There he stood in his pulpit, this great, ingenuous, candid, open soul, with whom it was not possible to divorce heart from mind, or affections from belief—stood there revealing himself in all the fervor of his mighty gifts, amazing a superficial world by the sight of a true human heart a-throb with all the noblest sentiments of life, breathing, beating, palpitating, before their very eyes. We cannot agree with his great compatriot, that it was but Fashion, who, “by a fatal chance,” “cast her eye upon him,” any more than we can agree wholly to find the root of his aberrations in the fact that Fashion, “going her idle way, forgot this man, who unhappily could not in his turn forget.” The fascination was stronger than a mere caprice of the *beau monde*. It was nothing less than that sight of all others which moves beyond every spectacle of earth the interest of men. This man did not preach as preaching had been hitherto—he lived in his pulpit as in a gleaming lantern fitted round with microscopic lenses, through which the curious eye—in warm love and reverence—in cold science and observation—even in impertinence and vulgar wonder—could see each heart-beat, and discover how the life-breath went and came in that majestic and impassioned soul. To very few men is this self-revelation possible, even were it expedient—it was to Irving a necessity of his office. He could not, and never could, separate himself—the living man—from that manifestation of himself which appeared in the pulpit. Going there as everywhere else, he went complete, attired in all the fulness of his nature; and the world outside, conscious of its own veiled soul, came here to gaze, to peep, to wonder, as at a living miracle. There was nothing marvellous then in his doctrine, and his style was the noblest and most picturesque English. The piquancy of the spectacle lay in this particular, that everybody gazing could see how the thoughts rose, how the fire burned, how the pulses of a giant nature beat. Edward Irving in his pulpit was not a mere preacher expounding with wonderful eloquence a sacred subject—he was himself, disclosing with a noble, unconscious simplicity how himself stood before his God, and how the eager

course of life rushed onward still within him, impetuous, enthusiastic, sincere, aiming ever forward, seeking a perpetual progress to better things. That he might be elated by the intoxication of all that world of eyes bent upon his single look, nobody can refuse to believe; but to our own thinking it seems evident, first of all, that a more subtle influence still was at work upon him. He stood for the first time free and unconfined, with a world to teach, and God to answer to. Spurred by that thought, his high imagination, his fervid heart, his straightforward and uncompromising soul rose high with an impulse and *afflatus* next to inspiration. Next to it!—only sundered by that marvellous and melancholy hair's-breadth—that whereas the miraculous inspiration of Heaven is secured from error, the inspiration half-miraculous of genius and love—even when that love is the love of God—has no such safeguard—that even the rapidity and fervor of the wondrous race betray the mere human footstep into stumbling; and that the mortal eye, intent upon God to such an absorbing extent as this, dazzles and grows unsteady by mere effect of nature, and by the very glory of the vision becomes unable to see.

Such is the explanation which seems to us to throw most light upon the future life of Edward Irving. The old theocracy was mighty in his thoughts; he was Christ's servant, commissioned to preach to statesmen and princes the headship of Christ; and thrilling in every vein with the greatness of his prophetic burden, yet moving onward with "the glory and the joy" which belongs to the poetic nature, full of delight and exhilaration in the noble exercise of his own powers, it was not singularity at which he aimed, nor original views, nor the applause of crowds. He "followed on to know the Lord," "searching what and what manner of things the Spirit of Christ which was in him did signify," and eager to bring something greater and greater still out of the profound depth of the Godhead which he lived to contemplate, and preached to declare. His intoxication was not that of vulgar flattery; it was that of a man standing on the brink of possible revelation, and longing to go farther—uncontent with what he knew of the ineffable and Divine Majesty—burning to anticipate heaven. While this eager "searching after God" was still in healthy progress,

the startled world came to gaze at him as at a dramatic spectacle, more marvellous and more touching than any other wonder within its knowledge. The fascination of interest with which a breathless audience watches the *Somnambula*, passing in her charmed sleep where waking foot would tremble to tread, scarcely deserves to be named as a shadow of that interest with which his audience watched this incomprehensible preacher passing in all his strength of manhood through those visionary regions, intent upon reaching closer to the God whom, like Moses, he longed to see. They crowded to gaze at him in that miraculous journey of his; they watched how his thoughts flowed Godward with a flood and torrent which was not to be described; they stood by spellbound while he crossed upon that trembling bridge of sublimed thought which his royal imagination conceived as the surest highway, and heard him call them on to follow with a thrill of strange emotion. He was to that generation a sign and a wonder, like the old prophets. They had seen outside men before in all circumstances, and were hard to astonish; but they were startled out of all their composure when called on to witness this progress and passion of a heart.

For some five years Irving proceeded in the full height and culmination of his genius, throwing forth, with the prodigality and exuberance of a wealth which knew no limit, orations so splendid and addresses so heart-stirring that it is hard to understand how they can have fallen into partial oblivion, and gathering audiences of the noblest, highest, and most intelligent in the land to hear a Gospel which no man could accuse of error or heresy. What one has to observe in these magnificent examples of religious oratory, is, not any relaxation of the bond of doctrine, but an indescribable subliming, a swell and elevation of fervid splendor and forcible reality, which these garments of truth prove in nowise too limited to bear. It is not easy to put in words the effect of this inspiring loftiness; but no one can read the *Orations* of Irving, or his *Last Days*, or indeed any of the productions of his genius during this period, without perceiving the singular *afflatus*, which, like the heaving of the breast and the dilating of the eye, swells in those noble sentences, and animates the brilliant monologue. They are not extravagant nor exaggerated: there

is no strain after popular applause, nor grasp at novelty; but they are the utterance of a man who thinks not with his mind only, but with his heart, and puts his whole soul into every word he says. How little he desired in his own consciousness—even at this time, the period of his greatest fame—to wear the fantastic crown of extreme popularity, or to win the public regard by novelties of doctrine, cannot be better shown than by his own words. The following passage, strangely touching and pathetic as it is when one knows the after-progress of his life, occurs in one of his sermons upon *The Last Days* :—

“I know not, dear brethren, what you may feel with respect to this turmoil, into which the classes of society are thrown—this unrest, which, like the evil spirit from the Lord which troubled Saul, will not suffer us to be at peace—but for myself, I will say that I would rather, if I could, possess the sober, steadfast character which, in the last age and the age before it, pertained to a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; his grave spirit, his judicious counsel, his plain, honest, straightforward exposition of God’s word, with all the other characteristics of a conscientious faithful minister of Christ and pastor of his people. A year of such a life, of such an unknown and noiseless life, I feel it were more noble to possess than to rule the ascendant of public opinion, and to ride upon the unsettled waves of this heady and high-minded generation. I will labor for it; I will find my way back to it if it be possible; and I would advise any man who hears me, as he values his own peace, to do the same—to seek quietness, to desire peace, to dwell with truth, to ensue it diligently.”

This was written in 1828; yet only some couple of years thereafter the speaker had gone astray among the chaotic voices of a wild, supernatural fever; but, sincere to the very core as Irving was, a more moving pre-vindication of his purity of mind and intention could not be supposed.

And we are very loth to pass this climax of his life without interposing some witness, from his own words, of that fervor and inspiration of genius which we claim for him. His works are not so commonly read that we should fear to reproduce only that which everybody knows; and to speak the truth, everybody who does know will be the better for reading again the following noble exposition of the ideal sense of humanity; which we choose, not because it is more remarkable than the general matter which surrounds it,

but because it can be detached more easily from the *Argument* of which it forms a part. The preacher is treating that objection against Christianity which stumbles at its “sublime and inaccessible reach of virtue.”

“It is the nature of man, especially of youth, which determineth the cast of future manhood, to place before him the highest patterns in that kind of excellence at which he aimeth. Human nature thirsteth for the highest and the best, not the most easily attained. The faculty of hope is ever conjuring into being some bright estate, far surpassing present possession. The faculty of fancy ever wingeth aloft into regions of etherea, beauty and romantic fiction, far beyond the boundaries of truth. There is a refined nature in man which the world satisfieth not: it calls for poetry to mix up happier combinations for its use; it magnifies, it beautifies, it sublimes every form of creation and every condition of existence. Oh heavens! how the soul of man is restless and unbound; how it lusteth after greatness; how it revolveth around the sphere of perfection, but cannot enter in; how it compasseth round the seraph-guarded verge of Eden, but cannot enter in! Our woe-begone and self-tormented poet hath so fabled it of Cain; but it is not a wicked murderer’s part thus upward to soar, and sigh that he can go no higher; but it is the part of every noble faculty of the soul which God hath endowed with purity and strength above its peers. For the world is but an average product of the minds that make it up; its laws are for all those that dwell therein, not for the gifted few; its customs are covenants for the use of the many; and when it pleaseth God to create a master-spirit in any kind—a Bacon in philosophy, a Shakspeare in fancy, a Milton in poetry, a Newton in science, a Locke in sincerity and truth—they must either address their wonderful faculties to elevate that average which they find established, and so bless the generations that are to come, or, like that much-to-be-pitied master of present poetry, and many other mighty spirits of this licentious day, they must rage and fret against the world, which world will dash them off, as the prominent rocks do the feeble bark which braves them, leaving to after ages monuments of reckless folly. That same world will dash them off, which, if they had come with honest, kind intentions, would have taken them into its bosom, even as other rocks of the ocean do throw their everlasting arms abroad, and take within their peaceful bays thousands of the tallest ships which sail upon the bosom of the deep. It is, I say, the nature of every faculty of the mind created greater than ordinary, to dress out a feast for that same faculty in other men, to lift up the

limits of enjoyment in that direction, and plant them a little onward into the regions of unreclaimed thought. And so it came to pass that God, who possesseth every faculty in perfection, when he put his hand to the work, brought forth this perfect institution of moral conduct, in order to perfect as far as could be the moral condition and consequent enjoyment of man.

"If the mind from its first dawning be fed on matters of fact alone, limited to the desire of the needful, and to the hope of the attainable, never imaginative, never speculative, it will become, as the physical condition of those people who are living upon the very edge of necessity becometh, little elevated above the brutes that perish. It is illimitable knowledge still sought after, though unbounded; it is high ambition still longed after, though never reached, and soaring fancy dwelling with things unseen, that go to produce the noble specimens of the natural man. And the very same faculties employed upon things revealed, go to produce the foremost specimen of the renewed man. David and Paul and Isaiah (such three pillars of the Church of the living God are not to be named), how noble, how heroic, how majestic were they! I am well and painfully aware that the unwise and excessive culture of these faculties, when divorced from nature, instead of resting on nature, when misinterpreting revelation instead of believing revelation, will produce the sentimental enthusiast in nature and the fanatic in religion. But being rested on nature and experience, such discursive ranges beyond things presently practicable, such longings after the ultimate powers and attainments of manhood, are necessary in order that the mind may grow to stature and strength in any department of her being.

"And it is the best prognostic of a youth to be found so occupying himself with thoughts beyond his present power, and above his present place. The young aspirant after military renown reads the campaigns of the greatest conquerors the world hath produced. The infant patriot has Hampden and Russell and Sydney, ever in his eye. The young poet consumes the silent hours of night over the works of masters in every tongue, though himself hath hardly turned a rhyme; the noble-minded churchman dotes on the Hookers, the Gilpins, and the Knoxes of past times; and the stern, unyielding Nonconformist talks to you of Luther and Baxter, and the two thousand self-devoted priests (proud days these for England!), and the artist fills his study with casts from the antique, and drains both health and means to the very dregs in pilgrimages to the shrined pictures of the masters.

"And in moral purity alone shall we be compelled to drudge at every day's perform-

ance? In the noblest of all the walks of men, generosity, forgiveness, vestal chastity, matrimonial fidelity, incorrupt truthfulness, and faith, shall we have no tablets of perfection to hang before the people, out of which they may form their idea of a perfect, undefiled man, and after which they may be constantly upon the stretch? . . . But no such state of things could ever exist; for here, also, the human mind would soon have displayed her plastic powers, and created specimens far above the demands of law or the common measure of life. If God had not interfered, man would himself have asserted his own superiority to drudging daily rules, and struck out examples worthy to be imitated, and glorious to be surpassed. But God, pitying the small success which human nature has in producing such models of moral excellence . . . gave forth his tablets of practical holiness . . . and because man loveth not only the precept but the example, and kindleth into love and emulation, and other ardent sympathies, when he beholds that thing exemplified which he himself would wish to be, God hath also given Christ as the example in whom these perfections are concentrated, and from whose history we can study these beauties in example and in life. And thus, with the book in our hand, and the model under our eye, we can study the perfection of the mind and life of man, as the artist, with descriptions in his hand, and the models before his eye, studies the exact proportions, and trains his eye to the beauties of external form."

Could Irving have died at this point of his career, he would have died a saint and hero amid the universal honor, praise, and lamentation alike of the church and the world. And could he have been possessed now by the missionary idea which was with him in his youth, and driven forth out of his glory to rude contact with fact and things, to make primitive proclamation of Christ and him crucified, and to breathe that unlimited atmosphere of deserts or of mountains, of conquest, of adventure, of apostleship, for which his nature pined, Irving had been saved, a power and strength to a world that needed him—at least so far as mortal mind dare speculate upon that. If which tempts us with its impossible possibilities. But it was otherwise arranged in the order of Providence. By this time already he had begun to find certain gleams of new light thrown upon his ancient and unshaken faith. Some new apprehension of the nature and value of Baptism—which he thanks God for with touching and melancholy earnestness, as having been revealed to him to prepare

him for the hardest parting of life, the loss of children—entered into that entire and fervent faith of his, which made every thing personal and vivid which it touched. It is hard to conclude what this new light was, save just the subliming and exalting touch of that mighty imagination which, once fairly directed to a matter which he had hitherto held simply as a doctrine, could not help but seize upon it with a sudden, spiritual instinct, and vehement grasp which made the abstract truth so splendidly alive and present that it looked like a discovery or resuscitation of something previously unknown. Then came a dawn of error, which was scarcely error save in words—one of those subtle matters in which a difference of terms throws real unanimity out of court, and puts a world of war and words between sworn brethren who have no real disagreement at the bottom of their hearts. This, for which he afterwards suffered deposition from his ministry, was an opinion upon the human nature of our Lord; an *opinion*—for it is hard to find any thing more in it—and the only instance where he appears to us to have sought at peril of the truth an “original view.” This opinion was that the human nature of our Lord was perfectly like our own not only in affections and feeling, but also in that natural bias towards evil which is common to our race—that the birth of Jesus was not an Immaculate Conception, but that it was his Godhead and the Holy Ghost which kept in spotless, sacrificial purity the Lamb of God. This infringement of Christian doctrine Irving thanked God for revealing to him, with his usual characteristic vehemence, supposing it only an enhancement of the supreme and divine merit of his Master—and so made the first public breach in his own orthodoxy and soundness of faith. It was in the year 1827 that he first began to preach and to profess this new discovery of doctrine. By that time he had already become involved in the meshes of prophetic interpretation, and had begun to loose himself in that eager investigation into the secrets of the Godhead and the unrevealed decrees of Providence which abstracted his gaze from men and present things and produced these first sins of manner of which so many tales are told: how he began to expound to a private party before their meal, and proceeded for hours with the extraordinary monologue, in which every thing but his subject faded from his recollection; how

he proposed to assist his friend Dr. Chalmers by reading the chapter or lesson in the morning service before his sermon, and occupied time enough for two sermons in that exposition. For he was fast falling into an excitation of mind beyond his own control—the time for balance and recovery was almost over. Men whose minds alone were engaged, and whose hearts kept safe out of the mystic circle, beguiled him forward to the edges of the fire; and he who never could separate his heart from all he thought and all he did, went forward, in that solemn unity of his being, like a martyr, bound beyond relief of earth to follow out to the farthest all those germs of revolutions which woke within him; and so proceeded, not without chime and chorus of the noblest music, to his downfall and his fate.

For these circumstances, of course, combined to separate him from his brethren—from the sober-minded Presbyterian preachers, who were innocent of genius and its excitements—and from the general religious community, which had been scandalized and horrified to hear that its missionaries were not missionaries of an apostolic kind. The world had gazed its fill and become tired of gazing, so that even that dangerous expression of human sympathy withdrew from his course. He became more and more isolated into the sole society of those minds congenial to his own, which Dr. Chalmers describes him as attracting by a kind of magnetic influence, and gaining entire mastery over—minds which possessed the vehemence and force of sentiment without the greatness of soul which distinguished himself—the class of hysterical and spasmodic intelligences whom such genius excites into a madness of enthusiasm which never fails to find voice of one kind or another, and which always lets its reactionary power upon the nobler influence which brought it forth. This circle of absorbed disciples, who at once worshipped and debased him, kept up the dangerous excitation of his spirit without satisfying his heart. That heart was sick with the sublime disappointment of Elijah and Isaiah—“Who hath believed our report?” He had labored, he had preached, he had spent his strength in vain. The world went on in its wickedness, and all this prime of human life and action lavished upon it had left no perceptible result. He began to long, like the former Boanerges, for fire from heaven—to think that if one came from the dead they

would surely believe—and to yearn in his own melancholy and solitary soul for a sympathy which that world of intoxicated spiritualists who surrounded him had not to give. And then came a thought like sudden dew and refreshing to the man, who was wearied in his way; what reason was there to suppose that spiritual gifts and spiritual communications were entirely debarred from modern possibility? Paul never said so when he recorded how tongues and interpretations came in his miraculous times. Was it not the mere want of faith which kept them silent now?

And so he pondered in his heart, with an intense desire growing upon him. Such desire and such excitement has a subtle power of conveyance and communication. While he was thus thinking, some winged seed, perhaps from his own lavish stores, had fallen at a distance, and began to bud into extraordinary life. The church was startled by hearing of the gift of tongues returned, and come upon a sick woman in the west of Scotland. Scarcely had the first inquiries been made about this, when the same miracle appeared in very London, under the eyes of the longing preacher, who had hoped and prayed for a communication from heaven. Not upon him came the tongues of fire—not to that candid noble Agonistes, consuming his heart with vehement desires, yet simple and sincere as a child, and incapable in his own person, of anything but absolute truthfulness, descended that strange inspiration. Perhaps he wondered, as he stood by in that sad yet rapt humility, receiving, recording, obeying the message which he never doubted came from heaven, why it was bestowed upon these unknown men and women, and not upon him, God's forlorn, devoutest servant, who daily, under this unnatural excitement, yielded up a portion of his life. But he never paused in his faith, or hesitated as to the reception he should give the miracle for that personal incapacity, and so unconsciously and unintentionally preserved himself, as so true a man was sure to do, from any soil of deception or complicity. It is quite impossible to conclude that it could be all deceit, and it is equally impossible to explain what other agency effected these singular exhibitions. They belong to those phenomena of mind which include many inexplicable accidents, if one may call them so, and which exist and reappear in new developments in every age, most

frequently accompanying, in one form or other, times of great mental and spiritual excitement. Not only Irving, but many men of perfect sobriety and temperance of mind, gave grave attention to the supposed miracle, and did not hesitate to believe that these supernatural gifts *might* be restored to the possession of the church, and that the church was bound to investigate closely and earnestly before rejecting them. Irving alone received them with the unhesitating readiness of entire belief; but his own mind was too sincere to be caught in this snare of spiritual elevation and ecstasy; and so the weaker minds, who could be rapt by their own mad fervor into impulses and utterances of overwrought excitement, which some of them, no doubt, honestly supposed to be genuine inspirations, took up, by very power of their weakness, a higher place than their leader, and predominated, by the mad sweep of their swollen tide, over the deeper current, which could not be lashed into a like fury. Henceforward the preacher took a secondary place. The inspired rabble rose over him, dictating what he should do; and the great sad heart to which no inspiration came, stood by in the strangest, most pathetic humility, accepting, through whatever hand it reached him, this, which he supposed to be the message of his God.

When things came visibly into this condition, it was neither to be supposed nor wished that he could retain his place in the Church. It is easy to denounce the commonplace preachers who sat in solemn synod upon a man infinitely beyond their range and power of judging, and cast him forth from among them as one unworthy to share the office for which, even now, he was possibly a thousand times better qualified than they; but it would be rather more difficult to say what else these same preachers could have done, or what would have been the use of that ecclesiastical polity, which Irving himself regarded with the fullest admiration and approval, if Irving had been permitted to remain in his place, and introduce into the most severely reasonable of all churches the wildest development of religious enthusiasm. The first steps of all against him were taken by these same persistent churchmen, the leading members of his own congregation, who had brought him to London, who had built his church and held up his hands, and given him, up to the

farthest verge and possibility, their strong adherence and support. They did it not in enmity, but in sorrow, feeling it impossible to go farther; and after a trial, pursued with all the forms and authority of Presbyterian law, the Presbytery of London sentenced the preacher to leave his church, having transgressed the tenure on which he held it. A year after, he was summoned to the bar of the Presbytery of Annan, which ordained him, and there, after again a solemn trial, was formally and solemnly deposed. What else was possible? Laws, as he says himself, are made for all, and not for the gifted few. True, the small men sat upon the laws, and possibly found an envious satisfaction in exercising their power, and placing their ecclesiastical stigma upon him. But the sentence was just and inevitable. They took from him the authority they had given as the minister of a recognized and constituted Church, and they were bound by their oath, honor, and duty to do so; but they took nothing away which God had given him; and so the Church, helpless and authoritative, withdrew from him, and left him to the end which was inevitable, and daily drew more near.

From this period, the world, with all its greatness and appliances—the church with all its sympathies and censures—all the warm, living earth, full of those common, dear external things which keep the soul in balance and the life alive, disappear from the course of this wonderful man. The picture becomes confused, gloomy, sad—sad always, sad evermore; the heart breaking, the soul failing—perhaps some consciousness of a great undiscovered blunder somewhere weighing down the troubled spirit, and every thing giving way but faith. Then there appears the last scene—the inspired rabble growing presumptuous in their revelations—losing the first innocence of that fervor—falling into a common trick of it, and the vulgar despotism which belongs to the rampant fanatic; and their so-called leader, standing by, doubtless still with a great melancholy wonder in his heart why revelation and inspiration never came to him, bending his very soul before the self-constituted prophets who exalted themselves over him. They refused him to share in the authority of their apostleship with an unimaginable arrogance which it is scarcely possible to believe, and made him submit to a reordination at their vulgar

hands. Never man gave such proof of his sincerity. Others have founded sects, and withdrawn to rule over the organization which they had made; but Edward Irving formed his sect to obey it—to submit his honor to it—to give up his leadership for a servant's office—to bow his heroic soul to the unspeakable presumption of some dozen nameless men. Finally, when he was all but dying, they sent him on a mission to Scotland, by urgent command of the prophets and tongues which professed to convey the will of God. His friends and his doctors begged him to rest—to seek a softer atmosphere for his worn-out frame—to think of his life; but what were these to God's command? He rose up and went, knowing nothing but obedience, and got to Glasgow, almost perishing by the way, where already that vault in the Cathedral crypt was making ready for him, and the clouds gathering in ominous grandeur about the sun which was going down at noon.

His father-in-law, Dr. Martin of Kirkecaldy, thus describes the ending of all:

“Of his implicit obedience to what he believed to be the voice of Jehovah, one of the most striking instances was that which led to his dying in Glasgow. His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed, before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost through exposure to the weather and occasional preaching contrary to the injunction of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the north. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable for several days to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamboat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination which had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this, I need not say, he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished in any other way; and it was only because his friends about him refused to comply with his urgent request, that the thing was not done. Could he have com-

manded the means himself, the attempt at least would have been made. Nor, though his frame of mind was that of almost continual converse with God, do I think that he ever lost the confidence that, after being brought to the very brink of the grave, he was still to mark the finger of God by receiving strength for his Scottish mission; till the last day of his life was far advanced, when one of the most remarkable and comforting expressions he uttered seemed to intimate that he had been debating the point with himself whether he should yield to the monitions which increasing weakness gave him of approaching dissolution, or retain his assurance that he should yet be reinvigorated for his undertaking. 'Well,' said he, 'the sum of the matter is—if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord: living or dying, I am the Lord's;'—a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the approaching event."

So he died; and, young as he still was, it is impossible to grudge him such a death. He died deluded, but unstained—by an unexampled fortune gone astray, yet unimpeachable—a pure, religious, holy soul, without a speck upon the truth and the devotion of his own nature, and more than making up his errors by the spectacle, never surpassed, and to which we know scarcely a parallel, of these last forsaken and unapplauded years of his martyrdom. Certainly this was truth alone, and yearning for the will of God, that persuaded such a man to undergo such a discipline. In the very depth of his error he vindicates himself. And so he died; and they buried him in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, in the deep religious gloom of that noblest of subterranean chapels. And long ere this last act was accomplished, he had gotten that key of all mysteries which never is let down into the world, and begun the real life which errs and stumbles never more.

It matters little to its hero that so few are aware of this strange and noble epic of modern life; but it matters much to the world, which has not yet learned to know what a great story that is which it passes by and wots not of. Such elements of pity and of terror, the ancient tragic rule, are in no other tale of recent times with which we are acquainted; and few are the records of any time which display, in all his glorious strength and weakness, his wonderful humanness and personality, so complete a man.

For it is not to Irving's genius alone that so singular an interest belongs: it is not even

his genius principally which one thinks of in his works; and if any one of our readers suppose—as many may—that our testimony is partial or exaggerated, we can but refer them to those works of Irving which the fame of Irvingism has covered up and buried from daylight and the world; where they will find ample excuse for all that may seem extravagant in our admiration; and when, in his appeals—in his denunciations—for which last we claim no praise of toleration or charitable judgment—they are fiery, sweeping, and absolute, as the mind which uttered them—in every development and digression of his oratory—they will see, not an intellect, but a man. It is this characteristic which conveys to the whole that singular elevation and subliming force of which it is hard to resist the influence. It is not the mind that speaks, but the heart, the affections, almost—if that is possible—the very person—the whole complete being—a power which baffles criticism, and defies logic, and takes triumphant possession of the imagination and sympathies—the other hearts to which this heart makes its vehement appeal and address.

And perhaps Edward Irving is as entirely a national hero as Wallace Wight. His whole soul and eloquence breathe of his country—a heroic sublimation of the lyrical and choral genius of his native soil. And it is remarkable that the greatest preachers of the last and the present generation—those most certain to bring together, for example, the dazzling crowds of the metropolis—have been and are the issue of the sedatest nation and least imaginative Church in existence,—Scottish preachers, of a fervid and exuberant eloquence peculiar to the North. So universal is this paradox, that it is with surprise, as well as admiration, that we see the new development of Scottish preaching, which has recently lifted up a calmer, softer, and more equable voice in the country of Chalmers and Irving. Mr. Caird vindicates Scottish pulpit eloquence from one-sidedness, and demonstrates that the lofty quiet of authoritative oratory does not belong alone to the golden mouth of the old Episcopate, or the stately English of those great preachers whose calmer renown belongs to this side of the Tweed. Yet the common affirmation, which says of the author of *Religion in Common Life*, that he preaches like a bishop, is not without its truth and insight. Where imagination is permitted, it is less violent and dominant; and we shall still find the calmer voice rare and single, and the vehement voice the more usual expression, whether we take the present generation of the reticent and abstract Church of Scotland as our rule of Scottish preaching, or any former generation of the past.

From Titan.

MARRIAGE AS IN FRANCE.

A HOME STORY.

A CHILL autumn evening found us, by a strange accident, domiciled in a Manx farmhouse for the night: the hospitable farmer had given us the warmest seat in the wide chimney of the "house-place;" "the mistress" sat by, busily spinning with her wheel of polished black oak; the pretty though homely daughter, and stout blooming niece were engaged in a rivalry of most elaborate crochet-work at the corner of the long deal table, with a home-made candle between them in the brightest of old-fashioned brass candlesticks. "The master" dozed opposite to us in his own triangular-seated chair, with its low rounded back; and the farm-servants and maidens, preserving a respectful distance, chattered together in subdued tones as they knitted or stitched on their long benches, or twisted straw ropes for various uses about the farm. One important personage in this domestic assemblage must not be omitted, a nephew of the writer, who lay stretched at full length on an oaken settee, teasing Hanger, one of the great sheep-dogs. Over all glanced the blue, flickering light of a large fire of turf, ranged in a circle on the hearth, and smoking up the cavernous chimney, whose vast sides were clothed with a goodly display of hams and fitches.

We had lounged in our comfortable seat for some time, dreamily contemplating the novel scene before us; and having as a last resource counted up the myriad basins of every size and hue, that loaded the shelves of the enormous dresser, were beginning to tire of being the only unoccupied individual in all that busy circle, when our nephew suddenly deigned to turn his benign attention in our direction, fumbling, as he did so, in the pocket of his shooting-coat. Said he graciously, "I was in the bookseller's at —, and of all the wonders in the world, what do you think I met with? A volume of French stories in the original! The only one, I should think, that ever found its forlorn way into that most petty, circumscribed, and ignorant of all petty country or insular towns."

Our host and hostess, although not particularly familiar with the English language, except in its very simplest forms, and to whom the words "original," "petty," "circumscribed," and "insular," in the above speech must have sounded like so much "foreign lingo," yet understood our contemptuous young gentleman sufficiently well to enter into a hasty and valuable defence of the merits of one of the capitals of their beloved island, the fairest and finest spot in the world, to their prejudiced nationality. Ever ready

for mischief he tossed over the book to us, and prepared to do battle against what he called "their clannish notions." Meanwhile, we looked at the title of our unexpected treasure, and found it to be, *Faustine et Sydonie; par Mme. Charles Reybaud*: forming one of the volumes of the French Railway Library, published by Messieurs L. Hachette et Cie., Rue Pierre, Larrazin, Paris. And thus we lit upon the story which we have determined to "abstract" for *Titan*. Madame Reybaud's reputation is considerable, even on this side of the Channel; and the tale which we are about to present is a curious picture of French domestic morality, of the shifts of a poor and broken aristocracy, and of the genteel isolation and stagnant life in which many women belonging to that class are driven to lead in the provinces. After such a specimen as that which follows (true enough in essence, although it has passed through a novelist's hand), will any thinking reader admire the way in which they manage marriages in France?

With *Sydonie*, the first tale in the book, although the last in the title, we shall have nothing to do. It is a pretty although somewhat tame fiction, founded on the insurrection of the slaves of St. Domingo, in 1791. A portion of the concluding chapter, the best in the narrative, vividly recalls some of the features of the Indian horrors of our own time. But we pass on to the story of *Faustine*; a relation tinged with the hues of a domesticity, which does not always adorn a picture of French life drawn by one of themselves.

The relation opens with the following description of a French provincial town:—

Down in the south of France there exists a small country town; ill situated, ill built, and much exposed to the disagreeable north-west wind, called by the inhabitants of Provence "the Mistral." Industry and commerce have never flourished in this locality; the town possesses neither theatre, museum, nor library; not the least historical curiosity is there to be met with, nor the very smallest and most commonplace ruin; the heavy façade of the parish church dates from the last century; and the town-hall is a plain edifice of the time of the first French republic. In this matter-of-fact place, there is actually nothing whatever to preserve its dwellers from absolute stagnation, not even a post-house; although the near country is traversed by one of those great highways which are now denominated national roads.

This road, extremely muddy in winter, and no less dusty during the summer weather, runs through the whole length of the town; forming what the inhabitants dignify by the name of the High Street. The houses, dis-

persed in two irregular lines on either side, wear a singularly tranquil and retired aspect; no domestics are to be seen idling before the doors, no gossip is visible, trotting from one habitation to another to retail the last news of the quarter; it might be supposed that the town's-people had abandoned their hearths and homes, were it not for discovering at distant intervals some open window, which allows the passer-by to catch a glimpse of smoky ceilings, tasteless papers covered with gaudy roses, and draperies of white calico decorated with dangling cotton tassels.

At the extremity of the High Street, several houses diverge from the double line, and form a species of irregular square, shaded by stunted chestnut trees. The centre of this square is further decorated by a fountain, which dries up regularly every summer. At other times, the scanty supply of water flows through the mouth of an urn, held in a position of easy negligence by an ancient Naiad crowned with roses. This mythological figure has suffered much from the inroads of time; and more than all, from the outrages daily heaped upon her by the pupils of the Elementary School. From an immemorial period these turbulent youths have converted the water-nymph into a target, with a more especial spite directed against her unfortunate nose; launching periodically at that crumbling member horse chestnuts, pebbles, and other small projectiles, with which the soil of the square is strewn.

At the near corner stands a *café* with its significant sign, two billiard-cues surmounted by three balls. Before this establishment the notables of the place assemble to read the papers and discuss politics; the latter being a topic of conversation in our dull little town as well as everywhere else. The house adjoining the *café* is a species of hotel; the sign above the door, apparently a piece of pie-crust in a dish of blue crockery-ware, is intended to represent the city of Algiers, and by that name accordingly the inn is designated.

Right opposite these two establishments, and on the other side of the square, a spacious mansion attracts the casual notice of the rare visitor, by its comparative superiority to the other dwellings. It is known by the name of "The Colonel's mansion," and is, without dispute, the handsomest in the town. The folding doors are ornamented with a brass knocker; the windows are furnished with green persians; and a substantial iron balcony extends the whole length of the first floor. The façade of the edifice is further decorated by a fine sun-dial, which regulates all the watches of the neighborhood.

In this mansion resides the heroine of the fiction, pale, patient, lovely, modest, and in-

dustrious, and, moreover, environed by a little domestic mystery of her own, or rather of her stout maiden aunt; who appears to have determined, for no satisfactory reason whatever, to reject every suitor who pretends to the hand of the fair and gentle Faustine. But we anticipate our story.

One extremely cold January morning, several years ago, the square was almost deserted. None of the *habitués* of the *café* had made their appearance, and for the first time in his life, the one postman of the town, good Jérôme, *Trotte-en-l'Air*, so called from his peculiar gait, encountered no eager politician waiting eagerly for his budget of journals on the bench before the *café* door. One young man indeed sat there, cigar in mouth, defying the cold, and wooing the faint rays of the wintry sun; but at first sight he appeared to be a total stranger. However, on a second and more deliberate view, Jérôme saw good reason for acceoting the apparent stranger as "M. de Giropey."

Gaston de Giropey was the only son of an impoverished aristocratic family residing in the town. He had been absent for many years; first at college, and more recently as a permanent resident with a rich bachelor uncle; who adopted him and appeared to intend to make him his heir. Some change had, however, occurred in the old gentleman's intentions; and the youthful and handsome Gaston had now returned to his native town, to take up his abode with his aged father and mother. While exchanging amiable remembrances with the old postman, who had known him from the day of his birth, another individual emerged from the hotel, just as *Trotte-en-l'Air* stalked lightly and quickly away on his usual rounds.

The stranger, who was lodging in the hotel, made a slight obeisance to the young gentleman, whom he conceived to be one of the frequenters of the *café*; then, still advancing, seated himself, and took up the journals which the postman had left upon a chair. Having torn off their covers in an absent manner, he merely glanced at their contents, and then throwing them carelessly aside, balanced himself upon his seat; his nose in the air, his hands plunged deep within his pockets, and his eyes wandering over the deserted square.

M. de Giropey, after having scanned the traveller with a single comprehensive survey, filiped the ashes from his cigar, and continued to smoke in silence. The stranger was, in fact, one of these people who do not excite any particular interest. He was middle-aged, of middle stature, with chestnut hair, a fresh complexion, straight nose, and oval visage; in short, a true passport kind of individual. His whole exterior was in keeping with his ordinary and inexpressive countenance; he

wore the long, roomy, and commodious vestment that goes by the name of *redingote à la propriétaire*, the lower portion of his square-built pantaloons floated over his calf-skin shoes laced up the foot, and his stiff cravat revealed a frightful colored shirt. He formed a perfect contrast with M. de Giropey; who was, as we have seen, a strikingly handsome young man, and looked extremely well in his broad-brimmed felt hat, his dark burnous, and Cashmere neck-tie rolled in large folds that concealed the chin.

The stranger, on his part, cast a glance upon M. de Giropey; then carrying his hand to his new and carefully brushed silk hat, said with a polite air, "Monsieur is of this country, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the young man laconically.

"It is a pretty country," added the traveller.

"Not particularly," replied De Giropey between his teeth.

"'Tis true, I am scarcely a judge," pursued the stranger. "I was never here until the day before yesterday, when I came hither on business. At the end of a couple of hours my business was terminated; and the remainder of the day appeared terribly long. There were no means of returning the same evening. At first I was in despair; but since then—"

"Since then," said Giropey, "you have made up your mind to be bored with a good grace."

"Not at all, monsieur. I am not bored," replied the stranger.

"You have found means of diverting yourself here?" cried Giropey, laughing. "Ah! my dear sir, you have indeed made a great discovery; and I should be very much obliged to you if you would impart it to me."

"The day before yesterday, the weather was very unpleasant," replied the traveller, always in the same monotonous tone; "the wind was so boisterous that the pebbles in the square flew about like dry leaves; and I could not go out to survey the town, I knew not what to do with myself. From all that appears, this hotel has very few visitors; I found myself quite alone. At the dinner-hour they laid but one cover, and I eat alone, at the table-d'hôte. The clock struck eight; I ascended to my chamber to try to sleep. At that moment I would willingly, I believe, have given five hundred francs for a seat in the diligence. I was just about to go to bed, when I happened to perceive a book in the corner of the chimney. I am no great reader; occasionally, at long intervals, I peruse a journal. I tried, notwithstanding; and, *ma foi*, I read all night; I read to the very last page."

At these words, he drew from his pocket

one of those octavo volumes in boards that bear the stamp of some reading-room; and are frequently found, along with the pipe of a commercial traveller, upon the table of a hotel, or in the pockets of a diligence. This volume appeared to have passed through many vulgar and careless hands, judging by the stains that variegated the cover; and the number of annotations, more or less dull and grotesque, that filled the margins.

"A romance by Frédéric Soulié," said Giropey, looking at the title. "I can conceive that this book may have amused you all night; but the next day?—you had no other resource but to recommence it."

"The next day, that is yesterday," replied the stranger, "the wind had ceased, and I walked out into the country, along the high-road below there."

"I would rather have recommenced the reading of the romance," murmured Giropey, with a slight smile. This passed unremarked by the traveller, who continued—

"I rambled some distance still in the same direction. I went as far as a mill that is falling into ruins, and returned by a path through the fields. The weather was magnificent; the heat was intense, and the sweet odor of violets scented the air. Certainly there are violets already in the meadows. The mill and its environs, monsieur, are very pretty."

"The mill of Jean Sire!" cried Giropey. "I know the place well; but it appears to me that your imagination has greatly embellished it. The pathway of which you speak is a deep, dirty hollow, edged with nettles; there is nothing the whole way but cornfields, where not a single violet flourishes; and as for meadows, I have never seen any thing but potato grounds."

"No matter, it is still a very pretty spot," repeated the traveller with half-shut eyes, as if retracing in thought the graceful picture. Then abruptly changing the subject of discourse, he pointed to the Colonel's house, and remarked, "That is certainly a tolerably good-looking dwelling; it has not the appearance of our large houses in Paris, but it is solidly built, and tastefully ornamented."

"You are from Paris, monsieur?" negligently inquired Giropey.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the other with a bow; "I reside in Paris, *Reu Montmartre*, and I am at present on a little tour to make my purchases. I am engaged in commerce."

After this explanation, the stranger looked long and hard at the Colonel's house, adding, after a prolonged silence, "One would suppose that the apartments on this side have long been empty."

In fact, the house seemed uninhabited. A paper bearing in written characters, half washed out by the rain, the words, "The first

floor to let," hung in the midst of the balcony, the shutters of the windows being closed. A tuft of grass grew in the shelter of the principal entrance-door; and during the preceding season a pair of swallows had built their nest upon the sun-dial.

"The Colonel's family may have quitted the place," said Giropey, running his glance along the facade. "The Colonel himself has long been dead, and now, as I have heard, the widow is dead also. He had one child, a little girl, who ought now to be a grown-up young lady; and a maiden sister named, Mademoiselle Victoire. The latter was the best creature in the world; although an old maid, she was always in a good humor. How often have I climbed her knees to look closer at a medallion of the Emperor, which she wore hidden beneath her kerchief! It is a melancholy sight to behold the dwelling thus closed and deserted."

At that moment, one of the window-sashes on the ground-floor was gently raised, and remained half open.

"Ah! there is some one, after all, in the Colonel's house!" cried Giropey, with a movement of satisfaction and curiosity. "They have opened the window of the lower saloon."

As he concluded these words, a small, white hand passed through the half-opened sash, and placed a pot of *reseda* upon the window-sill; then the same hand turned aside the blind, and raised the muslin curtains that intercepted the light. This alteration allowed the gaze to penetrate through the greenish panes of glass, and clearly to distinguish a figure that designed itself in profile upon the obscure depths of the apartment. It was that of a young girl, who sat near the window and worked diligently, leaning her pretty head over a piece of embroidery. Her appearance was extremely modest; she wore a simple, brown stuff dress, and a little kerchief of plain cambric muslin. Her hair, twisted and raised in such a manner as to form a large knot behind, left entirely exposed the pure oval of her face, and her cheek of a rosy fairness.

"It is Faustine! it is the Colonel's daughter!" cried Giropey, after an instant's hesitation. "Truly, she is very beautiful!"

"Ah! her name is Faustine?" murmured the stranger, whose insignificant countenance first reddened and then became very pale. Giropey, however, remarked not these evident signs of deep emotion, but continued, as if speaking to himself. "Yes, it is Faustine, it is really she! How time passes! The little girl who used to dance upon my knees must be more than twenty years of age. She never promised to become so beautiful, *ma foi!*"

"Monsieur," interrupted the traveller, opening his eyes very wide, "perhaps it is not the same person."

"Yes! yes! I recognize her perfectly," replied Giropey. Then, perceiving the postman on his return from his rounds, he added, "Here is one who will inform me if I am deceived. A word with you, Jérôme, if you please."

"As many as you like, M. de Giropey," replied the man, approaching them.

"Is it not the daughter of Colonel de Gondoville, Mademoiselle Faustine de Gondoville, whom I perceived behind that window?"

"Herself, Monsieur, her very self; and now you can discern beside her her aunt, the sister of the late Colonel, Mademoiselle Victoire."

As he spake, the figure of a large, stout woman, knitting in hand, and spectacles on nose, appeared dimly in the shadow of the room.

"I recognize her, also," replied Giropey. "She has not aged much."

"When I see Mademoiselle Faustine, I think I behold the Colonel," remarked the postman, with a sigh. "She is the very image of her father."

"Oh! indeed! there I differ with you," said Giropey. "The Colonel had the features of a mummy."

"This young lady is called Mademoiselle de Gondaville; she is then a young lady of rank?" inquired the stranger.

The postman explained. The Colonel, until his marriage, had been simply Colonel Bernard; but on his union with a noble *démou-selle*, he had added her name to his own, chiefly with the view of avoiding the confusion caused by the number of Bernards serving in the French army. In process of time, the first name was dropped; and now, from long usage, his daughter, really Mademoiselle Bernard, retained, and was known by no other name than that of Mademoiselle de Gondoville. This explanation appeared to afford a singular species of satisfaction to the traveller, who further inquired into the probable condition of the young lady's fortune. On this point, however, the trusty postman could or would give no explanation whatever; curtly remarking before he vanished, that "every one knew there was plenty in the house, whatever appearances might be."

Of course, the perceptive reader is by this time aware that he has been introduced to two rival heroes, the principal characters in the action of the story. He is furthermore suspicious that the handsome and pleasing Giropey will *not* succeed in his future suit to the Colonel's daughter, but will in due time make his appearance, as in almost all French fictions the real lover does, to be a mar-plot and a cause of cruel jealousy to the worthy man who will win the hand, without the heart, of the beautiful and demure Faustine. Alas!

for our continental friends and allies, that even a pure and modest woman, one who probably unites the proud name of "mother" to the honored title of "wife," should find herself compelled, for the greater attractiveness of her book, to make the narrative hinge upon the jealous sorrows of a well-meaning husband, the faithless repinings of a spirit-perjured wife.

However, it is our present business to return to our literary wheel—or rather that of Madame Reybaud—and to take up the "yarn" which she is so liberally giving out for our unsought criticism. After the departure of honest Jérôme, the two gentlemen preserved a long silence; their thoughts, unsuspected by one another, dwelling, nevertheless, upon one and the same topic. Gaston consumed his last cigar: the stranger turned over the pages of his volume of romance without reading a single word. Both, as by a similar attraction, found their eyes continually drawn towards the opposite house, where the elegant profile was still to be discerned through the window-panes. At length the stranger, after putting a few home queries to Giropey respecting his intention of residing in the town, which that young gentleman deemed somewhat impertinent, rose and retired into his hotel. The other, following the retreating form of the traveller with his eyes, expressed his muttered opinion that the unknown was "an original."

The young man would have been greatly confirmed in this decision, could he have been cognizant of the after movements of the traveller, who forthwith ran up to his chamber, and stationing himself in ambush at the closed window, watched the proceedings of Mademoiselle de Gondoville for three mortal hours. That unconscious young lady, ever industrious and persevering, swiftly passed her long roll of embroidery between her slender fingers, while she conversed with her stout and matron-like aunt, who constantly revolved about her. At length she rose, deposited her work upon her chair, and left the room by an opposite door. All this the stranger plainly perceived through his window, and after remaining for a few moments lost in reflection, he suddenly jumped up, took his hat, drew on his "black silk gloves," and wended his way in the direction of the mill of Jean Sire.

A dry and penetrating north wind met the traveller as he advanced, cold enough to benumb the least chilly individual, to the bone. The road besides was far from offering an agreeable promenade; soft mud filled the ruts, which it was difficult to avoid by walking upon the unpaved borders on either side, where bristled ugly stunted bushes with black and crooked branches. Beyond these hedges

of dead and decayed wood, nothing was to be seen but the grayish furrows of cultivated lands, the vegetation of which had faded before the breath of winter. Yet this melancholy scene appeared to enchant the stranger, he often paused to contemplate it at his leisure, respiring with rapture the cold and bitter wind that blew against his face. After having paused at the mill of Jean Sire and walked round the walls, he returned with his head bent, his eyes dreamy, and *his nose reddened by the wind*. During his long promenade he had not encountered a living soul; but on nearing the town, he beheld approaching him a little peasant on his return from school, with his books upon his back.

"Good evening, my boy," said the traveller, with an air of kindly acquaintance. "You walk at a good pace. You were not trotting along so fast when I saw you before."

"Because I was not too late," laconically replied the little fellow.

"And because you were in good company," continued the traveller with amicable familiarity. "You are acquainted with those ladies who were walking this way yesterday?"

"*Pardine!* our school is near their house," replied the lad, giving his books a turn.

"Do you know if they have walked out to-day?" inquired the stranger.

The little boy shrugged his shoulders, and began to breathe upon his fingers to warm them.

"Do you not perceive that it is beginning to freeze?" said he. "Mademoiselle Faustine is at her fireside."

And off he set, whistling, and stamping upon the mud, that already began to be hardened by the cold.

"She has not been out to-day," murmured the traveller to himself. "Better far if I had remained at home; I could then have watched her through the window."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, he had regained the town; but on arriving at the square, instead of reëntering the hotel, he went and knocked at the door of the Colonel's house.

In the preceding extract, we have taken the liberty, unauthorized by the fair writer, of italicizing the concluding words of a descriptive sentence. We shall henceforth, through the remainder of the story, adopt this mode of pointing out the evident and invidious intention of rendering the destined husband of the heroine ridiculous, while the future disturber of his peace is on all occasions represented in dignified and interesting guise. *Fie! fie!* madame the authoress, to

deteriorate from the real worth of your pleasing fiction by availing yourself of this hackneyed device of low comedy.

"Did you hear a knock, Faustine?" inquired Mademoiselle Victoire with a slight start.

Her niece had recognized the sound referred to, but instead of one or the other answering it—they had no servants to do it for them—the two ladies fell into a brief discussion. It could not be the ladies of their *société*; everybody in the town knew that no one was ever admitted at the front door. Besides, the hour for evening visiting had not yet arrived; it was but five o'clock; and the ladies never came until after supper, which in that locality was invariably served at six. The startling sound must have been the knock of a runaway boy, intent upon a joke; and Mademoiselle Victoire would not trouble herself to attend to it. Just as this comfortable decision was arrived at, a second knock, clear and distinct, disturbed the renewed composure of the late Colonel's little household. Then Mademoiselle Victoire did just what she ought to have done at first, she hastened to open the door.

The untimely caller, as the reader already knows, was no other than our friend at the opposite hotel; who had got up a lame pretext of wishing to look at the lodgings that had never yet been let, notwithstanding the stained and tattered notice which fluttered in the wind. But, in his access of delightful emotion at finding himself in the same apartment with the object of his newly-conceived passion, he failed egregiously in the form of his application. However, upon informing the ladies that he was about to proceed to Marseilles for a visit of a few days, and that on his return he would speak further upon the subject of the lodgings, he had the unspeakable felicity of receiving a little commission. This commission was the delivery of a small parcel to a shopkeeper in Marseilles; and the traveller—whom we shall henceforth designate by his proper name of M. Alexandre Pompon—glad of any pretext for prolonging his call, politely offered to wait until the packet could be got ready. Faustine retired into her own room adjoining the *salon* for this purpose; and almost simultaneously there came a ring at the door-bell. It announced the ladies of the *société*; and Mademoiselle Victoire was compelled to leave her strange visitor alone for a moment while she hastened to admit them. Left thus at dusk of evening in the dim saloon, M. Pompon, looking about him and strolling up and down, shortly perceived a feeble ray of light issuing through the cracked pannel of a little door which he had not before noticed. Mechanically, or shall we say like a Frenchman led by

the instincts of the subtle passion that filled his honest breast, he applied one eye to the fissure, and perceived Mademoiselle Gondoville seated at the further end of a vast and almost unfurnished apartment, her cheek pale, her pretty hands reddened by the cold, and busily employed in folding and addressing the parcel. Having completed her task, she made straight for the little door; and M. Pompon, suddenly becoming aware that he was taking a most unwarrantable liberty, had but just time to recoil into the centre of the saloon.

Enter the half-dozen ladies of a certain age, composing the little *société* of Mademoiselle Victoire and her beautiful niece; and exit M. Alexandre Pompon, the love-smitten Parisian tradesman, with his honest heart beating tumultuously beneath the precious packet just intrusted to his charge, and which he has assured his fair enslaver shall be attended to before his own proper affairs. The ladies, left to themselves, discuss him as ladies will. One inquires his business of the silent Faustine; another, Mademoiselle Simonet, a spinster "who used to be pretty," but who is now on the shady side of fifty, remarks that he is "young." A third lady adds, ungraciously enough, that he is "ugly;" while a fourth, of more benign temperament, pronounces him a man *comme il faut*, because he wears a thick gold chain beneath his waistcoat. All unite in averring that he is a lodger not to be despised. At this point Mademoiselle Victoire re-enters; and proceeds to add her quota to the gossiping conversation; which presently turns upon Gaston de Giropey.

"Young Giropey is here, then?" cried Mademoiselle Victoire with an expression of satisfaction.

"Yes, my dear lady, he has returned to his noble parents," replied Mademoiselle Simonet, primming up her lips. "According to all appearance, he will make a long stay this time."

"Excuse me, but what you say is scarcely credible," interrupted Madame Bertrand. "Remember his uncle the *millionaire*—who brought him up and has kept him with him until now—and the heritage that awaits him. You are certainly misinformed, my dear. Be very sure that Madame de Giropey is too prudent a woman to allow her son leave of absence for more than a fortnight from this aged relative who may die at any moment."

"It is you who are not altogether well informed, my dear lady," replied Mademoiselle Simonet with a slight sneer. "There is a pretty heritage, *ma foi*! The said old uncle has been married for nearly a year. . . . The news came to me through Trotte-en-l'Air, the postman; he had it from M. Gaston de Giropey himself, to whom he went to pay his

respects this afternoon. Young Giropey told him that he had returned hither to end his days."

"Poor young man!" murmured Faustine, who had listened carelessly to this colloquy.

And so the tittle-tattle proceeds. The affairs of the Giropeys are pulled to pieces; the ladies make out a calculation, to their intense satisfaction, that the aristocratic family who have so long cast their small gentility into the shade, now possess little beyond the small dowry of Madame de Giropey, which is settled on herself; that M. de Giropey is a paralytic valetudinarian, and even already in his dotage; and that the only possible mode of repairing the family fortunes, consists in the chance of young Giropey's making a wealthy marriage. At the first stroke of ten the *coterie* arise and depart, Mademoiselle Victoire accompanying them to the door, with "Good-night, ladies! good-night! and to-morrow evening, if all be well—"

We are now afforded a glimpse of the Giropey interior:—

The same evening, the Giropey family were assembled beside the fire in the reception-room, where Madame de Giropey habitually sat. This saloon, the chief part of the furniture of which belonged to the last century, had still an air of the present fashion conferred upon it by its *fauteuils* covered with large flowers in embroidery, its grotesque chimney-ornaments and silken hangings depending from long poles of gilded wood. The atmosphere was less chilly than that of the Colonel's saloon, because in this case an old carpet concealed the tiling underfoot, and curtains of a substantial, although somewhat faded material, were closely drawn before the windows. But in this interior were to be found the same indications of parsimonious economy; a poor little fire glimmered in a grate abundantly garnished with cinders; a single lamp lighted the spacious apartment, or, more properly speaking, the small table placed between Madame Giropey and her son; the kitchen-furnaces had been extinguished long ago; and the only servant of the house sat spinning in the ante-chamber, by the almost imperceptible light of an end of candle, that resembled a glow-worm lost in the shadows.

The old lady and the young man were virtually *tête-à-tête*, for M. de Giropey was slumbering in the other corner of the chimney. This time, by chance, Mademoiselle Simonet had told the truth; the old gentleman had become so gouty and impotent, that he never stirred from home, and, as his mind had declined along with his body, he passed his life in almost complete inaction. The whole day he remained ensconced in one of those ancient-cushioned *fauteuils*, where one can

repose as well as in a bed; and in the rare intervals of his slumber, his sole amusement was a game at cards.

Madame de Giropey appeared much less aged than her husband, although she was some years past fifty. She was a little, tidy, dry-looking woman, with no pretensions to style, but possessing a countenance full of intelligence, refinement, and discretion. You could perceive that she had never been pretty or coquettish, even in the flower of her age. Her head was covered with a *tulle* cap of the first years of the Restoration, and her robe of amaranth merino probably belonged to the same epoch; a tower of solidly frizzed hair tapered above her temples, and a well-starched muslin frill served her for a collar-ette. Nevertheless, the general effect of this superannuated toilet was neat and correct, in constant order for receiving visitors and attending to out-door business.

For some time the mother and son continue their respective occupations almost in silence. Gaston is writing to his rich uncle, and Madame de Giropey interrupts her sewing to send a message to the young aunt. From thence the conversation gradually turns upon the motives that have induced Gaston to return and settle down at home, but, as they have little to do with the course of the narrative, we shall omit all mention of them. The young man proposes to render the house a little more gay, by drawing around it such society as the small town can afford. This proposition his mother opposes, and details her reasons for holding aloof from the generality of the towns-people. It is, however, finally arranged that Gaston shall at any rate pay an early visit to his old friends, Mademoiselle Victoire, and her beautiful niece; and although there has been a coolness between the families for some years, a pretext of business is shortly found, which gives the young man the desired opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the inmates of the Colonel's mansion.

This decision of the careful, and, in her son's case, calculating mother, has been mainly induced by the report of a gossiping female friend, who affirms that Mademoiselle Victoire has boasted to her of Faustine's handsome dowry, which has descended to the young girl from her deceased mother. Several suitors, attracted doubtless by the rumor of this wealthy inheritance, have already made application for the hand of the Colonel's daughter, but have invariably been dismissed with ignominy by her redoubtable maiden aunt. The good woman is apparently resolved that her lovely charge shall follow her own prudent example, and content herself with the respectable although joyless state of single blessedness. This idea excites a little

feminine opposition in the mind of the motherly Madame de Giropey. "Ah! she will not marry her niece," she murmurs, "this big Victoire! We shall see!"

From that moment the energies of this excellent lady are entirely bent on circumventing the selfish designs of the hard-hearted spinster, who lives like a miser in the great house she is so proud of, and presides over the labors of her youthful relative like a greedy taskmaster, caring little that the sweet bloom and beauty are withering fast in the blighting atmosphere of lonely monotony and ceaseless toil, and needless accumulation of unenjoyed and undistributed riches. And here the real business of the tale begins, all that has hitherto passed being a mere preamble, introductory of the chief personages that play their little rôle in this very quiet and unpretending French home story.

One afternoon, Gaston proceeded to pay his respects to Mademoiselle Bernard and her niece; carrying with him the "business pretext" in the shape of some title-deeds that of right belonged to them, and which Madame de Giropey had found beneath a heap of papers hastily laid away by her husband years ago. The young man set out with unusual alacrity, leaving his mother to look after him wonderingly, and to speculate upon the chance of his having already seen and become attached to the gentle Faustine.

Returning presently, she seated herself opposite her old husband, and rang for the servant to make up the fire. Nanette had entered the house in the first year of Madame de Giropey's marriage; the mistress and the maid had grown old together; and the former was much attached to her aged domestic, and allowed her many liberties. Having stirred the cinders and blown into a blaze the sticks of green wood that had smouldered in the chimney since the morning, Nanette seated herself upon her heels and began to rummage in her pockets.

"What are you looking for, Nanette?" asked Madame de Giropey.

"It is a commission, that has been given me," replied the old woman. "Will you buy a parcel of floss-silk from Jérôme, Trotte-en-l'Air? Here is a sample."

"This would make my son very good stockings," said Madame de Giropey, closely examining the skein. "It is truly nice silk, pliable, and well united. How does Trotte-en-l'Air procure this kind of commodity?"

"He has not told me; but I have my suspicions," replied Nanette with a wink of her bloodshot eye. "He sells this for Mademoiselle Victoire."

"Really! she turns every thing into money then!"

"Every thing; it is a well-known fact.

Why, madame, the sin of avarice possesses her to such a degree, that for the sake of amassing a few additional crowns, she keeps no domestic, she does not even call in a charwoman, but labors all day with her hands like a common servant. But this is not all; every year, under pretence of amusement, she rears silkworms; and it is not a few eggs only that she hatches, but enough to fill a large chamber on her third floor. She has no one but her niece to aid her in this labor; during six weeks there is no repose in the house; and for the last few days they do not even sleep. You know what trouble it is to provide food for the little beasts, especially towards the end. Well, no one praises Mademoiselle Victoire; it is only Trotte-en-l'Air who, for old acquaintance's sake, as he says, gives her the hand. It never harms the old lady to be stirring night and day; but poor Mademoiselle Faustine is quite exhausted with so much fatigue. At first, Mademoiselle Victoire spun waste that no one would buy; then she managed to dye her raw silk, and employed Trotte-en-l'Air to sell the skeins. The crowns thus procured go to join others in her strong-box: and there is no danger that either the one or the other will ever again see the light of the sun."

"This mania for hoarding money appears very extraordinary," said Madame de Giropey. Then she added, with a glance at her sleeping husband, "Some people are possessed by the contrary infatuation; instead of amassing, they throw their goods out of the window, which is still worse."

"When Mademoiselle Victoire dies, *louis-d'or* will be found hidden in her mattress," continued Nanette. "Trotte-en-l'Air says that there is plenty of every thing in the house, but that it is under lock and key, plate, beautiful linen, jewels, and all. Mademoiselle Faustine wears nothing but calico dresses and bonnets re-dyed. many pretend that she is equally avaricious with her aunt, but I do not believe it. One day I saw her give a *sou* to a poor man."

"God have mercy upon her, and send her a good husband!" ejaculated Madame de Giropey. "Then her labors will cease. Her mother's dowry descends to her; to her belongs her father's house; and Mademoiselle Victoire, on her wedding-day, will be compelled to yield up every thing."

"Ah! madame, an idea strikes me!" exclaimed Nanette, tapping her forehead.

"Hush! hush!" interrupted the old lady, with a smile. "We have not yet thought of that."

"Yes, madame, yes," quickly replied Nanette. "Every day M. Gaston goes to the *café*, and remains seated outside, notwithstanding the bad weather. I have watched him; he

keeps his eyes fixed on the other side of the square. Then only this morning he was prom- enading before the church at the hour of grand mass; and when Mademoiselle Faustine came out, he bowed to her. Madame! madame! he is in love."

"It is very possible; say nothing to any one," quietly replied Madame de Giropey.

"Have no fear about that," said Nanette, as she rose to her feet. "You know I never chatter but before you."

There is a ring at the door bell. It is the gossiping female friend already alluded to, Madame de la Fusterie. She comes with a private proposition of introducing Gaston to a certain rich and well-born young person, named Pauline de Bertèche, a distant relative of her own. Madame de Giropey is somewhat embarrassed at this proposal, as she knows not how to refuse it, without prematurely disclosing her designs on the Bernard family. While she is yet exercising all her *finesse* to avoid arousing the suspicions of the acute and curious Madame de la Fusterie, the husband awakes, and proposes a game at cards. They play at piquet; Madame de Giropey holding the cards for her infirm spouse; who nearly falls asleep again while marking the points. Then Madame de la Fusterie rises to take leave; announcing at the same time her intention of retiring on the morrow to her estate in the country. It is but for a week; but in that interval the fates of two young hearts will be decided.

The wary mother did not inform her son of the proposal that had been made to her on his account; she left him for the present in blissful ignorance that there existed a pretty girl named Pauline de Bertèche, to whom they wished to marry him. Some days afterwards, Gaston approached his chair to hers; and hiding his face in his hands, said in a stifled voice, "My mother, it will make me very unhappy if I am deceived in your intentions. I am madly in love!"

"What do you tell me, *mon fils*?" replied Madame de Giropey, in the most tranquil tone possible. "I did not expect this declaration."

"Oh! you know it well, mother," continued the young man; you know that I love her with all my heart. When you sent me to the house it was to confirm the affection already conceived within me. How could I resist her? she is so beautiful, so modest, so charming!"

"It is true!" said Madame de Giropey, as if speaking to herself. "I saw her born, so to speak; she has ever since been under my eyes; I can answer for her. We should not find in the entire world a girl more submissive, more prudent, or irreproachable. Certainly, I should consider myself happy in such

a daughter-in-law; but first let me see, my son; where are we?"

"At nothing yet," he replied. "You know I have spoken to Mademoiselle de Gondoville but once, in the presence of her aunt, and I know not what to hope."

Madame de Giropey regarded her son for an instant with an expression of mingled tenderness and pride; then she said to him with a smile, "There is but one means of ascertaining whether she is pleased with thee; it is to ask her hand in marriage."

"Oh! my mother, if I were to be refused, —but no, no, I will hope. I place my future happiness in your hands; guide me, or rather, act for me."

Madame de Giropey did not hesitate long as to the best method of bringing to a satisfactory conclusion the important negotiation with which she had charged herself. She possessed one of those shrewd and subtle minds whose natural rectitude, although not absolutely hating roundabout paths, urges them in preference to the straight line of action; and instead of employing the good offices of a mutual friend to ascertain the dispositions of the aunt and niece, she resolved to act openly in her own person, and that without delay.

The following morning, therefore, she attired herself carefully, as if for a visit of ceremony, and left the house without apprising any one of her intentions. Making a *détour* to avoid crossing the square, she traversed a narrow lane that passed the back entrance of the Colonel's house; and having first assured herself that no prying neighbor was watching from a window, she rang gently for admission. Mademoiselle de Gondoville opened the door. On perceiving Madame de Giropey, she made a low courtesy, and said, a little anxiously, "I beg your pardon, madame, I fear you have waited."

Mademoiselle Victoire was in the garden. Her niece hastened to summon her, at the request of the venerable visitor; and Madame de Giropey, left alone for a few moments in the cold saloon, where according to the parsimonious custom of the household, not a spark of fire was yet visible, reviewed with emotion the happy hours she had once passed in that almost deserted mansion, with her dear, deceased friend, Faustine's high-born mother.

In the midst of this species of reverie, the maiden aunt appears, and with infinite tact and caution Madame de Giropey proceeds to broach the topic that lies nearest her heart. She excuses herself for her apparent neglect of the family; then leads the conversation gradually towards her son, describes his delight at renewing his old acquaintance with Mademoiselle Victoire and her niece, and

draws the former into some expressions of cordiality. Then the shrewd mother alludes to his wish to continue his visits on the same footing of intimacy as formerly; and, upon Mademoiselle Victoire replying with a sigh that it is impossible, deplores with her the scandalous tongues of the neighborhood, but hints that there is a ready method of tying them up. "How? if you please," briskly inquires the stout spinster.

"By a very simple means," replies Mademoiselle Giropey; "by marrying your niece to my son, and inviting all our acquaintance to the nuptials."

But Mademoiselle Victoire shrugs her shoulders, and appears to suspect that her visitor is playing off upon her a mistimed and somewhat cruel joke. Madame de Giropey quickly undeceives her, however, by formally demanding for Gaston the hand of Mademoiselle de Gondoville.

At this plain and distinct declaration the stout Victoire fell back in a state of stupefaction, wildly crying out, "Ah! I never dreamt of this."

"Nevertheless, there is nothing very extraordinary in 'the thing,'" tranquilly observed Madame de Giropey; "you are every day exposed to the chance of receiving similar propositions." Then, after an interval of silence, she added in a simple and touching tone, "Give us Faustine; I promise you that she shall be happy."

The old maid gesticulated an energetic refusal, and remained silent.

Madame de Giropey entered into the usual explanations; she demonstrated the suitability of the union, and pleaded the chances of happiness that it offered to two amiable young people; finally, she frankly exposed the condition of her own fortune, and making discreet allusions to the amount of Faustine's dowry, established by precise calculations the budget of the young household; but Aunt Victoire listened with a shake of the head, like a person who will not be convinced. At this moment her broad, simple countenance possessed something of the rude physiognomy of the late Colonel her brother; the same expression of narrow firmness, of dull and opinionated energy. The old lady soon comprehended that she made no impression upon this invincible obstinacy; and that it would be wiser to abstain from provoking a more explicit refusal. She rose without awaiting the reply of Mademoiselle Victoire.

"Certainly, madame, your request does us much honor," stammered the latter in re-conducting her guest to the door; "but if my niece follow my counsels, she will do like me, she will never marry. Indeed, so far, she has manifested an aversion to marriage."

"We will endeavor to make her change

her opinion," replied Madame de Giropey, smiling. "My dear Mademoiselle Bernard, I warn you beforehand, you are about to play the part of an aunt in a comedy—you do not wish these children to love and to be happy! Well, we shall see! Gaston is deeply in love with your niece, and he will find means to tell her so, be certain of it. I give you fair notice that we shall all do our best to promote the affair. Trotte-en-l'Air will speak for my son; Nanette will carry secret *billet-doux*, and as for me, I shall favor the rendezvous!"

In the afternoon of the same day on which Madame Giropey had held this unsatisfactory conversation with Faustine's aunt, Nanette entered the saloon with a mysterious air. "Madame!" she exclaimed in a low voice, "all goes well! They have met in a promenade!"

She then related to her attentive mistress the particulars of the interview, which she had overlooked from a safe distance. On the sudden appearance of the young man, Mademoiselle Victoire started and looked confounded,—her fair niece blushed "as red as a flame;" Gaston lingered but to pay the necessary compliments, and then hastened away. Afterwards the two ladies held a long conversation together, in which, although Faustine scarcely spoke, she appeared not very much to approve of her aunt's remarks. As for the latter, "she shook her head and fidgeted according to her custom, then inhaled a pinch of snuff." From all this the sanguine Nanette infers that the ancient maiden will be outdone by the two young people, that the nuptials will take place before the year is out, and that "old Bernard" will be forced to disburse several handfuls of crowns "to pay the violins." She adds that Mademoiselle Victoire is now gone, according to her daily custom, to play at cards with her friend Madame Bertrand.

"Does Mademoiselle de Gondoville accompany her aunt on these occasions?" inquired Madame de Giropey, struck with a sudden thought.

The answer is in the negative. "No, madame, she remains in the house all alone, and *ma foi*—"

"Hush, Nanette!" said Madame de Giropey, placing one finger upon her lip, "I must first go myself."

What the highly imprudent idea of the old servant was, we are not informed, but Madame de Giropey does go herself the very next day, at the hour indicated, and obtains a private interview with the beautiful Faustine.

We shall not enter into the details of this second conversation; suffice it to say, that to her immense chagrin, and to the disappointment of all her cherished plans, Gaston's mother learns that the assumed avarice of

Mademoiselle Victoire is only a clever device to conceal the real poverty of herself and her lovely niece; and that the labors which are popularly supposed to be undertaken for the mere purpose of unnecessarily adding to already accumulated gains, are absolutely requisite to provide a bare maintenance for the unfortunate daughter and sister of the late colonel. In short, the boast of Mademoiselle Bernard concerning the dowry inherited by her niece from her deceased mother, turns out to be, politely speaking, a "fib;" and the stout aunt has encouraged the reports of her being a miser, rather than confess to what she considers the greater crime, a degradation of poverty.

Of course, the match is "off" at once. Madame de Giropey, sensible woman that she is, cannot afford to unite her impoverished son to a dowerless maiden, however good, beautiful, and industrious. The old lady and Faustine, who would have been a daughter after her own heart, part with tenderness and but half-stifled regrets; and Madame de Giropey, finding on her return that Madame de Fusterie has arrived from the country, goes at once to visit her. The latter furnishes a letter of introduction to the father of Pauline de Bertèche; and with this credential Gaston is dispatched to Marseilles. Poor deluded young fellow! a reasonable pretext is assigned for his journey, and he goes with a heart full of confidence and security, of happy love and blissful dreams, little imagining the blow that Fate has in store for him on his return.

Matters now proceed at a somewhat quicker rate. M. Alexandre Pompon returns from Marseilles, deeply enamored as ever of the Colonel's daughter. During his absence he has discovered, thanks to the little parcel which Faustine had intrusted to his care, that the lovely girl, well descended as she is on the mother's side at least, is compelled to labor hard for her daily bread. This discovery removes all hesitation on his part, and he calls without delay at the Colonel's mansion, and in a short conversation prefers his honorable proposals. The result might have been very different from what it was, had not the honest grocer, in the course of the conversation, chanced to mention that he had seen M. Gaston de Giropey at Marseilles, walking beside a very pretty girl, who leaned on the arm of an old decorated gentleman. "He, Monsieur Gaston, had the smart and contented air of a successful lover," says the prattling M. Pompon. Whereupon a pang of acute suffering shoots through the tender heart of Faustine, her pretty cheek pales, and she takes her resolution. Arriving at the declaration which has been impending throughout his discourse, M. Pompon definitely proposes and is accepted; not at all from pique or re-

sentment—Faustine's disposition is too sweet for that—but because the young, desolated heart dares no longer trust itself, and flies to seek refuge beneath the protection of an honorable marriage. So far so good, but henceforward we are compelled to disapprove.

In a subsequent interview with Madame de Giropey, the young girl thus describes the character of her intended husband, and her own reasons for accepting him—reasons which are all false and unworthy of the vows that she will soon be called upon to make, but which excite a certain sympathy in the reader.

"This is what I think of M. Alexandre," concluded she. "I am well convinced of his sincerity, of his perfect loyalty. He is a very honest man, who certainly does not dazzle by the qualities of either mind or person, but has nevertheless a heart full of excellent sentiments. In default of capacity, he appears to have a sound judgment, a simple and easy disposition. Doubtless such a man could never inspire love; but it appears to me, that a wife who comprehended her duty, who devoted herself entirely to her domestic occupations, might pass with him a resigned, tranquil, if not happy existence."

Madame de Giropey shook her head, then fixedly regarding Mademoiselle de Gondoville, she said to her, "You are then very unhappy here, my poor child?"

Faustine blushed, and responded with a deep sigh.

"Here I do not live—I vegetate. An inexpressible *ennui* devours me. When the day commences, I am tired already; every hour weighs upon me like an eternity. I experience disgust towards all that surrounds me; my eyes are weary of always beholding the same objects. I have a horror of this lifeless existence; of these tame and monotonous occupations—"

How many another maiden has wedded an unloved mate, for these same poor reasons given by Faustine!

"While my mother lived," she continued, "I was never weary; but the solitude in which she has left me is frightful. Ah! if she were yet here, she would stand to me in place of all. I should see but her in the world; I should not then be the unhappy girl I am; I should not think of marrying this man, whom I scarcely know."

At these words, she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

The ill-starred marriage is celebrated; the sacrifice consummated. When Gaston returns, Faustine has already been a week in Paris, as the bride of the honest grocer in the Rue Montmartre.

Two years elapse, and we hear nothing of our *dramatis personæ*. At length they reappear. The second part commences thus:—

Two years later, a tolerably elegant glass-coach descended, at a slow pace, the avenue of the Champs Elysées. The back seat of the carriage was occupied by a young woman, whose charming countenance, encircled by a bonnet of rose-colored crape, could scarcely be discerned behind the nearly-closed blinds. On the opposite seat was a tall man in a black coat and yellow gloves, who *continually popped his head out of the window*, and saluted every one whom he recognized among the promenaders. It was the first Sunday after Easter, and the Champs Elysées were crowded. The tall man appeared to experience a singular pleasure in examining the mingled toilettes of the throng, where the richest silks brushed against the modest tissue of muslin, and even the humble checked cotton; where the plumed bonnet crossed the little cap of jacobin, and the velvet brodequin tripped beside the slipper of grey ticking.

"Look on this side, Madame Alexandre," suddenly exclaimed the man in the coach; "this is one of our customers who is passing, Madame Tibet. I did not at first recognize her in that great yellow bonnet. Hold! hold! here is the little lady who sat in the same box with us last Sunday. She has a beautiful shawl upon her shoulders. I must procure one like it for you, Madame Alexandre."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! you are too good," replied the young wife, with a gesture of refusal. "The shawl is too fine; too dear—"

"Can any thing be too beautiful for you, Madame Alexandre?" replied the tall man, contemplating his pretty companion with a ravished air. "As for the price, that is my business."

At these words he struck his hand upon his fob, where the crowns leaped with a metallic jingle; and again put his head out of the window with a *bridling of the neck and a self-satisfied and boastful air*, that seemed to say to the passers-by, "How every one here must envy me! I am the husband of this pretty woman, so well-dressed and distinguished-looking. We manage our household excellently well; we are rich; I am a happy man!" Then he turned round again, and *leaned conceitedly against the silken cushions*, with his arms crossed upon his bosom.

"What beautiful weather for the month of April," he said. "It is pleasant to be out to-day. Is it not, wife?"

"Yes, it gives me great pleasure," replied she, with melancholy sweetness.

"The fresh air has given me an appetite," resumed M. Alexandre Pompon. "Wife, where shall we dine to-day?"

"I have no idea. Where you like; where it pleases you best."

"No; choose for thyself."

"Well, at the *Café Anglais*," replied she carelessly.

"Agreed! from thence we proceed to the *Opéra Comique*. Shall we not?"

"Very willingly, my friend."

"That is perfect, wife. It is now six o'clock; we will go and dine. At eight o'clock we shall be at the theatre, ready for the rising of the curtain; and having already passed an agreeable day, we shall finish up by a charming evening. For my part I am very fond of the *Opéra Comique*; the pieces that they play are very interesting, only there is a little too much music. I even think it would be better if there were none at all. For instance, I do not care much for the opera; were it not that the dancing pleases me, and the beautiful sight of the boxes, I would never go to hear such a racket. But what am I saying? I would go all the same, my minette, because you love the music."

"What matter! I renounce the opera from this day, since you take so little pleasure in it," replied she with a faint smile. "Nay, pray do not thank me. I make this little sacrifice very willingly."

"I know it!" cried he in a transport. "I know that thou art an incomparable wife. I was thinking about it this morning while I was dressing. I was in a humor to remember many things, and I said to myself, 'Here are two whole years that I have been married, and my wife has never once contradicted me in any thing, nor said "No" on any occasion whatever. Truly, I should be a monster if I did not render her happy.'"

"Oh! there are many women better than I am," she murmured, embarrassed by this sudden burst of approbation.

"I do not admit it," replied he briskly. "You have but one defect, that of a temperament ever so little melancholy; but I do not reproach thee with it,—my minette—I do not reproach thee with it; on the contrary, I dream but of enlivening you. At present, unfortunately, I cannot escort you to the promenade or the play excepting on a Sunday; but when I have retired from business, when I have time to amuse you, every day shall be a *fête* day. We will have a carriage of our own; we will go into the country; we will travel to Italy; we will lead such a happy life! You believe me, do you not?"

"Yes, my friend," replied she, with a sigh of mingled gratitude and resignation.

"In the meantime, ask me for whatever will give you the slightest pleasure," continued M. Alexandre. "Now, think a little, where would you most like to go this summer?"

"I should like to spend a whole Sunday in the country," replied she; "but the environs

of Paris are not the real country. I mean where there are lonely paths, wild flowers flocks that graze in the open fields—"

"Well, I will take you some Sunday by the railway beyond Rouen, out into Normandy. I have been in that direction already, to make my purchases. The country is very pretty, full of verdure."

"Soon all the woods will be in full leaf," said Faustine, casting a languid glance upon the venerable trees of the Champs Elysées. The chestnut trees are budding; already one scents a perfume of foliage in the air."

She leaned towards the window to respire this first breath of spring, and turned her head towards the long avenue, at the end of which the sun was about to disappear behind a curtain of rosy clouds that floated above the triumphal arch. At that moment a young man on horseback crossed before the carriage. Faustine raised her eyes to his face; their glances encountered; they recognized one another.

The young wife shrank shuddering back into her seat, and pressed to her lips her cambric handkerchief, as if the better to stifle a transport of joy which had suddenly inundated her heart. For a single moment she was entirely subjugated by this first impression, then she experienced a sort of terror, mingled with sorrowful anguish, for she comprehended that there existed within her something stronger than her will, than all her resolutions, and that she yet loved him from whose presence she had flown, and whom, at every sacrifice, she had endeavored to forget.

When M. Pompon had once laid down the programme of his Sunday's entertainment, it was absolutely necessary to fulfil it to the very letter, and perseveringly to amuse one's self to the end of the day. He clearly perceived that his wife scarcely tasted the fine dinner which he caused to be served up, and that she took very little pleasure in the play; nevertheless, he did not conduct her home until midnight, and forgot not to say, according to his custom, "Well, my minette, art thou content with the day? I have engaged the coachman for next Sunday; we will then begin again."

Honest M. Alexandre raises a smile with his simplicity, and his determined love of sight-seeing; nevertheless, he deserved a better wife than one who retained a secret affection for another. A sensible, judicious, middle-class Englishwoman, could have made an excellent husband of M. Pompon. With all his prattle and his amusing conceit, there was the right stuff in the man. Manliness, tenderness, and sincerity, are not qualities to be despised or turned into ridicule; and when too late, Madame Faustine, you shall find that you have undervalued your spouse.

On arriving at home, Madame Alexandre was informed that some one had been to call for her. Of course her little false heart trembled within her, and she dared not interrogate her informant, but it turned out that it was only an old lady who had presented herself at the house, "her work-bag hanging to her arm, and with a curled-up front of hair," and who had twice repeated that she would call again. Faustine, by this description, recognized Madame de Giropey, notwithstanding that the old lady had forgotten to leave her name.

Madame de Giropey accordingly makes her appearance the next day, and the two friends hold a long conversation together. After the usual inquiries as to health and welfare, Faustine learns, first, that Gaston has endured a long illness, a fact of which her aunt had already apprized her in a letter. Secondly that his uncle is dead, and has left him a legacy of 50,000 francs, which legacy his young widowed aunt has contrived to delay the payment of, and has besides unmistakably evinced her intention to make Gaston her second husband. The young man has indignantly refused the rôle he was intended to play, and is now suing the widow for his little legacy, on which business the mother and son have come to Paris. This budget of news discussed, as unrestrainedly as may be, the conversation turns upon Faustine herself, and her present position, and the young wife confesses her disquietudes, her discontent, and vain longings that she could return to the monotonous existence, the perpetual toil and isolation of other days, and of which she had formerly so bitterly complained.

All very French this, but to our Saxon minds, disloyal and inexcusable. What faithful woman and honest wife would ever make her domestic trials a topic of indirect complaint even to her nearest and dearest friend, especially while confessing, as Faustine is compelled to do, that her husband is the sincerest man in existence, that he loves her dearly, and thinks of nothing but how to make her happy? Then the only complaint that the young wife can substantiate is that of being *une femme incomprise*, the usual sentimental jargon of a French novel. "Here," she exclaims, "I have fallen into another kind of isolation; for two years, you are the first person to whom I can utter what passes in my mind and in my soul!"

Happily, as we think,—although perhaps Madame Alexandre and her confidante were not particularly pleased,—just about this time there is a voice in the passage, which voice is heard to exclaim, "Mesdames, may one enter without indiscretion?"

It is that of the blind and happy husband,

who presently enters, laughing heartily, and holding a letter in his hand.

"Here, my wife," says he; "here is another *billet-doux* to thy address. It is doubtless from the little fair man, in a sky-blue cravat, who so often buys chocolate for the sake of receiving from your hands his change for his twenty-franc pieces. We will read it together."

"My friend, it is not worth the trouble," replies his wife, with a shrug. "Just throw the letter into the fire."

But the husband will not agree to this. He proceeds to give Madame de Giropey a long account of the admiration his beautiful wife excites, towards the close of which Madame de Giropey, happening to glance at the superscription of the letter which the honest and unsuspecting grocer still held in his hand, recognized the writing of her own son. In a condition of extreme terror, she seized the missive from the extended hand that retained it, and pretended to examine it with curiosity and interest, then turning to Faustine, begged the young wife to let her keep it, promising not to show it to any one. Faustine complied and M. Alexandre also; the latter wondering not a little at the old woman's fancy; and Madame de Giropey lost not a moment in burying the fatal epistle in the depths of her work-bag. She then returned to the hotel where she had left her son. The interview that ensued decided the prudent mother to depart immediately for Senlis, where they would be sufficiently near to watch the termination of their business in Paris. From thence Madame de Giropey wrote to Faustine, acquainting her with their removal and further intentions; and there for the present we will leave the kind old baronne.

The following Sunday, when Faustine had retired to dress for the day, M. Alexandre ascended to her chamber, and spoke to her with an air of mystery.

"My wife, make a very simple and pretty toilette: I have arranged a party of pleasure, for you."

"Whither then do you propose to conduct me this evening?" asked she; "to the Circus perhaps?"

"No, my minette, I have another idea. Did you not lately tell me that you wished to pass an entire day in the country? Well, it is yet but ten o'clock, and we are going to take a trip by rail."

"Ah!" said she, regarding the heavens through the embroidered curtains of her window, "I am very glad! It will be delightful in the pure country with this splendid sunshine. Yes, it is an excellent idea."

"Be quick!" cried her husband with joy-

ous impatience; "hasten your preparations, my minette. For my part, I am quite ready. I will send M. Arthur to seek a carriage to convey us to the station."

He descended the stairs, singing as he went. Faustine remained dreamily standing before her mirror, with a faint smile on her lips. For the first time for a very long period, she experienced a species of satisfaction in thinking of the projects of the day; she felt that she might breathe more freely out of the atmosphere of Paris; that in the presence of smiling and rejuvenescent nature, she would be able to recall some of the impressions of her girlhood.

She attired herself in a robe of pale blue muslin, with a long shawl of smooth China crape, and a light bonnet of fancy straw. In this simple toilette, which displayed to advantage her exquisite figure, and the delicate freshness of her complexion, she looked truly charming. When at length she descended to her husband, he remarked aloud upon her beauty.

"Wife," he cried, "do you know that you are newly embellished to-day? How rejoiced I am to see you thus, with your eyes sparkling, and your cheeks like roses!"

They entered the carriage, and the grocer cried with a triumphant air, "To the Northern Railway Station."

"Where are we going, my friend?" inquired Faustine with a smile.

"Where are we going?" repeated her husband, rubbing his hands. "We are going to Senlis, to see your friend, Madame de Giropey."

Faustine is overwhelmed with secret fear and confusion. Her trembling guilty heart tells her that Madame de Giropey is not the only individual she shall see at this terrible Senlis. And how to conceal her emotions before her husband! Unfortunate grocer! In all his plans of pleasure for his idolized wife, he is sure not only to bring down additional wretchedness upon her, but likewise to accelerate his own awaking from the blissful dream of wedded happiness in which he has been immersed for the last two swiftly-passing years. Drive on, poor deceived spouse! rejoice in the lovely weather and the beautiful automaton beside you; take out your share of fancied bliss to-day, for already a lurid cloud is gathering over the splendor of your simple dream.

"Here we are!" exclaimed M. Alexandre, as they stopped; "here is the Hôtel de Paris. My dear wife, is not Senlis a pretty town? But what is the matter? You might almost be trembling with fear; your countenance is quite altered. Do you feel ill?" he added tenderly.

"It is nothing," replied she, striving to conceal her emotion. "I am a little fatigued; that is all."

"It is the sun,—the fresh keen air. You must rest a little."

"Yes, I think I will do so. We ought to let Madame de Giropey know beforehand. I would rather send to tell her that I am here. It is only proper, I believe, that she should be informed of our visit."

Thus speaking, the young wife had relinquished her husband's arm, and stopped short at the door. He entered alone, and inquired if Madame de Giropey had apartments in the hotel. He was answered in the affirmative; and upon his mentioning that he came to visit her, the waiter added, "The lady is absent; she is gone to church, I believe; but if monsieur will wait—"

"We can go up stairs, if you like," said M. Pompon, returning to his wife.

"Provided that Madame de Giropey be informed," she replied with an undecided air.

"I will charge myself with that; but first enter and endeavor to take some repose. Stay! stay!" he added, looking down the street. "I perceive M. François, he is coming along on this side. Go in quickly, wife, and leave me to speak with him. If he should happen to catch a glimpse of you, we shall have his company for the remainder of the day."

Faustine mechanically ascended the few first steps of the flight of stairs.

"You are certain that Madame de Giropey is not in just now," she said to the waiter, who preceded her.

"Yes, madame," replied he. "She is gone out with monsieur her son."

Faustine breathed more freely.

The waiter shows her into the apartment of Madame de Giropey; and she sinks on to the chair nearest the door, for her trembling limbs can scarcely sustain her.

The waiter made the round of the chamber, took from the table a small tray on which were two empty breakfast-cups, and retired, closing the door behind him. Faustine remained with her elbow leaning on the table beside her, her breathing oppressed, and her color heightened. For several minutes she had sat thus, immovable, and absorbed in a species of joy mingled with terror, when a slight noise startled her. It was a footstep in the adjoining room. Almost immediately the door opened, and Gaston appeared in an uneasy undress; his shoes were dusty, and he held a bouquet of wild-flowers in his hand; like one just returning from a country-walk. On perceiving Faustine, he started and paused. The young wife made a movement as if to rise; but remained in her chair, almost fainting.

Gaston slowly approached, and considered her for a moment with look that combined the emotions of sorrow, passion, and despair. Then, without preface, without any transition, as if he replied to sentiments of whose existence he was certain, he said in a hollow voice, "You knew that I loved you, alas! and you espoused this man!"

She raised her eyes to heaven with a feeble exclamation, and then remained silent. Gaston continued still approaching and almost kneeling before her.

"If you knew with what transports of jealousy and indignation I learned the fact of your marriage! For a long time my love for you was changed into hatred. Yes, I hated, while adoring you still. It appeared to me that you had sacrificed yourself to a sordid calculation. But little by little I was undeceived. I now know the truth;—I have divined it all. You obeyed the secret voice that spoke to you of duty. You triumphed over all the sentiments of your heart to insure your future, and to force me to forget you. Alas! for my part, I should never have had such frightful courage."

"Do not reproach me," murmured Faustine distractedly. "*Mon Dieu!* it has cost me enough already."

"No!" cried he throwing himself on his knees before her, and encircling her with his arms, notwithstanding the feeble resistance with which she repulsed him. "No; I will reproach thee no more with my wrecked future, nor with the loss of thine own happiness. In this moment I remember nothing of all that; I am conscious of but one thing; that by a miracle which I cannot comprehend, you are here,—we are alone; that the hour passes; that this only moment of happiness in our entire existence is about to escape us. Faustine, one word; one single word, to be my strength and my eternal consolation, a word that will give me courage to live! Tell me, dost thou love me?"

"Yes!" murmured she, completely overcome, and allowing her cold and trembling hands to fall into his.

"Oh, repeat it again!" reiterated he, intoxicated.

"I love thee!" replied she, but in a voice so inaudible, that it was more like a murmur or a sigh, and was lost in the ear of Gaston.

He pressed her passionately to his heart, and touched her pale forehead with his lips; then he remained immovable at her feet, his eyes fixed upon hers in a kind of mute adoration. She signed to him to rise, and said in a supplicating voice: "Adieu! now; adieu! Leave me, I conjure you!"

"Yes," he replied mournfully, "yes, I obey you. Alas! it is now the greatest proof I can give you of my love."

At these words he pressed to his heart and to his lips the hands of the young wife, and precipitately retired.

This was a trying situation for any sensitive and affectionate woman; but would a virtuous English wife have thus admitted her love for another than her husband? No! She would never have suffered her former lover to go the length of kneeling at her feet, much less to insult her by confessing the extent of his unlawful passion. Compare the conduct of Emilia Wyndham on a similar occasion; draw a contrast between the two; and then say whether the French or the English female novelist be the safest author to place in the hands of your budding and impressionable daughters.

Of course, evil consequences followed upon the track of this lapse from duty, this weak and unconsidered sin.

From this time forward, Faustine felt more heavily the weight of the yoke beneath which she bent. (That is, of the honorable vows which she had voluntarily taken upon her!) It appeared to her impossible to return to the species of tranquillity in which she had lived during the first two years of her marriage; ardent regrets had succeeded to resignation; and her habitual plaintive gravity was exchanged for a bitter and profound melancholy. The presence of her husband became for her a continual torture; the marks of tenderness and confidence which he ceased not to lavish upon her, filled her soul with remorse and confusion; he inspired her at one and the same time with the most opposite sentiments, lively gratitude, and insurmountable aversion; high esteem for the rectitude and simplicity of his character, and bitter disdain for his narrow intellect and vulgar manners. As, however, she possessed habitual self-control and extreme sweetness of disposition, he suspected nothing of that which passed at the bottom of her heart; he perceived neither her agitation, her sufferings, nor the mortal pre-occupation that consumed her.

In this way two months elapsed. One morning, when M. Alexandre and his wife were both attending behind the counter, the postman brought in a large letter with black edges, and other funeral accessories. The grocer opened it, glanced over the contents, and said, addressing himself to Faustine, "Here, here, wife, poor M. de Giropey is dead! What a pity! So amiable a young man!"

On hearing these words, Faustine turned round with a slight moan, and fixed upon her husband a look which revealed the most violent despair; then she rose tottering from her seat, and passing quietly out of the shop, ascended to her chamber. The shop was

full of people; the assistants were all busy; they did not remark the exit of the young wife; and no one but her husband comprehended the terrible effect produced upon her by the fatal letter. Upon reaching her chamber, the unhappy Faustine fell on her knees; for one moment she remained with her hands extended towards heaven, murmuring stifled complaints, then she sank prone on the floor, shedding torrents of tears. Her husband had immediately followed her; when her first paroxysm of sorrow was exhausted, and she returned a little to herself, she perceived him close beside her. He regarded her with tranquil fury, holding the mourning letter still in his hands.

"Here!" he said at length, throwing it to Faustine; "it is for you." And as she turned her head with a feeble lamentation, he continued—"Tut! I am not jealous of a dead man. You can now tell me the truth, and soothe your conscience. You loved him then, this young Giropey?"

She held down her head and remained silent, not wishing to proffer either an avowal or a lie.

"Ah! you dare not tell me that you have been his mistress!" cried M. Alexandre, with a sort of furious sneer.

"I loved him, it is true, but he has never been my lover," proudly replied the daughter of Madame de Gondoville.

She then arose, and opened with a trembling hand the letter which she had not yet read; but scarcely had she cast her eyes over the first lines, than a slight color mounted to her cheek, and she respired a deep breath, as if the principle of life, enfeebled for a moment, were suddenly re-animated within her. Then her eyes filled with grateful tears, she allowed the letter to fall to her feet, and covering her face with her handkerchief, wept softly and silently.

Her husband observed her with astonishment. An instant afterwards he abruptly took up the letter, and read it twice over with a haggard eye. Then he murmured between his clenched teeth, "Ah! I was mistaken; it is another Giropey who is dead, the father of him whom you love."

"Overwhelm me not!" murmured the young wife in a plaintive voice; but with a gesture, a slight rearing of the proud young head that announced the strength of an unstained conscience, which disdained to descend to any justification.

A long silence ensued: then M. Pompon turned towards his wife, his countenance wan and immovable as a stone mask, and said to her with an air of cold authority, "Descend to the counter!"

No more blind happiness now for the unfortunate Alexandre Pompon. His eyes fully

opened, he perceives that his wedded bliss was but a foolish dream, from which this fatal discovery is the bitter awakening; that the soft melancholy of his beautiful automaton was something more and worse than an effect of temperament or a remainder of early unhappiness. Narrow as his intellect may have been, vulgar his manners, according to the creed which silly and super-refined young ladies are known to hold with regard to the honest tradesman, this retail man of business was possessed of both heart and soul; could love desperately, and suffer intensely; and he now endures the unutterable martyrdom of these feelings combined. His temper becomes singularly capricious, and he delivers himself up to the operations of commerce with feverish activity, like one who finds it difficult to taste repose. His manners to his wife are outwardly cold and distant, yet he cannot bear her to be an instant out of his sight. He takes her out on the Sunday as usual, to the promenade and to the spectacle; the stony ghost of holiday enjoyment is substituted for the breathing, vivacious reality. Imagine this pair, the inwardly faithless, detected wife, and the outwardly impassive, wretchedly jealous, loving husband, sitting lifelessly side by side with unmoved faces, in their glass coach in the avenues of the Champs Elysées, at the fine dinner in the hotel, in their box at the comic opera—the gay and varied crowd, the well-served dainties, the capital jokes, unheeded, untasted, unappreciated. What a melancholy masque of pleasure it must have been!

In the midst of all this connubial misery, news arrived from the provincial town of the sudden death of stout, hard-working, and pretentious Aunt Victoire. It was somewhat of a blow to Faustine, who attired herself in black, and mourned her latest surviving relative as a parent. This event broke the last link of the chain between the unhappy young wife and the district where her heart ceased not to linger; henceforth, be he dead or living, still the name of Gaston will occur but in her dreams. Her husband, close as was the watch that he kept upon her, had never referred to Giropey's existence since the day of the fatal discovery.

Sunday pleasure-seeking being at an end for the present, the infelicitous couple pass the leaden mornings of their weekly holiday together in the house in the Rue Montmarte: she, sitting in melancholy style at the window; he, reclined in the other corner of the sofa, his legs crossed and his eyes gloomily turned in the direction of the street—both silent, motionless, sullenly statueque. Yet, Faustine is at least resigned; the resentment of her unloved husband has no terrors for her; it is his politeness, his *petits soins*, that she chiefly

dreads. Notwithstanding, when she looks upon this man, so lately joyous, confident, proud, and loving, and notes the fearful alteration that has taken place, the furrowed brow, the mouth compressed and sad, the sombre and unhappy air, she cannot but accuse herself of ingratitude and sin.

Ah! had there but been some rosy earthly cherubs granted to this ill-starred union, the gaping, unstaunched wound might have come to kindly healing. A wedded pair with living offspring, cannot be wholly unhappy. Each loves the other with a new and purer affection in the pretty juvenile presentment of both.

One little unpleasant incident occurred to break the uniformity of this monotonous period—the dead, dull line of this stretch of barren life. Thus it was. The husband and wife would occasionally, late in the afternoon, take a short stroll together along the Boulevards, frequently returning from their mechanical expedition without having exchanged a single word. On one of these occasions, Faustine experienced a species of hallucination. She believed that she saw, behind a window and a half-open curtain, the features and the mournful eyes of Gaston; and that he followed her movements with his gaze. She started and shuddered so upon her husband's arm, that M. Alexandre looked first at him, and then at the unknown visages around him.

"What is it?" said he at last; "you are just as I saw you once before at Senlis. Can it be possible that I have escorted you to a rendezvous?" with a dreadful smile. "Oh!" he murmured to himself, "this will end in some tragedy."

The year was 1848; two days later the revolution broke out. M. Pompon had formerly served in the National Militia; he was a staunch royalist; and resolved at once to suffer any penalty rather than now enter the National Guard. Sometimes he would say to his wife, exhibiting his old uniform and musket, "The moment they commence fighting against these republican brigands, I will descend into the street, and we shall perhaps see whether I can still burn a cartridge. Oh! I am not unacquainted with the smell of powder."

Émeutes became frequent; the populous quarters existed in a state of seige; the irritated people clamored loudly; and persons exposed to their fury lived in a condition of constant anxiety and apprehension. Faustine attended no more at the counter; at the first beat of a drum the shop was closed, and M. Pompon stationed himself behind the *persiennes* in an apartment that overlooked the street, and thence made his observations.

All at once, there was in the soul of this

man an inexplicable return to other impressions. He became sombre, mute, and indifferent to every thing that passed around him. His impassive features said nothing; but the livid paleness of his face gave him a sinister aspect. For the first time since their marriage Faustine trembled before him; she feared that he was becoming insane, and that he would murder her in an excess of jealousy.

This was just before the fearful days of June. On the morning of the 24th, M. Alexandre omitted to open his shop; and until ten o'clock he remained in Faustine's chamber, observing the movements of the troops that paraded in the street. Suddenly he turned to his wife, and coldly remarked, "They are fighting above there in the faubourg; here comes a battalion of the National Guard, marching against the insurgents. Stop! there there is an individual of my acquaintance, for whom I have been on the look-out some time. I am very glad to meet with him again just now!"

At these words he took up his gun.

"Whither are you going?" cried Faustine in alarm, throwing herself before him.

"I am going to fight," replied he; "and do you know where? Behind the barricades; for my friend will be before them. Remain quiet; I shall not miss him. Adieu! wife; I shall soon return."

He rushed from the apartment and hastily quitted the house. Faustine attempted to follow him; but he was already far off when she reached the foot of the stairs. Then she re-ascended to her chamber; and daring neither to conjecture the meaning of her husband's mysterious expressions, nor to dwell upon the dreadful suspicions that arose in her mind, she hid her face upon the sofa cushions, as if to exclude the unwelcome daylight; and there she awaited her fate.

In the meantime, the young men whom the grocer had consigned to the back shop had ventured into the street. One of them returning, went up-stairs and knocked at the door of Faustine's room. She rose shuddering.

"Ah!" she murmured, "it is you, Jacques. Well, what is going on outside?"

"Cannonading and volleys of musketry resound from the faubourg above. Every instant troops are passing. Just now I ventured as far as the *boulevard*, and I saw them carrying off the wounded."

"It is horrible, all this!" exclaimed the young wife, pressing her hands on her forehead with a despairing gesture; "my husband, where is he now?"

"We all thought that he was here with you," replied the young man in astonishment.

It was now about five in the evening.

Faustine looked at the time-piece, murmuring. "And when night shall come! *Mon Dieu*, deliver me from these torments, this uncertainty! Have pity upon me! Grant that my husband may return, and that no misfortune may happen!"

Nearly at the same instant, there was a slight tumult before the house. The boy ran to the top of the stairs, and returned almost immediately, crying, "Madame, ah! madame, prepare for bad news. They are bringing in a man upon a litter. I believe it is my master!"

It was he in fact; he was wounded, covered with blood, and showed no signs of life. The crowd that accompanied him said with astonishment, "It is M. Alexandre Pompon, the grocer. He was found behind the barricade. Who would have believed that a man like that would have joined the insurgents? He was wounded early in the morning. The first discharge took effect on him; he was seen to fall."

They conveyed the dying man to his bed; his wife sat beside him bathed in tears, and awaiting the opinion of the physicians. The neighbors were ordered to leave the room; Faustine alone remained with two of the shopmen. The doctor began to probe the sick man's wounds; but soon desisted, and felt his patient's pulse, which still beat feebly. The young wife comprehended there was no hope, and falling on her knees, prayed the Almighty to work a miracle. At that moment she would have given her own life to restore that of her husband.

The physician looked at him in silence, and mournfully shook his head. Towards midnight, the dying man began to move a little; then slowly, and only after terrible alternations, he regained entire consciousness.

"My wife!" he said in a feeble tone.

"I am here," she replied, leaning towards him. "I am here, close beside you."

"Ah! so much the better," murmured he, looking at her. "I shall, perhaps, have time to speak to thee."

The medical man wished to impose silence upon him, but he remonstrated. "Why should I husband this remnant of life that remains to me?" Then, turning to Faustine, he continued with effort, pausing at nearly every word, "Regret nothing, my poor wife. It is not your fault that I die thus. Pardon me, I have given you many miserable days; while you bestowed upon me, two years of happiness. I die without regret, because I believe that you will yet be happy. You will espouse him whom you love. Yes, you will; it is I that say it to you. It was not he that wounded me, although he was directly opposite with his musket in his hand. Though

I drew upon him from behind the barricade, God protected him. I am about to die. My wife, embrace me!"

She bent over him her tearful face, and pressed him between her arms with a movement of inexpressible pity, regret, and tenderness.

"Ah!" murmured he, "it is the first time."

His speech began to fail; he sank rapidly; nevertheless, he still contrived to say:—

"My wife, I go in peace. Happily, I have not destroyed my will. It is with the notary. I have left thee all I possess. It is the least that I could do. You are the only woman I ever loved."

He added several unconnected words. His respiration became difficult; speedily his faculties abandoned him; and towards morning he expired.

Of course, the reader has anticipated the *dénouement*. Gaston de Giropey, and Faustine Pompon née Bernard de Gondoville, marry and are happy; but not until the young widow has mourned her good although far from brilliant husband in strict retirement for the space of two whole years.

We have all along been inclined to draw a parallel between this French heroine and our own Emilia Wyndham, the amiable and duty-loving creation of Mrs. Marsh. But the paral-

allel would not hold good; and chiefly because of the national dissimilarity between the two young women. To a Gallic mind, it is probable that Faustine may shine as a model of all that is pure, devoted, self-sacrificing, and meritorious; but how far she dwells below the elevated standard of Emilia Wyndham! The one, while preserving her outward demeanor of mechanical duty, suffers her ill-regulated heart to roam towards him whom it has now become a sin to love, and weakly revealing her inward infidelity, wrecks the entire future of her confiding husband; the other, cherished by her worthy spouse with an affection equally strong and similarly unreturned, goes calmly on in her wifely submission and sweetness, until her righteous heart really grows to that of her sterling partner, lovingly appreciating his genuine worth. The one, subdued for a time, by remorse and self-reproach, haunted by the pale image of a deceived and murdered husband, finishes by marrying and richly endowing with the fortune of the dead man, the lover whose image ought long ago to have been erased from her soul; the other, the British matron, the pious, well-ordered Emilia, descends affectionately with her spouse into the vale of age, their attachment ever deepening and increasing with the tranquil years.

Geology and Mineralogy Considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the late Very Rev. William Buckland, D.D., F.R.S., Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford, and Dean of Westminster. A new Edition, with Additions, by Professor Owen, F.R.S., &c.; Professor Phillips, M.A. LL.D., &c.; Mr. Robert Brown, F.R.S., &c.: and Memoir of the Author. Edited by Francis T. Buckland, M.A., Assistant-Surgeon, 2nd Life Guards. Two vols. Routledge.

DR. BUCKLAND'S son, already known by a book of his own as a lively student of some branches of natural history, has here performed a duty to his father's memory in issuing that third edition of the *Bridgewater Treatise on Geology* which Dr. Buckland had himself meant to prepare. Not being a geologist himself, the Editor has relied upon the good offices of his late father's friends, and has obtained from Professor Owen a revision of the *Palæontology* of the book, from Professor Phillips a revision of the *Geology*, and had obtained also from the first of modern English botanists, the late Mr. Robert Brown, an examination of the part of the work that relates to Botany. Thus, while the original argument on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God remains untouched, we

have the best assurance that the natural facts stated in the book stand at the level of existing scientific knowledge. Mr. Francis Buckland has prefixed to this edition of the treatise a most interesting Memoir of his father, rich in anecdote, but richer in a true appreciation of his labors. It is throughout written with the good taste that does not err, because there are the best and finest feelings of the heart engaged in its direction.—*Examiner*.

THE DRUM DRUMMED OUT.—Mighty is the drum, raising as it does a lust of glory in the Christian's heart, stirring him to slaughter, and making bloodshed beautiful; sending him forth a terrible reaper in the fields of carnage, and smearing him with human gore as earth's best painting! And yet the drum—though beat by a destroying angel—sounds not so musical to us as the panting and snorting of the railway-engine. The piston is a more noble weapon than the sword; the whirl and rush and thunder of the train grinder, more truly sublime, more suggestive of all that ennobles man in his purest thoughts and deepest sympathies towards his fellow, than the tramp and measured step of glistening thousands, shaking the earth they too soon are about to defile with fire and sword.—*Jerrold*.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.
MR. HARRIS'S PROGRESS WITH THE
JAPANESE—COM. PERRY'S PRESENTS.

U. S. S. POWHATAN, }
SIMODA, Aug. 1, 1858. }

WHEN I closed number thirteen, at Nagasaki, I expressed the hope that I should write again from this place. Arrived here, we find so much that is both important and interesting, that I cannot hope to press it into any thing under two or three letters. Let me therefore commence at once.

We arrived from Nagasaki on the 25th ult., after a passage of sixty-seven hours. The distance is over six hundred miles. We found the Mississippi at anchor in the inner harbor, and came to near her, hoping for a few days of quiet and long walks back into the country. Our anchor was scarcely down, however, when the captain of the Mississippi pulled alongside, bringing with him our Consul-General, Mr. Townsend Harris, and his Secretary, Mr. Henry Hueskin. The Consul was at once closeted with the Commodore, and after an hour or so it began to be whispered around that we were to leave in two days for Yeddo Bay, and, possibly, for Yeddo itself. This was great news, and we talked grandly for some hours as to how long we would remain at Yeddo, &c., until suddenly another whisper passed around, to the effect that we were only going to Kanayawa to talk about a new treaty. Kanayawa is seventeen miles this side of Yeddo, and as we could not land there, our trip did not promise to be so grand, after all. We therefore lit cigars and tried to blow away our disappointment in smoke. In the mean time we had been boarded by several boat-loads of Japanese officials, who were equally sociable and hail-fellow-well-met as had been those of Nagasaki. We gave them sherry and Constantia to their hearts' content, and after they had made out a list of all the fresh provisions that we desired, saw them into their boat and bowed them a polite adieu. After dinner, a party of us dropped on shore for a Sunday evening walk, and among other places visited the bazaar, where every thing Japanese was collected for sale. It being Sunday, we admired them and passed on.

It is now two years since we sent our first Consul to Japan, in accordance with a provision of the treaty of Kanayawa, made in 1854-5 by Commodore Perry. He was brought here by the United States steamer San Jacinto, and "left alone in his glory," to the infinite disgust of the authorities, who told him to go away for a year, and then come back, by which time they should have a house built for him. Being thus unavoidably left upon their hands, they made the best of a bad bargain, however—gave him a large

temple to live in, servants to attend upon him, supplied him with every thing in the Japanese eating line, and finally began to look upon him and his secretary as rather pleasant additions to their society. Messrs. Harris and Hueskin now began to look around them for amusement. They found the golden pheasant plentiful among the neighboring hills, and, when satiated with gunning and long walks, the former turned his eye in the direction of Yeddo. After awhile he received permission to visit that city in his official capacity, and the first thing that we know, he has obtained the signing of an important convention, and is again at Simoda. This convention was published in the United States in January of this year, and so I shall let it pass. The manner in which Mr. H. and his secretary went to Yeddo is interesting. The Emperor sent him a body guard of one hundred and twenty men, and had comfortable houses to put up along the road for him to pass the nights in. He also sent him a large sedan chair, carried by twelve bearers, and so roomy that he put a mattress into it, and reclined at full length when he was tired of sitting. It is only about seventy miles from this place to Yeddo; but the country is so rugged and the roads so bad the first part of the way, that they were seven days in accomplishing the distance. Every night they stopped at one of the comfortable houses which had been prepared *expressly upon his account*, and after an early breakfast, resumed their road. Upon arriving at Yeddo, they were lodged in the most commodious quarters, treated with the greatest respect and attention, and granted interviews with the Emperor. The reader is of course aware that every one, foreigner or Japanese, who has heretofore approached the Emperor, has been required to do so *upon his knees*. This custom they were determined to adhere to in the present case; but, somehow or other, it had never before been so difficult to "bell the cat." "Who was to speak to Mr. H.—about it?" that was the question. Finally a Japanese Douglas stepped forward and offered to brace his huge shoulders to the task. This gentleman was not the most determined man in Japan; but then he was upon the most intimate terms of both social and political intercourse with "the American Legation." He therefore called upon Mr. H., and commenced the attack by begging that he would not be offended at what he was going to say. "Certainly not!" says that gentleman. But he has an inkling of what is coming, and a look of sudden and unusual gravity causes Douglas to tremble. Instead, therefore, of broaching the subject, he begs once more that "his Excellency will not be offended at something which he,

Douglas, has been *ordered* to say;" and then coughs and looks behind him.

"Certainly not!" and an increase of gravity in the Consular face. Corresponding increase of nervousness on the part of Douglas. Grand tableau, in which the American eagle is supposed to dominate. Final desperation of Douglas, and outbursting of the secret.

Mr. Harris listened quietly and kindly to all he had to say, and then replied with his usual judgment and firmness of manner. He told him that he was anxious to do every thing that was consistent with self-respect to do honor to the Emperor, but that this thing was out of the question, and had better not be referred to again, "Were Nipon to send a Minister to my country," he said, "he might approach our President in any manner he saw fit. He might kneel and knock his head against the floor, or he might bow to him and shake hands. There we allow every one perfect liberty; and it is but right, therefore, that I be allowed the same here."

"Very well! very well!" replied Douglas, half apologetically. And thus was settled this question "*forever!*" remarked Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris has been twice to Yeddo since he was landed by the San Jacinto, and remained some three months each time. He speaks in most flattering terms of the primitive simplicity of the Imperial habits, of the absence of every thing like *magnificence* about his palace, and of the general kindness and good feeling evinced by *all* classes towards him. He mentioned the case of one old lady in particular, who was even now engaged in the motherly task of making him some wadded silk shirts, to protect him from the approaching Winter. These acts are trivial, but they indicate very plainly the nature of Japanese *feeling* toward Americans. Even the Emperor has loaded him down with kindness. When he was lying sick at this place a special messenger arrived daily from Yeddo to ask after his health, and to bring him some present, expressive of the interest that was felt for his recovery. The Imperial Doctor was also sent to attend upon him. Such things as these have never before been known in the history of Japan. Our able Consul-General has a very poor opinion about the majority of books which have been written about this country. "When," he queries, "when will writers learn to write only that which they see? A man has no need of imagination *here*—truth is strong enough? We live in a world of romance, simply because (referring to writers in general), the truth is not in them!" He, however, speaks in the highest terms of Commodore Perry's course while out here, and mentioned many good results which are now flowing from it. "He was a man of great good judgment, and ac-

complished as much as any one could possibly have done under the circumstances." He said "upon one occasion I thought differently myself, but accepted his judgment as more likely to be correct (through personal observation) than my own."

Speaking of Commodore Perry, I asked him how the Japanese had treated the expensive presents which that officer had presented them, on the part of the Government, three or four years back.

"Well, I know I'm going to surprise you now," he replied.

"You know that Commodore Perry gave them, among other things, a circular railroad, and engine and tender, and a brass-howitzer—one of the Dhalgren guns. They have a large house built for the safe-keeping of this railroad, and every now and then take it out, lay the track, get up steam, and then away go a dozen or more high officers upon a circular pleasure trip. *Japanese engineers have charge of every thing*, and are never at a loss in the discharge of their duty. I suppose that they will soon have a track laid from Kanayawa to Yeddo, but I doubt if the railroad will pay in any other part of Japan; the country is too broken. As for the 'boat howitzer,' they have had one thousand cast exactly like it, and mounted them in the forts of their different ports. And now here is something else that will surprise you. Upon both Fourths of July that I have passed here, and once upon Washington's birthday, they fired a salute of twenty-one guns with these howitzers. Mr. Heuskins and myself attended, with the American flag flying, and the people exhibited the greatest good feeling and enthusiasm. One might have almost imagined them Americans."

"What have they done with the electric telegraph that was presented them?" I asked.

"Little or nothing, I think. But I am not certain. They are making astonishing headway, however, in the groundwork for future intercourse with the world. Five or six months since, they asked me, as a great favor, to be allowed to send a minister to the United States. 'My dear Sirs,' I replied, 'do not ask this as a favor; *it is your right*. Send a minister, with as large a suite as you choose, and you may be certain of a friendly reception.'

"And would the United States furnish us transportation from here to the Isthmus?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied, "and treat you with the greatest attention and kindness during your whole stay."

"Yes," I remarked, laughingly. "I can imagine a Japanese Minister and suite in the hands of the New York City Fathers! What

a time they would have of it! How every theatre would throw open its doors for them, and the crowd they would draw; and how Japanese reserve and love of quiet would be driven to desperation by the attentions with which they would be surrounded. Are these officers and princes rich enough to make a grand display, or would they carry along with them their simple dress and tastes?"

"They would be just as you see them now," he replied. "We have no idea of the sound common sense, and want of every thing like pretension, peculiar to these people. Take the Emperor himself, for instance. He is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him \$500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy, with us. You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the floors of their houses are covered? Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house serves as the bed of his poorest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother Monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck or future spinal affection as a general result; and yet there is not a more healthy people living."

"What did the Emperor look like?" one of us asked.

"Quite a fine looking man, with a soft voice and pleasant smile. I suppose he is some thirty-five years old. In fact, I know he is, for, as it is considered polite in Japan to ask one of his age, and how many children he has, I was, of course, polite. Poor fellow! He has what one of us would consider a miserable life. He does not leave the palace but once in two years; and then as he passes through the town every one must leave the streets and close the doors and windows of their houses. Their custom does not allow them even to look at him. This is the temporal Emperor at Yeddo, of whom I now speak; the case of the spiritual Emperor at Miaco is even worse, for he never leaves his palace. He is venerated so much that they cannot even run the risk of his being looked upon by the crowd."

"How long has it been since you received your last mail, Mr. Harris?" asked another.

"Oh! as for the mails, we are not bothered with them here. If we get files of papers and our letters once a year, we think ourselves fortunate. As for my correspondence with the State Department, I do not know what to make of it. Mr. Marcy sent me to Siam, where I made a treaty, and sent it

home. I came here, and, after much difficulty, got them to sign a Convention—a very important one—which I also sent home. One day, while I was in the weekly expectation of hearing from the Government, a special courier arrived at Yeddo, where I then was, bringing me a bundle of papers from Mr. Rice, our Vice Consul at Hokodadi. This man had been nearly a month on the road, during which time he had travelled over five hundred miles. Mr. Rice had read the papers, and then forwarded them to me. Now how do you suppose that he became possessed of them?"

"It is hard to imagine!" we answered.

"He got them from an American whaler. Fortunately her captain was fond of reading, and so when leaving Honolulu, S. I., for a cruise after Sperm whales, he filled his lockers with the latest papers. During his cruise he touched at Hakodadi, and having then gone over them at least twice, passed them over to Rice. Through these I first heard of the death of Gov. Marcy, and began to understand why I had not heard from him. Now you tell me that my Convention with Japan was published in January of this year—that is pleasant news, but I should like to know whether the State Department are satisfied with it."

Shortly after Mr. Harris arrived at Yeddo the second time, he was followed by Mynheer Donker Curtious, the Dutch representative from Nagasaki. I asked him if that gentleman had, as usual, gone upon his knees when approaching the Emperor, and he said no. That custom might be considered as extinct, now, though Donker Curtious was the first Dutchman who had escaped. Thus is Japan becoming more liberal daily.

"About what time do you think they will send us a Minister," I asked, "and have they any able men who would be equal to the post?"

"As for the time, it is not yet settled upon; but as to the fact of one going, that is beyond all doubt. I suppose that within a year from this date a Japanese Minister and suite of twenty or thirty will be in Washington. Higno-no-Kami (Kami—prince; 'no'—of; 'Higa'—Higa; Prince of Higo) is probably as able a man as they have, and he is doubtless the one who will be selected. You will see him in a few days—a fine looking fellow."

Mr. Harris speaks most interestingly of the feats of the jugglers, and of the theatres of Yeddo, as well as of the extensive stores. He says that the Prince of Cinano (Cinano-no-Kami), to whose particular care it seems the Emperor confided his comfort and amusement, fancying that he was having a dull time in the immense house that had been appropriated to him, called up some of his jugglers to perform before him and help him pass it.

One of them was the "Anderson" of Japan; his feats were so wonderful that I am almost afraid to write them. I wish it distinctly understood, therefore, that I am only repeating *what Mr. Harris told us, and what we consequently believe.* Here are some of his feats:

No. 1. He took an ordinary boy's top; spun it in the air; caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword point a little and the top moved slowly toward it. Arrived at the very end, the hilt was lowered in turn and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp.

No. 2 was also performed with the top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back toward it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself all ready for a second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin.

No. 3 was still performed with the top. There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house with a very large front door. The top was spun, made to climb the pole, knock open the said front door, and disappear. As well as I remember, the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat.

But feat No. 4 was something even more astonishing than all this. He took two paper butterflies, armed himself with the usual paper fan, threw them into the air, and, fanning gently, kept them flying about him as if they had been alive.

"He can make them alight whenever you wish! Try him!" remarked the Kami (prince) through the interpreter.

Mr. H—— requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there left them comfortably seated. Now, whether this command over pieces of paper was obtained simply by currents of air, or by the power of a concealed magnet, Mr. H—— could not tell or ascertain. One thing, however was certain—the *power was there.*

Let us turn from jugglers to theatres. It seems that there are only four of the latter in Yeddo, and that they are all alongside of each

other. Hence, if a Japanese on the edge of the city wishes to attend one of them, he must take some foot exercise before being able to do so. I say that he must walk, for no one but the princes in Japan are allowed to ride, as a general rule, and *they must ride*, either in a chair or on horseback, as they choose. In the latter case, the horse is led by a groom on each side, and is never allowed to go out of a walk. While passing by these theatres, Mr. H. expressed a wish to attend a performance, but his princely conductor was very much shocked, telling him that none but the common people ever went to such places. If the nobility wanted to see any thing of the sort, they made the actors come to them.

Speaking of the stores of Yeddo, Mr. H—— observed that we would be surprised at their size, at their contents, and at their great number of salesmen, each of whom had his dozen or more shop-boys standing behind him to execute his orders. "Upon entering the immense building, you see no goods at all," he said. "They are all stored in fire-proof buildings in the rear. When a customer enters and asks for any thing, the salesman orders the shop-boys, the shop-boys apply at the fire-proof, the keeper of the fire-proof checks against each one that which he takes, the salesman makes his sale, each shop-boy returns to the fire-proof his part of what remains, and at night the salesman accounts to his employer for the difference. Thus is business conducted in the large houses of Japan."

I expect that the "world of mariners" would like to know if fresh provisions are yet to be obtained in Japan. The answer is, Yes, as much as you want. At Hakodadi, fresh beef, Irish potatoes, buckwheat and wheat flour, fine fresh salmon, &c. At Simoda, chickens, eggs, fish, sweet potatoes, rice, &c. And at Nagasaki, the same as at Simoda, as well as a few foreign articles through the Dutch of Desima. And then *the prices* which they ask for all these things! Let me give you an example. I have just bought two hundred and seventy pounds of *the best rice in the world* (I except that of no country) for \$2 81, a fraction over *one cent a pound*. In China, at this moment, some of the *worst rice in the world* is selling at four cents. Comment is useless here; but I may mention that China is but four days' sail from Japan.

From The Spectator, 6 Nov.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF "THE FRENCH ALLIANCE."

[The attack of Louis Napoleon upon Portugal—in behalf of the Slave Trade, seemed such a deliberate outrage upon the interests and feelings of Great Britain—that the whole press has cried out, and Lord Derby's administration was threatened with a strict account for permitting it. It seemed to us like an intended quarrel. Since, the Emperor has published a letter in which he gives up the Slave Trade in negroes, and proposes to come to an agreement with England to use Coolies.—*Living Age*.]

THE political moment of the position taken by France is quite irrespective of the merits of the question, or of the technicalities of law. The statement made by the Lisbon official journal in reply to the *Moniteur* is an appeal which the other states of Europe can only disregard at their peril; their silence will give assent to a *régime* as dangerous for the independence of every country as it is for the peace which Napoleon professes to identify with his empire. The Charles-et-Georges has been condemned in what appears to be the due course of law in a Portuguese Court; an appeal lay to the supreme court at Lisbon, and France has interposed in the midst of that appeal. This is in itself a gross irregularity which we have already characterized. The plea that an agent of the French Government imparted an official character to the Charles-et-Georges is very questionable; but neither that nor any other supposed imperfection in the Portuguese case diminishes the dangerously lawless conduct of France at a later stage. There was a dispute between French and Portuguese subjects, between the French and Portuguese Governments on questions of fact and law. Portugal had, in no respect, attempted to evade her responsibilities, or to prejudge the question. She said, with perfect justice, that under all the circumstances neither one of the parties to the litigation was suited to be judge, and proposed an appeal to a third and disinterested party. The French Emperor had already impaired the comity of nations by the separate course which he took in patronizing a scheme, obviously if not professedly in violation of the slave-trade treaties. In violation of the understanding proposed by Lord Clarendon, and partially accepted by Count Walewski at the Paris Conferences, France has not refused mediation; she has proclaimed that she will not yield an inch,—will pay no deference in courtesy to another power weaker than her own,—allow no concession to carry with her the public opinion of Europe,—will waive nothing even to preserve the peace. Claiming to be judge in her own

case, she has dictated the law; and, while declaring that "the empire is peace," has shown that she would sacrifice peace at the shrine of her own self-sufficiency. And whatever course our own Government may have adopted, it is the fact that it has stood by while imperial France has taken this position uncontradicted and unchallenged; a policy which we have maintained having been torn to tatters, an ally with whom our national pride as well as honor is at stake having been insulted and oppressed. These facts come out with peculiar distinctness after the calm and clear statements of the *Diario do Governo*.

Not only, as we said last week, is the alliance between France and England at an end, *de facto*, but we have indubitable proof, that we cannot count on the co-operation of our neighbor; that on the contrary, we must expect him to thwart our dearest interests, our most matured convictions; and we must even count, in the natural turn of events, upon possibly having to confront his sudden, but not less active and determined hostility. From some peculiar characteristic, better understood than explained, the French race has shown remarkable incapacity to understand the character of any other country. Most travellers have been familiar with German, Spaniards, Italians, Danes, Greeks, Portuguese, Russians, and our own countrymen, with the sons even of oriental races, who have spoken each other's languages "like natives;" but whoever yet met with a Frenchman that had lost his Parisian accent, even when he wished to do so? The same incompetency follows him in the attempt to comprehend the character of a foreign race, though he should reside in the midst of it for a lifetime. No domestication can get over this congenital peculiarity, no education can do it. A very eminent French lawyer, pleading recently in the marriage case which attracted so much attention, stated that the drawing of a cheque upon a bank where the drawer has no effects, is, in commercial England, an offence which subjects a man to the galleys. If by "the galleys" M. M— meant a mere equivalent for penal servitude, still his conception of English law marks something more than ignorance.

If the lawyers are so far to seek, the public of course is still more astray; and where there are such wrong starting points, every fresh activity causes a further divergence. In this country we have had our old caricatures from Hogarth downwards, and have misrepresented our neighbors; but no one seriously believed that the Frenchman lived exclusively on frogs; and with the spread of intelligence the Frenchman of the stage has given way to the Frenchman of real life.

Some time since, Mr. Charles Mathews exposed the absurdities of a drama by M. Adolphe Dennery, but the piece is still sold in this year 1858, in the Palais Royal, and it is now having a run in the provinces. It is a sort of melodramatic "play," with comedy and tragedy combined, but upon the whole "deep." It is not intended to caricature England, but rather to display the grand qualities of the national character. The hero, a virtuous young man who rises from the humbler classes, unjustly suspecting his wife, punishes her without proof, by taking her to Smithfield market, and selling her. "It is here," says one of the comic characters in the piece, the affectionate "Tom Bob,"—"It is here where I bought my beloved Kitty!" One of the sublime Richard Davis's objects is to discover, in the purchaser, his wife's accomplice; but although the ruse is to a certain extent successful, it is defeated; for although "Sir Edgard" bids £1000, he is outbidden by a stranger, who offers £50,000; and when the half-repentant husband moves forward to snatch back his wife,—the market being now crowded with people,—a figure dressed in black interposes: it is a Constable, who tells him that he has no longer any control. Having discovered the total error of his suspicions, with the consoling fact that the purchaser is his wife's brother, the virtuous Richard Davis accepts the office of Lord Mayor, charged by the brother with the duty of proclaiming from the seat of authority the innocence of his wife, and her mother! And with this responsible duty, Richard, at the conclusion of the piece, marches to take his place in the procession, leading his wife by the hand, followed by his family, the Aldermen, and the Members of the House of Commons, to cries of, "Long live the Queen,—long live the Lord Mayor!"

Of course the above is only offered as an illustration; but numerous other such illustrations might be culled from French drama and fiction. A race which thus misconstrues the best known facts, and misconceives the spirit as well as actions of its neighbors, must not only be uncertain in its fulfilment of contracts, but it can scarcely possess the power of thinking with us, or the qualities which would enable us to reckon upon its co-operation. Its interpretation of contracts must be different from ours, its interpretation of our actions must be unlike the fact. The very discussions in our journals, their criticisms on our military preparedness, must be often unintended provocatives to offence, undesigned incentives to attack. The attempt to wed two nations so diverse can only end in multiplying the sources of misunderstanding. And the more elaborate the effort to establish a continuous treaty alliance

for general purposes, the more certain and the more complicated must be the contest at last.

It would indeed be very different if the French nation were left free in its own action and thought. Although it might still retain, as undoubtedly it would, its feeble ability to arrive at a thorough comprehension of alien character, and still be liable to misconstrue our proceedings, it would undoubtedly regain its own apprehension of higher things in the universe, and would abide by its own elevated standard of honor as well as of philosophy. Let the world be trusted to a truly French idea of treatment, and probably the nations would have small cause to complain; but such is not the case. The very purpose of the Government which at present guides and controls France, is to divorce the nation from every thing in it of commanding intellect or elevated sentiment. The whole people is bidden to one particular idolatry. Any departure from the faith is treated as a species of political atheism: and so jealous has this live idol become, that even praise of another country subjects a Montalembert to a state prosecution. Recent events have proved that the idol Emperor, whose ambition grows with the feeding, has now extended his exactions beyond the frontier of his own subject dominions; claims to give laws to earth and ocean, and requires submission from the potentates of the world. It is the story of the Eastern monarch who nourished two great serpents in his bosom, and whose destiny compelled him to continue feeding them at the peril of becoming their food himself. And so long as this potentate continues enthroned, it seems, we of Europe are to have the honor of staying the appetite of his serpents.

From The Saturday Review, 30 Oct.
THE FRENCH ALLIANCE AND THE PORTUGUESE COERCION.

THE short telegraphic message which has announced to Europe that Portugal protests that, in conceding the demands of France, she has yielded only to the menace of force, is one of the most grave and alarming incidents which for many years have menaced the peace of Europe. They must indeed be shallow and short-sighted politicians who fancy that, with the surrender of the *Charles et Georges*, the questions which the conduct of the French Government has raised are quietly set at rest. When a neighbor residing in the same street with ourselves informs us that his house has been broken into in broad daylight, we are not likely to rest contented with the assurance that he has escaped with his life. Nor is our uneasiness likely to be allayed by the knowledge that the burglar

is one with whom we are on the most intimate terms. It will not readily escape us that what has happened to-day may not improbably recur to-morrow; and the violence from which our neighbor has suffered may one day reach ourselves. It is the feeling that *proximus ardet* which, not less than the sentiments of natural justice, gives every civilized nation the interest, as well as the right, to resent a barefaced invasion of the public law of Europe.

The armed coercion of Portugal by France is the most violent outrage on the independence of a sovereign State which has been practised by superior force on a feeble power since the atrocious days of the first Empire. It is not necessary to discuss the legal questions which affect the validity of the capture of the *Charles et Georges*. When a man is committed for trial, it is no defence for breaking open his prison that you are convinced he is innocent of the charge brought against him. If his accusers have no case, he may trust to the law for his deliverance. The more convinced the French Government were of the goodness of their cause, the less justification can they plead for the violence they have practised. We have not yet before us the official statement of the Portuguese version of the transaction. The *Moniteur* of Thursday publishes the view on which the French Government rely for their defence of the violence of which they have been guilty. The case which they there set up is as great an outrage on common sense as their acts have been upon common justice. A French vessel is captured in Portuguese waters—a fact which, though the *Moniteur* faintly disputes, it does not venture to deny—it is regularly condemned by a Portuguese Court—the sentence of this Court is carried by appeal to the superior jurisdiction at Lisbon—and while this regular and legitimate appeal is pending, a French squadron is sent into the Tagus to menace and coerce the Portuguese Government before judgment has been pronounced. And what is the pretence by which it is attempted to justify this outrageous act of lawlessness and oppression? We are told that the Commission which, in the first instance, condemned the *Charles et Georges* “took no account of the regularity of its papers which established its proper armament, nor of the presence on board of a delegate of the French Government, nor finally of any other circumstance which ought to have left no doubt upon the fair character of the ship and the honesty of the captain.” What does this mean, unless it be the intolerable pretension that a vessel having French papers, and with a Government delegate on board, is not only to be free from all suspicion, but to be at liberty to defy even the clearest proof of illicit traffic

within the territorial jurisdiction of an independent and sovereign State. If the “fair character of the ship” was capable of being established, the matter was still in litigation before the Court of Appeal at Lisbon. The French Government had ample means of bringing before the tribunal those “other circumstances” so vaguely alluded to, which might have made good by argument the conclusion which they thought it more convenient to enforce by an armed menace.

We have said that this matter is of very grave significance, not only for Europe in general but for England in particular. And the serious considerations to which it gives rise are by no means dispelled by the solution to which the weakness of Portugal has been compelled to submit in a humiliating capitulation. But the shame of Portugal in this instance is the disgrace of Europe, and the triumph of France is the menace of every independent nation in the world. What was the principle on which a European league was negotiated to encounter the threats which the Russian Government had addressed to the Sultan? It was not in respect to community of interest in the East, nor on the pretence of any fear of the increasing influence of the Czar, that England and France professed to combine, but on the ground that an invasion of the sovereignty of an independent State was a question in which every State in Europe had a direct and particular interest. But if this was the avowed basis of the Anglo-French alliance, in what position is that alliance placed by an act in comparison with which the Menschikoff missive seems modest and moderate? In what degree is the independence of Portugal less respectable than the independence of Turkey? By what rule is a French squadron sent with every circumstance of insult and menace into the Tagus less an invasion of sovereign rights than the presence of the Russian army on the Pruth? This Portuguese business will, if we do not take great care, present us to the eyes of Europe either in the light of great hypocrites or of great cowards. With what face can we pretend that our foreign policy is directed to the disinterested ends of justice, while we are content to appear as silent accomplices with the perpetrators of violence and wrong? We pretend, indeed, in concert with the French Government, to have undertaken the police of Europe; but what will Europe think of her policemen when she sees one of them quietly parading the pavement, while the other is working the centre-bits and plundering the till?

It is a great misfortune for Portugal—it is a still greater misfortune for England—that Parliament should not at this moment be sitting, so as to bring public opinion to bear on

the Administration, and to admit of the Administration making public the sentiments which it entertains and the action which it has assumed. We have no wish to judge unfavorably by anticipation of the course which by this time Lord Malmesbury may have adopted. We can afford to despise the petty insinuations of the Continental press that the English Government has pursued a policy of deception and pusillanimity in dispatching a fleet which was never meant to arrive in the Tagus. Nevertheless it is highly unsatisfactory that the traditional reserve of the Foreign Office should keep silence as to the course which England has adopted in this matter. It is no light reproach that, from the special and exceptional relations which we have—we think, most unwisely—assumed towards France, we should even appear to be accomplices by acquiescence in this atrocious act. We cannot doubt that any English Minister who comprehends at all the true spirit of English opinion must have, ere this, exhausted all the resources of remonstrance against the unjust humiliation of an ally with whom our relations are of somewhat longer standing than those which bind us to France.

The question is not yet closed, and there is time for England to extend to Portugal that support which the interests of justice and of friendship alike demand at our hands. The French vessel has been forcibly wrested from the hands of the Portuguese, but the ques-

tion of the indemnity still remains open. If the Government of Lisbon still demands that this question shall be submitted to the arbitration of some neutral Power, we cannot see on what principle England can decline to support Portugal in her resistance to further coercion. The principle of international arbitration was one which, rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, was formally insisted upon at the Conferences of Paris. The French Government were the first to advocate its introduction into the diplomatic code of Europe, and they have been the first to reject its application to the very case in which it might have been most legitimately applied.

But apart altogether from the merits of this particular question, there is much in the conduct and spirit which the French Government has displayed in this affair which is calculated to arouse serious misgivings in the hearts of all thinking men who are not the dupes of mere complimentary speeches and empty phrases. This act of violent aggression in a time of profound peace is not a sudden outbreak of passion, nor a display of uncontrollable temper—these are not the failings of the hero of the 2nd of December. If the *coup d'état* in the Tagus is a menace to Europe, it is likewise a warning to England. Let us remember the pregnant and witty saying of the Vienna humorist—"L'Empereur a dit l'Empire c'est la paix; maintenant il dit Cherbourg c'est la paix; bientôt il dira la guerre c'est la paix."

ALARMING TO HYDROPATHISTS AND WATER-DRINKERS.—At the late meeting of the British Association, Mr. Galton read a paper by Mr. J. Spotswood Wilson, "On the General and Gradual Desiccation of the Earth and Atmosphere." The writer drew attention to the fact that those who had travelled in continental lands, especially in or near the tropics, had been forced to reflect on the changes of climate that appear to have occurred. There were parched and barren lands, dry river channels, and waterless lakes, and not unfrequently traces of ancient human habitations, where large populations had been supported, but where all was now desolate, dry, and barren. After quoting largely from the works of various travellers and writers (among the latest of whom was Dr. Livingstone), and giving interesting descriptions of dried up rivers and desolated tracts of country in Australia, Africa, Mexico, and Peru, which had formerly been inhabited by man, Mr. Wilson concluded that there was a gradual solidifying of the aqueous vapors, and consequently of water, on the face of this terrestrial world, which he inferred was approaching a state in which it will

be impossible for man to continue an inhabitant. Yet, he added, we should feel satisfied with the prospect that the term of our occupation is not yet half expired. Races preceded us in the chain of existence, and there was no reason to suppose that others would not follow. Indeed, some of those that are destined to succeed seem to be already in existence, and have their home in the icy sea, where they enjoy a climate which exceeds man's endurance. Various considerations lead to the conclusion that the fitness of the earth for man may extend to a period much longer than that in which it has been occupied by him; nor will that term end till after the Polar bear, the walrus, and the narwal have become inhabitants of the tropics. Sir R. Murchison said it was certainly not a very pleasant idea to think that our race was to go out of existence—that it was to die through thirst. Geologists would be disposed not at all to agree with Mr. Wilson in disavowing the influence of the elevation of land in causing some of the effects alluded to; but they certainly believed that the quantity of water now existing was very much what it was when the world began.

From The Examiner.

Fragmentary Remains, Literary and Scientific, of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society, etc. With a Sketch of his Life and Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his Brother, John Davy, M.D., F.R.S. Churchill.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S Life has been already twice written, once by Dr. Paris and once by his brother. During late years there have come into the brother's hands from time to time numerous additional papers, letters, note-books, hints of plans unfulfilled, all serving to the fuller illustration of the philosopher's career and character, and of the characters of some of his more noticeable friends. Therefore this volume appears not as a formal Life, but as a collection of those "Fragmentary Remains," united together by as much narrative of the events of Davy's life as will explain fully their significance, and give the book an independent interest for every reader.

Sir Humphry Davy, it need hardly be said, was a man of genius. When he first came as a young man from his laboratory in Dr. Beddoes's Pneumatic Institution at Bristol to that of the Royal Institution in London, Coleridge was asked in Bristol how Davy held his ground among the clever men of London, and answered, in his fervid way, "that he could eat them all." The first bent of his mind was towards poetry; and although he never devoted himself to the art of the poet with a sufficient earnestness to secure the development of a power which remained latent, and though latent, not inoperative, in him all his life, yet in his youth he formed large plans. It was the poetic temperament that made him the philosopher he was. His brother now tells us of Davy, that in about the first year of his apprenticeship to Mr. Borlase,—

"In a manuscript book, which I have recently become possessed of, a scheme is given of a volume of poems which he then aspiringly contemplated and even began. Of those he had then composed, a few were published in the first volume of the Annual Anthology, edited by Southey. The scheme he proposed is the following, and it is of the same date as that of the plan of his graver studies. Again, I transcribe verbatim.

"*Prospectus of a Volume of Poems.*

- 1st. Eight Odes—1. To the Memory. 2. Sons of Genius. 3. To St. Michael's Mount. 4. Song of Pleasure. 5. Song of Virtue. 6. To Genius. 7 and 8. Anomalous yet.

- 2nd. Cornish Scenes—1. St. Michael's Mount. 2. Land's End. 3. Calm. 4. Storm.
- 3rd. A Tale—"The Irish Lady."

"Underneath this programme is written, and in a hand somewhat more flowing—

"These were the visions of my youth
Which fled before the voice of truth."

In one of these note-books, also, we find it recorded by Davy that he "began the pursuit of chemistry by speculations and theories." It seized his imagination. He saw the way of experiment to be the one road to discovery when he had scarcely settled himself among the chemicals of the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol. Freed before the age of twenty from his indentures of apprenticeship to Mr. Borlase, as the memorandum on the back of them then said, "on account of his excellent conduct; and because, being a youth of great promise, I would not obstruct his pursuits, which are likely to promote his fortune and fame," he was at once deep in valuable researches upon heat and light, and upon the nitrous oxide which was in so short a time to seize public attention. There is a letter to him about it from James Watt here printed, and from Gregory Watt there are many letters. At the same time he was printing, by request, a short poem on his birthplace, winning the hearts of Southey and Coleridge, discussing with them their plan of a long partnership poem in hexameters upon Mohammed, and projecting for himself long poems on Mango Capac and Brutus. Here is more planning, by Southey:—

"Thalaba is finished, and my employment is now correcting and copying it for the press, my resolution being to send it over for publication. I have new plans of poetry, but it is impossible to build without materials, and the books needful are in England. I design a romance founded upon the creed of Zoroaster; the scene, of course, in Persia; the leading character, one of the sons of a great king, persecuted by the evil powers, but every evil that they inflict develops in him some virtue which his situation had smothered. A Greek slave is a prominent character, and the conclusion is, that the Persian prince is exalted into a citizen of Athens. Here is an opportunity of seasoning the dish to my taste—no further has the story got. For another and more serious poem, I design the establishment of the Inquisition to serve as subject; St. Dominic (more properly Domingo) the hero, a man indulging the blackest feelings of malignity and cruelty, and believing them religious virtues. You may smile, but by writing

two poems at once I expect to save time, because I may write a book of one, while the story for a book of the other matures, and thus not pause so long between the books of each as would be necessary to let the seeds ripen."

It was Davy's imagination that gave wings to his success, coming as it did in aid of the true spirit of an experimental philosopher. These are some entries in one of his early note-books.

"Consistency in regard to opinions is the slow poison of intellectual life, the destroyer of its vividness and energy.

"The use of physical science is that it gives definite ideas.

"Great discoveries may sometimes be made by chance, but they are much oftener produced by laborious and accurate investigations.

"Another evil has originated from favorite hypotheses, viz., experiments mutilated and not to be relied upon. He who is governed by preconceived opinions may be considered as a person viewing objects through colored glasses, each object assuming a tinge similar to that of the glass employed.

"The only way in which we can hope to make any progress in chemical philosophy is by accurate experiments.

"All our attempts to reason upon the phenomena of life will be impotent till we are acquainted with the composition of the substances, by the assimilation of which, and new arrangements in living beings these are produced.

"Hence the knowledge of sublime chemistry, or the classification of the attractions in corpuscular motions producing the phenomena of the external world, will not be most interesting to man as enlarging his ideas and giving grandeur to his conceptions, and providing for many of his wants, but as opening the field for discoveries still more important and sublime—the knowledge of the laws of his own existence."

He was a chemist who would connect high spiritual aspiration with his science. That at the Royal Institution the liveliness of his genius enabled him to draw fashionable crowds as a young lecturer, already a discoverer and a philosopher, was natural enough. Voltaic electricity was the next study in which he earned a European reputation, and through which he came to the decomposition of the fixed alkalis. His letters to his family contain frequently a general note on the "happy discoveries" he is making. In few men could be shown so clearly as in Davy the

energy and solid power given by imagination to the sterner qualities of the philosopher. In him it was a soul to them, the influence that gave high meanings to the labor of his life. But we must turn to the correspondence; from Coleridge to Davy there are some letters wonderfully characteristic. This, for example:—

"October 18, 1800.—My dear Davy—Our mountains northward end in the mountain Carrock—one huge, steep, enormous bulk of stones, desolately variegated with the heath plant; at its foot runs the river Calder, and a narrow vale between it and the mountain Bowscale, so narrow, that in its greatest width it is not more than a furlong. But that narrow vale is *so* green, *so* beautiful, there are moods in which a man might weep to look at it. On this mountain Carrock, at the summit of which are the remains of a vast Druid circle of stones, I was wandering, when a thick cloud came on, and wrapped me in such darkness, that I could not see ten yards before me, and with the cloud, a storm of wind and hail, the like of which I had never before seen and felt. At the very summit, is a cone of stones, built by the shepherds, and called the Carrock Man. Such cones are on the tops of almost all our mountains, and they are all called *men*. At the bottom of the Carrock Man I seated myself for shelter, but the wind became so fearful and tyrannous, that I was apprehensive some of the stones might topple down upon me, so I groped my way farther down and came to three rocks, placed on this wise ⁺₊⁺, each one supported by the other like a child's house of cards, and in the hollow and screen which they made, I sat for a long while sheltered, as if I had been in my own study in which I am now writing: there I sat with a total feeling worshipping the power and 'eternal link' of energy. The darkness vanished as by enchantment; far off, far, far off to the south, the mountains of Glaramara and Great Gable and their family appeared distinct, in deepest, saddest *blue*. I rose, and behind me was a rainbow bright as the brightest. I descended by the side of a torrent, and passed, or rather crawled (for I was forced to descend on all fours), by many a naked waterfall, till fatigued and hungry (and with a finger almost broken, and which remains swelled to the size of two fingers), I reached the narrow vale, and the single house nestled in ash and sycamores. I entered to claim the universal hospitality of this country; but instead of the life and comfort usual in these lonely houses, I saw dirt, and every appearance of misery—a pale woman sitting by a peat fire. I asked her for bread and milk, and she sent a small child to fetch

it, but did not rise herself. I eat very heartily of the black, sour bread, and drunk a bowl of milk, and asked her to permit me to pay her. 'Nay,' says she, 'we are not so scant as that—you are right welcome; but do you know any help for the rheumatics, for I have been so long ailing that I am almost fain to die?' so I advised her to eat a great deal of mustard, having seen in an advertisement something about essence of mustard curing the most obstinate cases of rheumatism. But do write me and tell me some cure for the rheumatism; it is in her shoulders, and the small of her back chiefly. I wish much to go off with some bottles of stuff to the poor creature. I should walk the ten miles as ten yards. With love and honor,

"My dear Davy, yours,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

Presently Coleridge wants to know how he shall go to work to set up a chemical laboratory; wants to know what the apparatus will cost; and whether Davy will be so good as to superintend its making at Bristol. To a bracing letter from his friend, Coleridge responds in a tone not without pathos:—

"O, dear friend! blessed are the moments, and if not moments of *humility*, yet as distant from whatever is opposite to humility as humility itself, when I am able to hope of myself as you have dared hope of and for me. Alas! they are neither many nor of quick recurrence. There is a something, an essential something, wanting in me. I feel it, I *know* it—though what it is I can but guess. I have read somewhere, that in the tropical climates there are annuals as lofty and of as an ample girth as forest trees:—So by a very dim likeness I seem to myself to distinguish Power from Strength—and to have only the former. But of this I will speak again: for if it be no reality, if it be no more than a disease of my mind, it is yet deeply rooted and of long standing, and requires help from one who loves me in the light of knowledge."

There are some interesting letters in the volume, written by the philosopher to Mrs. Apreece, the clever, rich, and fashionable lady whom he loved and married; but with whom he failed to obtain domestic comfort. His love was based, perhaps, on his imagination. In one of the letters to her, is a passage illustrating the continued strength of this element in his character.

"You are now at Lowton. I have the power of dreaming and of picture-making as

strong as when I was fifteen. I call up the green woods and the gleams of sunshine darting through them, and the upland meadows, where we took our long walk. I seem to hear, as then, the delightful song of the nightingale, interrupted by the more delightful sounds of your voice. You perhaps will laugh at this visionary mood, and call it romance; but without such feelings life would be of little worth, and neither our affections or objects of pursuit would be permanent. It is the continuity and unbroken recollection of pleasurable feelings which constitute the strength and vitality of our being. They are to thought what melody is in music. The mind in a healthy state must always blend its new impulses with old affections. Without this, its tones are like those of the Æolian harp, broken, wild, and uncertain, fickle as the wind that produced them, beginning without order, ending without effect."

But that Sir Humphry's marriage was not all unhappiness, this last letter of Lady Davy to her husband, now first published, shows:—

"From Lady Davy.

"I have received, my beloved Sir Humphry, the letter signed by your hand, with its precious wish of tenderness, bearing date the 1st of March. I start to-morrow, having been detained here by Drs. Babington and Clarke till to-day. I shall travel with all the expedition I can, to arrive not quite useless. I trust still to embrace you, for so clear and beautiful expressions and sentiments cannot be the inhabitants of decay, however of feeble limbs and frame. I shall to the extremest point hold your wishes sacred, and obey in ready willingness the spirit even more than the letter of your order. God still preserve you, and know that the lofty and noble tone of your letter deepens all love and faith I have ever borne to you, and believe the words of kind effort will be a shield to me through life. I cannot add more than that your fame is a deposit, and your memory a glory, your life still a hope. Your ever faithful and affectionate,

JANE DAVY."

The letters and memoranda by Sir Humphry Davy, in this volume, and the more noticeable letters addressed to him by friends, are, as we have said, not the remains left after sifting for a former book, but they consist of matter that, from various sources, has of late years come into the possession of his brother. Many of them are of the highest interest, and of the most obvious biographical significance.

Extracts from an article in the last Quarterly Review, a supporter of the administration of Lord Derby.

GREAT BRITAIN—UNITED STATES—CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE late ministry stood in the main upon its foreign policy. It was once said to be a policy of vigor tempered with conciliation: it is now seen to have been a policy of arrogance, dashed and variegated with timidity.

That same spirit it was, which by miserable quibbling, and by its underground manœuvres for the purpose of recruiting in America contrary to law, brought down upon us the insult of Sir John Crampton's dismissal with three or four British consuls in his train, and then took credit for its magnanimity and forbearance in refusing the challenge which its own misconduct had provoked.

He can hardly fail to see that a number of those who formerly supported him, amply sufficient in numbers, if their resolution hold, to give effect to the intention, have written this sentence upon the tablets of their heart: "*Come what may, Lord Palmerston shall not again be minister.*" The quarrel between them is no lover's quarrel. The proscription is no personal proscription. It is the determination of a great and serious issue, too long neglected and misunderstood, but now at least deliberately handled, and, to all appearance, finally disposed of. It is the proscription not of a person, but of a system of misgovernment at home and abroad: of a system which, because it despised or made light of rights, was certain to mismanage interests: a system which at home was favorable neither to permanence nor to progress, and which abroad united the dangers of violence with those of poltroonery; a system which has happily vanished with its authors and instruments from the seat of power, but which has left for itself a bad memorial in remembered slights and insults, in the uneasiness and suspicion which it has introduced or aggravated in the whole range of European diplomacy, and in the spirit of jealousy, and even of hatred, which it has engendered towards England. Yet England is the very Power which, from the happy independence of its insular position, ought to be, far beyond any other European State, outside the range of those miserable, but under the circumstances not unnatural, sentiments.

Like France and like Naples, America has already afforded the Ministers an opportunity of contrasting themselves with their predecessors. Of contrasting, we do not say their principles—for there have been few differences of principle, strictly so called, in the

foreign policy of our various Governments for the last half century—but in their tone, their temper, and their mode of applying principles to facts as they emerge. Twice did the late Ministry carry us to the verge of war with the United States; and had their rule been unhappily prolonged, we should, in all likelihood, ere now have reached for the third time that critical position, and should have been engaged either in the noisy assertion of untenable doctrines, or in summary and ignominious retreat from the consequences they sometimes involve.

America and England have alike declared the infamous traffic in slaves to be piracy by their respective laws, and they alike use force for its suppression. But in this scheme of high and onerous philanthropy England has always had the lion's share among the nations of Christendom, and her cruisers have undertaken, in all cases which appear to them suspicious, to notice vessels under the flag of the United States, and to disregard the use of the mere symbol unless the true American nationality of such vessels should be proved. Such being the practice, the President of the United States appears to have opened a discussion of the greatest nicety. If we rightly gather the upshot of his propositions, it will come to nothing less than this: that the use of the American flag by those who are not American citizens is an offence against America alone, and is to be dealt with exclusively between her and the state of which the offenders may be subjects. Upon this high and delicate point of international law we shall pronounce no opinion beyond a surmise that it would probably be found impracticable to persevere in sustaining at the point of the sword the opposite doctrine. But a question like this, with its plausible assertion of transcendental humanity, is the very question which would have supplied a *brouillon* like Lord Palmerston with a case of invincible attraction for luring us on by high-sounding appeals into a position which we could not have made good, and which it is infinitely better not to occupy at all, than to occupy and then abandon. * * * * Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald stated in the House of Commons, with a good sense, tact, and intelligence which have gained him just distinction, the general views of the Government; and Lord Malmesbury afterwards announced in the House of Lords that he was in negotiation with the United States, with a view to the formation of a common code of instructions for the treatment of apparent slavers, and that vessels bearing the American flag would, in the mean time, be exempt from our visitation, while increased naval strength for dealing with them is to be provided by the United States themselves.

THANKSGIVING.

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN.

GATHER the scatter'd band of pearls,

Tie up the broken string ;

Gather the sunder'd family

In one unbroken ring.

Gather them home from sea and land,

Gather them home from far and near,

Gather them round the household hearth ;

Gather them, for the waning year

With its frosty days draws near.

High o'er the tall, embowering oaks

From the old hall chimneys curl the smoke ;

The home-coming traveller from afar

Seeing that azure column arise,

Urgeth with whip and spur his steed

'Till the courser almost flies.

He knows the generous board is spread,

That the cups are brimming o'er,

And under the ancient sycamore

That stands by his father's door,

A dear assembled group awaits

The wanderer at their gates.

Thanks to the Blessed Father of all,

For the Spring, with its buds and bloom ;

Thanks, for the Summer's opulence,

For the fruitage and perfume.

Thanks for the Autumn harvestings,

For the yellow corn and the grain,

Ripen'd thro' many a valley,

O'er hill-side and o'er plain.

Thanks for the season's treasures,

For life's joys and its sunny pleasures.

Thanks, that no absent faces,

No vacant chairs are here,

No weeds of mournful sorrow

To darken the season's cheer.

Thanks, that the scythe of the reaper

Who spares neither blossom or bloom,

Hath spared in our little garden

These flow'rets from doom.

Hark ! how the chimes of the church-bells

Over woods, over valley-sides steal,

Rejoicing the open country,

With their happy, melodious peal ;

By twinkling river, by village,

O'er the mountains, and by the blue sea,

In woods, in city squares soundeth

The voice of our jubilee.

—*N. Y. Journal Commerce.*

THANKSGIVING SONG.

COME, uncles and cousins, come nieces and
aunts ;

Come, nephews and brothers—no wonts and no
can'ts ;

Put business, and shopping, and school-books
away ;

The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving
Day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired
youth ;

Come home from your factories, Ann, Katy,
and Ruth ;

From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come
away

Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving
Day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed—
The cooks and the mothers have all done their
best ;

No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like a Thanksgiving Day.

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and
nuts ;

Come forward and seize them without ifs and
buts ;

Bring none of your slim, little appetites here—
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
Now brothers and sisters long parted, embrace ;

The family ring is united once more,

And the same voices shout at the old cottage
door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his
hearth ;

He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving
Day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring ;

Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving

Day !

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Two hundred years ago and more,

Amid the broad Atlantic's roar,

There first their footsteps press'd the shore,

The Pilgrim band !

There rose no songs of minstrelsy,

No shouting of wild revelry,

From those stern wand'ers of the sea,

From Father land.

No, no ;—to God they raised the prayer

Of grateful hearts, and planted there,

While solemn praises filled the air,

The freeman's tree !

This was the first Thanksgiving day

New England saw ; and like the ray

Flashing across the ethereal way,

Bade sorrow flee.

Thanksgiving day ! the joyful sound !

Time honored. In its annual round,

Still with the Pilgrim son is found,

As with the sire,

A day of recollection sweet,

When dearest friends again do meet

The absent long—once more to greet,

And kindle higher,

The sacred flame of holy love,

For kindred and for God above—

The true New England heart to move

With Patriot fire.

Sons of the brave ! sons of the free !

New England's sons ! where'er ye be,

At home, abroad, on land or sea,

Your voices raise ;

And echo thro' our broad-spread land,

Thanksgivings to the bounteous hand,

Which guided well the Pilgrim band,

Of other days.

TEMPTED AND ERRING.

TEMPTED and erring—would thy poor heart feel
The calm once felt;
Enter thy closet, reverently kneel
As once thou knelt.

Then sweetly sounded thy Redeemer's voice—
"Give me thy heart;"
Obedient to the call thou did'st rejoice
From sin to part.

While walking in the "straight and narrow
way,"
A spark divine,
Warmed with its presence, brightened by its ray,
That soul of thine.

Weak, erring heart! once more his mercy prove,
Bow low in prayer,
And thou shalt feel thy Father's love
And fostering care.

Long have thy steps in the bewildering maze
Of pleasure trod;
And thou hast feared in life's forbidden ways
To meet thy God.

In the cold altar of thy hardened heart
That spark has lain;
Touched by the finger of thy God—'twill start
To flame again.

Thou hast not raised to heaven thy gloomy brow,
Nor bowed the knee;
Yet was thy Father's watchful eye, as now
Regarding thee.

Tempted and erring—would thy poor heart feel
The calm once felt;
Enter thy closet, reverently kneel
As once thou knelt.

Clothed with humility thou wilt not fear
To kiss the rod;
Nor in the "straight and narrow way" to hear
The voice of God.
—*Elihu Burritt's North and South.*

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I'VE watched too late; the morn is near;
One look at God's broad, silent sky!
O, hopes and wishes, vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

O, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray,
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright
For sages in the mind's eclipse;
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave, on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

THE THANKSGIVING GATHERING.

It is the Puritan's Thanksgiving Eve;
And gathered home, from fresher homes around,
The old man's children keep the holiday—
In dear New England, since the fathers slept—
The sweetest holiday of all the year.

John comes with Prudence and her little girls,
And Peter, matched with Patience, brings his
boys—

Fair boys and girls with good old Scripture
names—

Joseph, Rebekah, Paul, and Samuel;
And Grace, young Ruth's companion in the
house,

Till wrested from her last Thanksgiving Day
By the strong hand of Love, brings home her
babe

And the tall poet David, at whose side
She went away. And seated in the midst,
Mary, a foster-daughter of the house,
Of alien blood—self-aliened many a year—
Whose chastened face and melancholy eyes
Bring all the wondering children to her knee,
Weeps with the strange excess of happiness,
And sighs with joy.

—*From "Bitter Sweet" by J. G. Holland.*

Is any thing too hard for thee,
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend?
Then let thy power, displayed in me,
My soul restore, my wanderings end.

Far from thy ways my feet have trod,
And yet they stray; but now to me
Speak the recalling word, my God!
Is any thing too hard for thee?

Long have I walked in darkness, Lord,
And still no cheering ray I see.
"Let there be light!" Oh give the word!
Is any thing too hard for thee?

No! For I hear that voice divine,
And lo! the light of heaven I see;
And now I know, for thou art mine,
That nothing is too hard for thee.

—*American Presbyterian.*

From the Quarto Volume of "The Grave"—illustrated by Blake, and published by Stanford & Delisser—New York.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"PAINTING, like Poetry, has followers, the body of whose genius is light compared to the length of its wings, and who, rising above the ordinary sympathies of our nature, are, like Napoleon, betrayed by a star which no eye can see save their own. To this rare class, belonged WILLIAM BLAKE." *

He was born in London, 1757. His father, a respectable hosier, caused him to be educated for his own business; but the love of Art came early upon the boy; he neglected the figures of arithmetic for those of Raphaël and Reynolds. The love of designing and sketching grew upon him, and he desired anxiously to become an artist; and when his father at length discovered scraps of paper covered with groups and sketches to which he sometimes appended stanzas of his own, he apprenticed him to Basire, the engraver. Before he had attained to his twentieth year, he had written about seventy pages of verse, consisting of ballads, songs, and dramatic pieces, characterized, it is said, by fine thought and deep feeling. These were soon afterwards published at the instance of Flaxman. Though Blake sometimes lost himself in the enchanted region of song, he seems yet to have given diligent attention to the arts of engraving and designing. He was subsequently a student under Flaxman and Fuseli. He was never so happy as when making sketches to illustrate his verses, which he would hang up in his mother's room. He was always at work; he called amusement, idleness,—sight-seeing, vanity,—and money-making, the ruin of all high aspirations. Poetry and painting were the pastime of his quiet evenings,—his days were devoted to his graver. When twenty-six years old he married Kate Boutcher, and a long and happy union was the result. He subsequently commenced that series of works which entitle

him to be ranked among the men of genius of his country. We pass over his minor productions, the most important of which was entitled "Songs of Innocence and Experience," consisting of some seventy scenes, curiously interwoven with his pencillings, to speak of his great work which is presented in this volume. "In a kind of dreaming abstractions," says Cunningham, "he lived now much of his time;—all his works are stamped with it, and although they owe much of their mysticism and obscurity to this circumstance, there can be no doubt that they also owe to it much of their singular loveliness and beauty. He was by nature a poet, a dreamer and an enthusiast." It is to this circumstance, also, that his "astounding conceptions" were incomprehensible by the many, and duly appreciated by poetic minds. In the sketch-book and the cabinet of the connoisseur, therefore, the masterly designs of Blake are chiefly to be sought. His chief works are Young's Night Thoughts, Jerusalem, the Book of Job, and "The Grave." This last named was introduced to the world by Fuseli, who thus speaks of it: "The author of this series has spread a familiar and domestic atmosphere round the most important of all subjects,—connecting the visible and the invisible world, without provoking probability, and leading the eye from the milder light of time to the radiations of eternity." Charles Lamb, whose judgment in whatever is poetical no one will question, observes: "The wild designs of Blake, which accompany Blair's Grave, have great merit. I look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age." "His flights of imagination sometimes astonish by their sublimity—they seem to pertain to another state of existence,—all bearing the impress of genius of the highest order." * After a life of singular devotion to his art, Blake, in his 71st year, and tended by his faithful wife, died in 1828.

* Ryan's Dict.

* Allan Cunningham.





The Truth exploring the recesses of the Grave.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.
 A YACHT VOYAGE OF SIX THOUSAND MILES. Being some account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht "Foam" 85 O. M. to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By Lord Dufferin. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

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From The National Review.

THE GREAT REBELLION: MR. SANFORD
AND MR. FORSTER.

Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion. By John Langton Sanford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: J. W. Parker. 1858.

Historical and Biographical Essays. By John Forster, Esq. 2 vols. Murray.

THERE is no period in modern history, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history, which has so frequently been the subject of discussion as the English Revolution of 1640. Nor has its attraction for both writers and readers been without just grounds, or the interest in it weakened by repetition. For whether we look to the importance of the struggle at the moment, to its bearings upon our civil and religious polity ever since, or to its influence upon America and France in the last century, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly either the causes or the consequences of the Great Rebellion. That controversy gathered up into its bosom, as into some capacious gulf, the main streams or the lesser tributaries of English liberty as it then existed; breathed new life into many of them, infused into them all a principle of order, and secured for this nation the right to be governed by such laws only as its representatives proposed or approved. Nor do its results or its interest stop here. For its *interest*, it was a contest decided at our own hearths and homes, fought, at first, with weapons we are familiar with—the precedents in our statute-books or appeals to the Great Charter; and when the gown yielded to the sword, fought upon grounds which any of us in a few hours may visit, with a livelier sense of reverence and reality than accompanies the tourist to Cannæ or Marathon. For its *results*, are they not written in the history of social and political progress at home during two centuries, and reflected also in the annals of the Great Republic beyond the Western waters, the seedling and offset of the principles of the Long Parliament? Two sweeping changes or consummations of eras have alone a claim to stand beside the English Revolution—the one converted the Commonwealth into the Empire of Rome, the other “with hideous ruin and combustion hurled” the sceptre and the mitre of France into an abyss from which hitherto there has been no return. Yet if we weigh well the circumstances of each of these catastrophes, we shall find that in moral gran-

deur, the English Revolution transcends them both. Cæsar may rank with Cromwell in political genius, and in war be deemed “the elder and the better soldier;” but it would be in the highest measure absurd to prefer Cicero, Pompey, or Cato, to Pym, St. John, or Hampden. As preposterous would it be to exalt the Girondins above the leaders of the Long Parliament, or the fanaticism of the Mountain above the conservatism of the English Independents. Again, the metempsychosis of Rome infused no new vigor into Italy or its zones of provinces; and the demolition of the ancient *régime* in France was followed by wars that, however splendid for their scale or their victories, were little less disastrous to civilization generally, and in the end to the French people, than to the empires which these wars humbled or obliterated. Of the English Revolution alone can it be said, that at home it regenerated the nation, propelled it abroad with a force unknown before, curbed the dangerous privileges of the Crown without encroaching upon its honor and dignity, and fostered the hardy and inquiring spirit of the people without evoking from it that dangerous element which in other nations, at similar crises, has so often furnished an argument, or at least an excuse, for despotism in the end. It is seldom, therefore, that a book, if of any worth whatever, upon this theme fails to instruct or interest the reader; nor should we envy that person's judgment who should think, or profess that he thought, enough had been said upon it, so long as new materials are to be discovered, or new combinations of former materials possible. The works which we now proceed to give some account of, prove that new shafts may still be sunk in this apparently inexhaustible mine; that sources of information or illustration yet remain to be disclosed; and that again we may be duly summoned to hear argued the cause of the Commonwealth *versus* the Stuart kings.

Mr. Forster's reputation in many paths of literature is established; and the accomplished historian of the statesmen of the Commonwealth and biographer of Goldsmith is sure of attracting notice to any work inscribed with his name. In a degree not inferior to Mr. Hallam or Mr. Carlyle, he has been the vindicator of Hampden, Eliot, Marten, and Pym from all who in their own day or subsequently have sought to represent them as vulgar

rebels and agitators. The historical portion of his recently published *Essays* is a befitting supplement to his earlier labors in the same field. His account of that memorable state-paper entitled "the Grand Remonstrance" is partly of the nature of a palimpsest, the recovery and restoration of a document beyond price to all students of our constitutional history; and partly the first full and satisfactory comment upon its text that has enriched our literature. The essays on "the Plantagenets and Tudors," and "the Civil Wars and Oliver Cromwell," though replete with learning and written with much vigor and elegance, we must reluctantly pass over, since they embrace a circumference far beyond our present limits.

Mr. Sanford is a later, but not less worthy, candidate for historical reputation in the same field. His work he modestly terms *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion*; but his narrative, though fragmentary in form, contains a sounder and more lucid account of that memorable event than will be found in narratives more ambitious. His account of the fortunes of his book deserves in some respects a place among the curiosities of literature, if not, indeed, among the calamities of authors. Originally the author's design was to write a "Life of Cromwell;" and with that end in view, he collected from all obvious and some unexplored sources the Protector's letters, arranging them in the order of time, and illustrating them with such commentary as they seemed to require. This project was brought to an end in 1845, by the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*; and Mr. Sanford then shaped his earlier design to other issues. The perusal of D'Ewes' MS. Journal of the Long Parliament, preserved in the library of the British Museum, convinced him that the lives of Pym, Hampden, and many others required rewriting quite as much as Cromwell's; and nothing disheartened, he entered upon this more extensive field of investigation. In the University of the Ptolemies of Alexandria there was a sound and ripe scholar, whom the wits of that royal foundation nicknamed Chronos, or Time; not by reason of his taking time by the forelock, but just the reverse, because he was, on no occasion, "up to time." Professor Chronos had always a book in hand; but his particular infelicity was, that some brother-scholar or professor invariably forestalled him by publishing on the same subject before his

manuscript was ready for the copyist. Mr. Sanford, had he been an ancient Greek instead of a living Briton, might, for any luck he has met with in his literary career at present, have been similarly surnamed. For again, after infinite pains and searching for manuscripts, in the Bodleian Library, the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, and other treasure-houses of rolls and rescripts, he is anticipated, in some degree, by Mr. Forster's *Historical Essays*, published in the present year. There is, says the wise man, a time for all things—a time to fold the hands, and a time to hit out; a time for publishers to be deaf as adders, and a time for readers and composers to look alive. Wisely as regarded himself, fortunately for his readers, Mr. Sanford decided that, in justice to himself, he would no longer delay placing before the public some portion of his labors, and thus guard against being a third time pushed from his stool. The public, he says, must decide whether or not the remainder of his work shall follow, in due time, the present sample of it. If what is still reserved resemble what is now produced, we trust that Mr. Sanford will derive from the reception accorded by the public to his present volume encouragement to proceed. His materials are excellent; his arrangement of them is clear; his style vigorous and graceful; in every one of his *Studies* industry and impartiality are conspicuous; and although, from the causes we have alluded to, his work is less complete than its author designed it to be, he has at least produced an admirable companion volume to all previous narratives of the Great Rebellion.

Mr. Sanford's *Studies* are partly historical and partly biographical. Under the former head he has reviewed the political condition of England under the Tudors, awarding due praise to that vigorous race of sovereigns, who knew—a lesson which the Stuarts never learned—when to be firm and when to yield, and who, though jealous of interference and arbitrary in their tempers, were not guilty of such petty statecraft as James taught, or such duplicity as Charles practised. Many might justly hate, none could justly despise, either the seventh or eighth of the English Henrys, or their stout-hearted scion Elizabeth. If they claimed and took the lion's share, they maintained the lion's port; and while their strong grasp secured peace at home, they made their realm to be everywhere

feared and honored abroad. Mr. Sanford next contemplates *Puritanism*, under its religious and social aspects; and in the chapter on *Parliamentary Royalism*, reviews the party-leaders and party-tactics from the first meeting of the Long Parliament to the breaking out of a civil war. His third and fourth chapters are occupied with biographical sketches of the first years of King Charles and the early life of Oliver Cromwell,—periods of the utmost value as respects the appreciation of their subsequent careers; while his sixth is devoted to the two great champions of prerogative and privilege respectively—Strafford and Pym. The military history of the time is surveyed in the sections entitled the “Earl of Essex,” and “Long-Marston Moor.” On that crowning catastrophe the curtain falls for the present.

We cannot, perhaps, within the space allowed us afford those of our readers, who may not have Mr. Sanford’s volume in their hands, an idea of its contents better than by following him along some of the paths which he has himself marked out. We must state, however, that in our opinion he has added greatly to the value of his researches by dwelling so fully upon the causes which embroiled Charles with his Parliament and people. It has been usual with the historians of this period to assume the winter of 1640 as the commencement of an epoch of change, instead of being, as Mr. Sanford clearly shows it to have been, the close of one series of events and the inauguration of another. The germs of such parliamentary government as then commenced had long been imbedded in the political soil of England. Sown by the Plantagenets, who sometimes needed the aid of their faithful Commons against their faithless or turbulent barons, the good seed had been watered by the Tudors, who, having estranged by their fiscal severity or their religious innovations a majority of the old and noble houses of the realm, had a still stronger necessity for the support of *novi homines*, of the rich burghers of the towns, of country gentlemen below the rank of noble, and even of the more opulent yeomen. A long peace, light taxation, and the progress of agriculture and commerce, had brought with them their usual accompaniment of wealth; and long before the close of Elizabeth’s reign, if the Upper House counted more broad acres, the Lower

House could tell down more broad pieces. They who entertain such angels as are stamped at the Royal Mint, are rarely deficient in good opinion of themselves; and though the Commons to the last justly accounted their queen a “most dread sovereign,” they did not fail occasionally to tell her their real mind. In the matter of the monopolies, there was no mistaking the attitude of the Commons. High words and even tornado-oaths from the Crown will not avail against men whose pockets are being emptied; and Elizabeth, who never missed of the right word at the right moment, cancelled these obnoxious grants with a readiness that nearly restored her early popularity. But in that hour, the Commons gained more than they asked, or were perhaps aware of; for then a power passed into their hands which would help them to gain better things than the abolition of patents for the sale of gold and silver thread or sweet wines. Peter Wentworth, and the little knot of men who voted with him, were the precursors of Hampden and Pym.

Had a sovereign at all resembling the great queen succeeded her, there might still have been collisions between Crown and Parliament until their respective functions were defined. For the time was come for the birth of a new estate in the realm; and not even a second Elizabeth could have postponed it for another century. But her actual successor was, perhaps, of all monarchs before or after him, with the solitary exception of King John, the one who was best calculated to provoke, consolidate, and turn against himself a parliamentary opposition. A sovereign may be hated without being despised. James managed to be both: he was hated by his Roman Catholic subjects, whom he alternately cajoled and insulted; by his Puritan subjects, whom he insulted without taking the trouble to cajole; by all who paid to virtue the tribute of decorum, and by all who desired to see the dignity of the nation reflected in the dignity of its sovereign. We desire to press lightly on James’s failings, since, in some respects, he was the best of the English Stuarts. His childhood and early manhood were singularly infelicitous. His tutors made him a pedant; perhaps it was all they could do for him; but his guardians and the clergy taught him dissimulation, and with such success, that in his *Basilicon Do-*

ron he ranks it among royal virtues, and specially recommends it to his son. Yet a less adroit dissembler than James probably never existed, at least never sat on a throne; unless it were Claudius Cæsar, whom he, in many respects, resembled. Both these sovereigns were learned men; both were good-natured; both remarkable for the awkwardness of their gait, speech, and dress; and both at the mercy of each handsome favorite or cunning freedman whom they fancied. But what a contrast was the halting, slobbering, timid, garrulous James to Elizabeth! We can hardly realize the disgust and disappointment of all Englishmen when they first set eyes on the ungainly successor of their stately queen. But we must not linger on the threshold of our subject longer than is actually necessary to exhibit the feelings which the conduct and demeanor of James awakened in all classes of his subjects, and which indirectly strengthened the ranks of parliamentary opposition. Even in the earlier years of his reign, disaffection found vent in persons the best trained by long practice to conceal their sentiments. "A few days back," writes the French ambassador, "some one said to Cecil, he must find himself much relieved under this reign, in that he was no longer compelled to address his sovereign kneeling, as in the time of the deceased queen." Cecil replied, "Would to God that I yet spoke on my knees." It was no degradation, in his esteem, to bend the knee to genuine majesty; but it was derogatory even to sit or stand in the presence of a king who, while he unduly magnified his office in theory, degraded it in practice by habits and language hardly befitting the loosest Paul's man or Templar of the day. We need not wonder at the growing opposition to the Crown within the walls of St. Stephen's, when throughout the country at large there was a growing impatience of the king's disorders.

But if these things were done with the green tree, it was worse with the dry. If such was the impression made by James upon the nation,—a nation, too, which had greeted him universally with cordiality and with hope,—a nation which felt that some recompense was due to him for the hard though necessary usage of his mother,—in the first years of his reign, these unfavorable feelings acquired a darker hue and a deeper

hold as time proceeded and his ignobler qualities developed themselves. It was, perhaps, a small matter that His Majesty was latterly seldom sober; that as he grew older his language became coarser and more obscene, his bondage to favorites more complete, his quarrels with his wife more notorious; that he was publicly assailed from the pulpit, and openly ridiculed on the stage. Mr. Sanford has collected the reports of foreign ambassadors at various periods of this reign; and all of them agree in saying that the king was braved and despised by the Parliament, and universally hated by the people. But it was not a small matter when an ambassador, with no English prejudices to gratify, writes home to this effect: "Audacious language, offensive pictures, calumnious pamphlets,—*these usual forerunners of a civil war* are common here, and are symptoms doubly strong of the bitter temper of men's minds." "I am, in truth, the most unlucky of all who have ever filled such posts as mine. They have facts to relate worthy of relation; I, such as appear unworthy of being committed to writing. My lot is fallen in a kingdom without order, sunken from its glory, and age-smitten by repose; on a king devoted to his own nothingness, and whose principle it is only so far to strive for the good of his subjects as may give him facilities for plunging deeper into vice of every kind. He will not look around, he will not look before; but, nothing troubled as to object and aim, seeks only to gain time. Is it not a judgment of God on the king and his people, that he who rules so many millions, suffers himself to be ordered and reprimanded by a man without merit or virtue? Must not such favorites, who sacrifice every thing to their interests, and loose every tie, bring on civil wars?"

The patience of a well-paid army, and of a populace liberally supplied with rations and amusement, has before now been worn out by the prodigality of favorites; and Nero perhaps owed his fall not less to the vices of Tigellinus than to his own crimes. We do not impute to James and Buckingham faults so abnormal as disgraced the last of the genuine Cæsars and his favorite. The vices of Whitehall were less scandalous than those of the Golden House on the Palatine. But Villiers and his patron had an enemy to contend with, greater than either the senate, the legions, or people of Rome. Their proceedings

were watched by an assembly daily growing more aware of its own powers, and of the responsibility imposed on it as the representative of a great nation. Even sovereigns the very reverse of James might, while the bounds of prerogative were undefined, have given offence to the newly-awakened jealousies of this body. Even Cecil and Walsingham might have tripped on the course along which Buckingham hurried recklessly. James, however, looking neither before nor after, and following that phantom of kingcraft he so lauded and loved, seemed placed on the throne for the express purpose of breeding a revolution. In his dealings with his Parliament, he was at once insolent and irresolute, rash and timid, innovating and conceding. In theory more despotic than any of the Tudors had been, in practice he held his prerogatives laxly; but whether he yielded to the spirit of liberty, or blustered against it, he was equally unlucky. Strong good sense and attachment to precedents, rather than a genius for systematic legislation, have always been the characteristics of English law-makers. And this disposition the king was perpetually thwarting by abstract or inapplicable theories of right divine, drawn from the writings of the rabbis, the schoolmen, and the canonists. Probably to the sober sense of Englishmen the royal crotchets on civil and religious regimen were, to the full, as provoking as the royal loans and benevolences. Many a man will submit to part with his money who refuses to be *bored*; and James was an accomplished proficient in the art of tormenting. In his very first parliament he struck, by an inconsiderate and impertinent message, at the very root of parliamentary government. For the privileges of the House of Commons having become matter of discussion, in consequence of the election of Sir Francis Goodwin for Buckinghamshire while he was an outlaw, the Speaker delivered a message from the king, in which he said that "he had no purpose to impeach their privileges; but since they derived all matters of privileges from him and by his grant, he expected they should not be turned against him; and that by the law the House ought not to meddle with returns, being all made into the Chancery, and to be corrected or reformed by that court only into which they are returned." For the pupil of that George Buchanan who wrote *De Jure Regni*, these are worshipful sentiments; and the Commons felt them to be so.

Before they separated, they drew up "an apology to the king touching their privileges," which would have enlightened any understanding not pre-occupied with fancies of kingcraft and right divine. It may be said, however, that the *novitas regni* affords some excuse for the king's error. But this royal message was only the first of a series of misapprehensions of the sort; and James reigned and died in ignorance of what it was permitted him by law to do, and of what the law required him to leave undone.

"Can it be contended," says Mr. Sanford, "after this declaration of rights, in the second year of the reign of James, that the Stuart line of princes entered on the government of this kingdom with an imperfect knowledge of their position as the heads of a limited monarchy; or that the rights, thus solemnly declared to be an inheritance derived from their ancestors, were two years before utterly unrecognized by the Constitution of this country? If the contrary of these propositions is the truth, how is it possible to deny that the subsequent proceedings of the Stuarts were parts of a deliberate attempt to subvert the Constitution of England; and that the resistance offered to them by the English nation, and especially by the English Puritans, was a strictly conservative movement, based on the undoubted laws of England, and having for its single object the preservation of that spirit of liberty and life embodied in their outward forms?"

The England of Henry VIII. stood on a level with the greatest of the continental monarchies; the England of Elizabeth held a foremost rank among them. How were this equality and this pre-eminence achieved? They cannot have been due to the extent of our colonies or our commerce in that age. We had not a foot of land in either the East or West Indies; and the exports and imports of Liverpool at this time surpass in value the collective merchandise that passed through the harbors of London, Bristol, Hull, Dover, and Lynn, in the sixteenth century. Neither was England considerable for its naval or military force in those days. For its navy it was dependent chiefly on the patriotic enthusiasm of the moment; while its feudal militia had been dissolved, and was not yet replaced by a standing army. Charles of Spain and Francis of France told their horse and foot by thousands at the time, when Henry VIII. possessed only fifty body-guards and a few hundred pikemen, dispersed on the Scotch border,

in the Irish pale, and in the garrisons of Calais, Dover, Southampton, and the Tower. Scotland, until its crown was united with that of England, was a foreign, often a hostile, power; Ireland a source of more weakness than strength: the surge of a long and bloody civil war had scarcely subsided when Henry mounted the throne; and when in due time his younger daughter succeeded to it, the realm was convulsed from Berwick to St. Michael's Mount by a scarcely less fierce religious strife. Yet France, Spain, and Germany called in the elder sovereign to arbitrate in their disputes; while Elizabeth stood proudly at the head of the Protestant interest, that is to say, really at the head of progress and civilization in Europe.

The queen died; and until one worthy to be her successor filled her room,—an Oliver of Huntingdon or a William of Nassau,—England held scarcely a secondary place amid the states of Christendom. The foreign policy of James was diametrically opposite to that of Elizabeth. Instead of putting himself at the head of the Protestant alliance, he sought, by disgraceful concessions, to win the favor of Catholic Spain and Austria. It was chiefly owing to his pretended love of peace and his real love of despotism, that the war of liberation in the Low Countries came to so imperfect a conclusion, that the civil and religious liberties of Bohemia were crushed, and that the tide of Romanism rolled back again over Europe as far as the shores of the Baltic. Again, James was not without honest and clear-sighted advisers. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to Sir Robert Manton, the king's secretary, thus counselled his sovereign in the matter of the palatinate:—

“That God had set up this prince (the Elector Palatine), his majesty's son-in-law, as a mark of honor throughout all Christendom, to propagate the Gospel and to protect the oppressed. That, for his own part, he dares not but give advice to follow where God leads, apprehending the work of God in this and that of Hungary. That he was satisfied in conscience that the Bohemians had just cause to reject that proud and bloody man, who had taken a course to make that kingdom not elective, in taking it by the donation of another. Therefore let not a noble son be forsaken for their sakes who regard nothing but their own ends. Our striking-in will comfort the Bohemians, honor the Palsgrave, strengthen the princes of the Union, draw on the United Provinces, stir up the King of

Denmark and the palatine's two uncles, the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bouillon, to cast in their shares. Therefore let all our spirits be gathered up to animate this business, that the world may take notice that we are awake when God calls.”

But the archbishop poured his counsels into deaf ears. The battle of Prague was fought; the palatinate was ravaged by Spinola; the son-in-law of the English king was an exile, and almost a beggar; and the Protestant interest all over the Continent sank lower than it had ever been at any moment since the Confession of Augsburg. Nor, perhaps, is it too much to say, that to the royal peacemaker of England, Germany, and the Low Countries owe much of the affliction they endured from the Thirty-Years War and the ambition of Louis XIV. He who permits when he can prevent an evil, is accessory to the commission of it; and James, if he could not have rendered Austria powerless for mischief, might have considerably curbed her powers of working it. For had he continued Elizabeth's policy to Holland and the Netherlands, the whole of these opulent and industrious provinces would have emancipated themselves from the yoke of Spain, and their war of liberation have been a total instead of a partial victory. Had he “struck-in and comforted” the Bohemians at the right moment, he would have raised in the south of Germany a barrier against the returning tide of Romanism little less firm than that of Holland and the Protestant Union in the North; and thus have anticipated the necessity for calling in the Swedes. But the Scottish Solomon was as incapable of learning wisdom from Cecil or Abbot as he was of emulating the valor of Gustavus. The Hollanders, as republicans, he thought unbecoming allies for anointed kings; with the German Protestants he split on the doctrine of predestination; and at the moment his intercession might have availed his son-in-law, he was nervously apprehensive that, if he interfered, the Spanish court would look cold upon him, and refuse him the honor of being father-in-law to an infanta.

Here, then, was piled up, on all sides, an ample supply of discontent, at home and abroad. England was degraded in the eyes of her neighbors, and anxious for her own liberties. But even this was not the worst. The reign of James was soiled with portentous crimes, which, though not directly attributa-

ble to the government, yet marked a time out of joint. There was Overbury's murder, and Somerset's pardon; the disgrace of Coke, the elevation of Villiers, and the execution of Raleigh. The lord-chancellor of England was found guilty of taking, or conniving at the taking of, bribes; while in the background, but not forgotten, lingered the strange and appalling tragedy of the Gowries. A decorous and frugal court might have lived down these ugly facts and rumors. But the court of James was scandalously prodigal and profligate, and experienced almost daily the dishonors that attend the lives of drunkards and bankrupts.

We could easily extend our outline of the foreign and domestic misrule of James; but we have traced it far enough to show why, under her first Stuart monarch, England sank in the scale of nations; and why also abuses and fears at home were rapidly organizing opposition to the Crown both within and without the walls of St. Stephen's. What we are compelled by our limits to pass over, Mr. Sanford's sketch of this reign supplies fully; and we must now turn to that of Charles, for the progress and continuation of the struggle which Clarendon has stamped with the name of the *Great Rebellion*, but which might with more accuracy of phrase be denominated the *Great Remonstrance* against the doctrine that men were made for kings.

We confess never to have studied a narrative of Charles I.'s reign which did not lead us to compassionate his hard lot,—in the first instance, for being called to sit on a throne at all; in the next, for inheriting such a throne as that of England in the seventeenth century. In a private station, he would have been a highly respectable, if not an exemplary, member of society; and, after departing this life, would have had a comely effigy in marble, kneeling opposite a marble Henrietta, with their sons and daughters kneeling behind them decently and in order. But for a throne, Charles was in many ways unfitted. Ill-fate seemed to dog his footsteps from the cradle to the scaffold. He was born on the day when the bodies of the brothers Gowrie, the contrivers or the victims of the darkest and most mysterious plot even in the blood-stained annals of Scotland, were ignominiously exposed. His baptism was sudden, for he was hardly expected to outlive the day.

He was nearly six years old before he could stand or speak, his limbs being distorted and his mouth malformed; nor did he ever walk without difficulty, or speak without a stammer.

"There is," says Mr. Forster, "a complexional weakness imparted at birth which nothing will afterwards cure: and who shall say how far these physical defects carried also with them the moral weakness, the vacillation of purpose and obstinacy of irresolution, the insincerity and bad faith, which so largely helped to bring him to the scaffold?"

His prevailing fault in childhood seems to have been a perverse and obstinate temper; and the old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm that he was of a very evil nature in his infancy. Yet, since the old lady herself may very possibly have been fractious, we do not insist on these rumors. One fact, however, is certain,—that his father did his utmost to render Charles pragmatical and self-opinionated. A lad deep in *Coke upon Lyttleton*, and trained to moot points of law, would grow up in all probability a dull man and a pedantic lawyer; but one trained in Bellarmine, and the schoolmen must become either cunning or foolish beyond his years. Such, however, was the worshipful education which "the wisest of kings" provided for his young Rehoboam. At the premature age of ten, Charles was so well "crammed" with polemical lore, that he held a public disputation in theology, much to the delight of his "dear dad" and a few divines who were present. "Charles shall manage a point of controversy with you all," said the king, a few years after this exhibition, to his chaplains: so that England's heir promised to be a second Edward VI., only with a high-church instead of a low-church bias.

This theological bent is the more to be regretted, since it interfered, if Sir Philip Warwick may be credited, with natural tastes that might under proper guidance have been turned to good account. "With any artist or good mechanic, traveller or scholar," we are told, "he would discourse freely; and as he was commonly improved by them, so he often gave light to them in their own art or knowledge. For there were few gentlemen in the world that knew more of useful or necessary learning than this prince did." Though far inferior to his elder brother Prince Henry both in intellect and in manly exer-

cises, Charles had his father to thank in great measure for the wrong direction of his mind. With Bacon for his guide in philosophy, and with the Marquis of Worcester's help in mechanical science, he might have become a second King Alfonso, and, letting his ministers govern, have added a name to the list of royal *savans*. That he was a liberal patron of artists, and an excellent judge of their works, is beyond all doubt. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were spent in his gallery at Whitehall, in the company of Rubens and Vandyke, or discussing with Inigo Jones improvements for his palace and capital. In such intercourse, and amid his coins, antiques, and pictures, Charles merits our esteem and respect, as an ingenious gentleman and a man of exquisite taste. It was the hard condition twin-born with his greatness that compelled him to forego these delights for (to him) the uncongenial task of government, the brawls of Henrietta's French attendants, the imperious vanity of Henrietta herself, and the dangerous counsels of Buckingham.

For some time after the rise of Buckingham the prince and the favorite were not on good terms, and Steenie held a higher place in the royal favor than "babie Charles." On one occasion, in the presence of a great company, Buckingham is said to have defied his future sovereign in scurrilous and most insulting terms; on another, a dispute having arisen between them at tennis, he cried out to him: "By God, it shall not be so; nor shall you not have it!" lifting up his racket at the same time in such a position that the prince exclaimed, "What! my lord, I think you intend to strike me." In comparison with such words or gestures, George IV.'s quarrel with Brummel was an ordinary *tiff*. On the authority of Raumer, Mr. Sanford surmises that Charles's jealousy of the popularity of his sister, the electress-palatine, with the Puritans was the cause of his reconciliation with Buckingham. Once cemented, their friendship was firm and unfortunate to either party: to the prince, because Buckingham was as reckless in politics as he was profligate in conduct; to the favorite, because the ill-will of the nation, which had not yet reached the king, centred on him. We must pass over all the circumstances of this unlucky alliance,—the bootless errand to Madrid, Buckingham's indecorous conduct during

his embassy to Paris, and the alternate cajoling and bullying of the unhappy old king; and direct attention solely to the time when it suited the heir to the throne and his *fidus Achates* to play the part of patriots, in order to escape from the consequences of their ill-behavior in Spain. For on this assumed patriotism more than one historian has founded the assertion that Charles was naturally well inclined to parliamentary government, and changed his mind only because his parliaments treated him with harshness and suspicion. Mr. Sanford has, in our opinion, clearly proved the fallacy of this assumption. His confutation of it will be best conveyed in his own language:—

"The first exclamation of Charles, on embarking for England, was that he had duped the Spaniards; and he and his counsellor Buckingham now proceeded to play the same game with the English nation. Their object was to persuade the people that they had been grossly ill-treated by the Spanish court. Villiers was resolved that that court should be taught to estimate rightly his importance, and another time to tolerate insolence and excesses in him which they would in no other nobleman; and it was determined to employ the House of Commons as a tool to effect this purpose. The imprisoned members of the two houses were released, and writs sent out for a new parliament. In this, Charles and Buckingham no longer denied the right of the Commons to treat of such matters as his marriage and the Spanish alliance, but compelled the king to solicit their advice, and promise the fullest disclosures of the nature of the negotiations."

There was one man alone who could and would inform the Commons of the real merits of the case: and since his disclosures would suit the purposes of neither Pylades nor Orestes, it was all-important to them to have that witness gagged. The Earl of Bristol, English plenipotentiary in Spain, on arriving in England, whither he had been directed to proceed from Madrid by slow stages, was forbidden to take his seat in parliament, and ordered to remain a sort of state-prisoner in his country-house. For awhile this *suppresio veri* prospered; and since it was easy in that age to make England believe any evil of Spain, it was feigned and credited that Philip and his minister Olivarez, having failed in their attempts on the faith of the prince-wooer, had grossly insulted in his person and in Buckingham's the majesty of England, and

that both the interests of religion and the dignity of the realm were involved in the quarrel. With garbled statements before them, with Bristol enforced to silence, with the prince and the favorite in the witness-box pledging their word to the facts, or rather the falsehoods, alleged, it was scarcely possible for the Commons to be sceptical, or refrain from assenting to war with Spain. The old king read more shrewdly than either his son or his minion the consequences of such manœuvres. One day, and that no distant one, he foresaw the truth would come out; and then Buckingham at least, whom Sir Edward Coke now called the "saviour of the nation," would be as justly odious as he was now unjustly popular. Meanwhile the only gainers in this discreditable transaction were the deluded Commons themselves. Persuaded, or, to speak properly, coerced, by his son and his minister, James professed himself eager to redress all grievances, to refer to the advice of the Commons on all occasions, to waive his right divine, and become the people's king. But though coerced, he was not convinced; and roundly told the duke and the prince that they would each of them rue the hour in which they set this stone rolling. "By God, Steenie," he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that, in this fit of popularity, you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself:" and then, turning in some anger to the prince, he told him that "he would live to have his bellyful of parliaments."

The Commons, though deluded by misrepresentation and by their own zeal against a marriage between the son of England and the daughter of the most Catholic king, were not forgetful either of the national interests or the character of the sovereign with whom they dealt. They preferred a war with Spain to a match with Spain; but, warned by his past extravagance, they did not place the sinews of war unconditionally in the king's hands. They voted for the army and navy about £300,000; but saddled their vote with a condition that, in order to ensure its application to the purpose it was granted for, it should be paid into the hands of treasurers appointed by themselves. Their confidence, indeed, in the prince and Buckingham was short-lived; their ardor for fighting cooled

down; their sense of unredressed grievances revived, and Charles's first parliament granted him but a scanty supply for a war to which its predecessors had hastily assented. By the king's friends, at the time and since, this penuriousness of the House has been often and severely censured. But such objectors forget that Charles was more set upon the war than his subjects were; that he had drawn them into it by a tissue of *ex-parte* statements, if not of actual falsehoods; and that they naturally resented the deception put upon them. It is a striking commentary on the hollowness of his popularity towards the end of his father's reign, that though he had some qualities suited to the times in which he lived, and to the spirit of the people he was to rule, he does not appear to have enjoyed for a moment after his accession his subjects' affection. His serious deportment, his freedom from licentiousness, and a sense of religion probably unaffected, would have won for him the respect, if not the love, of the Puritans, had not their attraction to him been enfeebled by distrust of his sincerity, and their abhorrence of his principal friend and counsellor.

Mr. Sanford's observations on the position of Charles at the opening of his reign are equally just and well expressed. He says:—

"What has been said of the conduct of Charles as Prince of Wales, will sufficiently prove that he ascended the throne with a full knowledge of the increased power and of the deeply-rooted feelings of the Commons. Never was there a plea more completely unfounded in fact than that which has been often advanced in behalf of this prince, that he only innocently employed the prerogatives which had been exercised without dispute by his predecessors. It has been seen that some years before, he was a leading adviser of the Crown in its attempts to crush the freedom of debate in parliament; and afterwards, to serve his own purposes, courted the popular power, and turned it with irresistible force against the policy of the reigning sovereign. No attempt was ever made on the part of the Commons, during these vacillations of the prince, either to avert his anger or conciliate his good-will by concessions. It was Charles who accommodated himself to their wishes, and by seeming to approve of their well-known opinions both in Church and State, secured their support to his side in their contest with his father. If, on his exchanging the position of Prince of Wales for that of king, he chose to ignore the whole of his previous conciliatory demeanor, and to assume

the character of a prince *de jure*, who was entitled to demand liberal contributions from his subjects, without deigning for a moment to consider their alleged grievances, is blame to be cast on the House of Commons for refusing to acquiesce in this quiet repudiation of previous moral engagements, and for ascertaining definitely, at the very commencement of his reign, the footing on which they were to stand with their new sovereign? Charles was no inexperienced youth, fresh to the cares of state, towards whom the exercise of a generous forbearance might be wise, though in no case imperative. He was one with whom the Commons had been brought recently into intimate connection, on certain definite grounds of common action; and by persevering in the policy thus sanctioned by his support, they only gave him credit in public for that sincerity of character which his advocates have somewhat hastily accused them of publicly denying to him at the outset of his reign."

It would be rash to affirm that at the outset of his career, and at an age when the pleasures rather than the cares of royalty are paramount, Charles had formed any regular design of ruling independently of his Parliament. It would be still more rash to assume that he deliberately plotted against the liberties of his subjects. Yet there is ample proof that he had largely imbibed his father's theory of monarchy, and had determined even thus early that prerogative in *his* hands should moult no feather. The objects of his boyish studies, the casuists and the schoolmen, would confirm him in the belief of his right divine; and his bishops and chaplains would generally encourage him in the delusion that whatever Cæsar claimed should be rendered to Cæsar. And if he looked abroad, he would see much to induce him to think that the time was come for the decline of parliaments and the rise of monarchies. Arragon and the Castiles a hundred years before had enjoyed and abused immunities larger and more systematic than any hitherto inscribed in the statute-book of England. Yet these immunities had yielded to the arts or the arms of Charles V. and Philip II.; and in the seventeenth century, the most Catholic king employed his cortes to register his acts and to apportion the taxes, but consulted with them on no material question of war or peace. The parliaments of France were still remote from the degradation which in the next century awaited them; but they were already on the

decline; and if the king, the nobles, and the church were tolerably harmonious with one another, the voice of the popular representation was either not uplifted or unheeded. We are inclined to think, however, that Charles at a later period of his reign proposed to himself the example of the Spanish monarch. Brief as his visit was to Madrid, he had seen enough there to convince him that a kind of divinity did indeed hedge an absolute king. He would see the opulence of a court enriched by the gold of the Indies, though he did not see the poverty of the Spanish peasants and artisans. He would behold on all sides a stately and picturesque ceremonial ascending by just degrees to the crown, yet not disdaining to fold in its embrace all who boasted the *sangre azul*, the Gothic lymph free from all Jewish or Moorish taint. He would mark the almost boundless power, pomp, and circumstance of a church which set its heel on all dissent, and had trodden out every spark of reformation. His northern senses might shrink from the savage joys of the bull-fight; but they would be gratified by the spectacles of the only theatre in Europe that possessed dramatic poets rivalling those of England. The friend of Rubens and the patron of Inigo Jones and Vandyke would gaze with legitimate raptures upon the galleries and the palaces of the Spanish capital; and since in Spain the arts ministered to the court or the church alone, the princely connoisseur might not unnaturally associate their triumphs with unrestricted power and unquestioned faith. His wounded pride might urge him to war with Spain, without abating his esteem for her stately civilization; nor can it have been mere accident that, during the first fifteen years of his reign, he so often essayed to tread in the steps of Philip II. or his imperial father. They had destroyed the power of the cortes by interfering with the freedom of debate, by insisting that supplies should be voted independent of the redress of grievances, by fining and imprisoning unruly members, by a rigid censorship of the press, and by declaring royal proclamations to be of equal authority with acts of parliament. The points of resemblance between what had been effected in Spain and what was attempted in England with the view of curbing the liberty of the nation might be easily increased; but those which we have noted will be sufficient to warrant the probability that his visit to

Madrid furnished more than one subject of meditation to the prerogative-loving Stuart.

Of the various chapters in Mr. Sanford's book, we have read with the most satisfaction that entitled "Puritanism: Religious and Social." It is well informed with knowledge and well written; but these are common properties of the volume before us. This section of it, however, is conceived with a discrimination by no means general in works treating of the Puritans. Under that title are often comprehended sects holding the most opposite or the most extravagant opinions in religion and even in morals—staid, sober, and commonplace country gentlemen, who in our day would quietly attend their parish-church, and as soon enter a theatre as a Ranter's meeting-house, being mixed up in the fancy of some persons with Fifth-Monarchy men shouting for King Jesus, with dreamers of dreams and seers of visions, and with expositors of the letter of the Scriptures, who would now be sent with all speed to preach in Bedlam. The fact is just the reverse; and the Puritans in the main, as Mr. Sanford states, represented in the seventeenth century that good sense, sobriety, and earnest, though perhaps somewhat formal, morality which have in all periods characterized the middle classes of this country. That on the margin of Puritanism proper moved or inhabited many enthusiastic races—Anabaptists, Quakers, Millennarians—we do not deny. The frontiers of the Church of Rome itself were at all times occupied by fierce ascetics, and a Sunday walk in London would disclose at this hour nearly as much sectarian eccentricity as the age of Charles or Cromwell. The greater extravagance of language or demeanor prevalent in their time was in some measure owing to the spirit of resistance which the rigor of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the intervention the civil magistrate in matters of religion aroused in a people determined to assert their Christian liberty. They who accuse the Puritans of pharisaical strictness in their speech and observances, forget two important points in their circumstances. The generation before had seen the balance trembling between Romanism and Protestantism. They had seen or heard of the court of England putting on black for the Bartholomew massacre; they had helped to kindle the beacons, and donned unusual harness at the approach, of the armada; they had listened with bated breath

and eager eyes to the authentic tidings or the accumulating rumors of the November plot. Gray-haired men who deplored Laud's innovations were entering on manhood at a time when almost every year revealed a fresh conspiracy against Elizabeth's life; and the centre or the object of these conspiracies was a popish queen, the next heir to Elizabeth's throne. At such a period as this, had toleration been known, it would have appeared as second only to treason; and Macbeth's extenuation of his "fury" might have been repeated even by men generally moderate and humane,—

"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment?"

Secondly, as Mr. Sanford has justly argued, the possession of the Bible was in the seventeenth century a comparative novelty; and the sacred volume stood nearly alone as the library of the people. From its pages all but the learned by profession derived most of their historical knowledge, much of their law, their theory and practice of morals, their rude conceptions of other lands and other manners. It was the handbook and encyclopædia of two-thirds of the households of England: its simple yet fervid language touched as with coals of fire the lips of eloquent men, and fed or inflamed the spirits of the imaginative. Mr. Sanford states so forcibly the causes of the "scripturalism" of the Puritans, that we must again borrow from his pages:—

"Drawn by the absorbing conviction of a Divine presence within its pages, the Puritan threw himself into all the events and arguments of the Bible, in an eagerness of realization to which his spiritual communings only lent additional strength. It has been observed that there is nothing which the whole Bible breathes forth more certainly than a true, because a high-toned, common sense. Those who read or are told of the enthusiasm of the Puritans, often express wonder at the strong, practical sagacity which formed so indisputable a feature of their character. They cannot understand how the man who could discourse for the hour together on Israel and Amalek, and seemed to regard English affairs through a cloud of Jewish national animosities; who prayed on strange and unconventional occasions, in language neither tempered nor rational; who interposed in political discussions the embarrassing question, whether God had not delivered the 'man of blood' into their hands as a providential 'beckoning' to 'cleanse the earth of blood;' and who drew his similes in writing and speaking from

the Old and New Testaments instead of the classics,—could have performed the works of high, practical statesmanship achieved by the Puritan councillors and rulers of England. They forget that the Bible came to the Puritan of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with all the attractions of a newly-recovered and still-disputed treasure, and sank into his mind with the depth of personally realized convictions. Its phraseology had not then become superficially conventional among professing believers,—a traditional dialect, of which the etymology had perished. It was used frequently, because it seemed to be so frequently required, as the naturally suggested expression or illustration of human action. It was because he felt a necessary and momentous connection between the words of Scripture and his own situation, that the Puritan employed them so often. If he carried this habit to excess, he was not, perhaps, on the whole, more tiresome than our modern conversational echoes of the popular writers of the day. Familiar with and realizing every part of the Bible, and drinking in its whole spirit, it is not strange that, with partial misapprehensions and occasional delusions from particular passages, the highest and noblest minds among the Puritans did imbibe, not merely the great enthusiasms which it expresses and inculcates, but also the strong, practical sagacity and broad right-mindedness of which it is the emphatic teacher. So, notwithstanding an excessive tendency to think and speak of Gideon and David, the Puritan actually managed to govern England better than the House of Stuart fresh from the worldly-wise school of Catherine de Medicis."

Mr. Sanford remarks, that "there is an aspect of Puritanism in its social relations, which cannot be approached by any modern writer without great self-distrust. The spell of a magician has been cast over this portion of our subject; and he must have extraordinary confidence in his own powers who (whatever the strength of his arguments) can hope to remove completely the entrancing delusion. The Cavalier and Roundhead of Sir Walter Scott's romances will probably always remain too lifelike and striking portraiture not to be received by the majority of readers as faithful reproductions of the originals." We cannot afford space for the rest of a striking passage on the difficulty of painting after Scott the Sir Henry Lees, the Poundtexts and Burleys of the Great Rebellion. But we think that Mr. Sanford has saddled Sir Walter with rather more responsibility than he is justly

entitled to on this score. Has our author forgotten the incalculable influence of Hudibras even now, when Butler's satire is read by comparatively few? As a whole, this extraordinary poem has become obsolete: not so the impression which it made for a century at least after it appeared, and which it has transmitted to a late posterity. Many of Butler's couplets have passed into proverbs and household words; many artists have with more or less success embodied the figures of the Presbyterian Ralph, justice of the peace, and of the Independent; and the impression remains,—*sedet*, and perhaps we may say, *diuque sedebit*,—that the Puritans (and under that title are included all who were not Churchmen) were a sour, sombre, eccentric, and dismal race; short of hair, long of visage, sad-colored in attire, judaical in their ceremonies, and speaking in a biblical dialect on the most solemn or the most trivial themes. And into the main current of Butler's satire there poured almost countless tributary streams. Fuller and Jeremy Taylor have denounced the peevishness of the Puritans; South has lashed them with his cutting irony almost in the same breath with which he deplores the profligacy of the orthodox court of the second Charles. Butler, indeed, alone drew the bow of Ulysses; but there was a host of lesser archers all shooting at the same mark. Scarcely a song or satire was highly popular after the Restoration that did not contain some special jest or fling at the precisians; and even the graver pens of Cowley and Addison did not disdain "such small deer." It may be fancy, yet we think that we can trace even to the days of Cowper, an inclination in the public to regard Puritanism as a fitting subject of ridicule. A train of banter was accordingly laid very nearly to Scott's time; and although he undoubtedly produced many original, and revived many forgotten portraits of the Roundheads, he can hardly be made singly accountable for the mirth or acrimony poured upon their heads. Mr. Sanford's defence, or rather his portraiture, of the Puritans, is, however, more successful than his reasons for thinking them difficult at this hour to represent. He quotes Lucy Hutchinson—and there can be no better voucher—for their real merits, and the gross caricatures which stand in the place of the originals. We think that he might have strengthened his case by appending to the

account of Colonel Hutchinson's manly pursuits and refined studies a sketch of the breeding and avocations of John Hampden.

It is remarkable that even satire is dumb in the presence of this great man. Malevolence, which scrupled not in defiance of the clearest proofs to call Sir John Eliot an assassin, found no vulnerable point in Hampden's coat. Had there been room for censure or ridicule, we may be sure that the priestly or poetical champions of King Charles would have punctually performed their office. Foibles would have been magnified into crimes, and the slightest departure from the conventional ways or speech of men have furnished topics for laughter. But, unluckily for those who delighted in doggel or raked for filth in the kennels of calumny, the morals and manners of Hampden were unexceptionable even in the eyes of those who would fain have set him beside Prynne and Bastwick in the pillory, and consigned him with Eliot to the dungeons of the Tower: yet if Hampden towered above his class in virtue social and domestic, he doubtless reflected in some measure its qualities in the broad and polished mirror of his own. Indeed, if we throw aside the mere accidents of the time,—which are many of them absurd or grotesque merely because they are strange to our eyes, and which, it may be added, are a hundredfold less grotesque or absurd than the manners prescribed by Chesterfield, or the follies satirized by Steele and Addison,—and consider merely the essential features of the Puritans, we shall detect in them a much closer affinity to the manners of good society in our own day than will be found in the demeanor of the Cavaliers. The portraits, literature, and traditions of the seventeenth century, all attest the garb of these "champions of the good cause" to have been costly, fanciful, and even gawdy. Their tailors, bootmakers, jewellers, and sword-cutlers must, if their bills were paid, have had a good time of it; yet if Hall, Donne, or Ben Jonson write with authority, many a ruffler who followed Rupert across country without fear, would have walked with dread in the piping times of peace from his lodgings in Fleet Street to his ordinary in Cheap, or to the theatre on Bankside. Cromwell's buff-coats and bandaliers might be bad; but a worse thing was the buff-jerkin that might dart out upon the insolvent Royalist from the corners of a dozen streets.

Many a broad acre was mortgaged, not only for the king's need, but for the silks, velvets, plumes, and gilt spurs of these curled darlings of the nation. Again, unless their songs belie them, they swore as terribly as our armies in Flanders, drank as deep as the gallants who brought Michael Cassio into trouble; and were equally notorious for their inconstant loves and their constant duels. The wiser and better champions of the king deplored the general license of their followers, and sometimes even despaired of a cause which was so supported. A contemporary Royalist, quoted by Mr. Sanford, thus describes the Cavalier army: "Never any good undertaking had so many unworthy attendants, such horrid blasphemers and wicked wretches, as ours hath had. I quake to think, much more to speak, what mine ears have heard from some of their lips; but to discover them is not my present business. A day may come when the world may see that we who adhere to the king for conscience' sake have as truly hated the profaneness and vileness of our own men as we have done the disloyalty and rebellion of the enemy. . . . We have those that seem to hate religion as much as the rebels do loyalty, yea that make religion a work of rebellion, even as they on the other side do make rebellion a work of religion." Of course we do not imagine the king's party to have been entirely composed of Clevelandes and Gorings: in all nations, and indeed in all schisms and parties of a nation not utterly degraded, there are many "who have not bowed the knee to Baal." But innumerable vouchers prove that the followers of Charles, either from inclination, a spirit of opposition, or imitation, indulged in license which we should now regard as vulgar; that his court, though decent and temperate when compared with his father's, was far behind either modern decorum or the sobriety of the Lord Protector's household; and that the Brokes and Falklands, and all who resembled in their carriage or tastes the gentleman of to-day, found themselves quite out of place at Oxford or Whitehall.

The Puritans, on the other hand, were plain in their attire, earnest of speech, as becomes men to whom even ordinary life is charged with duty and responsibility, and who generally felt themselves to be, in Milton's pregnant phrase, "ever in their great Taskmaster's eye." Yet *our* dress is plainer

than theirs, *our* locks are generally much shorter; and though our ordinary conversation be not, like theirs, shot through with lines of biblical dialect, we shun, like them, in our daily intercourse the loud oaths and the potations pottle-deep of the Cavaliers. In the general laxity of practice, or at least profession, among the king's party, there was doubtless a spirit of bravado. Mr. Sanford admits, and we cordially believe, that party to have comprised many estimable men whose morals were as unimpeachable as Cromwell's or Hampden's. We will even go a step further, and concede that many of them indulged in excesses which their principles and good taste disapproved, or professed to indulge in what they really abstained from. We can allow also that the Puritan camp contained many false professors; men who, like Anthony Forster in *Kenilworth*, lighted the fagots in Queen Mary's days, and groaned and beat their breasts in Elizabeth's under the ministry of Master Maultext. But it was the infelicity of the Cavaliers at that period to assume themselves to be the "gentlemen of England." They could not touch pitch without being defiled. They could not, they argued, resemble their straight-laced opponents in any particular of life and conversation without tarnishing their own escutcheons; they pretended to vices which they did not practice, solely to shun the imputation of unfashionable virtues. Many an honest Cavalier, who eschewed sherris-sack, sang tipsy songs; many a faithful husband boasted of his intrigues; and many who never entered a gaming-house were adepts in dicers' slang. It is the peculiar unhappiness of revolutionary times, when men necessarily act in masses, that the strong obtain unusual power over the weak. In 1792, the example of Mirabeau broke up many a strong constitution; men of lively emotions affected the imperturbable demeanor of Robespierre or St. Just; and many who would swoon when they did look on blood, talked in their clubs or from the tribune like Marat.

But we must return from the parties in collision to the principal actors on the scene. It will be less necessary to dwell on the history of Charles than on that of the antecedents of his reign; for whoever knows any thing of English history is acquainted with his repeated attempts to obtain supplies from his parliaments without redressing the griev-

ances of the people, with his arbitrary levying of moneys by loans and benevolences, his tampering with elections, his imprisonment of refractory members, the fate of Eliot, the pillorying of Prynne, the disgrace of England in its foreign relations, and with the series of violent aggressions or false concessions that finally broke the patience of his subjects, and led to the Long Parliament.

For fifteen years,—and the time, as indicating the patience of the Commons, should be noted,—Charles essayed every art to render himself absolute, which his father's lessons, the examples of continental sovereigns, or his own experience, recommended. He played his game adroitly; and that he failed in it was owing to no want of skill, but to want of money and an army. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive Britain under the Stuarts to have become like France or Spain under the Bourbons or Philip IV.; yet with an army devoted to him, and a revenue uncontrolled by Parliament, Charles might have postponed to another generation the Great Rebellion. It was otherwise ordered; a more destructive and angry revolution, such as would inevitably have followed a longer endurance of misrule, was averted, and the Long Parliament met. Mr. Sanford has judiciously ushered in his account of its proceedings by short sketches of the great leaders; nor will any portion of his book be read with more interest than those pages of it which exhibit the personal lineaments of Pym, Hampden, Falkland, and Hyde.

It has been often remarked, that the eminent men who figured in the first French Revolution were, with few exceptions, trained by early circumstances to unsettle and pull down the existing order of things. They were either men of broken or greatly impaired fortunes, or men who had their fortunes to make. Neither insolvents nor aspirants, if they happen to be born with active or acrid temperaments, are prone to rest content with such ready-made goods as the gods provide for them, more especially in a country where nearly every avenue of distinction in church, camp, or official life, was closed to all not noble by birth. Moreover, a very considerable proportion of the French revolutionists were advocates by profession; and if the law does not injure men's tempers, it sharpens their wits. Nor was this all. Not only had most of these shrewd and shrill

talkers their bread to earn, but many of them had become enamored of some political theory, either a corollary from Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, or a practical inference from the American Revolution. Here, then; what with keen appetites and as keen aspirations, was a band of engineers ready and willing to hoist with their own petard the whole fabric of church and state,—of the state, which could neither rule nor govern any longer; of a church in which even its own paid ministers disbelieved. But none of these features present themselves in the Parliament of 1640. The movement party was not composed of men in debt, of men eager to break the chains of rank, or of men profoundly convinced that religion was an imposture. On the contrary, the Lower House had never before contained so efficient a representation of the property, the intelligence, the sound morals, or the sterling piety of the English people. The counties sent up to Westminster their best blood; men of large estates, of ancient lineage, whose ancestors had inscribed their names on the roll of Battle Abbey, or had been nobles before the Norman Conquest. Lawyers there were in large measure in that assembly, but of a different stamp from the advocates of the *tiers-état*; lawyers who had bearded the royal judges and the Star-Chamber, whom office and pensions could not allure, whom fines and imprisonments could not intimidate, and who nevertheless were as much opposed to rash innovation as to illegal prerogative. And besides the professional wearers of the long robe, there were many sound lawyers, or in the Roman phrase *juris-consults*, who had administered in their native shires and hereditary neighborhoods, without fee or reward, the common law of England as justices of the peace and quorum. Learning also had its fitting representatives in an assemblage where Selden and Falkland and D'Ewes sat conspicuous; nor, although England in the seventeenth century had few claims to be reckoned among military powers, was the sword entirely postponed to the interests of the gown. Imperfectly as the country at large was then represented, and potent as the Crown was, even at the eleventh hour, in affecting the returns, it may be doubted whether the English people ever sent up to St. Stephen's a body of men more fully instructed in their duty to the electors, or more steadfastly resolved to perform it.

When the Long Parliament set to work, it must be owned that its members lost little time in doing the work in hand. Now at length they were fairly confronted with the monarchy and its accumulated abuses. Now the axe was laid to the root, and the fan set to winnow the heap. The time for trust, patience, and doubt was past: the time for removing idols and cutting down unclean groves was come. The king with whom they were to deal possessed neither the martial renown of the Plantagenets nor the civil vigor of the Tudors. As a nobleman of high estate, or as a private gentleman of fortune, Charles would have passed to the grave with the character of a good head of a household, an accomplished judge of art, a keen sportsman, a staunch supporter of the powers that be, and a tolerable justice of the peace in all cases not affecting the game-laws or the dissenters. But of royal qualities he had absolutely none, unless we admit the doctrine of his pedantic father, that craft was a kingly virtue. That he undoubtedly possessed in full measure; but it was a quality as far removed from the policy of a Richelieu or a Charles V., as a Birmingham button is from a good sovereign. It was such craft as popular rumor ascribes to the worser limbs of the law; craft as devoid of real sagacity as of honesty; craft which his grandmother Mary, or his remoter ancestor the Red Tod, would have beheld with a sigh or a smile. But neither James III. of Scotland nor the adroit pupil of the Duke or Cardinal of Guise could have baffled such an opposition to misgovernment as was now thoroughly awakened in England. The Commons had long felt their power: they now knew how to wield it. Hitherto one of their most formidable impediments was trust in the king. That impediment had vanished forever. It was folly, or rather treason, to the great cause at stake to put faith in one who had neutralized, by an act second only to forgery, the Petition of Rights; and who had violated the privileges of Parliament by imprisoning its members for the crime of free speech. Nor as regarded the Upper House, or that section of it which occupied the episcopal bench, was their course less clear. The lay lords in the Great Chamber were all of them Englishmen,—not, like so many members in the Plantagenet parliaments, aliens by birth and intruders in the island; and were many of them as eager for reform of

abuses as Pym and Hampden themselves. The king's demeanor, mostly cold and discourteous, had estranged many of the peers whom the times alone had but slightly stirred; the queen's levity and arrogance had disgusted others; and hardly ten sat in the tapestried chamber to whom Strafford, the king's right hand, was not personally odious. The spiritual lords were almost to a wig obnoxious: they had played into Laud's hands; they had copied his mummeries; they had thrown pious men into gaol; they had brought simple and learned to the pillory or the block; they had resisted every movement in advance; they had striven to render the church as imperative as the pope. There were few to say God bless them; there were hundreds who could point to limbs crippled by fetters, to scars left by the hangman, to families beggared by fines, to brothers and sons pining in exile, and to numberless scoffs which patient merit from the unworthy takes. The stage, though not clear, was awaiting the drop-scene; the eleventh hour had struck; and neither profession would any longer avail the secret, nor penitence the avowed enemies of liberty. In the first session of the Long Parliament Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. The one attainted by bill was swiftly executed; the other was reserved for a later but similar doom. Lord-keeper Finch fled to Holland; Secretary Windebank to France. All the officials of the Crown,—the judges who had pronounced sentence against Hampden, the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, the underlings of the customs who had levied tonnage and poundage,—were summoned to answer for their conduct. The Star-Chamber, the Court of Wards, the Earl Marshal's Court, the Council of York, were all abolished. The prison-doors were thrown open; fines were remitted; Bastwick and Prynne, and other less illustrious victims of Laud's tyranny, were conducted in triumph through the shouting capital; and the king, almost solitary in his palace at Whitehall, gazed upon the sweeping current below him abashed, yet not made wiser. He could no longer dissolve Parliament by the breath of his lips; no Black Rod was hardy enough to carry his messages to that stern and wakeful House: his feudal privileges were swept away; his judges could not be removed by his word; and even if the present parliament were to

consent to its own dissolution, the writs for its successor must be issued at least once in every three years.

In the chapter of his work entitled "Parliamentary Royalism," Mr. Sanford deals with a crisis common to all revolutionary eras—the moment when re-action commences. Its arrival will be accelerated or retarded according to the temper of the assembly or the nation which is revising its institutions; and since the English people has always been remarkable for the conservative spirit and the caution it displays on such occasions, it excites no surprise that the long Parliament soon began to relax its speed in the work of reform. The grievances which had either sprung up under the Stuart dynasty, or had been inherited by them from the Tudors, were so alien from the letter and spirit of the constitution, as well as so palpable in their effects both on the property and the liberty of the subject, that there was a general consent on the part of the Commons to sweep them away. For this end, Hyde and Falkland were as energetic and resolved as Pym and Hampden. Neither in dealing with the imputed treasons of the Earl of Strafford was there much diversity of opinion. The deputy of Ireland and the ex-president of the council of the North had made himself both politically and personally obnoxious; even the court-party feared and resented his pride and reserve; while every section among the reformers beheld in him the arch foe of liberty. Neither was there any serious disunion on the question of rendering Parliaments triennial, or in depriving the Crown of the power which it had so flagrantly abused of summarily dissolving the great council of the nation. But when the forest of abuses, with all its tangled underwood, had been once cleared away, and the Commons had wrested from Charles the implement of sudden dissolution, there came over the minds of many, a spirit of alarm and distrust in progress, a disposition to pause, a dread lest the people should become even more formidable than the king had lately been, and the word "finality" was at first whispered, and soon openly pronounced, on the benches of both Upper and Lower House. "The king has been disarmed," it was urged not unplausibly; "the voice of the people has shaken the cedars of Lebanon; the immunities extorted from John and the third Henry, and acknowledged by the charters of their

successors, have been regimed; and the representatives of the nation once again stand on the ancient ways, and look before and after with the clear vision of experience. All beyond is a trackless region, which another generation may explore: sufficient for the day is the work that has been so happily and unanimously done." The different motives creating and organizing this parliamentary reaction are examined by Mr. Sanford with great knowledge and ability, and he invests the question with personal interest by his sketches of the leading advocates for finality. That many thoughtful and well-meaning men now recoiled from the "onward movement," is no less certain than that personal jealousy, disappointed ambition, and constitutional timidity swelled the ranks of the re-actionists. There is a youth, a manhood, and a senescence in all revolutions. At first many run; but after awhile few strive for the mastery. Either their vigor is exhausted, or they cannot brook the superior speed and bottom of their rivals. To this order Strafford himself had belonged: he endured not the rising popularity of his former friend and school-fellow, Pym, and turned a jaundiced eye upon the renown of the martyr of liberty, Eliot. He accepted, or rather he arrogated to himself, the leadership of the Royalists, because he could not stand alone as chief of the "*progressistas*." With such men, though with far inferior blame, must be ranked Hyde and Falkland in England, and Hamilton and Montrose in Scotland. They could not add to their faith, patience, and condoned the errors of the king because they could not stomach equality with the king's opponents. Doubtless at the opposite extreme were men as thoughtful and well-intentioned as these laggards in the race,—men who, in Mr. Sanford's words, "require the *immediate* realization of not only the spirit but the letter of their demands as the *sine quâ non* of an accommodation." It is the province of the historian, who sees the end from the beginning by virtue of his position in respect of time, to determine whether the confident Peter or the doubting Thomas were the more sagacious.

As Mr. Sanford's account of the formation of the new Royalist party is too long for us to extract, and too important to be passed over in silence, we must offer it in an abridged form to our readers. At its head, were Falkland, Hyde, and Culpeper, each of whom had,

in 1640, been strenuous opponents of the court. Symptoms of secession from the liberal benches had indeed displayed themselves in the former session; but it was not until after Parliament met in October, 1641, that a continuous and concerted policy becomes visible, and that the same names appear steadily enrolled in the front of re-action. The leaders, and the majority of the rank and file which seceded with them, had no scruples as to their course onward so long as special grievances only were to be removed. Hyde had assailed the Council of York; Falkland had voted for the exclusion of bishops from the Upper House; all had consented to or clamored for Strafford's execution and Laud's impeachment; for displacing the judges who had sentenced Hampden, for fining the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, and for the act which, in direct violation of the constitution, made the consent of Parliament necessary to a prorogation or dissolution. But beyond this they did not or would not look. "They could not," says Mr. Sanford excellently, "conceive the idea of these grievances being so interwoven with the whole fabric of the royal government, and so identified with the spirit and character of the prince himself, that in removing them it would be impossible to avoid making far greater innovations in the existing state of things, and engendering in the king an unforgiving and aggressive ill-will; to guard against the effects of which, statesmen imbued with the most strictly constitutional ideas might be driven to the verge of revolution, if not beyond."

At such epochs as that of 1641, they who fancy themselves able, at a moment chosen by themselves, to say to the advancing waves "thus far and no farther," reason as weakly as for the most part they act abortively. For either they should not have entered at all on the struggle, or they should not have faltered in it until old things had become new, and it had been rendered as impossible for the king to be in his turn the assailant of the constitution, as for the pope to regain his ancient power in the English church. They should have quietly abandoned the constitution to its fate in '39, or should have reconstructed it as in '88. For what arguments were valid against the monarchy in the spring of 1641, which were not equally so in the following autumn? Could any one in his conscience affirm that the king was changed in his feelings

towards Parliament, as well as curbed in his prerogatives? Had the extinction of the Star-Chamber destroyed the queen's influence, or that of the High-Commission Court converted Digby, Jermyn, and Finch into good citizens? In revolutions, the children of the hour are not necessarily the children of light; and while the consistent supporters of extreme measures will often in the end prove to have exercised a sound discretion, the "moderate party," as it is termed by waiters on Providence, or the double-minded and unstable, will generally be found to have been not less hasty and passionate than vacillating and inconsistent. As it was with Lafayette, so it was with Hyde; as it fared with the Girondins, so it fared with Falkland and Culpeper: and so will it ever fare with the Reubens of revolution,—“unstable as water, they shall not excel.”

As it was in the beginning, so it continued to the end of his reign; the king was always possessed by the unlucky notion that he could play with all parties to his own advantage. If he were checked in England, he might yet stalemate in Scotland; and if both his hereditary kingdoms failed him, he could always checkmate with Ireland. We do not presume to tax Charles with the enormous crime of having stimulated the Irish rebellion; nothing short of positive evidence can justify so grave an imputation against a prince otherwise so unfortunate. Yet, without inculcating the king, we may make allowance for contemporary suspicions. He was known to have received offers of assistance from the Catholics; the depositions against Strafford showed that the lord-deputy had proposed to meet the English reformers with an Irish army; and Charles himself aggravated these jealousies by offering to take the command in person of a force destined to repress the Irish insurgents. The alarm on this occasion was not lessened by the knowledge that the king's second visit to Scotland had been prompted by the hope that he might recover in Edinburgh the ground he had lost in London. If he were cognizant of the insurrection in Ireland, he was as unfortunate as he was guilty; for nothing in the series of events or rumors tending to his final breach with Parliament, was of such fatal aspect to him as this: and if he were ignorant of the revolt, it may be set down among the prime infelicities of an ill-starred house. But the complicity or

innocence of Charles in all that relates to the Irish rebellion, would require a separate essay; and we must now notice briefly a measure of the Lower House which hitherto has been very imperfectly understood, and very variously censured.

If it be true that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, it is scarcely less true that it often undervalues, at least as regards posterity, its most useful servants. A generation ago, it would have been deemed paradoxical to assert that Baillie the Covenanter afforded more insight into the state of English politics two centuries since, than either Ludlow, Clarendon, or May; and until D'Ewes' Memoirs and Journals were accessible, the world remained in ignorance of many of the most material transactions in the Long Parliament. To that assembly D'Ewes stood in the relation of Boswell to Johnson. His delight was to take notes and ferret out precedents: to any broad or general principles he was indifferent; he had John Rugby's fault of being “peevish and given to prayer.” But for any departure from precedent D'Ewes had the sagacity of a slow-hound; his memory for formularies and records was as portentous as Magliabechi's for title-pages and editions; and woe was to an honorable member who in D'Ewes' hearing quoted inaccurately an act of parliament, and threefold woe to him who adduced, not being well “up” in the subject, an order in council. To this D'Ewes in the first instance, and to the patience of those in the second who deciphered the blottings, crossings, and erasures in his Manuscript Journal of the Long Parliament, we are indebted for nearly all our knowledge of the protest which, under the name of the *Grand Remonstrance*, the Commons laid at the foot of the throne, after tedious debate and recurring alarms, in December, 1641. The history of this great state-paper is as curious as its contents are important. It has literally been for two centuries buried alive under dull and inert matter heaped up in Rushworth's ponderous folios, with scarcely a stone or letter to mark the place of its interment; and what is yet worse, buried with a bad name. Its concealment, hitherto, is owing to the dull and dreary matter that surrounds it in the Rushworthian cemetery, and to the disingenuousness of Clarendon, whose interest it was to misrepresent its character. “Clarendon,” says Mr. Forster, “was too near the time of the Re-

monstrance when he wrote, and had played too eager a part in the attempt to obstruct and prevent its publication to the people, not to give it prominence in his history; but he found it easier to falsify and misrepresent the debates concerning it, of which there was no published record, than to pass altogether in silence the statements made in it, diffused, as they had been, some score of years earlier, over the length and breadth of the land." From about six pages of the octavo edition of Clarendon, Hume and the historians of the last century derived whatsoever they knew of the Grand Remonstrance. "Hallam," Mr. Forster proceeds, "is content to give some eight or nine lines to it, in which its contents are not fairly represented; Lingard disposes of it in something less than a dozen lines; Godwin passes over it in silence; and such few lines as Disraeli (in his *Commentaries*) vouchsafes to it are an entire misstatement of its circumstances and falsification of its contents." Here, then, is virgin soil, which Mr. Sanford and Mr. Forster have found and worked in common; although, from circumstances already adverted to, the latter gentleman has been the principal gainer by the discovery.

The Grand Remonstrance, however, requires and would well repay a notice for itself, and is a topic which might justly occupy as much space as we have already afforded to Mr. Sanford's *Studies and Illustrations*. We have introduced it, not with the purpose of analyzing its contents, but to account for an accidental defect in the volume we have been surveying, and to direct attention to Mr. Forster's account of this unsurpassed state-paper. In conclusion, we can merely refer to the occasion which led to its being drawn up and published, for the instruction of the people and the vindication of the Commons of England, in the year 1641. That occasion harmonizes with the most important portions of Mr. Sanford's work,—the misgovernment of England during the first fifteen years of Charles I., and the parliamentary royalism which at one time threatened to overcast the dawn of the revolution of 1640. The memory of political, as of personal benefits, is apt to be brief-lived: a people whose yoke is suddenly lifted, is too prone in the ease of the present moment to forget its recent pressure, and to view its deliverers with indifference, if not ingratitude. Such

speedy oblivion of relief obtained had in the revolutions of ancient Rome caused the destruction of both the Gracchi and the younger Drusus; and a similar folding of the hands to sleep threatened the English nation towards the end of 1641. It was nearly vain that the leaders of the Commons warned their constituents of dangers from Scotland—from re-actionists—from the avowed adherents of the king—from even a general sympathy with a monarch who had conceded so much, and who was now seemingly friendless. It was necessary by some solemn protest to remind the nation that the king had been compelled to abolish grievances rather than to remove them by his own will and deed: that if the fold was for awhile watched and fenced, the wolf was watching at the gates; that Charles was really becoming more popular in his distress than he had ever been in his prosperous estate; and that if the former court-faction once united firmly with the new Royalists, all that had been achieved by the Parliament in its first session might be annulled or undermined by subsequent acts. An appeal to what Charles, while unfettered, had done or attempted to do, was therefore essential to be set forth, for instruction, reproof, and correction of the backsliders and the supine. With this just and necessary end in view, the Grand Remonstrance describes the condition of the three kingdoms at the time when the Long Parliament met, the measures taken to redress wrongs and to punish evil-doers and evil counsellors. Much had been done, it was admitted; but that much remained to do was no less boldly averred. It enumerated the statutes already passed for the present good and the future security of the subject, as well as the obstructions from the Crown and its ministers which at every stage those remedial measures had encountered. It then passes on to warn the people of the intrigues afoot to recover the ascendancy of the court-factions by fostering division at home and soliciting aid from abroad; it glances at danger from the papists, and from deserters from the popular ranks; it accuses the bishops of a desire to fashion the English church after a Roman model; denounces the effect of ill-counsels in Scotland and Ireland; and calls upon the king to dismiss his evil advisers, and to choose his ministers from among the men who had his own good and the nation's at heart. It is remark-

able, that although the Grand Remonstrance is throughout an appeal to the people, it contains not a word of disrespect to either the church establishment or the person and just privileges of the king. It is such a paper as might have been signed without a murmur by William of Orange, and even accepted by Elizabeth in her better moods; it is such a paper as would have secured the throne of the Stuarts from open violence or secret intrigue, had they been capable of keeping a promise or governing according to law.

We have purposely dwelt on the former portions of Mr. Sanford's volume, both because we believe the earlier policy of Charles to be less generally known than his later acts and measures, and because the prelude to the Great Rebellion affords the best commentary on its general character. We lay down our pen, perhaps, at the period when Mr. Sanford's narrative will to the majority of its readers become most interesting,—the moment when the king threw away the scabbard, and by his attempted seizure of the five members annihilated forever all chance of composition between his subjects and him-

self. But from this period we can securely leave the volume before us to speak for itself. In every page it bears the tokens of industry, apprehension of the times and the men it delineates, and of a disposition to state boldly and yet impartially the causes and progress of the greatest struggle which any nation has passed through. In turning over the pages, and while following the train of thought which they suggest, we have been constantly reminded of the judgment passed on the English revolution by a great scholar and a great statesman of the last century; of Warburton's description of the leaders of the Long Parliament "as the band of greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw leagued together in one common cause;" of Chatham's words, "there was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side, and of tyranny, on the other." On these texts Mr. Sanford has discoursed with equal learning and eloquence; and we shall be much disappointed if he does not proceed to *study* and *illustrate* the concluding events of the Great Rebellion.

MR. MISSIONARY HUBBARD.—The history of Mr. George Hubbard of this city, who is about to enter upon his labors as a missionary in Africa, accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Bleecker Hadden of New York, is related as follows in the *New York Express*:—*Boston Journal*.

"Some years ago there lived in Boston a young man of one of the best families in the city, handsome, intelligent, well-educated, of agreeable manners and address, and exceedingly popular with all who knew him. Still he was most generally known as a very 'fast' young man, and noted for his extravagance in the expenditure of money, his disregard for those conventionalities and moralities of which society requires the observance of all within its pale. The result of such a career need not be described, as it is seen every day in all great cities, happening in despite of the precincts of the judicious and the warning examples of the imprudent. The last chance that seemed to be left for the re-instatement of the subject of our story in the good opinion of his friends, of himself, and of the world, was a voyage in some responsible capacity that should test the sincerity of his desire to redeem himself.

By the aid of friends he procured such an opportunity, and left his native city as the commander of a merchant vessel, bound on a long and somewhat hazardous voyage. In the course of it he found himself among the Fejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the rude dwelling of a native

chief, who entertained him hospitably, and as he was about to depart, requested him to pray to the Christian God, with and for that savage family.

Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the youth, and he was not prepared for such a request; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Fejee chief (who had probably been visited and taught by some wandering missionary who had casually landed upon that island) raised his voice in prayer, while the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and, in due course of time, to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of the Episcopalian church, residing in the neighborhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far distant ocean, and confessed to him that the prayer had been followed by an answering effect, in the conversion of him who was strangely called upon to listen to it. He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to his purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted missionary to Africa, whither he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But not alone."

PART III. CHAPTER X.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

"LIKE the swell of some sweet tune," like the rising of rich melody, is the progress of young life, now bursting into full chorus, now sinking into low, soft cadences, now running into gushing thrills; sometimes throwing out a discordant note or a mournful one, and then rushing again into mellow flows of music.

As the score of some sweet loved harmony, the tune of young life—young life ripening into manhood, swelling into feeling and passion, rising into hope, aspiration, ambition, softening into love—sounding, flowing onwards, ever onwards, falls again on my ear.

It was the transition-time of life—the passing stage from boyhood, girlhood, onwards to men and women—the intermediate period, so graceful, so beautiful in the girl-woman, so full of opening beauty, of nascent poesy, of new thought and new vision, of timid, hesitating sensitiveness, which makes the young form, the young mind, quiver as an aspen, or bend as a willow in the breeze; so ripening, so pleasant, and yet so perplexing to the boy-man; so set with hope; so cast with purpose; so earnest, yet so fitful in resolve; so confident in inward thought and will; so abashed in speech or action; so buoyant, yet so *gauche*—when all that is said is such half-utterance of what is thought; all that is done such feeble expression of what is felt. It was such transition-time when we were all meeting together again at Penhaddoc, after a year or two had passed away—a year or two broken into absences, into experiences of school and college life. Gerald and myself were on the debatable ground, men in dress and manner, youths in sympathies and feeling: Gerald, more than myself, had adopted and brought away with him the Oxonian mannerism, the little trickeries and fopperies which hang often on the best natures, as wisps of hay or straw caught from passing wagons dangle from the boughs of a tree, incongruous and odd. The impulse of young life catches and carries on stray eccentricities with it, as a stream bears patches of mould or turf, which whirl on for awhile in little eddies and little muddy circles, and then sink or disappear altogether.

Any trick or mode or affectation of this

sort, exasperated and irritated the Squire, and produced little effervescences, which in my Uncle Toby's time were commoner with gentlemen of the army than their prayers, and even now, in these days of morality and decorum, escape from profane natures. But ever and anon, some frank, hearty speech, or generous thought—some bold feat or manly impulse, would clear away the clouds. To see him put his horse well and boldly at a fence—to see him give old Jim at the farm a turn of the shoulders and a tip of the toe which sent him on the broad of his back—to hear him dash out some earnest, heartfelt denunciation of baseness or poltroonery—to see the impetuous spirit with which he would take up some wrong, or relieve some distress—would redeem the puppyism. "Ay, ay," he would say to himself, "there is the making of a man in him after all. 'Twill be all right; this nonsense will wear off. 'Tis always the way with true blood. I remember that old Roy, even, when he was a pup, would yelp and pretend to skirt, until his true nature began to tell, and now he is the best and steadiest dog in the pack." Taking this comfort and this experience to his heart, the Squire threw himself heartily on the companionship of his first-born.

We were sitting in the old dining-room—the old room, with its wainscot panels, hung with the old portraits, which were a corollary on the Grenfell pedigree—a hieroglyphic illustration of the Grenfell character and history. The same face, the same features, with here and there some strange exception, such as every race shows, shaded and varied by the temper of generations and the costume of ages, photographed a lineage of stalwart, manly, honest men, from the Crusader, stiff, grim, and religious as pre-Raphaelite art could desire, down through the stages of the warriors of the Roses, the Cavaliers, bearded and Vandyked, the men of the Georges, smug, smooth-shaven, and voluptuous (and this, perhaps, was the worst phase of the family physiognomy), down to the fox-hunting father. There was one portrait—that of an ancestor who had fought with the Parliament in the civil wars—which the Squire would have fain turned to the wall, and made a Faliero among Grenfells, save that a sort of race-reverence awed him from passing a doom on the men of the past.

Gerald in wilfulness and sportfulness, would often instance this as the best-looking and most like a man of the lot," and would tempt Rose to say the same; but the girl's eye would not recognize beauty in the Puritan's look or garb. Here and there a favorite hunter or dog, or a group of dead game or fruit, intermitted the ancestral row; but the prettiest and softest relief to the armor and the wigs and the strong visages, was the picture which stood over the chimney-piece, of two young girls, sisters, whose bloom, beauty, and youth, shone out amid the manly characteristics like gleams in a dark sky, or like oases in rugged scenery, shedding the charm of feminine grace over the family lineaments.

A contrast, too, to the dark oak panelling was the chimney-piece of Carrara marble, sculptured with bunches of grapes and vine-leaves and Bacchante groups, all touched with the skilful hand and the sunny thought of southern clime. This had been imported by a virtuoso of the race—a Grenfell who had gone so much out of the track as to be a traveller and the member of an embassy, and left this as a memorial of his taste and travel. The Squire, though yielding to an admiration of its beauty, hardly looked upon it as a legitimate ornament, and regarded it very much as he would have the introduction of foreign blood into his stable or kennel. The wine was on the table, and dishes of fruit, interspersed with vases of flowers, suited well with the summer time and the summer light and the summer air which was passing in through the open windows. The Squire sat in a large oak chair, and considered that he thereby avoided the effeminacy of ease, and the undignified posture entailed by the small, straight-backed enormities in which our ancestors and ancestresses loved to mould their attitudes. He was quaffing port, upholding it as the manly drink—jeering at Gerald, who affected to prefer claret. Port was then as orthodox as Church and State, and sherry or light wines looked upon with pretty much the same feeling as Radicalism or Dissent. In fact, the age had then a port-wine flavor and tone—full, strong, and well-bodied, but rather heavy at seasons, perhaps, and apt to get very crusted, bees-wingy, and tawny with age. The windows looked out on the lawn, nearly opposite the oak. There, on garden-chairs, or on a pile of cushions sat the matrons. At their feet lay Rose,

half-sitting, half-reclining—the soft face now shown in delicate profile, now turned in fuller contour, with the sunny ringlets, golden as ever, dancing and falling in rich shades over cheek and shoulders; the figure in all its movements, all its poses, graceful, and true to the curves and lines of beauty. She had not changed—not changed from childhood on to womanhood, but unfolded gently,—opening from one stage into the other, ever with the same loveliness—not brilliant, not dazzling, not coldly classical, but the soft, bright, beaming loveliness which lights on the soul with the warmth of a sunbeam and the breath of a zephyr. The eye had deepened its blue, and the long fringes of the lashes were darker and richer; the forehead had kept its fair roundness, and the same dimples played around the mouth and chin; the lips were ripe and dewy as ever. The face was all expression, ever lighting with passing thought and feeling; and the thoughts and feelings must have been bright and glad, for such were the smiles and glances which gleamed from eye and lip, and dimpled in every feature. It could not grow fairer, but had still the fresh, soft touch and bloom of blossom—the floating, downy fairness which is to the marble and enamel whiteness of skin as the colors of nature are to those of art.

"When her life was yet in bud,
It but foretold the perfect rose."

Her figure had grown to my ideal. Springing up to a fair height—the height of grace and symmetry—and sweeping softly in its outline, never bursting into fulness, nor sinking into sudden falls, it had more the elegance of the Greek type than is often associated with Saxon beauty; and when it moved, or bended, or bounded, then there I saw and felt what is the poetry of motion. The voice, the laugh—they were to be felt as well as heard.

Rose, Rose! how the dull pulse and the world-worn heart beat and throb even now, as thy picture rises before me!

All eyes were turned towards her at every pause, and at every sound, laugh, or word, or song, which came from without,—Gerald's with the fervent gaze of early love and worship—mine with the deep, abiding devotion which silent, unspoken hearts oftentimes bestow—the Squire's with the hearty, smiling, pleasant look of fondness and admiration—Trevenna's with the rapt, still, full-joyed gaze

which recognizes the blessing—the all-per-vading, all-satisfying blessing—of a life. Thus the wine was passed, and the evening light shone, and the gladness of happy thoughts waned on from heart to heart. “These young fellows, Roger,” said the Squire (for confidence and fellowship had now begotten familiarity), “are so learned and so conceited, that ’tis hard to stand up against their scholarship and their puppyism. As for that fellow,” pointing to Gerald, “with his frizzed head, his padded coat, and tight pantaloons, I could have cuffed him with all my heart, till I heard that he was the best oar of his college, and saw him stand so well up to old Tom to-day with the gloves. By the by, Gerald, that touch of the left hand was something new. Well, well, as long as they cram learning into the brain without driving manliness out of the heart, I shan’t quarrel with those universities. I can even pardon the dandyism of cravats, pomatum, and gew-gaws, though I would rather not see a son of mine dressed like one of the chaps in the play-booth, or a monkey dancing before an organ.”

Gerald smiled provokingly at this attack, and with an air of affectation gave a twist to his hair, touched up his cravat and frill, and patted a small snuff-box, carried for fashion only, and then laughed outright, as he looked down on his strong, muscular limbs, which even his artificial dress could not disguise.

“You ought, John,” answered Trevenna, “to have lived in the old, primitive days, among the strong men—Paladins, Berserkers, and Vikings—with whom the manliness you admire so much was the prime virtue.

“Well, Roger, they were not so far out. To be a man, seems to me a step towards being a gentleman or nobleman. The best gentlemen-races—the Greeks, the Arabs, the Normans—were all manly. I am not much of a philosopher or political economist, but I should begin to have my fears for an age or family when gentlehood became too fast and too fine for manhood. They must go together to make a pace that will last.”

The Squire was on his hobby now, so we slipped quietly away through the window, to join the group underneath the tree.

“The young ones are off, Roger. Youth to youth; young nature to young nature. ’Tis the law of the world. See how that

puppy is parading and grimacing before Rose. By Jove! she is laughing at him. She will soon take the nonsense out of him. Nothing like a pure, pretty, gentle-nurtured girl, for making a fellow show out in his true colors. He will be his own man again before he has been with her a week; and I shouldn’t wonder if the cravats and snuff-box might n’t be had at a bargain by that time.”

“Youth to youth, John, is good poetry; but youth to youth sometimes brings heart to heart; and ’twould be well for us to look at the realities of the companionship ere it go farther. You may have views for your son—hopes and wishes which lead in a different direction; and I—I could not bear that the shades of a crossed fancy or blighted love should dim the light of my hearth.”

“Honestly said, Roger; said like a man. But don’t fret about that or have any mis-givings. The Dame and I have talked it over often and often. Rose is already a daughter in heart and we shall gladly receive her as one under the old roof if so God please. But we must let things take their own way. We often balk young hearts by trying to help and hurry them. This idea has been with us for years. Gentle blood, gentle nurture is all we care for or ask. They must live on the old acres, as others have lived before. If Rose can redeem the remnant of the old mortgage on Penhaddoc, so much the better; otherwise the old land must bear the burden.”

Could Trevenna’s face have been seen then, it would have shown a bright, happy light, as though it were catching and reflecting the dawn of a rising future.

“’Tis too pleasant a thought, John—too perfect, to realize at once. It must be left, as you say, to time, and the course of their own hearts. God grant the issue may be such as we both desire. Meantime, the hope will be a bright star to follow.”

A warm grip of the hand, a look such as true men give each other, and they passed forth, to hover round those who were knit to them now by a new hope—a new interest—a new future.

The evening light was waning into that soft dimness in which outlines become confused, colors lost, and only a few bright spots of sward, or water, or upland, shine out from the midst of masses of shadow, or the shapes of waving, flowing shades. There was, too,

the hush of eve—the hush of all save sweet sounds—rustlings, murmurings, wavings of air, leaf, and water. The shadow of the old oak fell on us, and the moving of its thick foliage fanned us with a gentle freshness. I had been reading a poem to Rose—a tuneful, tender lay of love—and like the lady of the lay, the guileless Genevieve,

“She listened with a flitting flush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;”

and if “the impulses of soul and sense thrilled then, and hopes, and fears that kindle hope;” and “if, like the murmur of a dream, she breathed a name,” it was not for me the impulses thrilled, nor my name that the spirit of the poem drew from her heart.

What looks she dared—what wishes she breathed—were Gerald’s—his, not mine. Even “the music and the doleful tale” were soon forgotten in his sportive sallies and laughing talk. Then the Squire called on her to challenge the nightingale by a song: a simple, sweet song it was, trilled forth with the soft voice, without art or effort—natural and gushing as a throstle’s note. The melody still swells and swells on my heart. She was a poem—music—a picture—all that spoke of beauty or gladness, to me and my thoughts.

The nature had grown with the form—gentle, loving, sunny, pure, and joyous. The natures around—the Squire’s healthy true-heartedness; the gentle, genial ladyhood of his dame; the earnest, deep feeling of the father; the calm, enduring love of the mother; the joyous, free spirit of Gerald—had all fanned and fostered and nurtured hers, as the air and the sunshine, the dews and the rain, nourish and cherish the flower and tree. Even the grotesqueness and comicality of Quamino, ever seen, ever before her, had instilled a love of drollery, which showed itself ever and anon, softened in flashes of fun and wit. And mine? my nature; did it cast no shadow? act no ministering part? Yes, yes. Again and again, in the sense of beauty, in the touches of poesy bright and transient, in the imaginative thought, rare yet beautiful, I saw myself and my mission. For this I had toiled and thought; had studied the face of nature like a book; had culled from poet, from fiction, and history, that I might cast and spread around and about her the loveliest, brightest, truest, purest things which were

writ in the pages of creation, which had been uttered by the heart or mind of man; and they were drunk in, and inspired and re-issued in the pure tones and pure breathings of a maiden spirit. I had sown that another might reap. Ingrate thought! Didst thou reap naught? Did heart ever thus feed heart without enriching itself? Did not the thoughts and truths thus gathered and given, throw back and reflect their purity on the giver? Did they not often after, in the hour of trial and temptations, arise with guardian power? Did they not, in many an hour of sadness and loneliness, shed a brightness on the hearth, and clothe the spirit with strength? Yes; the giver ever receives some guerdon in return. It is the law of being and the will of God.

The evening was deepening into night, and all knew that the parting hour was near. We had retired under the portico, where the light from the drawing-room shone upon us, and little salvers with cake and wine were being handed round, when suddenly Quamino appeared, with a scared air and that ashy look which fear or fright imprints on the negro skin.

“Ah!” said Gerald, “Quamino has seen the ghost in the Lady’s Meadow again.”

Our first impulse was to laugh at this; but another look at the man’s face checked all merriment. There was a serious message on it. Moving up to his master’s side, he whispered in his ear; yet the whisper, low though it was, vibrated and thrilled among us. “Massa, John’s son is come, saar—your nephew, saar; him waiting at home, saar.”

To those most nearly concerned, Gerald and Rose, it was but an untoward circumstance, this arrival, which might interrupt and break the pleasant meetings. To those who knew its meaning, it bore a dark boding, a shadow of coming evil, and shot with a lurid light through the bright, unclouded sky, in which many a happy heart that night had seen a future.

CHAPTER XI.

THE evening, so pleasant and so delightful in Penhaddoc Park, was a hot and dusty one to the inhabitants of the half village, half town of Dunbrook. They sat in their back parlors or courts, trying to catch a little air from the garden or opening beyond, and were not to be attracted even by the

sound of the guard's horn announcing the arrival of the mail. Up the street it rattled nevertheless, and there was the usual apparition of Boots, the usual uncoiling of ostler and stable-boys, the usual dismounting of coachman and guard to compare way-bills and stretch their legs—a programme familiar enow in those days, but which will be to the next generation strange and curious as the unrolling of a mummy, or the description of Olympic games. One passenger only descended. The barmaid of the Queen's Head rather approved of the dark, handsome gentleman with the crisp, curly hair, and made no exception at the rather thick lips and full fleshy skin, but smiled and courtesied her welcome, and summoned Boots to take the gentleman's portmanteau to No. 2,—about the extent of the Queen's Head accommodation. "No," said the stranger, with a drawl half Yankee, half West Indian; "I don't want a room. I'm going to Mister Trevenna's; he lives hereabout, I believe." The barmaid backed out, and the Boots scraped in—for sixpence was sixpence to him, wherever he carried the portmanteau.

Very smart and very grand was that stranger. Of the extremest fashion and newest cut were his clothes. Brummel would have sneered at his brooches and rings and cane, yet they were only a little, a very little, exaggeration of his own, so narrow is the boundary betwixt fashion and vulgarity, taste and pretension. Onwards strutted the stranger, on through the street, and up by the churchyard. Here, at the wall, Quamino was having an evening gossip with his friend the sexton.

"So, Massa Will, you see de ole Caenzou vault open at last: me tink him neber going home—him berry ole."

"Yees; I have put he into his winter quarters; he was the last of his breed; and 'twas pretty near time too, for there wasn't much more room. I've see'd every vault now, 'cept the Grenfells', and they tell me that's an uncommon fine, roomy place, all paved and floored quite grand. The old Squire was buried afore my time."

"Me hope you neber see him, Massa Will. P'haps you see wedding first. Dat more better than burying. More beer, more beef, more dance, more guinea, den." And he grinned and chuckled at the thought of the feasting and merriment to come. At that moment the stranger turned the corner, and,

playfully appealing to the sensitiveness of Quamino's shins with his whip, shouted out, Hallo, nigger is this you? you're jist the man I want. Where's your master—where's Mister Trevenna?"

The black fell back against the wall, his limbs rigid, his eyes staring, and his mouth agape. Another touch of the whip made him start.

"Come, you fellow, is this the way you treat your master's nephew? Show me the house, nigger."

"Yes, saar; yes, young Massa John; dis way, saar—here him is," gasped out Quamino as he led the way, looking back furtively over his shoulder, ever and anon, as though he hoped the dread apparition might vanish, and turn out a delusion. The gate closed on them, and presently Quamino again issued forth, to carry the unwelcome tidings to the party at Penhaddoe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE breakfast at Trevenna's next morning was not a cheerful one. All were embarrassed and uneasy save the nephew, who was quite at home, criticising the place, suggesting his own plans and improvement, talking of his own doings, and bringing deep blushes and frowning shades on Rose's face by coarse praises of her beauty. The father was scanning his features eagerly and anxiously. There was a likeness of the brother of his youth, but it was a likeness of the worst times: there was a trace of the same beauty but it was coarser, more sensual; the creole blood, too, showed itself in the dark, almost tawny complexion, in the stiff curls of the dark hair, and the fulness of the lips; and there was a lurking expression of cunning and of strong passion which gave little promise of character. Trevenna's spirit sank at the survey—sank at the thought how much of his fate might be in this man's hands; and he shuddered as he looked on Rose, and saw, in dread, the dark, heavy cloud which even then might be lowering over the light on his hearth.

The Squire's advice on a former trial was still potent, and he girded up his heart to meet the evil, to test its reality, and then to encounter it as he best might. The first point was to ascertain whether that fatal, foolish compact, made and attested in former days, was in existence; whether it would be

enforced, and whether his nephew's coming had any connection with it. It was a point on which his fate turned—a question which tried his strength to the uttermost. That compact, those damning clauses, how should he meet them? Evade them? No. His honor recognized their validity; binding, were they, by conscience, if not by law. The full penalty should be paid. Rose sacrificed? No, no, God forbid, God forbid, his soul cried in its wrestlings; that can be averted. The wealth shall go—the wealth, the lands which were toiled for, coveted, let them go. We can be poor again, poor as when life began; but still—there may be—there will be light on the hearth; and then the thought of the last night's talk, of the visions then raised, came across him; how were they to be realized? Might not the blight of a faded heart still fall on his child?

There were moments of agony in which these thoughts and questions came whelming on his mind. It was a sore, stern trial, but his soul rose to meet it strong and calm.

When the meal was ended, Trevenna proposed that his nephew should walk over the grounds with him, and tell him all about himself and his belongings, and the old property.

"Time enough for that, uncle," said he in reply. "I think I would rather have a stroll with my pretty cousin Rose here. It is time that we should get a little acquainted. Why, she scarcely knew my name, or that there was such a fellow in the world. Did you, Rose?"

Trevenna, with a sigh of reluctance, assented. The delay of a resolve is ever bitter to strong hearts. Rose and her cousin went forth into the garden together, and made the tour of her flower-beds and small greenhouse. These interested him little, and her pure spirit was ever and again repelled by some coarse thought or familiarity of admiration.

"Hallo," he said, as they came back to the old hawthorn, pointing to a mound of turf underneath its boughs, "you've been making a churchyard of your lawn, cousin. What have you buried here?"

"Ah," answered Rose, "that's poor old Domingo's grave. It was the spot he always loved to lie on latterly, and so we buried him here."

"And who the deuce was Domingo, cousin?"

"Oh, the old dog, the faithful old blood-

hound, that papa brought home with him; he was a true old servant, and we all missed him when he died."

"Yes; I recollect now something about him. Wasn't that the dog that saved uncle's life when that chap of his made the stab at his throat?"

Rose shrunk back almost in horror at a grossness of feeling so strange and revolting to her, and then, recovering herself a little, said—"Old Domingo did us much service; he was always devoted to me; and 'twas he, too, who pointed out where my poor brother lay in the river; he never recovered himself after being carried away by that terrible flood, and was very much broken from that time, and grew older and feebler very fast, until one day, after licking my face as usual, he lay down at my feet, and I felt his weight grow very heavy, and called Quamino: when he came to lift him up, the poor old fellow was quite dead."

"Why, surely that isn't a tear in your eye, cousin Rose? You can't be crying for a dog? Well, if that aint about the queerest thing that ever I saw."

"Ah—him berry good ole fellow, Domingo," chimed in Quamino, who had now joined the group; "not berry social p'haps, but berry fond of Missey Rose. Me feel quite lonely when he's gone."

"I wonder, Rose," said her cousin, as they sauntered on down the path towards the gate, "that you allow that nigger to be so familiar; those fellows ought to be kept well under."

"What, Quamino! who has nursed and tended me ever since I was born? Dear old Quamino," said Rose, with a laugh. "You would not have me treat him like a servant."

"Well, I know that if I had him with me, I'd cowhide the impudence out of him. There's nothing like cowering for those scoundrels." And as he spoke there grew a savage scowl on his face that made Rose tremble.

"Well," he rejoined after a pause, "so that chap is gone. A good thing too—good riddance I should think; the best thing that could happen."

"Let us come on and see his grave," answered Rose, choking her indignation. Here it is in the sunniest corner of the old churchyard."

There it stood, in the full heat of the sun-

shine, a plain grave, with a plain slab at the head bearing the few words:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF JAMES,
SON OF ROGER TREVENNA,
"FOUND DROWNED."

PEACE TO HIS SOUL.

Rose looked sad as she always did when she came there, and the cousin muttered between his teeth, "He's well out of the way, at any rate."

Old Beelzebub stood at the gate as they went out, grinning sardonically, and making an obeisance to Rose, the humility of which, perhaps, might be attributed to the fact of his having seen a cask of cider just carried into Trevenna's house.

"Thank you, Will; thank you—this is my cousin from the West Indies."

"He may be yer cousin in blood, but he be n't in beauty," growled the old fellow as he shut the gate; and then went away muttering. "I don't like the looks of that chap."

In the evening, the whole family from the Park made a sally on Trevenna's house; I had joined them on the road. There was a look of secret satisfaction on all their faces, which I could not understand. The Squire was evidently big and bursting with some design. Gerald looked radiant with happy thought, and several times slapped me on the back, or smiled in my face with some happy impulse. We found our friends sitting out on the lawn. The introduction was rather stiff and constrained. The West Indian was abashed at first, and cowered in the presence of gentle breeding. Rose was startled and fluttered, Trevenna, grave and anxious. After awhile the conversation became a little more easy, and the old tone was resumed with most of us. Rose would give a little shudder now and then when a vulgar thought dropped from her cousin, and Gerald's fist would clench and his eye flash when her name came on his lips; but the visit seemed pleasant enough to all, and was evidently pregnant with some purpose to most.

"Now then," said the Squire, "we must be wending homewards, Roger, but we will first sit a little, and trespass on you for a biscuit and a little wine and water."

In we all went. all save Gerald and Rose,

who, as it appeared to me, were left, by some preconcerted arrangement, alone under the old hawthorn. The Squire looked back on them as we entered, and, giving me a poke in the ribs, said—"All right; we shall give that fellow the cross-buttock yet."

And he chuckled long and loudly at the success of his diplomacy. Pardon me, oh august body of diplomats! Chuckle—did I say chuckle in connection with diplomacy? Pardon again, most grave and reverend seigniors—a half-smile, a rise of the eyebrows is, we know, the greatest demonstration that could ever be allowed in that august science. But the Squire's diplomacy was of the rudest kind. What could be expected of a man who felt?

And Gerald and Rose were alone under the hawthorn tree—alone with "the rich and balmy eve"—alone with their own hearts.

Happy hour! happy young hearts! Love was breathing around them—youth welling within. There was little need to tell what each had felt and known long, long since. Yet it was sweet to hear and sweet to tell—sweet from loving lips to give the utterance of pent-up, treasured hope. Sweet to Rose's ear was the full, fervid voice of her beloved; sweet to his the half-whispered, half-spoken murmur of virgin love. The moonlight beamed softly, the stars shone brightly out, and the breezes swept sweetly and musically through the trees, as the word was spoken, the troth plighted, which bound heart to heart for evermore.

Sweet incense must these vows have wafted to the guardian presences which waved and floated around, for if there be a thing sweet to celestial natures, it must be the pure, true breathings of young love.

The Squire laughed and rubbed his hands with glee, as he looked on the bright eyes of Gerald and the flushed face of Rose, when they rejoined the party; and there was more than usual heartiness in the grasp he gave Trevenna's hand at parting—more than usual warmth and fondness in the kiss he pressed on Rose's cheek, and in the "God bless thee, my child!" with which he said good-night.

Good-night—all had gone, and Rose was kneeling with her head in her mother's lap, telling with timid joy and sobbing utterance all her heart's happiness; telling with pride, the brave, manly truthfulness of her lover in seeking her troth; how at once, ere changes

came, that in weal or woe she might be his, he hers; and how his father and dear mother had chosen her for their daughter; and had prompted him to this—telling, half in pride and half in bashfulness, of the love that glowed in her own heart, true and tender, strong and endearing; and the mother's arms were gathered softly then around her child, and her kisses fell warm upon her cheek, and her blessings were prayed and prayed upon that loved head.

Good-night—Rose lay down to sleep—sweetly breathed prayers on her lips, soft sweet hopes in her soul; happy, happy, peaceful thoughts in her heart.

The light was bright on the hearth that night. Were there to be clouds in the morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE morning came, and Trevenna and his nephew were walking alone in his garden. The hour of explanation had arrived. They had talked of the family—of his mother, his brothers—and were discussing the property.

"So your estate answers very well, uncle, does it. Your agent must be a sharp fellow. I know that ours isn't a very paying concern. Fact is, I am preciously driven to make it pay at all, we have had such losses lately. Our niggers seem to be always dying or falling sick, or getting maimed; and the crops have failed for two or three years from the want of hands; and mother is so extravagant, that we must mortgage or sell soon if things don't mend. 'Twas this property partly that brought me over. I thought you might help us."

Trevenna's face brightened—the request for help seemed to indicate that there was no power of demand.

"Surely I will help," he said quickly, "in all that I can; but how do you propose that my assistance should be applied?"

"Why, we thought," was the answer, "that as your estate is in such order, and the niggers all healthy and in good working state, that if you were to give me the management of that, one plantation might help the other, and so we might contrive to go ahead a little, and get straight again."

The cloven foot was peeping forth now.

"Well, I cannot see, if you don't make one estate pay, how having another on your hands will mend matters. I should rather recommend that yours should be put under

management awhile. Well governed, it must pay, for the land is more productive and better than mine. If ready money be wanted meanwhile, why, I can advance it.

"Why, you see, uncle, we consider that our failures are owing to the bad condition of the niggers. They were always bad—bad, as you know, when you left, and they are getting worse and worse, and the land is falling back every year from want of labor. Now, if we could work your people in with ours, and change 'em about a little, they might come round; and once in fair working order, we should raise value from the land."

"No, no," answered Trevenna, firmly, and almost sternly. "I will never do this. Once in my life, already, is my conscience charged with injustice to these slaves. Once have I sacrificed them to my selfish interests, and forgotten my responsibilities. Never again. My orders for their government are just, I believe, and imperative. Never will I transfer my power over them to another, until I surrender the trust into God's hands."

"That's all very fine, uncle Roger; but you will, I expect, have to turn 'em over to some other hands one day, if there is any law in this little document, here;" and as he spoke he produced from his pocket a small, yellow, dingy piece of paper, which Trevenna recognized too surely as the compact—the dreaded compact—made and drawn up betwixt his brother and himself in the days of their youthful love and confidence. He was expecting and prepared for this.

"This paper, you see, uncle, I found," continued he, "when searching in father's desk for some documents about the estate and the niggers; and our lawyers tell me it is good in law. You know all about it, I daresay. It is an agreement betwixt John and Roger Trevenna, regularly dated and signed—to the effect that they will share and share any wealth or property they acquire; and that the survivor shall inherit all—or that the male heir of one shall succeed if the other die childless or leave no son; and that if one have a daughter, and the other a son, that the children should marry; or that, in default of this, that the eldest son of either should be sole and entire heir. This reads plain enough, uncle, and 'twas precious lucky I hit upon it. We should soon be in the market, otherwise. 'Twas quite a godsend, you see, and father never mentioned it to us, or gave us a hint of it.

Now, I shouldn't wish to make hard terms; but fact is, it's neck or nothing with me, our case is that desperate, and we must help ourselves. I thought we might have made a sort of compromise; and that if you would have given over the plantation to us at once—niggers and all—we would have shared profits; said nothing more about other little things, and torn up this bit of paper. You ride so rusty, however, about the niggers, that we must stick to our bond. And now, too, that I've seen Cousin Rose is so pretty and likely, I would rather stand by the text. There is some little nonsense about her, but that would wear off in Barbadoes; and she would make me a nice wife. We would send mother tramping off to her place, for nobody, you know, could live with her."

Trevenna's brow had darkened and darkened from sentence to sentence, and at the mention of Rose's name he looked as though he could have struck and crushed the man before him down to the earth, and his whole frame shook with strong, terrible emotion.

"Rose—Rose—to you. Rose your wife," he gasped out at last. "My child sacrificed to you—tied to your nature—living your life. Never, never. I would sooner see her working, starving—begging even—than that. God defend her from such fate," and he wiped the thick drops of perspiration from his forehead as he spoke. "Hear me," he said, speaking now more calmly. "That bond is binding—binding to me—binding by a stronger hold than law. It was given freely, and with the impulse of love and honor. In honor it shall be kept. To the very letter it shall be fulfilled. The estate must go—so it was willed by us. But my daughter is mine—mine shall she be—mine in life; and if I must leave her to poverty or dependence, I will trust her to the providence of God, rather than doom her to the miseries of such a life as you would inflict on her. After my death the West Indian property shall pass over to you—so says the deed. How that will profit you, meanwhile, I cannot see."

"I will tell you, uncle;" and there flashed on his face at the words a glance of dark, vengeful cunning. "You see, if I show this deed in London or Barbadoes, approved by legal authority as law, there will be plenty ready to buy the reversion of such an estate as yours; and mind you, after that was done, you would not have power to manumit or

part with a single nigger. They must all pass over with the land. So you see, the daughter or the niggers must be sacrificed. That's a point for your conscience. Now, then, hear me; this is the end and upshot of it: I shall go to London, and try if this bond is good enough to act upon. I shall come back by a certain day—this day twelve-months, let it be—and then 'twill be for you to say the word—Rose or the niggers. I shall have the working of those fellows yet. Good-by, uncle—love to cousin," he said, mockingly, whilst the savage scowl lowered on his face, threatening and lurid.

Trevenna stood, still and silent, stunned and dumbed by this new difficulty—a difficulty he had never seen or anticipated; and he felt in his soul that the doom of retribution was not yet fulfilled, and that there was coming yet a sterner, sterner trial, betwixt his conscience and self. The slaves, whom he had resolved should pass from his hands into freedom—whose emancipation he was gradually progressing and working out—they must be again subject to a cruel and unprincipled thrall. 'Twas a hard trial—hard, after so many years of atonement; and the thought—the agony of this thought so absorbed him, that he saw not his nephew depart, nor said a word of farewell.

"Out of my way, nigger, and take that for your sauce," said the West Indian to Quamino at the gate, striking him at the same time sharply on the shins.

"P'rhaps no more nigger than yerself," yelled Quamino after him, dancing at the same time, and rubbing the afflicted part. "You hab the heart of black Guinea nigger, surely—you hab; and you hab not all white blood, too."

The West Indian turned, with the impulse of taking vengeance for this insult; then stopped, shook his whip menacingly, and strode off into the town.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The grand old name of gentleman."

A grand old name, a grand thing is that gentleman—a name and a rank it has been ever among the hierarchies of men. Throughout the generations and the ages, through the nations and peoples, from the "grand old gardener" downwards, it has been recognized as a name and a power. It has had a different sound in different tongues.

Sometimes it has been expressed by certain letters, and sometimes by others. Under every synonyme, however, it has been recognized and acknowledged. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Celts, Saxons, the American Indians; all the ramifications of the great tribes of men; all the dispersions of the Shem, Ham, and Japhet divisions, have set it up as a dignity and a principle. Those who would not bow down before king, or uncover to a noble, have done instinctive homage to the gentleman. That homage is an intuition—a recognition of the qualities which man feels to be great and high and gentle. The title asserts itself. It depends not on patents, on accolades, on coronets, on principalities and seigniories, on muniments and pedigrees. It is a nature. Where are generosity, high-mindedness, honor, courage, truth, faith, love, there is given the name, there is the thing, gentleman. The name may be paraded where these are not, but it is then only a sham and a mockery. Gentlehood, too, has its own fashions and manners, apes not those of the times, and therefore may sometimes have a homeliness in externals to vulgar perception—to those who see not the grandeur of the heart. To the true kin it has its symbols and insignia plain and manifest; for all its influences. Our Squire, had he appeared there, would have raised all the glasses in the Brighton pavilion. The most fledgling *attaché* would have ridiculed his bow, and a Marylebone vestryman would have made a better speech; but there was stamped on him the name and nature of gentleman, and his words had weight, and his character had power. Vulgarity and pretension quailed in his presence, and those below him owned him intuitively as a superior.

It is the property of these gentlemen to come to the front, to stand forth, grand and true, when worldliness falls back, and selfishness shows recreant, to attest then the nobility of man, and set it above the paltry accidents of fortune, trouble, and adversity—to do this without effort, and as from involuntary impulse.

Our Squire was about to illustrate this.

We have returned to an old scene—the summer-house by the river. The party is dispersed much as before. The Squire and his friend occupy the mossy seat; the mothers have the old trunk-tree; Gerald and Rose are sitting on a sloping bank, a little apart. I

was lying on the grass, reading apparently, in heart surveying all the persons of our little drama.

"Nonsense! Roger," said the Squire, half laughingly—"off our engagement! Rose give back his troth to Gerald, because you may chance to be poorer than we thought. If I thought the fellow had such an idea in his heart, I would disinherit him. But I know he hasn't. No, by Jove, he is a true gentleman. Not wish to hold us to our word! What are gentlemen held by, then, if not by their words and honors? Is every little change and shift in the world's circumstances to blow our honor and faith about like thistle-down? The fact is, Roger, we foresaw this. We guessed that the nephew's coming was a sign of bad weather—of coming trouble; so we determined to be beforehand—to secure sweet Rose, so that, once a Grenfell by plighted troth, no afterlap could change or alter that. The Dame planned it, and that puppy there certainly played his part very well. Luckily it jumped with his own desires, otherwise he would have been obstinate enough, I dare say. Rose has been chosen as a daughter of our house, and so it stands. Rich or poor, with lands or without lands, it is the same, unless you wish to draw back, and object to that fellow there as a son-in-law."

"John, John, this is too much, too generous. You must think of all that is before me—of what is impending over us, ere you cast your lot in with ours. Wait at least until this year of ordeal is passed, and the event shows itself. Let the young people be free till then."

"Wait we must, Roger, for they cannot marry yet, and must bide awhile. That fellow must go forth, and make his way in the world, and prove himself a man, ere he comes back to make his dovecote here; but as for being free, that's a matter neither you nor I can arrange. We can't say to their hearts 'forget,' you know, Roger; and you don't intend to act the great Bashaw by locking up Rose; nor shall I do the part of melodramatic father, by sending forth Gerald with a command to forsake the woman whom he has chosen, because it turns out that she may not have a dower. No, no. Let them alone. Let them love, and be loved. The future will make itself for them. Rather let us talk of what more nearly concerns yourself in this

strange business. This compact and its conditions—you hold yourself bound by it?"

"Yes, John, yes. I have my doubts whether it would be ratified in a law court; but it is my bond, and therefore law to me."

"Right, Roger, right. Lawyers' quibbles are not rules of honor. Stand by your word. Rose will be dearer to us, if thus she comes to us poor and dowerless, than if she brought plantation on plantation with her. In fact, we could not consent to accept a wealth which a mere technical objection would give. But do you know how far, and how much you are bound?"

"Scarcely, indeed; the impression of the nature and provisions of the deed are very vague. It was executed in a generous, mutual impulse; remained with my brother as the elders; and I remember little of it, except that the general meaning or intent was, that as our labors and endeavors were in common, so should be our gains and interests. Whether it applied only to the present possessions, or also to future savings, I know not: this, of course, will appear when the document is produced; but the consequence, which troubles me most, for your generous resolve has made the loss of property a lesser evil, is, that the slaves, the poor dependents, whom I believed that I had once wronged, and had determined to recompense by a future well-being, must be wrested from my hands, and thrown back into a worse state than before."

"Well, Roger, it appears to me that this is a point on which you are well justified in getting every opinion and every evidence. It involves the interest of others more than your own. Consider the West Indian estates as a lost inheritance—as beyond your power of willing and bequeathing to others, but let your conscience reserve the right of seeing how your act can affect those concerned by it. There is a year left you for counsel, for inquiry. Use it well; take opinions; send an agent over to the property to examine and report on every thing connected with it. Recognize the letter and the spirit of the bond, but be sure, for the sake of others, that you do not more."

"Yes, John, you counsel well. Without any departure from my word, I may and will gather all the facts and proofs which will enable me most truly to fulfil it."

Thus soberly spoke the elders—grave men,

talking gravely of honor, conscience, duties, interests; hearts, young hearts, were softly hovering over the same subject. The difficulty fell on them, with a difference. The cloud which masses heavily on the banked rock or dark thicket, passes only with a light shade over the open glade, the garden, or the running brook. Rose and Gerald whispered and murmured the doubts and fears raised by the cousin's visit. He laughed at them, tossed them to the winds in sport, blew them forth as bubbles which would expand and burst. It was the inauguration of the man's mission, inspiring trust, inspiring strength, breathing hope. She felt them as mysterious agencies, boding influences, gathering round her young love; but the loving soul still looked through them clear and hopeful.

"'Twas well, Rose, I think, that I took heart and spoke that night, before the cousin, with his dark curls, and large eyes, put in his claim," said Gerald, laughingly; "or I might have had to play the part of a love-lorn cavalier, have taken to gambling or melancholy, or gone forth to seek some foreign wars, since our own seem ended now; and you would have been queen of a plantation, with I don't know how many slaves under you. What a destiny you lost!"

Rose gave a little shudder, and drew closer to her lover, looking up in his face half fondly, half reproachfully, even at such a jesting thought.

"O Gerald, what a dreadful day that was! how frightened I was at cousin's talk, his stories, his swearing, his passion, and his compliments; and then such a happy evening. What a comfort and protection your coming seemed to us all! And then the next morning, when every thing was so bright and glad, to see the dark spirit come back on poor papa—the dark spirit which the memories and recollections of that old time in the West Indies ever brought back, and the evil news which was spread over us. O Gerald, 'tis a sad trial! I know how papa will brood over it, and how the peace which he has felt of late will be disturbed."

"Yes, my bonny Rose, he will feel it doubtless; but we must lighten his burden; and, after all, 'tis only the loss of so many acres, so many pounds; and my father laughs at that, and says, if Penhaddoc is not enough for us, we must be more extravagant in our desires than our forbears have been."

"No, Gerald, 'tis not the loss of wealth which distresses him so much, though I think he had some little pride in thinking his daughter would not be undowered; but the thought of the poor people, whom he believes that he had formerly wronged, passing into other hands, to be subject to any oppression or neglect or ill-treatment, grieves him sadly."

"Yes, I suppose that is the hardest part; but I heard the Squire say that he hoped that might possibly be averted without breach of word or contract; so let us hope, my bonny Rose—hope that the storm may pass over: and, meantime, like the summer birds, and the summer things around us, we will joy in the brightness of our present. For a time of parting is nigh—don't look so sad, sweet Rose—it will be short, but it must be. The Squire insists that I should go forth into the world, and approve myself a man, before I settle down here. He says he will have no milksop, no Corydon, no Lumpkin, loitering and piping and fattening about the old place. And he is right, Rose. 'Twill be a sore struggle to quit thy dear side, and leave all the dear old haunts: but I feel that, to do the work and play the part before me worthily and well, I must become a man, and learn the ways of men."

"O Gerald, you will leave me for so long—leave me here alone in the old walks and over the old books, and you will come back so world-made and so world-wise, that you will care no more about the old, simple pleasures; and even poor, simple Rose will have to become fashionable and modish, and learn to do the fine lady."

"Out upon you, little mocker; you know my love for home and home scenes, that 'tis the strongest thing in my heart, perhaps, next to love of thee and the dear old people, and is mixed up with it too: for there's not a glade, or a walk, or a tree that is not knit with some memory: and I shall come back at all the holiday times, when we used to ramble in the woods, or stroll by the brook, and always at the Christmas-tide, the old hearty, pleasant time. And say not you will be alone, Rose; there will be many loving hearts around, all looking to you for comfort and joy now. The Squire, let him say what he will, will mope when I go, and the mother will pine, and you must cheer them with your smiles, your laugh, and your hap-

piness; and then there is your father—remember what is hanging over him, and how he looks at all times of trial and distress to his 'light on the hearth.'"

There was a tear-drop in her eye: but her bosom swelled at the same time, as woman's ever does at the thought of a duty, and in it she saw a mission and a consolation.

"But, dear Gerald, where are you going, and what to do?"

"Oh, to some terrible distance, and to do some terrible work. I shall go as far—ay, as far, perhaps, as to the cavalry barracks in London or Dublin, and shall see some dreadfully severe work in Hyde Park or the Phoenix."

"You will not be a soldier, Gerald—no, not a soldier?" said Rose, with a little palpitation, though perhaps there was a lurking pride in her heart at the lover's choice of a vocation.

"Not a soldier, Rose! Then, what should I be? I should shine at the bar, I think—be sure to become a lord chancellor, or be very eminent as an M.D.; or what say you to my donning the Geneva gown, reading homilies, taking the family living, and looking forwards to a bishopric in the far future? No; all my nurturing, all my tutoring, fits me best for soldiership. 'Tis thus I must see and learn life, if at all. Besides, the Squire has set his heart on it. He thinks it the proper sphere for a Grenfell. At one time there was a thought of my being an *attaché* to some embassy; but he has a strange prejudice, some way, against our diplomatist ancestor, who was, I believe, the most noted man among us. So that was given up, and the army fixed on. The cavalry, too, was a point with him. He clings to the old idea of the Eque and the Cavalier, and thinks a gentleman should only fight on horseback, though our foot men have done such noble work of late."

"But there may be war, Gerald, and you will be in those terrible battles, and we shall have to watch and pray for you, and tremble at every post and every dispatch, and wait with agony and dread for the list of killed and wounded, like the poor lady in the village, whose husband was away in the late wars. Oh, 'tis horrible to think of!"

"There is no chance of such a thing, I fear, Rose; for our old foes, the French, are quiet enough, and their great man is safely locked up in Elba; so I shall have to listen

only to tales of hero deeds and wonderful adventures. I must confess, however, though you and your mother would call it naughtiness of heart, that I should like to see a foughten field—to stand in the stern strife between man and man. I think that the manhood and man-knowledge the Squire talks so much of, would come upon me at once, as a nature and an inspiration. But enough of this, sweet one; look up—let me see the bright face.”

And she did look up; and he pressed the red lips, the fair forehead, and pressed the soft form closer and closer to him; and then there were those soft, gentle murmurings, whisperings, and wooings, as unintelligible and meaningless as the cooings of doves or the sighing of winds to those without; but to those who utter, and those who hear, they have the eloquence and joy of a life.

And so the shades of eve crept softly on, and the brook rippled, and the breeze sighed, and the nightingale began its song, and young hearts held their commune; and so one stage passed, and another was to be entered on. The boy and girl were man and woman—the playfellows lovers. Around them love threw a bright light: before them—before all—stood trial and suspense.

So we passed on into life,—Gerald to his Hussar regiment, I to the Temple and the law. Rose passed like a sunbeam betwixt her home and Penhaddoc, doing the mission of the loving heart—shedding in turn a light on each hearth.

Time went on, and we all met again, about three months before the period named by the cousin for the final answer to his proposal. Great events (ay, they were both great events to us, though the one loomed larger and vaster than the other) had called us together. The war—the war of the Hundred Days—had broken out, and Gerald was going forth to the battle field. I, too, had my mission. Trevenna, hopeless of getting the necessary information otherwise, had resolved on sending out an agent to Barbadoes, to make all and every inquiry and investigation into the nature of the tie which bound him; and I volunteered to go also. I had come to say farewell; so had Gerald. How differently was it said and heard! Around him were shed tears and sobs and blessings and prayers: a few cold wishes, coldly kind farewells, sped me forth; and yet I was going forth for

others. The mission of good-will often passes thus unknown and un hailed, whilst that of self or glory is cheered and hurrahed. Yet it bears its compensation. Yes, yes; after long, long years, I feel that.

As I left, Quamino waylaid me, and, drawing me mysteriously aside, said—

“You go to Barbadoes, massa. You do Quamino a favor. You ask for me old Mammy—old Mammy Quamino. She lib on Massa John’s place. She berry ole now. You gib her dis little money. Me know she buy rum wid him; but neber mind. And you tell her me berry well and berry fat, and dat Domingo dead, and Pepperpot live and frisky; and”—after a pause, as if struggling betwixt the tie of caste and the love of his master, he jerked out—“You ask her bout Massa John’s moder’s pedigree. You ask dat; she know all. Him call me damned nigger. Hi!—p’haps more nigger dan dis here. Him trike my shins. Hi!—me find hole in him blanket p’haps. Hi! You ask dat.”

And with this mysterious message he disappeared.

Good-night! ’Twas a sad good-night this time for poor Rose. In the little chamber, by the little white-curtained bed, she sat sobbing, or knelt praying, or rose and looked forth on the old hawthorn tree; and then she knelt and sobbed and prayed and looked again, on through the long dreary watches of the night. And for long days and nights yet to come, she would so watch and think and pray. No mother was near her now; but the guardian presences—did they not then fold closely round the fair young head, and breathe a spirit-comfort into that young, mourning heart?

CHAPTER XV.

THE scene is changed. We are in the West Indies—in Barbadoes. The hot tropic sun is shining; dark faces are grinning at us, and harsh voices clash on our ears; and we pass over hot dust and sand; through rows of shingle houses, hot and dingy-looking, with old crones at the door-steps, or sable piccaninnies twisting and pivoting in the little scooped holes in which they are planted; on through avenues of cocoa-palms, stately and sombre, to the planters’ houses, and there, day by day, we make our inquiries and carry on our investigation, never getting nearer the end, though often led by delusions and stories.

Much we see and hear of the two plantations. We see in one, order—plenty—well-fed slaves, merry and light-hearted; in the other, waste, negligence, scowling faces, and dull, brooding hearts. But of the one thing we wanted we could learn nothing; all the papers we had access to, all the transfers and bills of sale up to a certain time—up to the drawing of the contract—were all in the joint name of the brothers, and all seemed to include the slaves as part and parcel of the property. To the lawyer mind of my companion, it seemed beyond a doubt, that if the property were given up, so must the slaves be; but it struck him as quite possible that the compact might not include any wealth which was afterwards accumulated or saved. This, however, would be a small comfort, a partial result of our labors, if the great aim were missed—the great object defeated. So, however, it seemed; and we were preparing to return, depressed and disheartened at our failure—I at having done nought for those I loved; he at being baffled in his professional research. A few days before the ship in which we had taken our passage was to sail, I bethought me of Quamino's message and trust, and set forth one sultry evening in search of his mammy. After much trouble, and many wondering queries what Massa could want of ole Mammy Quamino, I came on a lone shingle-hut in a corner of the plantation; an overhanging bank and a neighboring palm-tree threw a half shade over it, but it was a bare, dreary, comfortless spot. Some half gourds lay on the ground, and at the door, half lying, half crouching, was an old, very old negro woman; her skinny arms were stretch'd out, and her head—bald, save for little stray knobs or patches of gray hair—was laid between them. She was muttering to herself, and listening to moans which came at times from within, and then her hands and her voice would be lifted as if in cursing. It was some time ere I ventured to make my presence known. At last I said, "Is this Mammy Quamino's house?"

"Ah, who want me?—who talk of Mammy Quamino?" she almost shrieked out, as she started and sat bolt upright, showing a face ghastly with age, want, and passion. "You want to speak me, saar?" she then said, more composedly; "me Mammy Quamnino."

I then told her of her son, gave his message, and her dull eyes lighted a little; gave her the gold, and they shone.

"So de boy berry well—eh? and him with Massa Roger still. Ah, Massa Roger berry good man—a leetle bad when him hab dat woman, but him good heart—him good heart for nigger. Oh, dat noting, saar," she answered to my glance, as the moans came more frequently from within; "oh, dat noting, only me granchild; Missey hab him flog dis evening. She always flog—look at him." She pushed the door open as she spoke, and there lay a boy, almost a child, with his back bleeding, writhing and turning in a little heap of leaves.

Quamino's hint about the pedigree now flashed across me. "By Missey you mean young Trevenna's mother. Your son told me to ask you about her pedigree."

"What dat you say?" she shrieked out, her eyes glaring, and her whole frame stiffening; "what dat you say? my son want me to tell de pedigree. No, me nebber do dat—me feel the honor of de house—me suckle Missey at dis breast—me no tell—nebber—nebber." At that moment the moans within became almost yells. She trembled and shook, and looked and gabbar'd at me until I thought her senses had gone; and at last, clutching me close to her, hissed in my ear—"Yes, me tell; p'haps Massa Roger want to know; me tell. Missey's moder, she slave—de master marry her, but nebber sign de paper; she nebber free, she slave; Missey slave—her son slave—all slave. Yes, Missey slave—all slave!" and thus she continued, rocking to and fro, moaning and muttering to herself. Nothing more would she say, and, in fact, seemed scarcely sensible of aught; so I left, and on joining my companion, told him my story. He caught at the clue as a blood-hound catches up the lost scent, and ran on slowly, but perseveringly and untiringly. He ransacked all the records of manumission, searched well into all records and archives, but nowhere could he find evidence or trace that the mother of the woman whom the elder John Trevenna married, had ever been made free. She had lived with her master, and had been brought up by him, educated, and had been made free, it was thought, yet nowhere could proof of this be found, and there seemed reason to think that the old negro woman spoke the truth. Thus, John Trevenna, born of a slave, would have no rights, no claims, no inheritance.

"We have them now," said Steele, the law-

yer, rubbing his hands; "we will meet them with this; and when the contract is shown, ask for the paper of manumission—the proof that he is by law free-born. We must not tell this to Trevenna, or his conscience will boggle at it; we must bide the time, and bring in our blow at the right moment."

We sailed homewards; and the good tidings I was bringing buoyed up my heart, and I felt within the joy and satisfaction of achievement. I had not gone forth for naught.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE were in England—in the great city of Liverpool. Absorbed with my own projects, my own mission, I had forgotten that other interests agitated the world—that great events were swaying men to and fro with fears and doubts and hopes. My own triumph, my own success, were all-engrossing, and I was therefore somewhat startled—nettled, perhaps—that all minds, all thoughts, seemed pre-occupied and engaged. The streets, the quays, were all alive with moving masses—all excited and agitated with some great news. In every face there was exultation—in every voice a tone of triumph and rejoicing. The joy-bells rang the same note—bonfires blazed—bands took up the sound of jubilee. Men seemed mad almost with the frenzy of triumph—the air vibrated with it. The word Victory swelled from mouth to mouth, flashed from eye to eye, and ran like an electric touch from heart to heart. Women caught it up, passed it onwards—though here and there was a pale cheek and tearful eye, and a bodding heart, awaiting to hear the death-roll read; children shouted it out, and ran about the vast crowd, dancing, and re-echoing the news they heard. "What news?" "Why, where have you come from? News? Why, Bony has been beaten—well beaten by our Duke!" The news of the great victory at Waterloo had come, and was vibrating throughout the nation, sweeping along all hearts in one full tide of triumph. A people was rejoicing, and poor single individual hearts could not be heard or felt.

It is the fate of some men to achieve their successes at times when some great interest some great event, overshadows and overpowers all private effort or private feeling—when the individual is overlooked or forgotten in the mass. So was it with me now. I was bearing within me a knowledge which would,

perhaps, make a few hearts happy—would gladden one small circle of humanity—and here came tidings which spoke to the souls of millions, which bore joy from town to town, from homestead to homestead, and which here and there tolled knells deep and mournful, and everywhere roused deep utterances of thanksgivings. What was I? what was my mission? what could they be amid all this? Nought, nought, as the bubble by the bank when the full tide flows on, as the straw which is caught and eddied along when an inundation is swelling and sweeping over a land. So we went on and on homewards. Everywhere the highways were thronged, the streets crowded with eager multitudes, all eager, all anxious for tales from the battle field. Heads were thrust from windows—men came forth in their shirts—coachmen and guards were beset, torn with questions which their meagre information could little satisfy. All they knew was that it was a glorious victory. On we came to Dunbrook; familiar faces were around me, familiar voices in my ear. Yet none seemed to notice or heed me, or know where I had gone, or why I came. Even those most interested did little more than welcome me. Not a voice said, How have you sped? So was it in the old room at Penhaddoc. There was Rose, pale, pensive, trembling; the Squire trying to bear a brave part, but showing the nervous touch of lip and eye; the mothers fluttered and tearful; the fearful list had not yet come, and none knew whether Gerald was among the living or the dead. I was of no use, then—no use there; so forth again I started to get the much longed-for intelligence, and I brought it; and then how my coming was heralded and welcomed; how steps came forth to meet me, and eager voices anticipated my news; and how smiles, and prayers, and thanksgivings, followed my utterance when I read Gerald's name among the slightly wounded! The color came back into Rose's cheeks, and the brightness into her eye; but there was ever a tremulous motion of her lips, which told that she was praying out her thanks; and the mothers were sunk in silent thanksgiving; and the Squire stood up firm and strong again, affecting to treat the danger as a pleasantry, though there was a moisture in the eye which belied him.

And the life of this one man was more, more to all, than the many whose interests my mission concerned.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day was come—the day appointed for the final decision, and we were all at Trevenna's house awaiting the cousin. Gerald had come, had come with dispatches, and was sitting by Rose's side. As he had said, the one great fight had stamped the impress of manhood firmly and indelibly on him, and he observed to me, too, "Why, old fellow, you look so much older and wiser;" and perhaps it was so. Events ripen men more than time, and the strength of an acted resolve was reflecting itself in form and face. Rose was all radiant, all beaming, and could do nought save look into her lover's face, or stroke the scar which the Squire swore the jackanapes had given himself to look interesting, though he acknowledged in an undertone that he believed the Grenfell blood had never produced a finer fellow, and that he had certainly grown a man, of whom the old ancestry need not be ashamed. There was a swing of the gate, and the cousin came up the garden path, swaggering and flaunting, and looking defiant. He was rather dazzled at seeing the assemblage and the number of calm, unmoved faces; but conscious of the power he held, his native assurance soon returned, and he had scarcely exchanged the ordinary courtesies with his uncle and cousins, ere he began.

"Now, then, uncle, by seeing all your friends here, and the lawyer there, I suppose you are made up for a fight, so the sooner we begin the better. Now, then, you know my terms,—the management of the estate now, or I secure it and the niggers forever, by selling the reversion; and I have already put in my protest against the manumission of a single nigger till this thing is decided. There's the bond, lawyer; you can make the most of that."

The keen eye fell over it with apparent calmness, but with earnest attent. Quickly, yet surely, it scanned every word, and digested every term.

"We acknowledge this," he said, slowly and coolly. "My friend and client will not dispute it; it bears his name, and he will abide by it. 'Twould seem, too, that the slaves are included in the property and the agreement. We may, perhaps, defend your claim to a right in the after-profits; but, first of all, as a form, you know, we must demand proof of your being the rightful, legal heir of John Trevenna, and request to see the ticket of manumission granted to your mother's

mother, as she, we know from evidence, was a born slave: of course, you can show it; but we must proceed by forms."

None seemed to heed this demand much, or as of any importance; none, save the cousin. On him it struck like a thunderclap. His face grew yellow with pallor; his eyes glared fiercely round and round, but met nothing save strong confident glances; he gasped for breath, and sank almost helplessly into a chair. Starting up with a fierce effort, he rushed at Steele, and said,—“This is a quibble, lawyer—a cursed quibble. You know I'm free born, so does uncle. Wasn't my mother old Veaner's heiress, and isn't that enough?”

"I am afraid we must require more," was the steady answer. "We must see the paper of manumission, or have evidence of its existence. None is to be found in Barba-does, at least."

"You have been there, then, spying, have you? Ah! there's your informer, is it," he said, as Quamino appeared and disappeared at the door. "You've been tampering with these infernal niggers, who'll swear black is white, or white black, to serve a turn. That old hag has been tattling, I s'pose; but we'll try the law yet. And now I'm got up, I'll have the bond to the letter. You can't make us show the ticket. Everybody knows 'twas made out; and I'll fight this cheat, this quibbler, whilst I've a drop of blood or an acre to spare."

His eyes were quite bloodshot now, his forehead covered with clammy sweat, and his face blood red—his limbs quivering and shaking with passion.

"This temper is of no use, my good sir," said the lawyer. "We are not pretending to quibble or dispute; but we must ask if you are prepared to prove yourself the free-born son of John Trevenna. Otherwise this bond is naught—is neither binding in law nor honor."

He had risen and tried to speak, but his voice would not come—words would not flow—and with a heavy muttered curse, and a withering look he was about to dash out through the open door when Trevenna's voice stopped him.

"John, John—Nephew, stop and hear me." What was the change in the man as he spoke? There were the same features—the same look—yet it seemed as though a bright

light, some mysterious influence had fallen on him; such as tales say magic power can shed over men and things. It was the clear soul and the free heart shining out through the man, and manifesting themselves.

"Listen, John. I never heard this before; never guessed—never dreamed of it. It came to me now for the first time—a revelation and a surprise. But think not I will take advantage of the power thus gained, for aught save to benefit the poor slaves on my estate. If what I hear be true, you would be one of them. As soon as forms can be drawn out, that shall be cancelled; you and yours shall be free beyond doubt, beyond cavil. The bond was between brothers who loved one another. He believed you a free-born son—so did I. It shall still be binding. This is my proposal: I will give you now the value of my slaves to free you from your difficulty, and reserve to myself the power of dealing with them as I will. The estate shall pass to you at my death. What I have saved since shall be Rose's portion—and a fair one too. So let there be peace between us. So let old memories pass away; and the last atonement for the past be offered," he added, in a low voice.

For an instant the West Indian seemed to hurl defiance on all, and to dare consequences, when his look softened, and his heart changed, and he stepped towards his uncle—kissed his hand, and went forth with his hat over his brows, and a tottering step. That kiss was a sign of peace. All felt it to be so, and that the end of the trial was come; and that henceforth there would only be light on the hearth—brightness in the future.

"Oh, don't look at me," said Steele. "Here is the fellow who did it all. He found it out. You must thank him." And I looked around to meet these thanks as my rightful meed; but Rose's eyes were bent on Gerald's—the Squire had grasped Trevenna by the

hand. The mothers were looking on their children. I was nothing,—I, who had brought all this peace, all this happiness. So another stage was passed, another act ended.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE last scene of that dear memory is rising now. Summer had heralded all the changes—all the eventful periods of our little history. Again it was summer, and the gate of Trevenna's house opened once more for a procession. The bells were ringing merrily. There were schoolboys, too, in the lane, and the light shades were chasing one another across the blue sky, and the rooks were cawing and whirling round. Quamino was present, too, more gorgeous than ever, having taken advantage of a license to order his own livery, by making every strip of lace broader and deepening every color; and strutted out with a dignity quite above and beyond noticing any remarks about cockatoos or peacocks, or pickle herring, which might come from Beelzebub and other friends.

All was as before, save that the young life which was then borne forth in hope and fear, now moved out in the fulness of joy, a fair young bride, beside him who was to be her husband. And the elders, the fathers and mothers, were 'around them, no longer anxious or doubtful of a future, but assured and happy.

Thus the light passed from the hearth, but left its brightness behind—a brightness which shone there on and on o'er long happy years, and set only when life set; and then, even then, leaving, as the sun does, a lingering glory.

And has it shed no brightness on me, me, the lone man? Yes; Rose's children have climbed on my knee; the light of her happiness has floated around me; and her memory, her spirit, have gleamed again and again in dark hours, as now, a light on this lonesome, lonely hearth.

WESLEY AND THE COCKFIGHTER.—I met a gentleman in the streets (at Newcastle) cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner, that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer,

told me he *must* treat me with a glass of wine, and that he would come and *hear* me,—only he was afraid I should say something against *fighting of cocks*.

From Household Words.

POOR FAUNTLEROY.

WHAT I AM going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account. My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking-firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself, in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest; and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting; and that, if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that; and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the first difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to my connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking-house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion; and, on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright and gay and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted everybody. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking-house, I can tell you!

"Well, young Trowbridge," says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, "so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet?—No? Just on the point of beginning—eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend—and I mean to smooth one of them away for you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear.—Bank with us."

"You are very kind, sir," I answered, "and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion—if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid, I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than

£300 of surplus cash in the world, after paying what I must pay, before I set up my office. And I should be ashamed to trouble your house, sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. "Are *you* a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the account, speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you may find he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—don't interrupt me—good-by—God bless you!"

That was his way—Ah, poor fellow! that was his way!

I went to the head cashier the next morning, when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My cheques, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily; being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me, when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate transaction, which would give me profit and position and every thing I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a very large amount.

In this emergency, I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heap of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon, with some little hesitation and nervousness; for I was afraid he might think that I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it, in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking-house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then; and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime

the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all. But I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the later time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval, thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset, my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices, and a respectable staff of clerks; and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock, on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received—I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

"Did he mention his name?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

"Did you not ask him for it?"

"Yes, sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was."

"Does he look like a begging-letter writer?"

"He looks a little shabby, sir; but he doesn't talk at all like a begging-letter writer. He spoke sharp and decided, sir,—and said that it was in your interests that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterwards if you refused to see him."

"He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then."

He was shown in immediately. A middle-sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome-looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner, dressed in a style of shabby smartness; eyeing me with a bold look; and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in; I had never seen him before in my life; and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance to guide me towards guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradations of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

"Is your name Trowbridge?" he began.

"Yes," I answered, drily enough.

"Do you bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question, and you will know!"

"Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham—and what then?"

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got, before the bank closes at five to-day."

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words, for the instant, absolutely petrified me.

"Stare as much as you like," he proceeded, coolly, "I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you, again; and look sharp about it."

"Draw out my money!" I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. "Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are a total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?"

"I have explained myself. Act on my advice, or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised; and there's an end of it."

He turned to the door. The minute hand of the clock was getting on from the twenty minutes to the quarter.

"Done what you promised?" I repeated, getting up to stop him.

"Yes," he said, with his hand on the lock, "I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good afternoon."

He was gone before I could speak again. I tried to call after him, but my lips had suddenly got dry, and the words seemed to stick on them. I could not imagine why, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute hand was on the quarter. My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think, I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger; the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank towards which his words pointed; the chance that some underhand attempt was being made, by some enemy of mine, to frighten me into embroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner,—all these considerations would have unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have found time for reflection; and as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance

would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was, I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week, had so far decreased my balance, that the sum to my credit in the banking-book barely reached £1,500. I snatched up my cheque-book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on, except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment, I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague, inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations,—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door, the clerk had started for the bank; and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice, and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself, until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter, the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank-notes, and had locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before or since, as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of a return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house—and that on the word of an absolute stranger, of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet! It was madness, downright madness in any man to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe, and looked at the bank-notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly; telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once towards making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that, as soon as I began to cool down a little. There was but one plain, straightforward way left now out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and, without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the

bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door, and asked for him, I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room. I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other: and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still, I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot, to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief, the bank-porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in. What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them, is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is, that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man; and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for any thing I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been only started in jest. Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him, even to keep up the appearance of listening to me. And when at last I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any farther, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few, civil, commonplace words:—

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologizing. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it; and bring the money back on Monday if you still honor us with your confidence."

He looked down at his papers, as if he was anxious to be alone again; and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind, now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power, by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still, I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting, sadly enough, that I had not yet made my

peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense, that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on the Sunday. He was not there; and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now but to wait till his week-day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account, as soon as possible after the bank opened. On entering my office, I stopped with a startled feeling, just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me, they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he said.

"No. What is it?"

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham had stopped payment.

"The circular has not been issued more than half an hour," continued my managing clerk. "I have just come from the bank, sir. The doors are shut—there is no doubt about it. Marsh and Company have stopped this morning."

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken instant possession of all my thoughts; and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank, when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me; and why had he brought it to my ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to those two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me, when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first. While I and my clerks were still discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed us with the news

that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow-merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow trustees had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking-house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stockbroker for a future day, when their fellow trustee might be able to attend. The stockbroker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible; and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out, down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorizing the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on the Friday; and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded, on the Saturday. On the Monday, I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end, even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank, and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened in the strangest and the saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or his guilt. Before my friends had left my office; before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me, in favor of the unhappy prisoner, a note, marked immediate, was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me, when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I obtained the order, and went to the prison. The authorities, knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting

to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell-door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerably affected to be looking out of window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees, when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach, he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up. "Tell me it's not true, sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true!" was all I could say to him.

He never answered—Oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck; and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear. "Did you get your money out?" he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?"

I broke free from him, in the astonishment of hearing those words.

"What!" I cried out loud, forgetting the third person at the window. "That man who brought the message—?"

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand on my lips. "There was no better man to be found, after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well, as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of his errand."

"You sent him, then!"

"I sent him."

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no

need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world, by taking on myself the arrangement of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crimes he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hands with a clear conscience. I say nothing in defence of his character, nothing in palliation of the offence for which he suffered. But I cannot forget that in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood towards others, and his steadfast truth towards me. It is as certain as that we sit here, that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world, was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I had placed in him. There is the secret of my strange tenderness for the memory of a felon—that is why the word villain does somehow still grate on my heart, when I hear it associated with the name—the disgraced name, I grant you—of the forger Fauntleroy. Pass the bottles, young gentlemen, and pardon a man of the old school for having so long interrupted your conversation with a story of the old time.

HEIGHT OF THE PERSIAN MOUNTAIN DEMAYEND.—In his last dispatches the Hon. C. Murray, her Majesty's Minister in Persia, sent home an account of a highly interesting journey through the Elboorz Chain and of the ascent of the lofty volcanic mountain of Demayend by Mr. R. F. Thomson and Lord Schomberg Kerr, both attached to the Persian mission. These documents, which have been transmitted by the Earl of Malmesbury to Sir Roderick Murchison, to be pre-presented to the Royal Geographical Society, will be read before that body at its first meeting in November. In the mean time it may be stated that, having succeeded in reaching the summit of Devamend with instruments, the adventurous diplomatists have determined its height to be twenty-one thousand five hundred feet, and have thus deprived Mount Ararat of the reputation so long enjoyed of being the highest point of Central Asia.

RECOVERY OF IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.—Letters from Florence mention the fact of our Government having secured a mass of important MSS., which had lain dormant and decaying in the archives of the Tuscan Court Library. The correspondence of Francisco Ferriesi, Envoy at St. James, *temp.* Charles II. and James II.; the dispatches, seven hundred in number, of Cardinal Filippo Gualterio and his brother, who had been in those days the centre of Jacobite, French, and Papal intrigues are now available to the historian. Much praise is awarded to the laborious investigations of Montgomery Stuart, who discovered these latent MSS., and enlisted Lord John Russell's attention to their acquisition while in Italy. Stuart resided long at Florence, diligently exploring every record, and had singular scholarship and working capacity for this task; Mr. Panizzi has completed the negotiations.

WE now have for the first time something like a complete account of Lord Elgin's mission to Japan, and of its results. The whole story is more like a chapter from *The New Atlantis* than the record of a business proceeding. Lord Elgin went to Japan preceded by the terror of his name acquired in China; he found the way opened for him by rivals,—by the vigor of Commodore Perry in breaking down the barriers of exclusion; by the adroitness and good fellowship of Consul Harris who assisted the British to attain what he had already got for the Americans; and by the reports which Prince Poutiatine, the Russian Plenipotentiary, had brought of Lord Elgin's tremendous success in China. And thus, although the Japanese so far observed their traditions, in form, as to deprecate his entrance, they have allowed him to enter, permitted him to see the wonders of Jeddo, and conceded a treaty. This treaty opens three ports, with three more in prospect, and two great cities; permits the entrance of a British Minister; and establishes a general tariff of fifty per cent *ad valorem*, including all charges and dues, with the lower claim of five per cent on cotton and woollen goods and some other articles. The Japanese appear to be prosperous, simple-minded, intelligent, and kindly. They have taken to the Yankees, to mechanical improvements like the steam-engine and the railway, and to their new British acquaintance; with liberal views on the subject of commerce, as if they had all along been sharing European "progress."—*Spectator*, 6 Nov.

From The Examiner, 6 Nov.

LORD ELGIN'S VISIT TO JAPAN.

FEW subjects of greater interest than the recent enterprising visit of Lord Elgin to the city of Jeddo have been brought before the attention of the public, and we offer no apology therefore for the length of the extracts which we have taken from the correspondence of the "*Times*," detailing the proceedings by which our Ambassador secured the commercial advantages briefly set forth in the outline of the treaty with Japan which was published last week. As a preliminary to the narrative, we may state that the ostensible object of Lord Elgin's visit was to present to the Japanese Emperor a steam yacht, as an acknowledgement of the treaty, conceded in 1854, to the exertions of Admiral Sir J. Stirling. For this purpose Lord Elgin left Shanghai on the 3rd of August with two steamers of war and a gun-boat as a guard, and his little toy steamer, the name of which was now judiciously changed from the Emperor to the Dragon, as a bribe, or peace-offering. He reached Nagasaki on the 3rd of August, and found no one there but some Japanese under-

lings and some Dutch officials, who naturally gave him small hopes. Thence he went, in a tremendous gale, to the wretched harbor of Simoda, where the Americans are in power, and at this place he for the first time discovered the workings of the echoes of his own doings on the Peiho. It seems that as soon as the Tien-sin Treaty was arranged the American Commodore rushed off to Japan, to take advantage of the consternation certain to be created by the first news of recent events in the Peiho. He found at Simoda the American Consul-General just returned from Jeddo, whither he had been on a six months' mission, vainly importuning for some commercial privileges. The Commodore immediately took him on board his ponderous steamer the Powhattan, and steered right away for Kanagawa, a station well known to the American men-of-war since Commodore Perry's time, about fifteen miles below the capital city of Jeddo. Terrible stories and frightful anticipations had for some time possessed the minds of the Japanese. Japan, like other countries of ancient institutions, has its conservative and progressive parties. The Prince of Boringo had stood stoutly for the ancient Japanese constitution and no foreign competition. But when the American ship of war appeared, and when the American version of the warlike operations in China circulated, a strong feeling gained ground in favor of the progressive party. Prince Boringo retired, and Prince Bitsu took his place. Under the new Administration Mr. Harris, the Consul-General, was admitted to an interview with the Emperor; ports were opened, and commercial tariffs agreed upon pretty much as is set forth in the statement given in the "*North China Herald*." When Lord Elgin arrived at Simoda, he found Mr. Harris in high spirits at having completed this Treaty, and the precedent gave him an opportunity whereof he sadly stood in need. Lord Elgin departed at once for the anchorage of Kanagawa, below the capital, where he found the American, and also the Russian war steamers. Beyond this anchorage were rocks and whirlpools and perils innumerable, all faithfully deposed to by Japanese pilots. Captain Sherard Osborn, confident in his own seamanship, believed in none of these things. Steaming over the anchorage, he held on up the bay of Jeddo, and, stimulated by the sight of Jeddo city, which slowly unrolled itself in the north-west angle of the gulf, he pursued his course, undeterred by a full gale of wind, until he could cast anchor within gunshot of a series of well-constructed batteries, which run across the shoals facing a portion of the city. Lord Elgin's well-judged confidence in his captain was thus rewarded by a position, which, considering he had to deal with Asiatics, insured

his success. It was a bold move made at a timely moment, for he could have done nothing at a distance. Since Mr. Harris obtained his Treaty, there had been a re-actionary movement in Jeddo, directed by the independent princes and hereditary nobles. They had ousted the Minister who signed the Treaty, and Prince Boringo ruled again. But the apparition of the British steam frigates *Furious* and *Retribution*, intruding even upon the sacred seclusion of the capital, spread consternation throughout the camp of the obstructives. We made no menaces and used no threats, but perhaps there was something like the pressure of a force which was not altogether moral put upon these gentle Japanese, whose Emperor has granted us a treaty which gives all we can require for the present. How Lord Elgin went on shore in due state and lived in a gaudy temple, and negotiated for fourteen days, and visited many parts of that mighty city of Jeddo, with its two million of inhabitants, and its hundred square miles of habitations, is set forth in the accompanying extracts:—

“No sooner was it decided that the presentation of the yacht should take place at Jeddo than the *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Lee*, and Emperor started for Simoda. Heavy gales obliged all four ships to run in for shelter at the bay of Nagasaki, and it was not until the morning of the 10th that they sighted the lofty volcanic mountain of Fusi-yama. Towering like Etna to a perfect cone, with an elevation of about eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, it was first visible at a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, its beautiful outline defined sharp and clear, with the first gray tints of morning. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by him into a household god. Fusi-yama is painted at the bottom of the delicate china cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with Fusi-yama—he hands things to you on Fusi-yama. It is on the back of his looking-glass, it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments, and is the background of every Japanese work of art or imagination. Simoda is a lovely but dangerous harbor. Its apparently sheltered nooks and secluded coves woo you into their embraces, and when the south wind blows fiercely, you are dashed to atoms on their ribs of iron. Simoda is about eighty miles from the city of Jeddo, situate at the extreme point of the promontory which forms one side of the capacious bay, or rather gulf, at the head of which the capital is placed. Up this bay the squadron proceeded, with a fair wind, on the morning of the 12th, and passing through the Straits of Uraga, the left shore of which is feathered with rich verdure,

and indented with little bays, reached a point opposite the Port of Kanagawa, beyond which no foreign ships had ever ventured, and where the Russian squadron could then be discerned at anchor. Captain Osborn, however, professing his readiness to explore the unknown waters at the head of the bay, and to approach as near the city as possible, Lord Elgin seemed determined not to lose an opportunity of establishing a precedent likely to be so important in our future intercourse with Japan; and, to the astonishment of both Russians and Japanese, the British ships deliberately passed the sacred limit without communicating with the shore, and a few minutes after were cautiously feeling their way round a long spit of land which runs far out into the bay, and offers some danger to the navigator.

An instinct for deep water must have guided the ships along the channel, which was afterwards found to be sufficiently narrow and tortuous, but at last all doubts as to the feasibility of the enterprise were removed by the appearance of several large, square-rigged Japanese vessels at anchor, the draught of water of which was a guarantee for our own. Behind these rose gradually out of the waters of the bay, a line of isolated forts, which marked the defences of Jeddo; while an extensive suburb, running along the western shore, formed a continuous street as far as the eye could reach. The ships ultimately anchored in three fathoms of water, about a mile and a half from this suburb, and the same distance from the fine island forts above mentioned, which are situated on a sandbank, the intervening channels being always covered with water. About a mile beyond these forts, and parallel to them, lay the main body of the city; the wooded height, on which is situated the Castle of the Tycoon, forming a conspicuous object. The arrival of the British squadron in waters which the Japanese had sedulously represented as being too shallow to admit of the approach of large ships, filled them with dismay and astonishment; boats followed each other, with officials of ascending degrees of rank, to beg them to return to Kanagawa; and finally urgent representations were made to the Ambassador on the subject. The pleas generally put forward were amusing and characteristic;—first, it was said the anchorage was dangerous, but the presence of their own squadron was referred to as an evidence to the contrary; then that it would be impossible to procure and send off supplies, but it was protested that if necessary we could do without these. The merit and comforts of Kanagawa were expatiated on in vain; the paramount duty was the delivery of the yacht at Jeddo, and to deliver the yacht there it was necessary to remain at the present anchorage. No sooner was this settled than the

Japanese, in their usual way, became perfectly reconciled to the arrangement, sent off supplies with great willingness, and began to prepare a residence on shore for Lord Elgin and his staff.

The landing of a British Ambassador in state at the capital of the Empire of Japan, was only in keeping with the act of unparalleled audacity which had already been committed in anchoring British ships within the sacred limits of its harbor. Japanese officials were sent off to superintend the operation, but they little expected to make the return voyage in one of Her Majesty's gunboats, with thirteen ships' boats in tow, amid the thunder of salutes, the inspiring strains of a naval band, and the flutter of hundreds of flags, with which the ships were dressed. Close under the green batteries, threading its way amid hosts of huge-masted, broad-sterned junks, the *Little Lee*, surrounded by her gay flotilla, steamed steadily, and not until the water had shoaled to seven feet, and the Japanese had ceased to remonstrate, or even to wonder, from sheer despair, did she drop anchor, and the procession of boats was formed, the four paddle box-bows, each with a twenty-four-pound howitzer in her bows, enclosing between them the Ambassador's barge, the remainder of the ships' boats, with captains and officers, all in full dress, leading the way. The band struck up "God save the Queen," as Lord Elgin ascended the steps of the official landing place, near the centre of the city, and was received and put into his chair by sundry two-sworded personages, the rest of the mission, together with some officers of the squadron, following on horseback. The crowd which for upwards of a mile lined the streets leading to the building fixed on as the residence of the Embassy, was dense in the extreme; the procession was preceded by policemen in harlequin costume, jingling huge iron rods of office, hung with heavy, clanging rings, to warn the crowd away. Ropes were stretched across the cross streets, down which masses of the people rushed, attracted by the novel sight; while every few hundred yards were gates partitioning off the different wards, which were severally closed immediately on the passing of the procession, thus hopelessly barring the further progress of the old crowd, who strained anxiously through the bars, and envied the persons composing the rapidly-forming nucleus. During Lord Elgin's stay of eight days on shore, nearly all the officers of the squadron had an opportunity of paying him a visit. His residence was a portion of a temple situated upon the outskirts of what was known as the Princes' Quarter—in other words, it was the Knight's Bridge of Jeddo. In front of it was a street which continued for ten miles, as closely packed with houses

and as densely crowded with people, as it is from Hyde Park-corner to Mile-end. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, containing the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary Princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half-a-dozen town-houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these same mansions ten thousand retainers. Passing through the spacious and silent (except where a party of English were traversing them) street, we arrive at the outer moat of the castle; crossing it we are still in Princes' Quarter, but are astounded as we reach its further limit at the scene which now bursts upon us—a magnificent moat, seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth, green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive wall composed of stones Cyclopiam in their dimensions. This is crowned, in its turn, by a lofty palisade. Towering above all, the spreading arms of giant cedars proudly display themselves, and denote that within the Imperial precincts the picturesque is not forgotten. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle, a panoramic view is obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone is computed to be capable of containing forty thousand souls. But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilization which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple, and tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skilfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of, and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amid groves of ancient cedars. The tea-house is a national characteristic of Japan. The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavored tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants. In their personal cleanliness the Japanese present a marked contrast to the Chinese: no deformed objects meet the eye in the crowded streets; cutaneous diseases seem almost unknown. In Nagasaki towards evening a large portion of the male and female

population may be seen innocently "tubbing" at the corners of the streets. In Jeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and presents a curious spectacle, more especially if the inmates of both sexes ingeniously rush to it to gaze at him as he rides blushing past. But it would not be possible to condense within the limits of a letter the experiences and observations of a residence in the capital of an empire about which the information at home is so very scanty, and which presents, probably, a greater variety of interesting and curi-

ous matter to the stranger than any other part of the world. Suffice it to be recorded as our general impression, that, in its climate, its fertility, and its picturesque beauty, Japan is not equalled by any country on the face of the globe; while, as if to harmonize with its surpassing natural endowments, it is peopled by a race whose qualities are of the most amiable and winning description, and whose material prosperity has been so equalized as to insure happiness and contentment to all classes.

TWO MUFFLED DRUMMERS; OR, OLD POETRY VS. NEW.—Few passages of American poetry have been repeated more frequently than Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." There is a sort of martial rhythm in it, which makes it easy to remember and rehearse. Hence its unbounded popularity from the first declamations of the lad at the Academy up to the thrilling appeals of the same lad become a grave and earnest preacher. And the figure in the piece which always takes best is that which likens the heart to a muffled drum. So striking is this figure as to divert attention almost entirely from the exceedingly unpoetical commonplace with which the stanza opens.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

Let us now see how the same truth and figure lay in the mind of a modest English poet and divine nearly two hundred years before—we mean Dr. Henry King. It is from an *Elegy upon his Wife*, and we quote at some length, for the piece is inimitably beautiful and tender, albeit it has not gone the rounds in the papers, or been immortalized by a place in the school-books:—

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb:
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way.
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed;
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;

At night when I betake to rest
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale.

"Thus from the Sun my bottom steares,
And my dayes compass downward bears,
Nor labor I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

"'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vanne first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort, dear, (forgive
The crime.) I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart
Till we shall meet and never part."

Now it may seem very unpatriotic in us, but truly we cannot but say, "the old is better." It surely is more simple, tender, and pathetic. It there appears as if indigenous to the writer's mind, and in a *setting* worthy of it,—not at all martial, but altogether humane. It there springs up as an illustration of a deeply-felt truth,—not as a striking figure worth having a stanza made around it. It bears about the same relation to the latter which Arcadian life bears to the life of the wealthy in modern cities.

The different phases under which the same old truths appear from time to time will always be interesting as illustrations of their particular day, but it will generally be found that the more elaborate later versions of them will fail to work their way straight to the heart of the reader as the earlier and more natural ones do.

—N. Y. Observer.

CECIL.

From The English Woman's Journal.
THE MISDEEDS OF AURA PLAISTOW.

I.

SHE was but nineteen; and nineteen does not calculate chances or criticise defects. Besides, who could have refused him, handsome, agreeable, fascinating, as he was? Were the paltry facts of a totally different education and diametrically opposed habits and principles to weigh against graceful manners, showy accomplishments, an obliging disposition, and the pleasant *abandon* of amateur vagabondism? Was it to be expected that Aura, young, credulous, and impressionable, should reject the love of such a man as handsome Tom Delane, because there might be flaws in the perfect fitting of their so diversely moulded lives? It would have been a heroism of prudence scarcely natural in one so ignorant of life, and so careless of consequences as Aura. And as for seeking advice from her father and mother,—who, in this prosaic world of ours, ever knew of any work-a-day common sense in a household where the husband wore a beard and a blouse, and gave away his money to the poor instead of paying his debts to his creditors; where the wife dressed the children like pictures, and despised the suggestions of milliners; and where they all lived the lives of gypsies, and did not know what regularity or in-door snugness meant? Aura would not have heard much rational counsel from her own people, even if she had asked it, but it never occurred to her to ask it, for the Plaistows had a theory about the sacredness of their children's individuality, in virtue of which, those young persons thought and acted for themselves almost as soon as they were out of long frocks and leading strings. A mode of education singularly delightful to the educated, but one not calculated to produce much facility for accepting, or proneness for asking, advice. It was not surprising then, that Aura, instead of referring Tom Delane to her papa or mamma, when he asked her if she would be his wife, should simply put her hands in his, and, looking up frankly into his face, say, "Yes, Tom, I will, for I like you;" her color rather deepened, and her heart beating faster than usual, but that was all. Nor was it any the more surprising, considering who and what they were, that her father, Horace Plaistow, should add nothing by way of comment or caution, when she went up to him, and put her arms round his neck as he sat painting, saying in her loud, clear voice—all her consonants labial, and all her vowels open—"Papa! Tom Delane asked me to marry him to-day, and I said I would." No one who knew them would have wondered that the father's only

answer should be to lay down his palette, smooth his beard, pat her flushed face, and tighten the belt of his blouse; then, after the pause of a few moments, to say, "Very well, my dear, you know best. Tom is a fine fellow, and I believe he will make you happy, but we shall miss you, my Aura." And so to turn to his easel again; his paternal duty discharged, and his conscience at rest if his heart was troubled. For never yet did a loving father desire to marry off his daughters; and Horace Plaistow, careless artist as he was, was too passionate a lover of his family and his home, to wish to see it broken up.

When all was made known and clear here, at Merridno Vale, Tom wrote home to his mother, and told her, very timidly and very respectfully, that he was engaged to Aura Plaistow, the artist's daughter. He knew he might as well have said the mountebank's daughter, or the pickpocket's, as far as Mrs. Delane's estimate of comparative respectability went.

"I wonder how my mother will like it," said Tom to himself, sealing his letter with the Delane coat of arms, as he always did when writing home; for, indeed, if he had not done so, he need not have communicated with that respectable place at all. "And how will Mary and Margaret agree with Aura? Not well, I think; but Aura will be none the worse for a little of our home discipline. She only wants that to make her perfect, for though it is very charming here, still, we cannot be asleep under the trees like blackbirds, thinking of nothing but pictures and pleasure. My wife must be more conventional and disciplined; know how to manage her household, and be able to keep indoors. I should be distracted to live in this way forever, though it is very delightful for a time. But when I have Aura all to myself, and under my sole influence, she will be a very different creature."

He kept his thoughts to himself, and said nothing about his fear of his mother, or his designs for the taming and conversion of his bride. And as the only home bondage which Aura knew of was love and loving likeness, she never imagined that Tom's people could disapprove of what Tom liked, or that he would care if they did. Love meant happiness with Aura, constancy and amity; she could not imagine a divided home, or a family with hearts pointing different ways. So the Delane mine, which some day might explode and scatter her innocent theories to the winds, as yet slumbered beneath her feet, unseen and unknown.

After a surly delay of several days, at last the answer came from Mrs. Delane. She said very little about the engagement at all, "declining to express her opinion, or to give

her sanction until she had seen the young lady herself; so far, but only so far, waiving her primary objection to the undesirable status of the family, and the father's questionable profession." Enclosed was a short, stiff, uncomfortable note for Mrs. Plaistow, written in the third person, compliments and all, icily complete, "desiring an introduction to Mrs. Plaistow's daughter, before matters were allowed to proceed farther." To accomplish which introduction, Aura was to go to the Hollies, where the Delanes lived, on a visit of an indefinite length.

"What a formal letter!" said sweet-tempered, sunny-faced Mrs. Plaistow, who spoke to her very servants with more frankness than many women use to their friends, and who was never known to have looked sour or sad in her life.

"My mother's heart is warmer than her manner," said Tom, but he looked as if he were telling a falsehood, and knew it.

"Oh, she shall not be cold to me!" cried Aura, laughing, "I will soon kiss her into good humor."

"My mother never kisses any one," said Tom, gravely. He almost shuddered at the thought.

"What, not her own children even?" cried Mrs. Plaistow, hugging her eldest boy, great giant Franky, just seventeen, and six feet high.

"No, never," replied Master Tom, in a matter-of-fact way, as if it was all quite a thing of course. "I remember only once in my life receiving a caress from her. I was a very little boy then, and dangerously ill, I believe; and I can just recollect my mother coming to my bedside and kissing my face. I do not think she has ever done so again."

"How would that suit you, Franky?" said Mrs. Plaistow, pulling her boy's curly crop. "How would you like that from your mother, spoilt baby that you are?"

"O, mother, not at all," said Franky, dropping his huge limbs on the floor, and laying his head on his mother's lap; such a rough, square, untidy head as it was too. For Franky was one of those large, awkward, shambling creatures, all innocence and muscle, only to be found in unconventional English families very much attached to each other, and living to themselves in the country; a giant boy, who worshipped his mother, idolized his sister, and thought his father the greatest man of his generation.

"He was such a darling," Mrs. Plaistow used to say, after she had scolded him, as Mrs. Plaistow scolded, to a symphony of smiles and caresses, and vowed positively that he should not creep into her lap as he did, so like a big baby. He really must give up such ways!

"But, Tom, you never told us this," said Aura, looking rather dismayed. "And are your sisters the same?"

"Yes," said Tom, "quite the same, Aura." "It is as well she should know the truth at once," he thought, self-fortifyingly.

"You are not like the rest, then!" laughed Mrs. Plaistow, lifting up her face from the contemplation of Frank's shoulders. It was one of the loveliest faces in creation, even now, mother as she was of eight or nine children.

"No," said Tom, lightly. "I represent the worldly element among us. I am the frivolous one; a kind of tame black sheep, sadly in want of solidity and reform."

"Oh, bah! you need nothing of the sort!" cried Aura, holding out her hand, "so come, let us go and shoot. Come, Franky, you have all those bad marks of yesterday to make up, and you shot so badly then, I am sure you must be getting short-sighted. Come along, who'll be marker?"

"I will," said Franky, in his drawling way, gathering up his wandering limbs one by one, as if they were so many separate pieces that fastened by hooks and eyes. "But the little mother must come too."

"Oh yes, mamma, of course! We could not get on without her! Now then, make haste, the daylight will be all gone before we begin, if you are not quick!"

And Aura ran off to the archery ground, Tom rushing after her, while big Franky followed a trifle more leisurely, his arm round his mother's waist and his Anakite stride dwarfed to suit her pace. While she, with the fresh wind blowing her bright curls across her merry eyes, looked more like the elder sister than the mother of her son.

As they stood in the archery ground, with the whole tribe of children screaming and laughing about them,—such an assemblage as they made of large dark eyes, wide red lips, floating hair, and white tossing arms,—with the huge dog barking, and the birds singing noisily overhead, Tom could not help thinking that after all, this life of beauty and careless good temper, of art and love and buoyant health, of gaiety and freedom and childlike pleasure, was a wiser one than had been dealt out to him at home. He and his had known only a life of suppressed emotions and checked affections, a life of conventional bondage and social slavery, a life of dull, flat, monotonous routine, of hard practicality and of severe thought, a life which art had never beautified, and poetry had never idealized, and which made of gaiety a sin, and of nature a reprobation. It was out of such a narrow existence as this that he had stepped into the enchanted circle of an artist's home, a home overflowing with beauty, like purple wine

streaming over a golden vase. Small wonder was it then, if, in the intoxication of such a delicious novelty, he lost his head and heart together, and, like Aura, overlooked the grave difference which education and early training had made between them. "Love conquers all things," says the poet in syntax; out assuredly his first conquests are over prevision and common sense, over the measurement of distances and the comparison of dissimilars.

Aura, not being very reflective, thought no more of Tom's description of his people. She got her things together, and made herself ready for her visit quite tranquilly, only rather grave and silent for Aura, when the day actually came; yet determined to find all beautiful and bright, and quite decided on seeing no faults in dear Tom's family. "Did he see any in the little mother, or in papa—good papa? and didn't he love all the children as if they were his own? Why should she be so ungrateful, then, as to find fault with any thing of his?" So, with the careless courage of her nature, she kissed her mother and the children, hugged her father, and patted fine old Carlo; then sprung into the carriage, her full red lips parted into a wide smile, but something very like a tear, too, in her dark eyes, as she leaned forward for the last look and the last good-by. For this was the first time that she had ever left home, and her visit was a formidable ordeal, even to her.

But it must be gone through with now as bravely as might be; so she and Tom drove off gaily enough, after the first little burst of grief was over, and Aura's spirits soon rose to their usual height again.

Tom was going with her, both to take care of her on her journey, and to introduce her to the grim Assessors at the end of it. This had been Mrs. Delane's doing; for her strong hope lay in being able to make her son feel for himself, when under the influence of his own home, the impropriety and incongruity of this "silly blunder." She was very sure that Aura would not fit in well with the tone and life of the Hollies; and she believed that Tom would stand by his own home. So she waived appearances, and asked only for opportunities.

The day passed without accident. Aura was a capital traveller, but rather distracting too. At crowded railway stations she might be looked for talking to jaded women, with small babies and huge baskets, or questioning old laborers in smock frocks as to where they came from, and how much they earned a week. Nay, at one station, where the trains crossed, and the times did not serve, Tom detected her standing with a heap of animated rags in her arms. "She was only

holding a poor woman's child, while she went to look for her husband," she said, when Tom went up to her, and remonstrated somewhat severely; for the Delane blood had been dignified in some of its channels, and Tom had a proper regard for that fact. However, these and sundry other misdeeds were all worked off in time, and by the evening the young people found themselves at the door of a pretty, but distressingly neat and trim house, which Tom said was "his home."

"Don't you go in without knocking?" asked Aura when he rang the bell, standing on the step without opening the door. At Merridno even visitors did not ring. It was open house to all, and the very beggar might have rested in the hall, had he been inclined.

"We never do," said Tom in a low voice. "My mother does not like us to take liberties."

"Goodness! how odd!" ejaculated Aura.

At that moment the servant opened the door, and Aura was handed into the hall. It was furnished like a room, and felt confined and close—"stuffy," said Miss Aura, in her domestic vernacular.

"Is my mother at home, Jane?" said Tom, feeling very nervous.

"Yes, sir, she and the young ladies are in the drawing-room," said Jane, in a stiff, hard, and rather abrupt manner.

"Come then, Aura, and I will introduce you."

Tom's voice was slightly altered, and his manner was a shade more formal than usual; but Aura saw nothing. She was as obtuse as good natured and unsuspicious people always are. With her quick smile she called out, "Yes! I'm ready Tom!" in a voice that would have sounded gentle enough at noisy Merridno, but which literally echoed through this still, solemn, well-conducted house.

"How loud her voice is," thought Tom, "I wonder I never noticed it before! What will my mother say; she will be shocked, I know she will."

However, loud or no, the voice must make itself heard now: so they both went up stairs, Jane leading the way. The drawing-room door was opened, "Mr. Tom and Miss Plaistow" announced, and Aura, followed by her lover, entered the room.

A stern, stiff, frowning woman, very upright, and dressed with painful severity, sat working, opposite to two pretty, bloodless, and quaker-looking girls. When Jane announced the visitors, the lady rose slowly, fixing her hard grey eyes on Aura, who came forward in her *débonnaire* manner, with a pretty kind of half swagger about her, as she ran her fingers through her hair, saying, in her loud open voice, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Delane?" then holding out her hand, before

that lady could speak or make a sign. This, to a woman whose own children never addressed her unasked, and to whom no visitor or friend, of what rank so ever she might be, dared speak as to an equal! From that hour Aura's grave was dug in Mrs. Delane's esteem, and it was useless to hope for its closing.

However, she was obliged, for the self-respect of courtesy, to shake hands with the girl. But she laid such a skeleton of bony fingers in the warm grasp held out to her, that Aura looked at her curiously, for the moment thinking it was a false hand she clasped in hers. She then turned to the younger ladies.

"Are these your sisters, Tom?" she said, with the same good-tempered face and objectionable forgetfulness of forms. Not waiting for an answer, she went straight up to them, with her formula, "How d'y'e do?" and before they knew what she was about, she had put her arms round their necks and kissed them.

"Oh, this will never do!" said Mrs. Delane, aloud. "What is this young person thinking of?"

She turned such a heavy frown of inquiry on her son that he visibly sank under it, feeling in it all the reproach that was to come. But not seeing much good in angry looks, she was about to remonstrate with the delinquent herself, and had got as far as "Miss Plaistow, I do not allow—" when Aura looked up, innocent and beaming, and said,

"They are not like Tom! They are so pale and quiet!"

This assault was so complete, that Mrs. Delane was actually silenced from surprise, taken aback and discomfited; so she was fain to keep her forms in reserve for another occasion, and Aura escaped for the moment.

Before she had time to commit new blunders, Jane was ordered to take her to her own room; and Aura, laughing and nodding to them all as she went, called out at the door cheerily, "I shan't be long!" as if she was telling them a piece of good news, and something they would be rejoiced to know.

Mrs. Delane looked after her with grim curiosity; the sisters glanced at each other, but kept silent; Tom turned red and pale by turns, moved his chair, shuffled with his feet, and played with his guard chain; and his mother, satisfied with his embarrassment, said nothing, knowing that her reticence would be more eloquent of condemnation than the most fluent speech.

"Which was right?" thought Tom, "my admiration of her at Merridno, or my shame here?"

The room assigned to Aura was a puritanical little closet, with a couple of swing shelves

against the walls, filled with good books of extreme doctrines, with a strong smell of lavender, scented linen, furniture oil, woollen carpets, moreen curtains, and closed windows, and with an undefinable sense of oppression and imprisonment meeting you like a presence at the door. Now Aura was used to simple arrangements at home. Perhaps no house in England equalled Merridno for its combination of simplicity and artistic beauty; perhaps nowhere else could have been found such a dearth of conventional luxury, and such a wealth of natural taste. It was not the smallness, nor the scanty furniture of her room, then, that struck Aura as she followed Jane into that well-sized closet, for her nest at home was but a closet too; but it was its utter discomfort, as she read comfort, and its excessive ugliness of arrangement. The room was carpeted throughout, but the carpet was of a large pattern, and incongruous colors. At home she had but one rug by the side of the bed; the rest was all white boards, well washed weekly, and harboring no dust. Her own little iron bed was without curtains, and made up of a hard mattress, and one small pillow; but it was pleasanter to her than this "tent bed," hung with heavy moreen, which the servant took especial pains to draw quite close, and with a very mountain of down pillows heaped on the feather bed. And Aura hated feather beds; at least she did when she tried them, for as yet they were unknown to her. The consequence of the trial was, that she got up in the middle of the night, and rolled herself up in a blanket on the floor, where she was found the next morning by Jane, to her utter scandalization and vague doubts of the young lady's sanity or moral propriety.

Her book-shelves at home held very pretty illustrated books; some with her father's pictures engraved in them, and some old cherished fairy tales; the fresh air blew freely through that little nest all day, and all night too; here the window had not been opened for a week at the very least, and the closeness of the atmosphere was actually oppressive. The paper on the walls here was a heavy "flock," very expensive and very ugly; at home it was a cheap "lining paper," of a quiet cool grey, but hung with pictures and sketches that would have graced the *boudoir* of a princess. The great wealth and representative of property at Merridno lay in its pictures. Her dressing-glass here was large and handsome, but clumsy; at home it was a small square of thin distortion, very black, with the quicksilver worn off in large patches, and mottled and separated all over, set into a frame that had to be kept steady by bits of paper and old gloves, with one drawer that would not open, and one that would not

shut; but the large jug of flowers before it concealed half its defects, and transformed to beauties the other half. But, indeed, Aura cared little about that particular article of her toilet table; for she rarely dressed herself by its help, and never looked into it for curiosity or vanity. Had she done so oftener she would not have been so uniformly seen with her curly bands of hair fastened up lower on the one side than the other, nor with the "parting" so near to her left eyebrow, and so far from the centre of her forehead. And as these were made almost into crimes against her here, though at Merridno they had been additional beauties, it would have been well if she could have saved herself from the censure that befell her on this point. But she looked as little into this large handsome mirror as she had done into her own shabby makeshift; and went about the Hollies with her hair on one side, and her sweet face unevenly framed, just as she had done at Merridno, where such things were never noticed. At home her little room was her study, when she wanted to study, which was not often, and nothing deeper than the name of a wild flower, or the line of a scroll; but here all was so close, prim, plain, and stifling, that she escaped as eagerly as from a prison cell, scarcely staying long enough to quite finish her dressing, and generally to be seen putting in the last pin on the stairs.

One peculiarity of the Delanes was, they never opened their windows. The utmost that was done in the way of ventilation was the occasional opening of the kitchen door, and the setting the hall door ajar until the family breakfast time, while the young ladies put down their bedroom windows about a couple of inches from the top. The wide windows and open doors of Merridno would have seemed improper, if not indelicate, to the family at the Hollies; for fresh air savored too much of freedom for them, and must be dealt out sparingly, to suit the dimensions of their orbits.

Still, Aura was determined to make the best of every thing; and being healthy, innocent, and unsuspecting, was not sensitive enough to feel, or quick enough to see, what lay amiss for her in the near future. The first evening was a curious medley. She took them all by storm, and bewildered them so, that they never attempted self-defence. It was the most wonderful evening! Mrs. Delane stern and frowning; the girls pale and icy; Tom, embarrassed out of all likeness to himself, chilled and stiffened under the old home influences; and Aura, loud, good-natured, unconventional, and unconstrained, smiling with such persistent brightness, even when the frowns gloomed heaviest

around her, that Tom almost lost his wits for agony at her obtuseness, and fear of the explosion she was sure to bring upon herself sooner or later. She asked the young ladies to play; and herself, uninvited, opened the piano, and rattled off a noisy quadrille, very badly done, with false notes scrambled over anyhow, and no attempt at intelligible time. Then she burst out into a song, which might have been pretty had it been accurate, but which was given, though in a loud, clear, fresh voice, with such a decided heresy as to musical canons, that not many people would have interpreted it at all, according to the written sense. And after, this was done, not in the least heeding their blank looks and eloquent silence, she took Miss Margaret's hand, and dragged her to the piano, sitting by her and saying, "Oh yes! you'll sing, I'm sure!" when Margaret refused, stiffly, and said she would rather not. There was no resisting Aura; so Margaret sang a pseudo hymn all in the minor key, and with an accompaniment of solemn chords.

"I daresay it's rather pretty," said Aura, when it was finished, "but isn't it too grave? Isn't it more fit for a church than for a room?"

"We do not like frivolous music here," said Mrs. Delane very sharply; then she added, "Do you never work, young lady? never employ yourself usefully?"

"No," laughed Aura, "we never work at home."

"Indeed! and what, then, do you do in the evening?" and the lady looked up from the blue checked shirt she was making for a Dorcas basket, as a judge might from his notes, when about to condemn the prisoner.

"I don't know—what do we, Tom? Sing or play, sometimes have a game at battledore or *les graces* with the children, sometimes play at blind man's buff, or hide and seek. I'm sure I don't know what, because, you know, we have no evenings like this at Merridno, where we all sit round a table. We are generally out, both in winter and summer; for there is always something to be done, and we don't care for weather."

"What a fearful life," said Mrs. Delane.

"Why?" asked Aura, in her wide way.

"How do you think you will ever be fit for domestic life, any of you, after such a training as this?" said the lady, severely.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! But look at mamma, she is just the same as any of us, yet she manages the house."

"I am sorry, but not surprised, to hear that Mrs. Plaistow encourages you in such a highly discreditable manner of life," answered Mrs. Delane. "If your mother had been a more commonplace person, she would have educated you very differently."

"Oh, mamma is not at all commonplace!" cried Aura, eagerly, for the word was in the Merriidno vocabulary what "discreditable" was in the Delane, and Aura would have been more shocked had any one called her or hers this, than she was at the graver epithet. "She is the best and dearest little mother in the world, isn't she Tom? Fancy, Tom, the little mother commonplace!" and Aura showed all her teeth, and opened her great eyes wider than ever: "Oh no! she is not that; she is the best and dearest little woman that ever lived."

"And she allows you to speak of her in these disrespectful terms!" and Mrs. Delane actually laid down her work in her amazed reprehension.

"What disrespect?" asked Aura; "we are not disrespectful to her! We all love her and papa—oh, like gold! She is one of ourselves; both she and papa have always been like brother and sister to us. Disrespect! No, not one of us would say or do a wrong thing to mamma for all the world. We love her more than we can tell; don't we, Tom? And Tom loves her too!"

"Ideas differ," said Mrs. Delane, with a sharp glance at her son. "I should scarcely think it respectful if my daughters were to call me by absurd pet names, and think of me as an elder sister!" And she gave a little short, grim laugh.

"Oh, you are different," said Aura, innocently. "But then, you know, mamma is young, and very pretty, and so good-tempered! She never cried in her life, I believe; at least, I have never seen her cry; and I never heard her say a cross word to any one. She is so pretty, and so sweet, that no one could be afraid of her; but you are different, you know," she said again.

"You are tired, Aura, I am sure," said Tom, nervously, "had you not better go to bed?"

"No, I am not tired, Tom!" replied Aura. "Tired with that little journey? it is not half so tiring as duck shooting. O Tom! don't you remember that glorious night with Franky; duck shooting on Blea Soughs? How tired we all were then! But what a night! Almost as good as——"

"Margaret, do get Aura's candle!" said Tom, in despair. "Aura, pray go to bed! We are early people here," he added, with a sickly smile.

Margaret, who was at heart a good-natured girl enough, though drilled and worried into a state of chronic sourness, put a lighted candle into Aura's hand, and tried to get her out of the room. But Aura would not stir until she had "done her duty," as old nurses say, and wished every one a good-night, lovingly, as if at home. Mrs. Delane's fingers were more

than ever like iron rods, as she laid their tips into the girl's frank hand; yet Aura saw nothing beyond the patent fact that they were all very stiff and formal, and only felt that she liked Merriidno a great deal better than the Hollies. When she wished Tom good-night, she put up her face as she used to do at home, and Tom's confusion was complete.

"Why, Tom, won't you wish me good-night?" said Aura, in a voice of wonder. She made no account of his having shaken hands with her.

"Not here—not now—this is not Merriidno!" stammered Tom, hurrying her away, while Mrs. Delane fixed her hard, grey eyes upon him, as if they were swords and could pierce his very heart.

"And this is your choice, Thomas!" she said, before the door had well closed on Aura.

"We will not discuss her now," Tom answered, nervously. "Wait till you know her better, and have seen more of her. Do not be hasty in your judgment."

"Yes," said the lady, grimly, "I *will* wait, and I will not be hasty, Thomas; but will give your young lady ample scope for the display of her character, and you sufficient time for the consolidation of your wishes. You are quite right, no more need be said on the subject yet."

Which Tom knew to be about the most imminent decision his mother could give.

The next morning Aura was up at six o'clock, having coaxed Jane to bring her boots at that time; which was the reason why that respectable and trustworthy servant found the young lady on the floor, rolled in a blanket, fast asleep, "like a hedgehog," said Jane, "or a heathen." Little cared laughing Aura what the respectable servant thought; but dressing herself, as she generally did, in a furious hurry, she flung on her things any how, and dashed into the garden, bareheaded and without shawl or cloak. She was soon rambling over the whole place; into the cow-house and the stable, and up to the savage yard dog's kennel, making good friends with him in a few moments, and patting him on the head like a lapdog, though the very girl who fed him flung him his food on a fork, and never dreamed of going within length of his chain. Then into the conservatory, and to the melon-pits, which she opened—"free and easy young gypsy," said the lazy gardener, for her pains; through the outhouses, penetrating the mysteries even of the tool-house, and the knife-house, the hen-house, the stick-house, and the coal-shed; and by the time the young ladies came down to breakfast at nine, she had learnt more about their premises and dependencies than they themselves had the smallest idea of, though they had lived at the Hollies all their lives.

"You were up early," said Margaret, by way of being conversational.

"Do you think it early?" said, or rather shouted, Aura; for her voice sounded like a shout, in a house where all the doors were listed, and where no one spoke above their breath. "We always get up at five. It was six this morning."

"I should have thought five too early for the servants," said Mary, severely. Mary was her mother's child; Tom and Margaret were the father's. "How can they get breakfast ready at such an hour?"

"But we never have any fixed breakfast. We breakfast when we like, and there is always hot water for those who like tea. But we generally drink milk and water; and milk and bread and butter are soon got, you know."

"Do you mean to say you have no regular breakfast hour?" asked Mrs. Delane.

"We have no regular any thing," Aura laughed. "If we are in at meals, well and good, we have them then together; if we are late we get what we can, and eat by ourselves, unless some of the children will come and sit with us. We all do just as we like, and no one interferes with the others. That is the best way of getting on, I think—don't you, Tom?"

"It is a very pleasant house and a very charming family," said Tom, forced to speak by the dead silence that prevailed, and feeling that he must make a stand by Aura sometime, so why not now?

"But not very well calculated for ordinary life or for well bred people," said Mrs. Delane, handing Aura her tea: it was strong tea with only a few drops of cream in it.

"More milk, please!" said Aura.

"Cream," suggested the lady, sternly.

"Oh, but I will have milk, please!" said Aura, in her unconscious way, and with her sunny smile—of itself an offence to Mrs. Delane. "May I ring the bell?" Without waiting for an answer, she rose and rang noisily, as she did every thing; and when Jane appeared, she said, "More milk, Jane, please!" as if she had been at home.

Now neither of those two natural delegates of the maternal authority, the Misses Delane, dared have rung that bell unbidden, or have asked for what was not given to them, or rather for what was not on the table. The order of Mrs. Delane's management was severe, and no one had yet been found bold enough to oppose it; not even the departed master of the establishment, who, if report said true, his wife had frowned and frozen, chilled and crossed into his grave. No one at the Hollies was allowed to ring the bell, stir the fire, ask for any thing not on the table, or give an order to the servants. That rule had been made when Mrs. Delane was a

tender bride, and she had never swerved from it; not even now when she had grown up daughters and a son meditating matrimony. What she felt then at Aura's indiscretion no pen of chronicler can fairly describe. Had she been a woman of weak nerves she would have fainted. As it was she set herself to rebuke, and she determined to make it in earnest.

"Miss Plaistow," she said, holding up her long forefinger as she rose from her chair, speaking in a voice of portentous depth and steadiness, "understand, once for all, from this time, that I allow no one whatever to take a liberty in my house. Do not let this occur again, else a most unpleasant result will ensue. Take my warning in time."

"What have I done?" asked Aura, amazed.

"What I do not allow my own daughters to do," said Mrs. Delane, "given an order to my servant at my own table, and in my presence, young lady."

"Oh! very well," said Aura, feeling rather strange, it was so new to her to be rebuked. "I won't do it again if you don't like it, I didn't know; and in our house we are not so particular. Mamma does not care for authority. She only likes to see us happy and have what we want, and I thought you were the same, you know."

"Bah! she is an imbecile!" said Mrs. Delane.

II.

Now Mrs. Delane had a certain nephew, George Crace by name, or "little Georgie," as he was called; the especial horror of his cousins; and, in his aunt's estimation, the disgrace of the family, though no one knew why, excepting that he had once taken part in some private theatricals, and was great in getting up fêtes and public amusements. Whatsoever might be the cause, certain was the result: that he was considered utterly worthless and reprehensible at the Hollies, and made plainly to understand that more thorns than flowers grew there for him. He was an ugly, droll, clever, good-humored little fellow; a general favorite, always excepting with his aunt; and one of the most harmless little mortals breathing. Every one but the Delanes had a good word to say for Georgie Crace, and there was not a villager who would not have fought like a Trojan for his sake. Tom had once spoken of him to Aura, in a casual kind of way, as "that sad little pickle, George Crace," but Aura had forgotten all about him. She remembered though what Tom had said, when he called soon after her arrival, for the express purpose, indeed, of seeing her, and of finding out her quizzable points. For that she must be quizzable, little Georgie made not the smallest doubt.

"What indeed could that good looking muff, cousin Tom, choose, but a pendant to Mary and Margaret, a mere animated bundle of whalebone and vinegar. However he would call and see for himself."

And call he accordingly did. What was his amazement when a tall, supple, laughing girl burst into the room, dressed in a pretty but quaint and unfashionable costume, something made up out of a bright colored petticoat, short and scanty, and a pretty little picturesque jacket, under which it was very evident were no whalebones; a costume where was neither millinery nor fashion, but regard paid only to color, form, and convenience? And when she began to talk in that clear, loud, open voice of hers, Georgie perfectly stared with wonder, partly at her innocent audacity in Mrs. Delane's awful presence, partly at cousin Tom's "come out" in choosing such a person. But queer, droll, ugly little Georgie and Aura became good friends at a sitting, and fraternized masonically. And when Georgie went away, Aura said, and all the room heard her, and half the village might have done so too,

"I hope I shall see you again soon."

Which was what Tom himself dared not have said.

"You must not give invitations in that manner," said Margaret, taking her into the garden; "mamma does not like it."

"What invitations?" asked Aura, wonderingly.

"What you said just now to George Crace."

"But what did I say? I did not say any thing."

"Yes, you did: you said you hoped you would see him again soon. Mamma is very particular about her authority."

"Oh! I'm sure I did not mean any thing!" said Aura, all in a flame of sorrow and penitence. "I'll go and tell Mrs. Delane so." And before Margaret could stop her, she had rushed through the garden, jumping all the flower-beds, and had torn up stairs, where, out of breath and panting, she assured Mrs. Delane that she had not meant to offend her, and that she was very sorry if she had done so, winding up her explosive penitence by kissing that lady's stern, grim, frowning face.

"Never do that again, young lady!" said Mrs. Delane, angrily. "Your conduct, Miss Plaistow, is positively unbearable! How have you been brought up? with savages, of how? for you are not in action, breeding, or idea, in the remotest degree like an English gentlewoman. You are unlike any thing I have ever met with, and, let me say, as disagreeable as you are singular. Never let me have to speak to you again on such subjects, and never presume to repeat the offensive liberty you have just taken."

"I am very sorry," said Aura, for the first time really hurt; the tears coming into her eyes. And then she turned away and went sadly up stairs, where she did what she had not done since she fell from the pony and cut her head, eleven years ago—had a long and violent fit of crying.

This was the first real puncture, the small end of the wedge. Having accomplished thus much, Mrs. Delane had the game now in her hands, and might deal what suits she chose.

Acting on Aura's words, and following his own impulse, George Crace, queer, droll, ugly little Georgie, called the next day, on some made-up business, which could have been seen through with even less than Mrs. Delane's penetration. Aura was very glad to see him. He was the only bit of life and nature, or of kindness, that she had seen since she came to the Hollies. For Tom had changed so much from the "pleasant old Tom" of Merridno; he was so stiff and starched, and so frightened of his mother, he laced his moral stays so tightly, and kept Aura at such an awful distance, that often the girl felt as if she had engaged herself to his brother, who had left her here under his care; but, as for feeling engaged to him, as he was now, she did not. Why, he scarcely ever spoke to her, and was very seldom with her! When they were all in the room together, Tom would invariably make some excuse, and go away; or if pressed by his mother to stay, in a manner to which there was no refusing, he was too well taught for that, or if softened by Aura's laughing, coaxing, sweet-tempered lovingness, into believing that things would go smoothly that evening, he would sit in such evident misery, and manifest such a disposition to "snub" Aura, and to find every thing she said and did, vulgar or mistimed, that the poor child, hearty as she was, grew daily more depressed and more unconsciously unhappy; not critical enough to understand what hurt her, nor introspective enough to quite make out that she was hurt at all. This was so different to what it had been; for at Merridno Tom had been the merriest laughter and the blithest vagabond of them all; the first for a game with kitten, pup, or child; the wildest rover, and the most unconventional lover; while now and here, he was made of buckram, bristling with *chevaux de frise*. But Tom had somewhat played a part at Merridno; and was just as excessive in his unrestraint as he was now at home in his conventional proprieties. For Tom was weak, and always wore the colors of his company, and made his cockade the largest of the party. Aura, understanding nothing of pressure from without, or the contagion of example, could not penetrate the causes of this change. She thought him dull and uncomfortable, and not half so handsome as he was

at Merridno, certainly not half so agreeable; and she wondered at the many faults he had so suddenly discovered in her, but she supposed he was right, only it was not pleasant to find out that one was so bad as he said she was; she thought only this, not that her lover was cowardly or unmanly, as she would have done had she known the truth, and been able to read of the grief to come.

George Crace kept horses. Mrs. Delane, though rich, kept none; because a stable would have necessitated men servants, and Mrs. Delane thought men servants a sinful institution. But when Tom was at home, George Crace used to lend him a horse two or three days a week; for though no love existed between the cousins, little Georgie was good-natured and bore no malice. However, he changed the usual course of his offer to-day, and, instead of to Tom, proffered the loan of his bay mare to Aura, with the preface, "could she ride?"

"Ride!" shouted Aura, showing her white teeth, "yes, that I can! bare backed and the most vicious brute in England. Ride, I should think so! I was mounted when four years old, and I have lived half my life on horse-back ever since. Mamma is a first-rate rider; she rides like a—what are those things with horses's heads?"

"Centaur's," suggested Georgie.

"Oh yes! centaurs: I forgot! Well, she rides like a centaur; and nothing, I do believe, could throw her. Do you ride?" she added, turning to Mary.

"No," answered Mary, severely.

"What a pity! Why? Are you afraid?"

"No, it is not that," said Mary, in the same stern manner; "but because we all think it a most bold and unfeminine habit, and would not ride even if we kept horses, which I am happy to say we do not."

"Oh!" said Aura, laughing, to Georgie, "fancy, bold and unfeminine to ride!—what a funny notion!"

"I don't think mamma will like your riding with cousin George Crace," Mary then said, still more severely, "and I am sure my brother will not."

"Not like it!—why, Miss Mary? Mamma lets us ride by ourselves, or with any one we like, just as we please; and as for Tom, he knows that I can stick on to any thing: we rode too often together at Merridno for him not to know how safe I am. He won't mind, bless you!"

"Aura, you are a perfect idiot," muttered Miss Mary, between her teeth. "Take your own way then," she said, very crossly, "I will have nothing to do with it." And she left the room in displeasure.

"Well! how do you get on with my aunt and cousins?" asked little Georgie, when she was gone.

"Oh, very well, I believe!" answered Aura. "They are rather quiet, and seem to take little things a great deal too much to heart. I think they would be happier if they went out more, and opened their windows, they seem to me to want fresh air and exercise. Ah! you should see Merridno, that's the place for fun and fresh air! And see, how healthy we all are! we are never ill. Of course it makes them pale and out of spirits to live as they do here. But Merridno!—you should see Merridno!"

"I should like to see it very much indeed," said ugly little Georgie, twinkling his droll grey eyes. "If they were all like you I should think it must be the most charming place in England."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" said Aura, at the top of her voice, as Mrs. Delane opened the door.

A grim smile flitted across the lady's face; a thought struck her. Was Tom susceptible of jealousy? Aura she saw to be capable of any amount of imprudence. Might not a spark, then, be struck between this flint and steel, which would burn the betrothal bond like tinder? It would not be Mrs. Delane's fault if ugly little Georgie, with his Hollies' character of scamp and reprobate, were not made useful. "She knew her world," as the French say, and out of the imprudence, moral cowardice, and good-fellow heedlessness which made up her material, in Aura, Tom and George, it was odd if she could not manipulate a divorce!

According then to the new light which had struck her, she neither opposed nor commented on Aura's determination to ride with "the reprobate;" but, much to the wonderment of her daughters, allowed the girl to take her own way unchecked. So Aura mounted the bay mare and set off, and a delightful ride she had, while Tom was biting his lips with vexation; and in proof of the absorbing power of her pleasure, she came home an hour too late for dinner, which inadvertence was made into a heavy crime, and tied, as a millstone, round her neck. For Tom, whom his mother for two hours had been kneading into a very fury of jealousy, perpetrated his first open quarrel with her, influenced by a bilious headache, and a very insanity of jealousy.

And now began poor Aura's worst misdeeds, and their fatal consequences. Liking George Crace, she saw no reason why she should not show that she liked him. Thinking Tom very cross and very stupid, and feeling daily more and more moped and suffocated indoors, she showed that too; and soon it was patent to all the world, the scandalized Jane included, that her only pleasure was to set off with little Georgie for a mad steeple

chase across country, or for a long day's ramble in the woods, nutting, in which expeditions the sisters never, and Tom but rarely, joined them; but when by chance he did so, he spoiled all her pleasure by such a wet blanket of ill-humor and un-Merridno-like proprieties, that Aura wished him a hundred miles away. And once she plainly told him "that if he did not enjoy himself, he need not come," an offence that rankled in Tom's well-formed breast for some time. He began to be dictatorial too, and to assume a tone of command as well as of fault-finding, to which she had not the slightest inclination to submit. So she turned upon him when he scolded her with that provoking, lofty air of his, his nose in the air and his hand in his coat pocket, calling her "child" and "little thing," and speaking compassionately of her ignorance and want of manner, etc. Then Aura said that he was cross and affected, and wrote home to her mother that "Tom and she did not pull well together now," adding that "Tom was so much changed in character, she did not know him again, and certainly did not like him so much as she used—not half." Which confession made Mrs. Plaistow ejaculate, "how extraordinary!" her sweet eyes full of wonder and girlish perplexity, for she had loved Horace when she was but sixteen, and had never changed from that hour to this, excepting from the timid poetry of the young girl to the assured intensity of the wife and mother; and it seemed to her hard and strange that one of *her* children should love, and change her love so soon!

What puzzled Aura the most to understand was, that the very thing which Tom had admired so much at Merridno, he now condemned and disliked. Her singing, which he had never wearied of there, he now said was of bad style; and the voice, which used to be like a linnet's when it was not like a nightingale's, he now declared to be harsh and vulgar. Her dress, which he had always praised for its good sense, adaptability, and perfect harmony was now *outré*; her manner, which had once reminded Master Tom of his classics, in that it was like an oread's or a nymph's in Diana's train, was now hoydenish; her temper was provokingly obtuse in its ridiculous good-nature; her laugh was almost an imbecility; she neglected him; she derided him; she was careless of his mother's peculiarities; she liked George Grace a great deal better than any one else in the house. "So I do," interrupted Miss Aura, "for he is the kindest and most good-natured to me." In short, she was every thing by turns, according to the hue of his shifting mood; and to crown his iniquities he told her "to take a pattern of his sisters," "for see!" said Tom,

conceitedly, "what thorough-bred girls they are and look!" To which Aura answered with an explosion of contempt, and "I'd rather be in my grave than be like them or any of you."

When things have come to such a crisis as this between promised man and wife, they have but one choice before them—to part. They can get no good together from henceforth. Nor indeed can any connection, be it of love or simple friendship, which has once been assaulted by personal recrimination. There are some blows which leave a mark forever, some wounds which never heal, and this is one of them. On the day when Tom placed Aura at the feet of his sisters, her hand glided from his grasp; and while fitting on the suit of sackcloth he chose his Love to wear, the little god flew through the windows, leaving behind him only his arrows tipped with regrets and winged with self accusations.

After this conversation with her lover, Aura pondered a full half hour, then suddenly seizing a blotted piece of torn foolscap, she wrote home to Merridno, and announced her return for the next day. "Tom and she had quarrelled," she said, "and she was entirely disgusted with him and the Hollies, and every thing connected with them; and she wanted to get away from a house where there always seemed to be an illness or a scolding going on. Tom was no longer their old Tom, he was a changed man, changed to a most disagreeable and unkind person. She never saw any one so gone off in her whole life; but his cousin, George Grace, said he was always the same, and the change must have been when he was at Merridno, not now. If so, she, Aura Plaistow, was very glad she had found him out in time," concluding with the aphorism, "How deceitful he has been."

But poor Tom, with all his faults, was not that. He had only fallen in love with an uncongenial life, and was weak and easily swayed.

Without saying a word to any one, Aura packed up her trunk, if packing that could be called, which was an unconditional cramming together of various articles in a given space; and the next morning she appeared at the breakfast table in her travelling dress, looking more lovely than ever in the wakening of her soul which pain and emotion had caused.

Tom was aghast, he turned so pale that Margaret thought he was going to faint, but he rallied just in time, as much in fear of his mother as from any other cause. Handsome, cowardly Tom! he did not like the consequence, now that it met him face to face.

"What is the meaning of this, young lady?" asked Mrs. Delane, slowly drawing on her odious black mittens.

"I am going home," said Aura, curtly.

"Going!" cried the sisters, "why? when?"

"Going now, because I know that none of you like me; because Tom is changed and sees me with quite different eyes, to what he used to do; because I am suffocated and miserable, and want to be with my mother again." And Aura began to cry, for she was thoroughly worn out.

"Aura, you are surely hasty," hesitated Tom, going round to where she stood, sobbing like a child, and wiping her eyes with her fingers.

"Quite the contrary," said Mrs. Delane, "it is a very sensible decision, young lady, and the only sensible thing I have known you to do."

"Very," echoed Mary. But Margaret, half crying, went up to her, and kissed her of her own accord, whispering, "You are too bright for us, dear Aura, we should soon have killed you among us."

Tom was dreadfully cut up. He was sitting down now, leaning his face on the back of the chair, and weeping very bitterly. But Aura, though pitiful, was resolute. He had behaved so ill to her, he had shown so little dignity or manhood, so little self-respect even, in his cowardly desertion of her from the first day of their visit until now, that she was cured of all her former love for him. She still loved him in the past, as a remembrance and a ruined hope; but she had no desire to see him an hour longer, if he was to remain as he had been of late. It was the first death Aura had known, and she was shocked and pained in proportion to her inexperience. But she

was too healthy and entire to sit crooning by the grave. Life and joy and duties owned Aura, not sentimental moaning, or that weakness of regret which seeks to re-animate the dead. So she drove off from the Hollies alone, "and there was an end of her," as Mrs. Delane said, with awful jocularity.

Tom was consoled after a time, but not speedily. However, he did at last marry a model wife, chosen for him by his mother, who fell into her exact place in the narrow mosaic-work of the Hollies, and gave no one a moment's uneasiness by exuberance of animal spirits or imprudence of enthusiasm. And Tom lived, notoriously the handsomest and most hen-pecked husband of the district. But he was respected by society, and in time became a magistrate and sheriff for the county.

Little George Crace went to Merridno, but he never came back from his visit; and the last heard of him by his friends was, that he was going to be married to his cousin Tom's young lady, after having broken off that match while she was at the Hollies.

"Oh, he was always a scamp!" said the world, and "what a taste that girl must have had to leave Tom Delane for him!" added the feminine world, forever on the side of fine eyes and picturesque hair.

Some one said this to Mrs. Delane, by way of consoling her for the affront. Whereat that lady smiled as only the gaunt and grim can smile; answering, "I quite agree with you; but think of my son's fortunate escape from such a designing, low-bred race as they all were!" E. L.

SOMETHING TO SEE.—Has any reader of *Punch* the happiness to possess as his wife, a Large Winged Lady? And further, has this extensive, yet angelic personage got a wardrobe? If not, an advertiser in a provincial paper has something to say to her. These are his offers:—

"FOR SALE A LARGE WINGED LADY'S MAHOGANY WARDROBE, seven feet nine inches wide, as good as new. Cost £45. Two or three full sized Chests of Drawers would be taken as part payment.—Apply (by letter) M. M., Post Office, Parliament Place."

We hope this introduction will be mutually

serviceable to both parties, and we should feel quite rewarded for any little trouble we may have taken, if we could receive a photograph of the Large Winged Lady.

A CONTRIBUTION to literary history has been brought to light in the shape of Pope's correspondence with Broome. These MSS., now in the hands of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Piccadilly, for sale by auction, consist of near one hundred letters, many of them in the hand of Pope, and nearly all relate to the translation of the *Odyssey*. They are said to throw new light on the relative shares in that work of Pope, the Rev. Mr. Broome, and Mr. Fenton.

From The Spectator, Oct. 9.

EUROPEAN PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

THE monarchs of Europe are pursuing that established counsel which tells them that if they desire peace they must prepare for war ; but they are perhaps following the advice with a zeal that rather overdoes the peace-preserving tendency. Seldom has there been seen an enduring peace ushered in with such a lavish amount of military pomp. And this outlay upon the apparatus of active war is not limited to one country, but is to be observed in every considerable country of Europe.

"L'empire c'est la paix," but in the fashion of perfect equipment for the field. France possesses at the present moment two enormous assemblies of troops—one near Lyons, one at Chalons. This double muster would appear to be dictated by two objects, and we can easily divine them. Lyons is a point from which a weight could be brought to bear either upon Spain, upon Switzerland, or upon Italy. The other camp at Chalons offers a ground upon which the empire can develop its military resources to the highest degree of perfection ; it is this camp over which the Emperor presides in person, surrounded by the élite of his generals, in Marshals Pélistier, Canrobert, Magnan, and General de Grammont, with many officers of high rank. Marshal Canrobert is the permanent Commander-in-chief. The camp comprises a complete army, with its infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and even commissariat. Since June it has been undergoing thorough training, even in grand manœuvres. Speaking in laudation of the Chalons Camp, the *Moniteur* says, that "the most redoubtable armies at the opening of a campaign have always been those familiarized by a long stay under canvas, in time of peace, with the rough exigencies of discipline and fatigue." Napoleon the First liked to have troops trained as *armies*, habituated to move in organized masses, and his nephew preserves the same strategy. The prime object in rendering the army available for immediate service, has already been attained. "It may now be said," the *Moniteur* announces, "that the education of the troops is complete, not only in a limited sense, as applied to one branch of the service, but as applied to the whole body of troops acting together on a vast field of operations." Has this camp a further purpose, or has it not ?

Scarcely more than a hundred miles north of Chalons is another encampment. It has been formed by King Leopold at Beverloo in Belgium. The whole body is engaged in earnest manœuvres, and is frequently visited by the King or his eldest son, the Duke of Brabant.

A little further to the east we have the vast country inhabited by the Teutonic race, looking, it may be said, like one immense camp. All the different states of Germany have at the present moment under arms what is called a Bundescontingent, that is, the number of troops which they are compelled by the treaty of Vienna, of the 8th of June, 1815, to contribute to the collected army of the Germanic Diet. This *corps d'armée* consists altogether of nearly half a million of men ; and it is now manœuvring in separated bodies throughout the country beyond Rhine. Austria is reviewing her own contingent of one hundred thousand men at Neunkirchen, near Vienna, while the other German Governments have their own separate contingents standing ready ; thus Prussia has its ninety thousand at Potsdam, Bavaria its forty thousand and odd near Augsburg, and Hanover its twenty thousand at Nordstemmen. The Bundescontingent is not likely to be called out for aggressive purposes, at least before the commencement of a war ; but the active precaution taken in calling it out at all implies that the German Governments labor under a very cogent apprehension of war ; and the German people have, in the military outlay for these musters and manœuvres, to pay a very heavy war assurance. But besides these contingents to the joint army of Germany, Austria has her own army now under inspection on the plains of Lombardy by the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian ; while even Prussia has been lately reviewing her troops under the command of the Prince of Prussia : our own Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, assisting at the display.

Looking still further east, we perceive mighty Czar Alexander II., in *propria persona*, at the head of a selected fifty thousand, intrenched in the camp of Powonski, near Warsaw ; and although the forty-five battalions of infantry, the twenty-eight squadrons of cavalry, and eighty pieces of artillery, moving in those marshy plains, form but a feeble representation of the power of the great eastern Colossus, still their position, so near to Germany and to western civilization, is rather significant as times go ; witness Villafranca, and the new concessions for forming "coal dépôts for the Russian Steam Navigation," on the coasts of Algeria, of Barbary, and of Egypt.

We have mentioned here only the larger congregations of soldiery ; of the smaller, we have the camps near Cadiz, where Queen Isabella is concentrating a body of troops destined, it is said, for the island of Cuba, and ultimately for Mexico ; the camp of St. Gall, where the Swiss Republic is examining her guards ; and the camp of Rendsburg, where

Schleswig-Holstein is doing the same; besides many others.

Nor must we forget that the French army in Rome has recently been augmented until it amounts to a complete division. This is remarkable in several aspects. In the first place, the alleged pretext is the ill-will between the Papal garrison and the French garrison,—provoked it is said by the drunken insolence of the French; which, in the event of any actual dispute, would have rendered the position of the French garrison critical. Secondly, it is almost an avowal that the division is to be rendered a permanent institution, like the camp at Chalons. Thirdly, it is impossible to dissociate this augmentation of the French army in central Italy from the recent *rapprochement* between Russia and Sardinia, France, and Russia.

Nor are the preparations of this kind, at once aggressive and defensive, limited to the land. According to the *Pays*, Cherbourg and Brest are by no means the only French ports which the imperial Government has determined to strengthen; on the contrary, Havre, Dunkirk, Dieppe, and Fécamp, are to have respectively £6,000,000, £680,000, £280,000, and £78,000; besides works at Calais and Boulogne. At the same time the

Emperor of Austria is about to assist in launching a vessel of the line at Pola, the first vessel of the kind ever built in an Austrian dockyard; the maritime arsenal of Venice is developed, and the mouths of the Cattaro are to be fortified, probably by help of the great railway loan dodge in which Baron Brück is assisting. It might almost be said that each state in Europe is so anxious for peace, that it is preparing for war, in order to secure a monopoly of the blessing for itself. But when gunpowder is collected into magazines, there is a strong tendency to explosion: a mere spark will serve the purpose.

We should be sorry to assume that those who are thus mustering combustibles are not indisposed for conflagration; in the majority of cases the object must be defence, and the course adopted is dictated by circumstances beyond the control even of an "absolute" ruler. Some may even be compelled to muster more soldiers than they wish; and to employ those soldiers whether they will or not. But it is not to be denied that those are taking the foremost part in these preparations who, according to professions and ostensible circumstances, have the least need to anticipate war.

PRESERVATION OF THE DEAD.—M. Falcony, a French chemist, has patented a process for preserving and embalming dead bodies. On Tuesday he exhibited the results to a number of gentlemen in the Lecture-hall of the School of Medicine, Grosvenor place. M. Falcony uses a powder, composed chiefly of a neutral salt, mixed with sawdust, which absorbs moisture, and so combines with the most deadly exhalations that no injury can be sustained by persons being brought into the closest contact with the deceased, and, by preventing putrefaction for more than a fortnight, will enable families to be brought together from distant places in time for the interment. In large cities the possibility of contagion when people have died of fevers or cholera will be avoided, as, by the use of the powder, the body is dried up, and after a time falls into dust. The process for embalming is by means of a liquid which appears to answer its purpose; but in this the public will feel less interest than in the temporary preservation of bodies to prevent injury to the health of the living.

A "SEPTUAGENARIAN VICAR" writes: "I am a clergyman of a nervous temperament, upwards of seventy years of age. I live on the borders of Oxfordshire and Bucks, in a very beautiful part of the country; my parish is small, my house good, my income approaching to £170 a year. Judge of my feelings when I

read this morning in your advertising columns the following:—'For sale, the next presentation to a living in a most beautiful part of the country, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Bucks. There is a superior parsonage-house and grounds, and the income amounts to about £170 per annum. Population small. Incumbent seventy years of age, and a *bad life*. Apply to Mr. W. H. Hewitt, auctioneer, &c., 23 Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square.' What right, sir, has any auctioneer to say that my life is a bad one, either morally or physically? Is there no redress against such brutality?"

THE COMET AND ITS OBSERVER.—Some weeks since a very ill-spelt letter, dated "Sheerness," and signed "C. Morens," was published in a conspicuous position in the "Times," and became the subject of an article in the "Examiner." The writer, it will be remembered, described, in his own remarkable way, his discovery of the comet that every one is now observing with interest, and the manner in which, by the aid of two sticks, he obtained the bearing of the visitor. Although his letter evinced a profound want of the common rudiments of education, yet it afforded manifest evidences of natural sagacity; and in recognition of these Professor Airey has considerably sent the writer a set of elegant volumes from the Royal Astronomical Society.

From The Examiner.

A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies.

By Julia Kavanagh, Author of *Nathalie*, &c. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

MISS KAVANAGH supposes that there is a public always glad to read about Italy, willing even to be told about, Spartacus and Masaniello. In that faith she has published notes of her experiences as a lodger at Sorrento, of her visits to Pæstum and Pompeii, of her trip to Sicily. She sees all the sunlight under an Italian sky, writes in a genial way, with touches of feminine enthusiasm and tokens of a feminine apprehension, of all manner of little details over which the eyes of men run blindly. Her book has in it the true Italian color. We quote one or two notes upon a woman's topic. First of courtship :—

"Donna Anunziata, a pretty Sorrento girl, of eighteen, has given me on the important subject of marriages here, such precise information, that I shall give it in her own words, as the best illustration of Italian manners and habits, which differ so essentially from ours.

"Donna Anunziata, as I said, is eighteen; she is short, and plump as a partridge; she has black hair, blue eyes, a Greek profile, white teeth, and rosy cheeks. She is one of the prettiest girls in Sorrento, and has already had one or two broken matches since we have been here. She is very naïve, very innocent, very ignorant, and speaks more Sorrentino than Italian. I contrived, however, to understand her, and as her visit was not a short one, and as she was communicative, I learned all I wanted to know.

"How is a marriage conducted here?" I asked, in the course of our conversation.

"Donna Anunziata opened her blue eyes at my ignorance, but replied in language more blunt than elegant; for, though well-born, she is ignorant, and she is naturally brusque.

"The mother of the young man goes to the mother of the young girl and says, 'I want this girl for my son.' The mother of the girl talks to her husband, the parents settle the money matters, and if the young people agree to it, it is a match."

"This was rather brief; a little while afterwards she added, of her own accord :—

"I had a great deal more hair than that formerly; they say in Sorrento that when a girl is disappointed in marriage, she loses her hair; but I do not think so."

"I agreed with her scepticism, and with a sigh Donna Anunziata soon added, giving a look at the mountains of Santa Agata, visible from our windows :—

"I was to have married up there, but I did not like the place."

"And that is a very important consideration in marriage," I suggested.

"The very first," she replied, solemnly.

"The house was the first thing to think of; the husband came afterwards. I was amused at this lodger-like view of matrimony, but I remarked that if she had liked her betrothed, she would have borne even with Santa Agata. This was too romantic a flight for Italian matter-of-fact Donna Anunziata. She still stuck to her original opinion.

"Choose your house well."

"Then you did not like your betrothed?" I could not help saying.

"Yes, I did," she replied, a little testily; 'but the Lord did not will it; it was not good for me, and in those things one must think of the soul,' the beautiful eyes were turned up piously, 'before the body.'

"Poor lover," I thought; 'the house and the soul, comfort and religion, have combined against you.'

"He was a fine young man," resumed Donna Anunziata, with a little sigh; 'tall!' her eyes emphatically sought the ceiling; 'shoulders like that;' she opened her arms wide. 'And such health! A wrist that size,' she added, uniting the fore-fingers and thumbs of her two hands. 'And so good,' she continued, 'as good as a piece of bread (this expressive image is French as well as Italian; "bon comme du pain," is an old popular saying). He was so good, in short, that he never spoke. Not even a word did he say. He would sit and say nothing. They say he is bigger and handsomer than ever; but what do I care?'

"But she could not drop the subject; the lost lover's size, bigness, beauty, silence, and goodness, had evidently impressed Donna Anunziata. She told me his name, Pietro, and his age, nineteen."

And of marriage this :—

"I am sorry to say that Italian wives are not very happy. Their husbands rarely trust or honor them, they treat them like children, and are as jealous as Turks. An Italian wife rarely knows the price of any thing, not even of meat or vegetables, for it is the man who buys, even in the middle class. A Roman wife told me that when she married, she could not have five baiocchi without her husband's knowledge. He was kind and fond of her, but mistrustful and jealous. In Sorrento, and in all the south, it is still a rule that peasant women, though taught how to read, must not know how to write; the reason is obvious; if these frail and dangerous creatures knew how to write, they would indite love-letters at once.

"But jealousy takes even more offensive a form than this impertinent mistrust, and foolish confidence in ignorance; I was once ques-

tioning Carmela concerning her aversion to marriage, which seemed remarkably strong. She replied with some warmth:—

“Signora, when you marry a man, he is fond of you, but after two or three years, he either begins to look at and talk to other women, or to beat you for jealousy.”

“I thought she was exaggerating, but she gave me instances that startled me, and which other testimony confirmed, at least, so far as the jealousy went, for I need not say that the flirting which offended her so much is not peculiar to Sorrento. A young woman once went with her husband to a festa; she happened to look at another man; at once her husband took her home, and beat her till she was tired. The offended wife made a vow which she religiously kept; that never again would she go out with her husband. Repentance and entreaties availed him not; they never again appeared together out of their home.

“I thought this rather outrageous for a

look, but Carmela had a more incredible story to relate.

“A widower married a middle-aged woman; from her marriage-day that woman never left her husband’s house. There was a church opposite their door, and she never crossed the street to enter that church and hear mass; her husband went, and she stayed at home; and this had lasted something like twenty years. When Carmela mentioned the facts, witnesses, who could not be mistaken, confirmed the story. The man was also harsh to his only son by a first wife, and was liked by no one; he was only an enriched peasant, but he had the spirit and the domestic tyranny of any feudal old Cenci. His wife must have stood in mortal fear of him, for he neither looked her up, nor stayed within to watch her. His will was stronger than bolts or bars, and imprisoned her like gates of adamant.”

There is much more talk on many topics not less entertaining than these notes on marriages in Italy.

WHAT THE ROMANS THINK OF “CONCLAVE.”

—A few hours after the termination of the ceremonial, in the evening of the following day, the cardinals set out from the church of the Noviciate of the Theatines, called St. Gaetano, surrounded by pomp, which, if not totally pagan, is certainly wholly worldly, and in procession enter the Quirinal palace, which is prepared for the use of conclave. It is during these *Novenali* that the Romans abandon themselves to their pasquinades, a species of popular satire in which they are unrivalled. These effusions prove the estimation in which conclave is held by the citizens of Rome. It would be impossible to convey any idea of the variety of these popular productions, so numerous are they, all of which, more or less, bear the impress of wit and originality. To confine myself to a few of them which circulated at the death of Leo, I remember one which compared conclave to presepio. The reader should know that presepio, among the Papists, especially of the South, is a species of panorama of little statuettes which represent the stable at Bethlehem at the moment that the shepherds adore the new-born Messiah. The cardinalistic presepio was composed of the following personages:—Cardinal Micara represented St. Joseph, Odescalchi the Madonna, Barberini the babe, Bernetti the ox, Vidoni the ass. Each of the other cardinals represented the shepherds, goats, fowls, and cabbages, which Popish tradition pretends were offered to the cradle of the divine infant. A second pasquinade likened the conclave to Noah’s ark, into

which popular opinion has erroneously imagined that all the beasts entered two and two. What a miraculous coincidence that the cardinals should enter conclave two and two! The pasquinade assigned to each cardinal the name of some beast with whose instincts his own most prominently and visibly accorded. The collection was rich in tigers, hyenas, hippopotami, crocodiles, wolves, foxes, cats, buffaloes, and donkeys, of which the Zoological Gardens might be envious, though with regard to variety they are certainly richer than the Noatic ark. A third pasquinade, and it shall be the last, applied to each cardinal a verse of the litany which in the Roman Church is called the Major Litany (*litania majores*), and in the Anglican Church, which has copied it in part, is simply called “Litany or General Supplication.” Nothing more true or appropriate can be conceived. Thus it ran:—“From the crafts and assaults of the devil, *i.e.*, Cardinal Albani, good Lord, deliver us. From plague, famine, and from battle, *i.e.*, Cardinal Vidoni, good Lord, deliver us. From lightning and tempest, *i.e.*, Cardinal Pacca, good Lord, deliver us. From murder and sudden death, *i.e.*, Cardinal Bernetti, good Lord, deliver us,” and so on. The longest lists being under the titles, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, from fornication and all other deadly sins. Such is the estimation in which the Romans hold conclave, and such their respect for the electors and election of a Pope — *Gavazzi’s Recollections of the four last Popes.*

THE PLATE.—The Soul, prior to the dissolution of the Body, exploring through and beyond the Tomb, and there discovering the emblems of mortality and of immortality.

"Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
Oh that some courteous ghost would blab it out
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarned men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more,
Sullen-like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learned as you are, and as close."—*The Grave, a Poem.*

[We have now completed our selections from Blake's designs, of which we have never seen others than those illustrative of Blair's Poem. Our next plate will be of a more *life-like* character.]

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT: Carter & Brothers.—The Rev. Dr. Sprague's fifth volume of commemorative notices of distinguished American clergymen of various denominations, from the early settlement of the country to the close of the year 1855, has just made its appearance. It is devoted to biographies of Episcopal ministers, and a wide and splendid field for the labors of the writer is at once opened. Going back to the colonial period of our history, and taking in the men who bore a part in founding the churches of this country, he finds rich materials for a volume of remarkable interest. Dr. Sprague belongs to a communion having no ecclesiastical relations with the Episcopal, but he brings to his work an impartiality and uprightness that give to his sketches far more value than if they were from a more interested source. He brings out to view the great fact that God dwells in his ministers and churches, by the power of the Holy Spirit, by whatever name they may be called. Among the names of those who are here enrolled, we find George Whitfield, Samuel Auchmuty, Bishop Seabury, Jacob Duche, Dr. Jarvis, Bishop Claggett, Bishop Madison, Bishop Moore, Dr. Abercrombie, Bishops Griswold, Hobart, Gadsden, Henshaw, and Wainwright; Drs. Bedell, Milner, Ogilby, and a galaxy of other names that we have not room to enumerate. This is enough to show what treasures of religious biography are here, and when we add that they are elaborated with that patient industry, that graceful ease, that perspicuous and pleasing style, which gives such a charm to Dr. Sprague's books, and that we have here contributions shedding important light upon these characters from many eminent writers, clergymen, senators, governors, and others, it will be seen that this volume is invested with attractions quite equal to those which have given such a wide popularity and distinguished reputation to these contributions by Dr. Sprague to American Christian letters.

We may add that this volume is published in the series, and also in separate form, that it may

be had as an independent volume, by those who do not take the whole set. But the whole constitutes a library of religious reading, full of entertaining instruction, to be enjoyed for a lifetime.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE fifth volume of Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* is devoted to the memoirs of distinguished clergymen of the Church, and has been issued separately as an accommodation to many who may not wish to purchase the rest of the work. He will receive the hearty thanks of many Churchmen for the manner in which the work has been done.

Besides its very candid and generous "historical introduction," it contains biographies more or less full of upwards of one hundred and eighty Church clergymen who have passed away—not a few of whom have passed away from all remembrance—and upwards of one hundred and eighty others in shorter notices, concerning whom less could be learned.

These memorials are from the pens of nearly two hundred and thirty contributors, among whom are twenty-five of our Bishops, also Presidents of the United States, Heads of Departments, Senators, Ministers to foreign Courts, Governors, gentlemen of the learned professions, Literary men (such as Galian C. Verplanck, Lawrence, Prescott), and Doctors of Divinity. Of this last-mentioned class it is no disparagement to others to mention Drs. Turner, Wyatt, Henry, H. M. Mason, Tyng, Seabury, Dorr, Sparrow, McGuffey, Vinton, Stevens, and A. C. Coxé; but it is to the industrious and accurate pen of the Rev. Ethan Allen, of Maryland, that it owes much more than to any other contributor.

We are mistaken if even Churchmen will not think more highly of their Church after reading this volume; and we are sure that it cannot but conciliate the regard of those of the denominations around us who may give it their perusal, furnishing, as it does, a full answer to those asking of us, *Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?*—*Church Journal.*







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From The Dublin University Magazine.

HORACE WALPOLE IN HIS OLD AGE.

I SELDOM cross Berkeley-square without fancying that I see on one side a chariot and a pair of horses, ridden by a stout postilion in the livery of the Walpole family, waiting for the slow steps of an invalid, who is holding by the banister of a staircase, and creeping down to take an airing. He comes out in a loose gown, trimmed with fur and well wadded; his feet are wrapped in flannels; he wears gouty shoes, and underneath his hat sports a black silk night-cap over his bald head. He is forced to lean, as he gets in, on the arm of a footman, whom he hardly suffers to call him "my lord;" and thus fettered by disease, a lonely bachelor of eighty and upwards, he tries still to disappoint his many expectant relatives of their long deferred inheritance. He has dined early, and returns to his solitary cup of chocolate, and to the evening paper. Presently a few old noblemen, or divers ancient friends of less rank, look in upon him; and the bright days of his youth, the delights of Paris in the days of Deffand, or the quieter pleasures of Strawberry Hill, in the happy period of Mrs. Clive's friendship, come back again to the octogenarian's memory.

He receives them with all the suavity of the old school, in which famed era his address was even when Chesterfield and Carteret were alive, considered surpassingly graceful. His ease is pre-eminent—nothing forced in his wit nor harsh in his opinions. He is free from all affectation. He begs of his friends not to "my lord" him—"let me be Horace still." He welcomes every one—his courtesy is never at fault; and then, what anecdote, what recollections, what descriptions! How he brings before his company *tableaux* of the entombed—the dead alive again! How he describes their mind and person, even to the nicest attribute of their intellect, or to the lace of a ruffle.

Beneath all this charm of manners lay, nevertheless, a profound contempt for mankind. He gave, indeed, to all who approached him an apparent confidence, for he had learned to live with others as if he loved them, concealing all the while beneath his evergreen politeness a real frigidity of nature, somewhat like a petrifying well, the gushing drops from which glitter and catch the sunbeams, but are turned into ice ere they fall. "Those," said Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, "who do not care to be beloved are content with you." Therefore, one cannot wonder that, six weeks before his death, a sense of coming desolateness and desertion came over the bright genius of Strawberry Hill. "At home," he writes somewhat mournfully, "I see only a few *charitable* elders, except about

fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methuselah of the family; and they," he adds, in real sadness of spirit, "can only speak of their own contemporaries." What a commentary upon the miseries of a bachelor's home in old age. How well he unconsciously points the moral of his own brilliant and unsatisfactory existence. Then he had the unhappiness, too, of being the survivor of that group of wits, poets, painters, actors, politicians, beauties, and platonic lady friends, whose companionship had gladdened his mature age. Those whom he had satirized, those whom he had vilified, those with whom he had quarrelled, those whom he had never ceased to like or to patronize, were, with few exceptions, all laid in the tomb. Many of them lived, in fact, only in his remembrance, and "Strawberry" was now too secluded for the limb-fettered and dependent mass of society.

The familiar voices which gladdened the chambers of "Strawberry" rang through it no more. The man who could not in his youth and maturity exist in solitude, now felt the weary tax of age. "I scarce go out," he writes, "of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows any thing." Consequently, few were his visitants, for nothing is so easy in this life as to be forgotten.

His beloved library, however, owned him as its tenant long after the summer of his life had forever passed away, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, in the bow windows, were lighted up with the gleams of many revolving suns, whilst an existence no longer glad some was spun out, each familiar friend hastening before him to the tomb. Around the octogenarian, above the Gothic arches of pierced work, a copy from Dugdale's St. Paul, and beneath the ceiling, painted by Clermont, hung the portraits of his father and grandfather—dearer, perhaps, to the sight of Horace than the historical pictures by which they were incongruously surrounded. A clock of silver gilt, engraved with *fleur-de-lis*, and surmounted by a lion holding the arms of England—a present from Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn—proclaims the weary hours. A fishing eagle, modelled by Mrs. Damer, who beheld the noble bird in a paroxysm of agony, having nearly lost one of its wings when taken in Brockel Park, recalls the accomplishments of one of the venerable dilettante's most precious and cherished pets. Curious coins—among them the famous satirical one of Queen Anne, embracing Lady Masham, with the motto, "All for love"—consume some of those protracted days when friends and acquaintances came not; whilst in one recess of the library stand two chests, in

which are deposited the manuscript memoirs and letters of Horace Walpole. These, perhaps, furnished him in many a solitary hour with occupation—these, perhaps, proved a solace to the vanity which must have often been wounded by the rising eminence of others. For who believes the mournful exclamation of the recluse of Strawberry Hill—"Pray send me no laurels. I shall be content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust." Who, indeed, believes him?

For the very care which he took to preserve his letters, and the knowing injunction that they should not be delivered to the first of his male descendants that should attain the age of twenty-five, proves what value he set upon the "laurels" which he professed to despise, and which he coveted, whether they wreathed a brow still throbbing with the thirst for fame, or were laid upon his tomb.

What were the visions which the old man most fondly treasured, as he sat in the library of Strawberry Hill, and the cold, the estranged, and the dead, came herding into the cells of his memory?

Connected with his home was the remembrance of Walpole's early friend, Gray. One portion of the house was indelibly haunted by his image. Strawberry Hill—which presented some years ago so singular an instance of the blindness of all human provisions, at its sale—was originally a small tenement let as a lodging house. Cibber once lived there; then Talbot, Bishop of Durham, sanctified it with his presence; afterwards Henry Brydges, Marquis of Carnarvon, was its tenant for a time; and lastly, it became the home of Mrs. Chenevix, a noted toy woman; and here the famous Père Couraye lodged with her. Horace Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease, and erected a Gothic castle, not pulling down the old house, but adding to it from time to time. Its owner described it, in its original form, as a little plaything toy that he had got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and the prettiest bauble imaginable, "set in enamelled meadows, with filagree hedges."

The whole became a sort of patchwork copy from different originals; even the walk on the road being taken from that at Aston Hall, in Warwickshire. As you entered by the great north gate, a small oratory enclosed in iron rails, with all appropriate objects—an altar, a saint in bronze, and stone basins for holy water—prepared the stranger for the further aspect of an abbot's garden, parted off by an open screen on the right, and on the left for a cloister, by which you passed into the house. In this cloister, on a pedestal, stood a blue and white china tub, in which Walpole's cat was drowned, and on which Gray's elegant ode was written.

This memorial of an intimacy had its importance. In early life, Walpole and Gray had quarrelled. They had travelled together and separated; for the poet was poor, serious, and a scholar, and the youthful Horace was rich, gay, by no means saintly, and a lover of men rather than of books.

"'The fault,' said Walpole, in after times, 'was mine. I had just broke loose from the University, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities—I was for perpetual balls and plays.' When the quarrel was made up, three years afterwards, and Gray consented to visit Strawberry Hill, he told his host without ceremony that he would by no means consent to be 'there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had wholly cancelled.' And, perhaps, the alliance thus formed was more secure than the almost boyish preference of former days, when the poet had freely spoken his mind—for 'Gray,' observed Walpole, 'does not hate to find fault with me.'"

No two persons could indeed be more dissimilar. Pious, studious, affectionate, and reclusive, Gray ill assorted with the careless, if not sceptical religionist—the man who doubted every human being; the lover of the social, but of the social without one grain of human interest in its composition. Gray was esteemed in his time the most learned man in Europe. His error was an extreme fastidiousness of character, and a contempt for his inferiors in knowledge. His sensibility was even morbid: he was apt to be overset even by the ordinary affairs and intercourse of life; and coarse manners or unrefined sentiments almost made him ill. He had certain weaknesses, too, which could not have been concealed from the sneering penetration of Walpole. Like Congreve, he could not bear to be considered as a man of letters by profession; and whilst he valued others only according to their attainments, he wished himself to be regarded merely as an independent gentleman who read for his amusement. This was a *refinement*, for so may it be deemed, which the common sense of Walpole could never have comprehended; and yet it has its excuses. There is something painful and degrading in accounting literature as a craft. As a pursuit it is noble; as a profession it loses much of its interest to the romantic mind.

Their friendship however, continued, to a certain extent to flourish, till the death of Gray closed it. The poet still continued to admonish. Whilst Walpole was in Paris, "extremely in vogue, and supping in the best company," Gray wrote him lectures upon his health,—reminding him gently that he was no longer juvenile: charging him, should

he persist in certain notions of hardness, "to persist in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow turn back upon the sun-dial;" "if you find this not so easy, acquiesce in a good grace in my anilities, put on your under stockings of yarn or woollen, even in the night time. Don't provoke me, or I shall order you two night-caps (which by the way would do your eyes good)." To a vain man there is nothing so irritating as the age or infirmities of a contemporary. Poor Gray! with all his precautions, his night-caps, and his wrappings, his mortal enemy was too strong for him; the gout at last attacked his stomach, convulsion fits came on, and that friend of Walpole's expired.

That Walpole ever cherished the memory of his friend with pride, was manifest from his disgust with Johnson's condemnation of Gray.

"Sir," said the dogmatist, "he was dull in company, dull in the closet, dull everywhere; he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great; he was a mechanical poet." When Walpole was asked to subscribe to Johnson's monument, he wrote, "I would not deign to write an answer; but sent down word by my footman as I would to parish officers, with a brief, that I would not subscribe."

From the remembrance of Gray, the gayer recollections of the aged and infirm Lord Oxford might turn, doubtless, to the brilliant, the admired, the unloved Marie Vichy Chamrond, Marquise du Deffand. This was no early bond of love or friendship, but the result of an acquaintance commenced on the gentleman's side, at fifty, on that of the lady, at seventy, or upwards.

When Madame du Deffand first saw Horace Walpole, she had been hopelessly blind eleven years; those eyes which Voltaire had complimented as "*bien brillans et bien beaux*," were closed: perhaps, said the arch-flatterer, "because one is punished through the members with which one has sinned."

Her appearance must, however, even when Walpole first beheld her, have been singularly interesting. The closed lids did not disfigure a countenance of which the beauty and regularity of the features formed a lasting characteristic. Her complexion retained its freshness and delicacy, almost to the close of her protracted existence. Her favorite attire was a black velvet hood, garnished with deep plaited rows of lace round the face, and and drawn together by a bow of ribbon beneath the chin. A white dress, also plaited, appeared beneath a sort of surcoat of black velvet, set off by deep and full lace ruffles, reaching to the elbow. The whole was warm, suitable, venerable. Our aged ladies seem to

forget in their attire that there is such a word to be applied to them.

Such was her aspect. Her personal character combined strange contradictions. She bore her affliction with the heroism of a Christian, yet she had no faith. Even in her earliest youth, bred up as she was in a convent, the scepticism of a mind naturally unimpressionable induced her friends to send Massillon to convert her. She was neither dazzled by his reasonings nor intimidated by his character; and the prelate, after long arguments, became more enamoured of her beauty and talents, than shocked at her heresy. Such was her own account to Walpole. After this triumph it may not be surprising to find that she was all her life sighing, as she expressed it, to be devout, yet never accomplishing that end; yet she met the hand of calamity with patience, whilst there remained any chance of her retaining her eyesight. During the eleven years of uncertainty, the agonies of her spirit were great. When once the fiat was decreed, and her once searching eyes could view no more the aspect of that society she loved so well, she became tranquil and cheerful, nor would she ever suffer any one to pity her for her blindness.

She was a noted *bel esprit*—yet she disclaimed the character. She thought humbly of her own abilities, and regretted the great imperfections of her conventional education. Ignorant of every language but her own, her reading was necessarily circumscribed; "but," said her friend, Horace Walpole,

"Her penetration, her strength of mind, her ready comprehension, her natural faculty of judgment, her understanding, the simplicity of her language, and her thorough contempt of every thing false, or affected, her great knowledge of the world, her intimacy with most of the most distinguished men of her time—were qualities which put her on a par with these celebrated sons of genius."

Walpole and the Marquise met; and surely two persons of more kindred tastes and pursuits never encountered in this weary world. An instant fire was kindled in the breast of the still sensitive Du Deffand—a fire of which none but the hackneyed man of the world, would doubt the source—the enthusiasm of an aged, blind, and flattered woman, to whose exhausted round of limited enjoyments, some new object was wanting. Twenty years' difference of age, and that on the wrong side, was there between them; yet Walpole, suspicious to a degree of ridicule, and verging into the old bachelor, was haunted by fears of this new passion becoming the jest of Paris. The previous career of Madame du Deffand inspired him, perhaps, with fear. Married from prudential motives to M. du Deffand,

and separated from him, she gave in to the received opinions of the best French society, that persons united from considerations of a pecuniary nature, had a right after marriage, to form a choice such as the restrictions of the single state had precluded. It is true, that Madame du Deffand was re-united to her husband; but their amity only lasted six weeks; and rumors of various sorts—one of which pointed out the Regent D'Orleans as one of her admirers—indicated that no new conceptions of conjugal duty swayed the conduct of the beautiful and witty Marquise.

Her connection with the President Henault was not closed, by the death of her lover, until years after Horace Walpole knew the Marquise. The regard of the Marquise was evidently languishing towards her ancient ally and adorer; and she wrote calmly of that illness, which finally closed his existence. "The President," she writes, in 1770, "has been attacked with fever, and three days since has lost all consciousness." "I doubt," she adds, "whether he will live through the winter. His loss will make a considerable change in my life; but I will not anticipate disagreeables—let it suffice to support them when they actually happen."

She bore the event with all the philosophy of a Frenchwoman. During the same year, she wrote the account of his death, when she avowed her grief to be moderate; soothed by the conviction that she had lost no real friend in Henault; and, that in spite of the general condolences proffered to her, there were those who knew that all intimacy had long ceased between her and the President. "You have made me a perfect proselyte," she adds, addressing Walpole. "I have all your scepticism as to the reality of any friendship." Thus was closed a long and intimate, but perhaps never tender, connection—an union of the intellect and fancy, not of the heart.

Henceforth Walpole became "*mon ami*"—and Madame du Deffand received from him the soft appellation of "*ma petite*."

It was one of those friendships to which the depraved Parisians assign even the word *respectable*, when it proves lasting; and which they would have thought tarnished by marriage—a folly which would have injured the parties in the sight of sensible people. Long, according to Marmontel, was this connection continued by fear—for the President was timid—after it had ceased to be held together by love.

One would have supposed that, even under the influence of these recollections, Walpole need not have dreaded scandal. Surely in his arm-chair at Strawberry Hill, wrapped up in flannels, he must have recalled with something like a blush all his own absurdity; his alarm "at what the world would say"—

heightened, doubtless, by the knowledge that all letters written from England by celebrated persons were, as he fancied, opened at the post office in Paris, and often sent to Versailles to furnish amusement for the Court. Nevertheless, he might have reflected that, before the Revolution nothing was more strongly marked than the period at which the age of gallantry expires and the reign of the *bel esprit* begins—an epoch which was as scrupulously observed as a change of dress upon a change of season—and that a woman aiming to attract a lover after the age of gallantry had passed, would have exposed herself to as much ridicule as if she had worn velvet when all the world had put on their "*demi saisons*." Nevertheless, the agonies of the alarmed Walpole were reiterated. It is true that the expressions of the blind and aged Marquise were somewhat extatic, and resembled the ravings of fifteen. "If you could give," she says, "to your letters the sound of your voice, your pronunciation, I should be as happy once a week as I am every day when you are here." On another occasion she complains that the friendship she has conceived for Walpole is a great misfortune—(how many women might avow the same of that uncomfortable species of interest falsely called Platonic). She reproaches him with accusing her of romance. "I love you," she says, "only because I esteem you; and have found in you qualities which for fifty years I have sought elsewhere in vain." She regrets the obstacles which separate them, and refers, touchingly, to her blindness and old age.

Such as their friendship was, it was closed by the death of Madame du Deffand in 1780. She died calmly, without a struggle, but unbelieving, and, as far as observation could discover, unfearing. Walpole, in his character of her, written in January, 1766, describes her as going "to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles;" as giving suppers twice a-week, and reciting songs and epigrams. Her judgment, he describes to be as just as possible; on every point of conduct, he declares her to be "as wrong as possible; all love and hatred, passionate for her friends, but a vehement hater." Well it is for us that we know not always what others say and think of us. "As she can have no amusement but conversation;" thus wrote Walpole of his "*petite*," "the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her in the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her frailties, because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich." What a picture of that world for which she had sacrificed *all*.

The man of slight sensibilities had ample

consolation for the death of Madame du Defand. Twickenham was, at that era, somewhat of a classic region, "Dowagers as plenty as flounders," writes Walpole, "inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window, by a most poetical moonlight." Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Whitehead, the poet laureate, and Sir John Hawkins added their own quota of dignity to the place.

At Little Strawberry Hill, at the western extremity of Twickenham, resided also Mrs. Clive, the incomparable actress in low comedy.

"Here lived the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name;
The comic muse with her expired,
And shed a tear when she retired."

Such was the inscription placed on an urn, in the garden where this accomplished woman had often sauntered. Mrs. Clive's residence was a small, but beautiful cottage, which afterwards became the abode of the Miss Berrys, the latest friends of Horace Walpole. Here much agreeable communion of the taste and intellect, and the talk that "hovers round the lips, but never touches the heart," must have taken place. In later times, the family of Sir Matthew Wood, to whose political conduct, as the champion of Queen Caroline, the world at last does justice, were domiciled in Little Strawberry Hill.

The acquaintance of Mrs. Clive afforded Horace Walpole that most comfortable of all luxuries, an easy, humble friend. It does not appear in any of his letters that she mingled in any of those brilliant *réunions* which he describes as occurring in the "most oriental of evenings," with the odors of Araby diffused around; the acacias, covered with blossoms, thus perfuming the air; the honeysuckles, dangling from every tree in festoons; the syringas, thickets of sweets; and the new-cut hay in the meadows: all this heightened—for his was a Cockney mind—by a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh and Marylebone, and giving the region around "Strawberry" the semblance of Haroun Al-raschid's paradise. From such festive scenes, when graced by the presence of high-born foreigners, or encumbered, as he deemed it, by the host's lordly relatives, the humble player was probably excluded. She occupied, however, her place—and, strange to say, enjoyed the intimacy of Walpole for years, if not without scandal, at least exempt from real blame. Separated early in life from her husband, the brother of Baron Clive, Mrs. Clive remained forty years on the stage without paying that tax for pre-eminence which is often found to consist in relaxation of principle. Her personal defects were not detrimental to her success, for they were obviated by the force of original talent and by the

charm of manner. The description given of this celebrated woman by Churchill, in the "Rosciad," must remind those who remember Mrs. Jordan, of that admirable actress.

"Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feared his
rod;
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please;
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humor's base, more merit or more praise."

Mrs. Clive was a woman respectable by birth, being the daughter of one of the unfortunate adherents of James II. in Ireland. Her father, Mr. William Rafflers, who was a native of the city of Kilkenny, lost a valuable estate, owing to his adherence to the losing side, and fled to France, where he served in the army of Louis XIV.; but returning, he married and settled in London—and Mrs. Clive first saw the light in the unromantic region of Fishstreet-hill.

The young creature, who afterwards became so celebrated, displayed her genius for the stage very early. It was discovered and appreciated by Colley Cibber. Her first appearance was at Drury-lane, in boy's clothes, and all that she was required to do was to sing a song. She was then scarcely seventeen; but the *debut*, even in so slight a part, was entirely successful. She soon rose to eminence; and her Nell, in "The Devil to Pay," a ballad farce, written by Coffey, caused her salary to be doubled. A long career of fame was then commenced, and closed only by her retirement in 1769. Walpole frequently refers to Mrs. Clive's performances—sometimes calling her "The Clive;" at others, Muscovita, in allusion to one of her favorite characters. "Sir, the Muscovita is not a pretty woman, and she does sing ill, that's all." Thus wrote he to Mr. Marshal Conway—"There is a little simple farce, called 'Miss Lucy in Town,' in which Mrs. Clive mimics Muscovita admirably; but all the run is," he adds, "after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields."

The incredulous Horace saw "nothing wonderful" in the new star. His preference was, even then, beginning to show signs of age, in his love of old associations. With what a pleasure he speaks of Mrs. Bracegirdle, and quotes her telling him how, at the playhouse, in those days of simple manners and humble fortunes, they used to call out, as each favorite actress departed, for Mrs. Oldfield's chair; Mrs. Barry's clogs; and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens. How strange would this sound at the Lyceum in our time—where a smart brougham awaits the heroine of the night.

But, over the decline of Horace Walpole's existence shone a still fairer ray, hovered a still brighter star than Muscovita. These

were times when the acacias, beloved of their owners, shed their sweet blossoms upon young, fair heads; and the honeysuckles imparted their perfume not alone to titled foreigners, but to stately women full of talent, their eyes sparkling with intelligence. Among these, by the side of the dignified Mrs. Siddons, there glanced a female form, whose exquisite beauty was then yielding to the imperious decree of time, but whose enthusiasm endured until the last. Light up the candles; draw up the drop-scene in the theatre; let the prompter, some dandy peer in his laced ruffles, take his place yonder—ring the call-bell; and prepare cushions for the valetudinarian lord of the whole—a scene is to be enacted, its author, its heroine, the same—Anne Damer.

She is, indeed, no longer youthful, but the delicacy of her form and face bespeaks her high birth—that birth upon which she sets so little store; and her quick eye, her somewhat sharp features, her ready smile, tell of the lively genius which attempted all things. She had presumed upon being the pupil of Bacon, the sculptor. She now dares to act with Siddons, and before the widow of Garrick. Already had her reputation in this line been noised abroad—her performances at the Duke of Richmond's, with Lord Henry Fitzgerald (the father of the late and the present Lord De Ros), had established her as the Thalia of those and similar occasions. How charming she had been as Violante in the "Wonder," to Lord Henry's Don Felix. How piquant as Mrs. Lovemore, in "The Way to keep him;" but at Strawberry Hill she takes a new part;—she is bitter, sarcastic, personal; and in her piece of "Fashionable Friends," she unveils—and none had opportunities of knowing it better—the heartlessness of the fashionable world. The piece was brought afterwards upon the stage—but the audience, more virtuous than we of the present times, resented the biting satire, and it was withdrawn.

"Thalia" was a personage of no ordinary stamp. She was one of a family—and few were there—for whom Horace Walpole felt a real and lasting regard. Her father was the justly celebrated and beloved Henry Seymour Marshall Conway; and her mother was Caroline Campbell, the only daughter of John, Fourth Duke of Argyll. Thus allied, there were many who would have deemed beauty, rank, the prospect of an eligible marriage, all that human hopes could desire; but Anne Conway had just talent enough to aspire without the vigor of mind necessary to accomplish perfection.

Happily for her—for her subsequent life was one which required the solace of a pursuit—Anne Conway was related to Horace

Walpole. During her girlhood, he had the good-nature to direct her pursuits, add to approve her attempts. Few services are more acceptable to the young, and no presents are so grateful as a large donation of encouragement. One day, during the prime of her youth and beauty, Anne Conway happened to be walking with the historian Hume. They met a boy carrying images. Hume gave him a shilling, which drew upon him a jest from his fair companion on his squandering so much money. "Those images," he remarked, "were not modelled without the aid of science and genius"—with all her accomplishments, he defied his young companion to produce such works. The *spur* was felt; it acted as a goad—and soon from the masquerade and the dance, the bright eyes of Anne Conway were missing. She was taking lessons from Bacon, the sculptor. She was modelling in a mob-cap, with a large apron over her delicate figure. Ill-natured report soon made out that the works she produced were not achieved by herself, but had the aid of a poor sculptor, Cerrachi; but, even when that aid was withdrawn, she produced works of much merit, though not of decided superiority.

Horace Walpole wrote her up—for the system of *cliques* was as rife in those days as in ours—and his clique combined the charm of high fashion with its lofty and various pretensions. The approval of a man of such high celebrity, both in literature and taste, and of such high fashion, was all-powerful. People look through their magnifying glasses at the defects of a starving artist. They are beguiled into blindness by an honorable name. It was the day for titled caste to shine forth in all the lustre which the spirit of *clique* could bestow. All high-born ladies without that pale were laughed at—witness Horace Walpole's incessant ridicule of Lady Pomfret, and of the Duchess of Bolton, whose resolution of going to China, upon Wheatston's telling her that the world was to be burnt in three years, might be a *la Bolton*—but not, assuredly, her grace's serious proposal. But whatever certain ladies did—relations of his own—was surpassing, superior to contemporary productions, equal to the ancients.

"Mrs. Damer's busts," he writes, "are not inferior to the antique, and theirs, we may be sure, were not more like." He commends her Scotch dog as large as life, and "only not alive"—with a looseness and softness in the curls that seemed impossible to terra cotta; and he compares it in point of merit, to the Barberini goat, the Tuscan boar, the Malta eagle. So much for *clique*. More truly does he remark that her attempt was almost unprecedented and laudable. Since

her time, Lady Dacre has honorably distinguished herself in the same noble art.

Lady Lucan has also framed for her miniatures, Lady De Spencer for her drawings, and the Countess of Aylesbury, the mother of Mrs. Damer, had a noted skill in worsted-work pictures. But these were but the attempts of elegant and gifted women in their hours of recreation. Sculpture became the business of Anne Conway's life. She sought to improve her general knowledge, in order to perfect her taste. She studied, with this end, not only modern literature, but the classic authors of Rome and Greece. Her loveliness, her wit and energy, won upon the fancy of her cousin Horace. Why were they never allied by a closer tie than that of cousinship?

Her ambition rose as she proceeded. Henceforth she resolved to banish all sublunary distinctions from her thoughts—to pride herself upon "all the blood of all the Seymours" no more—and to hold the appellation of the first female sculptor of her day, as dearer to her heart than the proudest titles of the realm. She was accustomed in after times to say, she wished to be known by the name of Damer the Sculptor—all the other distinctions to be withdrawn. Her romantic endeavors were stayed by her unhappy marriage. This occurred in 1767, when the young sculptor was only nineteen, and before any of the works upon which she established her fame were given to the world.

The union was infelicitous. The Hon. John Damer, to whom she gave her hand, was, indeed, well born, being the son of Lord Milton, and brother of the Earl of Dorchester, and heir to thirty thousand a-year; but he was madly extravagant, and in a trivial and discreditable way, lavishing on his person immense sums, and frequently appearing three times a day in a new suit, decorated in all the costly taste of the times.

Released from this tie by the early death of her husband in 1776, Mrs. Damer devoted her days to her beloved pursuits, adding to them a new and keen interest in politics. She resolved to travel to Rome, there to improve her taste. This undertaking was by no means either safe or easy. War at that time raged between America and England. The vessel in which Mrs. Damer sailed, was chased by a French man-of-war, and a running fire was kept up for four hours. During this fearful encounter, the young sculptor showed all the material of which her character was composed. She behaved with an intrepidity worthy of the name of Conway. Her cousin, with feelings composed one-third of cousinly interest, and two-thirds of love, trembled for her when he heard of the conflict. "She always was," thus wrote he to

her mother, "the heroic daughter of a hero—her sense and coolness never forsook her. I, who am not so firm, shuddered at your ladyship's account. Now, that she has stood fire for four hours, I hope she will give as clear proofs of her understanding, and not return with danger."

She returned in safety, after visiting not only Rome, but Madrid, to act a new part in her sphere. A party assembled at Lady Frederick Campbell's, to play cribbage, first welcomed her home. Among them, surrounded by Conways, Mount Edgecombes, and Johnstones, was the expectant Horace Walpole. At half-past ten she was announced. Her parents ran into the hall—the gouty Horace scrambled down some of the stairs. The traveller met them in glad spirits, although her perils by sea, and fatigues by land, had been such as to daunt the spoiled grumblers at the petty passage from England to the Continent. She had rested only four days at Paris, after coming from Madrid, and had endured a twelve hours' sail from Calais to Dover. A supper, such as one can easily conceive to have been delightful, closed the evening of return. As she ran over the events and impressions of her tour, she confessed that Madrid and the Escorial had gained her a proselyte to painting, which she had undervalued in her zeal for *Statuaria*. She owned she had had no "idea of Titian," and that Rubens "amazed her." Her animation, her looks, her "Spanish complexion," as Horace Walpole termed it, charmed every one who welcomed the traveller home.

She had set out in life a tory; she had been partially converted to whigism by Walpole; and, like most enthusiastic women (who are seldom reasoners), she had now become almost a republican.

It was a period of the maddest political excitement. The memorable contest of Charles Fox for Westminster was at hand, and, among other fashionable female politicians, Mrs. Damer became one of the foremost. She formed, in fact, one of that triplet of wits and beauty, composed of the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Clive, and herself, who canvassed Westminster, and forgot, in their eagerness to carry the day, not only what is due to rank, but also to female delicacy and self-respect.

Henceforth, Mrs. Damer's name is to be found almost incessantly in the annals of Strawberry Hill; sometimes repairing the famous eagle in the gallery, damaged by some rude visitants; sometimes, perchance, accompanying her fond and flattered cousin to Ham House, and sitting amid a host of fine company under a tent on the lawn of that noble residence—ancestral elms in avenues, casting their shadows over her "Spanish complexion."

On receiving the Duchess of York at Strawberry, the host was clad in a silver waistcoat made for him three years ago, to appear at Lord Cholmondeley's wedding, and which, considering all his illnesses, he expected would wrap round him like a night-gown. On this occasion—one of those connections with courts which began with George the First, and would probably end with his great great granddaughter, the Duchess of York—it was much regretted that the eagle "could not speak." Round its neck, when it was in good condition, were suspended some lines, celebrating the Duke of York's military prowess—but Mrs. Damer's work was not accomplished. Charming, nevertheless, must have been the scene—the Duchess all graciousness and freedom from etiquette, begging her host to sit—he declining. Then his ordering General Bude to sit, that he might have no excuse. Then his rising and reaching the salver himself to hand her Royal Highness some chocolate. In short, his attentions, "*de vieille cour*," were absolutely winning.

The same gay enthusiast, his fair disciple in politics, and the arts, watched, at times, over the fireside of Walpole, until his latest decline; and her task of repleting his weary hours was shared by Mrs. Berry and her accomplished daughters. But, whilst her evenings were passed in theatricals, and much of her time occupied in politics, and that chain of consequences which the busy caballing of rash women entails—rather, to her who plays but a minor part in that deadly game, a diversion than an interest—her thoughts were mainly given still to sculpture. Her bust of Paris, in marble, of Queen Caroline, in terra cotta, of Sir Joseph Banks, in the British Museum, her Isis, in the collection of Mr. Hope, attest a talent which might, with the painful work of years, devoted solely to the one pursuit, have risen far above mediocrity. Upon the ospray which she modelled for Horace Walpole in terra cotta, his flattering pencil has inscribed these words:—

"Non me Praxiteles fecit, ut Anna Damer."

In the Register House at Edinburgh, a statue of George the Third, styled by Mr. Cunningham, "a cold, meagre, and unsatisfactory performance," remains to prove, at least, what woman may attempt. The royal form and figure were not such as to promote inspiration in a sculptor.

Whilst thus her energies flourished, her cousin was fast declining. In spite of his jokes about seeing a "George the Fourth," he felt that he was mortal. "What business," he wrote to Hannah More, "had I to live to the brink of seventy-nine, and why should one like the world at that age?" yet

he had many blessings, eyes, ears, teeth—no pain—"and I would pet any dormouse that would outsleep me. And," he adds, in a better, a holier spirit, "when one can afford to pay for every relief, comfort, or assistance that can be procured at fourscore, dare one complain?" Would that all could practically adopt this true philosophy. It is those who *can* pay who *do* most frequently complain. Must not one reflect on the thousands of old poor, who are suffering martyrdom, and have none of these alleviations? Unhappy Chatterton! was one thought ever given to thee?

"Mid others of less note, came one frail form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell."*

In the midst of those many comforts, surrounded by all that could stimulate the pallid appetite and relieve pain, did one passing thought revert to him, who, baffled of his last miserable hope of going out as a surgeon's mate to Africa, his sanguine spirit bowed down to the dust, his pride, science, yielding even to the pangs of hunger—was *he* ever recalled? In the saloons of his house in Berkeley-square, where Walpole's last illness carried him off, did he ever recur to the homely details of that last heart-rending scene—the poet, even on the brink of destitution, hoping still—still writing to his mother, that "no author could be poor who understood the arts of booksellers;" next sinking from the intoxication of that fatal delusion into despair; then changing his lodgings—Shoreditch was too costly for him—his friends there must not know his wretchedness; could he behold him shivering in Brook-street, Holborn, often pressed by a friendly neighbor, an apothecary, honored by his name, Mr. Cross, to dine, or sup with him, yet refusing, lest it might be thought that, what was too true, he had not that day broken his fast; then snatching, in famished agony, for nature overcame him, at the barrel of oysters! It is too much! In this extremity, the good woman of the house where he had taken a miserable lodging, poor herself, and therefore kind to the poor, presses him to eat. He was offended at her compassion, he assured her he was not hungry; that same day, indeed, the tragedy was ended, and soon "the broken-hearted poet had no need of tears." He swallowed arsenic; the inquest sat, the sentence was pronounced insanity, and the wasted corpse was hurried to its last resting-place—carried in a shell to Shoe-lane workhouse. Did the octogenarian of Strawberry remember this?

Horace Walpole has incurred obloquy sufficient, and more than sufficient, for his conduct to Chatterton. On reviewing it, he may,

* Shelley's elegy upon Keats.

perhaps, justly have considered that he was in no way responsible for an event which took place two years after Chatterton's application to him. One may acquit his conduct, therefore, of being criminal; but one cannot but contrast it with that of Burke to Crabbe under similar circumstances. Burke, when he befriended the unknown poet, when he wrote him a letter, penned with an angel's sentiments, was himself in difficulties. Walpole—but has not his sin of omission been visited upon him heavily enough? Let us hope that it is forgiven. There were motives, we know, and, then, God judgeth not as man judgeth. In this life there is, however, retribution. It was the fate of Walpole to survive the comfortable belief that he was of importance in the world. "His mind," says his accomplished biographer, "became subject to the cruel hallucination of supposing himself neglected and abandoned by the only persons to whom his memory clung, and whom he wished to see." So equal is the doom of all to sorrow in some form or another.

Let us shake off this moralizing, dispel these sad reminiscences, give one thought more to Strawberry in its prime, and bring up, not the pale, hunger-stricken form of a hapless poet; but the portly frame of a man of fashion, in his light satin waistcoat laced, his velvet coat, and delicate ruffles, of which no one comprehended the texture nor the style better than himself.

He come fresh, perchance, from Tyburn, or from Paris, where he has been to see Damien broken on the wheel, or from gazing on an acquaintance in his shroud, or from seeing Lord Lovat's head cut off and sewn on again, or from watching the disinterment of the old Duke of Richmond's body. Hence, perhaps, he has been to White's, or to Brooks's, and left the whole room convulsed with his wit, for the awful spectacles of death and doom never stayed his vivacity for an instant; or he has been looking in at one or other of the nominal offices of his beloved sinecures—his Surveyor of the Meltings in the Mint, his Registrar in the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes, or some other job in these corrupt days; or he has been, perchance, at the gaming table.

Still, winning or losing, pocketing the public money, or seeing a thief on the gallows, or gazing on the clay-cold features of a long-tried companion (I will not profane the word "friend" by applying it to such as George Selwyn), his gaiety is the same; and his jests and his gossip draw a smile, even in his extreme old age, from the man who had lived upon such food for fourscore years. His talk is of the Gunnings and Lady Townshend, of Rigby, Hanbury, Williams, and Gilly Williams. There may seem to have been a won-

derful conformity of taste and character between these two men; yet Walpole rises in the comparison: he was not the avowed sensualist that Selwyn confessed himself to be. There was, at all events, in the every-day life of Horace Walpole a respectability which was outraged without an apparent pang of remorse by Selwyn. The pursuits of Strawberry, if they might be accounted puerile, were at all events innocent. If we concede, with the great colorist of historical portraits, that Walpole "was drawn by some strange attraction from the great to the little"—in fact, his important pursuits were "researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William stuck into the flank of Sorel"—we must concede that there is even an *elegance* in such inquiries, when compared with the gross occupations of Selwyn's almost infamous career—enlivened by executions, and filled up either by betraying young men at the gaming table, or ensnaring gentler victims to their ruin. Both were of a race which one would gladly see exploded from the face of society—men devoid, apparently, of the sense of responsibility. Both were, in one respect, singularly alike. Their affections ran not in the channels to which natural ties had directed their course. "As I am not yet old," wrote Horace Walpole, "I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connections, but with a very few persons that I value." Selwyn could have echoed this sentiment. His interests were centred in one or two singular quarters—upon a child, of whose relationship to himself he doubted, and upon Lady Coventry, the daughter of a friend. Old links of obligation were to him links of sand; his friendships were matters of habit and convenience.

At length disease came on—Selwyn was the victim of dropsy, attended with intense suffering. He then applied himself to the resource of which he had thought so little—the Scriptures. He is declared to have died penitent; yet, in his will, he bequeathes to his supposed natural daughter £33,000, and leaves to his nephews a hundred guineas each—a remarkable instance of the absence of that sense of duty which, in the disposition of our worldly effects, regards our natural and lawful ties in the first instance. The rest of his estate he left to the Duke of Queensberry, who neither wanted that mite to be added to the catalogue of his misused wealth, nor merited such a proof of friendship at the hands of a man who well knew his boundless iniquities. Horace Walpole felt Selwyn's death severely. "These misfortunes," he observed, referring to it, "though they can be but for so short a time, are very sensible to the old; but

him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities."

Very soon the vault was closed over his own remains; and the very corner-stone of all that *clique* which had so satirized and so charmed the world, which had given the great so much to talk about, and afforded the little so much to envy, was crumpled into the dust. And "Strawberry"—what became of it? Did the bat and the owl *then* reign in the turrets, or haunt the Gothic cottage in the garden? Did cobwebs sully the refectory, and the cardinal's spiders crawl over the pictures and bronzes in the tribune? Ah, no! for awhile the merry throng who herded round Mrs. Damer kept up the cheerfulness of the fated place; for to her Horace Walpole had bequeathed it during his life, with an annuity of £2,000 a year to keep it up. Nor can we blame him. He had visited Houghton in 1761, and found it desolate. "Gray and forty churchyards could not furnish so many reflections" as that place brought him. He could not satiate himself with looking on the splendours which were soon to be forever dispersed—the pictures to Russia—the famous marble staircases to construct other staircases in other houses of the neighborhood. The *pleasure* ground—he lays an emphasis on the word—was "stripped up and broken;" many fond paths he could not unravel. Houghton was a monument of grandeur or ruin. The servants proposed to "lay him in the great apartment." He declined it, in agony. It were like proposing to Margaret Moper to be a duchess in the court that had cut off her father's head. He took refuge in his father's little dressing-room, revolving to himself how wise a man, or how weak, that father had been, in that he had built Houghton for his grandson to annihilate, or for him to mourn over; and he compares his own feelings to those which Lord Burleigh might entertain, if he could rise from his grave, "and see his descendants driving the Hatfield stage."

These words, after all that has since occurred, are most remarkable. For a brief space Strawberry Hill continued to be maintained, cared for, enjoyed. The acacias still waved to and fro in the summer breeze, admired by the high-bred and the tasteful; but

in an evil hour the place was surrendered to the mace, to which it might most properly be said to belong.

But a few years since the public witnessed the utter demolition of all that could be interesting at a spot but little capable of the higher order of beauty from situation, and undignified by the display of a noble and simple taste. But, however the structure and its furniture might be regarded as tasteless, they possessed associations of a peculiar and permanent nature. Who can ever forget the view which preceded the sale of that collection, to which the better part of a life of eighty years had been devoted? The gallery, of which the owner had so proudly penned a description, was crowded with many descendants of those families of which his pen had written once so familiarly. The very literati who had hailed his name with so little reverence were there to criticise. Lady historians, welcomed in due state by Mr. Robins, picture dealers, and it was said picture stealers—for the eye of the police was on many a gay bonnet there—sauntered beneath the ceiling taken from one of the side aisles of Henry the Seventh's chapel; dealers in curiosities were viewing with incredulity old coins, or sacrilegiously handling ebony cabinets. Young squires, from the welds beyond Guilford, with whip in hand, were looking out for a game piece. The regular, proud face of Maria Walpole, Duchess of Gloucester, fresh in its coloring as when taken from the glowing life, drew all the belles, for the beautiful are always interested in beauty, to gaze upon it. The elderly ladies were passing on to view the crimson damask Norwich hangings in the round drawing-room. All, all had an eye to spoliation; and yet, after beholding Houghton, Horace Walpole had exclaimed, "Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be picked to pieces by a descendant."

The prayer of Sir Robert Walpole, when he built Houghton, was recorded on the foundation stone. It was, that after its master, to a mature old age, had long enjoyed it in perfection, his latest descendants might safely possess it in honor.

It requires no moral to point this tale of human short-sightedness.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, the eminent German writer, died at Berlin on the 10th Oct., suddenly and unexpectedly; for, although the deceased reached the advanced age of seventy-four years,

yet he enjoyed good health up to the very moment of his death, which surprised him at a game of chess, and was brought on by a fit of pulmonic apoplexy.

CHAPTER XL

WHEN Margaret and Edith retired for the night, instead of talking as usual over all the small events of the day, and reproducing its scenes and dialogues, each sat for awhile in grave silence. Edith was winding herself up for a great duty which she had resolved to perform. Margaret was considering how many disappointments may be experienced in the space of twelve hours, and deciding that not one hour in that day had passed without bringing some sense of disappointment to her, and she felt very tired and depressed. She did not seek sympathy, and almost for the first time in her life she did not feel disposed to address Edith. Edith looked at her silently for some time before she spoke, and then said,—“Margaret, I am going to leave you to-morrow.”

“Leave us to-morrow! how? why? What do you mean?”

“The Charltons have invited me to stay with them at Calverwells, and I have accepted their invitation. I shall like it very much.”

“Do you mean you shall like to leave me very much?”

“No; but that I shall like to be with them very much.”

“Oh! of course, novelty in friendship is always pleasant.”

“You mean that as a reproach, Margaret, but I don’t deserve it. The Charltons are no new friends. I have admired and esteemed Mr. Charlton through his works ever since I have been able to understand what admiration and esteem meant, and with such a feeling to begin an acquaintance, it is not surprising if it passes into friendship without long delays and doubts. I am indeed not fond of doubting and delaying, and on that subject, before I go away, I must speak to you. Tell me—do tell me—what Lord Hanworth is doing.”

“He is doing right, I have no doubt,” said Margaret, stiffly.

“But I *have* a doubt, Margaret. Why so much delay? Why, when he has had so much opportunity to say what he feels towards you, has he left it unsaid?”

“That is a question, Edith, that you have no right to ask me. I am satisfied. I differ from you if you think that he has had so much opportunity to speak. I am in no hurry that he should speak. He will say what is right at the right time.”

“I never,” cried Edith, “saw so determined a confidence, and I only hope it may be rewarded.”

“Hope it may be rewarded! By your tone you mean that you think it will be punished; but in this matter I must think for myself.”

“I have no more to say,” replied Edith, and she bent down over a box of books that she was packing.

“But I have more to say,” said Margaret, “and I *must* say it. I have to say what may surprise you, what I think must surprise you, what I am sure must surprise you: Lady Allerton has told mamma, and has insinuated to me, that you have been seeking to attract Lord Hanworth.”

“I cannot be surprised that Lady Allerton should say any thing that is false,” Edith answered, passionately. “Margaret, you know that it is false.”

“Yes, I believe it is; but I wish you had not mentioned Lord Hanworth to-night.” The subject was then dropped, and they went to bed: but Edith in vain endeavored to sleep. Recollections that she wished to exclude would press upon her, and when she resolutely shut her eyes, faces were still present to her sight that she wished not to see. Lord Hanworth’s and Lady Allerton’s changed strangely one into the other, and Lady Allerton’s only disappeared by the increasing proportions of Hanworth’s. This was too uncomfortable to be endured long, and Edith presently rose, wrapped herself in her dressing-gown and as noiselessly as she could, opened a chink of the shutter to admit the moonlight into her room. She then moved gently to the side of Margaret’s bed. Margaret was sleeping, but not with a quiet sleep; perhaps the opening of the shutter had disturbed her. Edith leant down close over her, and fancied her breathing quick; as she bent towards her she touched her cheek, and thought she felt a tear upon it. Margaret stirred at this touch, and Edith, fearing to wake her, drew a little aside, and then knelt down by the bed. But Margaret sighed, woke, turned, and saw her. “Who is that?” said she; “is it Edith?”

“Yes; I hope I have not waked you. I came to look at you asleep. I shall not be with you to-morrow: you did not say good-night to me as usual, and I cannot sleep.”

“Dear Edith, good-night; go and sleep.”

"Have I done any thing that you dislike, Margaret; do you feel as if you disliked me? I feared you did, and the fear has kept me awake."

"No, Edith. I have been vexed to-day, and I did not like all you said, but I love you; indeed, I love and trust you. Kiss me, and don't lie awake."

Edith kissed her, and left her again to seek repose, and she presently fell into a deep sleep, from which she was waked only by the sound of the breakfast gong. She rang hurriedly for Morris: was that really the breakfast gong? What would Sir Simon say? Why had she not been waked? Miss Ramsay had desired that she should not be disturbed. Miss Ramsay had just gone into the breakfast room. Edith begged that a message might be taken to Lady Howell, that she was not to expect her till after breakfast. She felt for the discomfort that this departure from regularity would inflict upon Sir Simon, but she was glad herself to escape from the talking over of the archery, and the day which had brought her so much vexation, and from another meeting with Hanworth.

It was much better to breakfast alone, and it was a comfort, when a knock at her door was heard, to find that it came from gentle Mrs. Charlton's hand. Mrs. Charlton only came to say that they were to start for Calverwells in an hour's time, and to offer to assist her in any final arrangements; and she discreetly went away when Edith assured her that she was quite ready, and would soon come down. When the actual time of departure arrived, the leave-taking was not so bad as she expected. Sir Simon talked indeed at some length about hoping to see her again, and about her claim upon his gratitude as a father, but she did not feel herself bound to listen to every word, and it was evident that the general intention of his speech was kind. Lady Howell kissed her with something that approached to affection. Adeline and Captain French wondered that she could tear herself away from the charms of Elderslie. Lady Allerton contented herself with a stiff courtesy. Sir George hoped that she had breakfasted well. There was enough of tenderness in Margaret's parting, and there seemed to be no more meaning than usual in Mrs. Ramsay's quotation when she said "Go where glory waits thee." Lord Hanworth was present, but Vernon stood in front of

him; and it was only as the carriage was actually starting that he extended his hand and said good-by.

It was with a feeling of inexpressible relief that Edith looked out upon the open road when she found herself altogether clear of the grounds of Elderslie, with none of its associations hanging about her, for her friendship with the Charltons did not belong to those associations. She felt herself entering upon a new and better life; and the well-known opening passage of Dante's "Purgatory" recurred over and over again to her mind:—

"Per correr miglior acqua, alza le velo
Omai la navicella del mio ingegno;"

though she did not surrender herself habitually to fragments of poetry, in the manner of Mrs. Ramsay. To figure to herself a quiet home with true friendship, an absence from ostentation, from the fatiguing effort of a constant flow of talk, and from a pressing anxiety, was an employment so happy that she was pained by its interruption in the arrival at Calverwells, though that arrival brought her to the very home she was looking forward to. The air of the house into which Charlton led her was tranquil and pleasing; and a fair-haired, blue-eyed, pretty, laughing boy of five years old came to meet them with that joyful and caressing warmth that is not denied even by English custom to the manners of children. Charlton pressed him in his arms with the same fondness as his mother, and the child seemed to Edith to contrast favorably with the child at Elderslie. Charlton led her to his study, and called upon her to admire beautiful view from the garden; but Mrs. Charlton suggested that as she had passed an uneasy night, Edith had best retire to the quiet of her own room, a counsel which she was glad to follow, and then the married pair were left to discuss her condition, sending the child into the garden in order to do it freely and comfortably. She was evidently, Mrs. Charlton said, in a state of painful doubt, but it would soon be over; Hanworth would certainly act as he should. Charlton was quite sure that Hanworth was very much in love, but he judged from some passages between them in the walled garden that there had been an actual quarrel; *that* might have prevented him from acknowledging his sentiments, or he might have been prevented by Lady Allerton's continual pursuit of him.

But he owned that he was surprised at Edith's accession of spirits in leaving Elderslie. Mrs. Charlton, on the contrary, quite understood, quite sympathized with it; it was an exultation at having found a *test* for Lord Hanworth's real feelings. Here little Willy burst in with a lamentation that he had broken his drum, and by that important event the dialogue was suspended.

When Edith appeared at the dinner table it was not with swollen eyes or tear-stained cheeks, but with a fresh color and a bright smile, and Charlton thought that if she really were in love no one had ever borne love so well. She was not listless, she was not absent; on the contrary, she was ready to join in conversation, and to make her share of it, and to take an interest in every topic that arose. This was her first visit to Calverwells, and she made all the proper questions concerning it—was not the surrounding country beautiful? had it not been once a very fashionable watering-place? was it so still? what was its society like? To this Mrs. Charlton replied that the country was lovely, that the waters were considered beneficial to invalids, and that no doubt there must be a great deal to like in the residents when well known. "I am sorry," said Charlton, "to differ from Emilia, but I believe the waters to have no effect except on the imagination; and I feel quite sure that we should find very little to like in the residents if we knew them well, for which reason I keep aloof, and know them hardly at all. As for the charms of the country, even Emilia's romance cannot exaggerate those; whenever we wander away from our own place it is to find some charming walk or some pleasant ride: and yet when we come back to our home, we feel that it is impossible to see any thing prettier in our absence from it. Then you must know that within reach of this fortunate spot are some of the most interesting places in England.

"There is a wonderful old house which has survived all the perils of age and dilapidation, of civil war, of fire, of extravagant owners, and of modern so-called improvement and restoration. Standing within its stately, walled gardens, in the midst of a glorious deer-park, full of the finest beech trees in Britain, it lives as the noblest specimen extant of a mansion of the olden time. Each generation of its proprietors for centuries past has left its own deposit of treasures, and the

house with its collections may be regarded, to borrow a term from geology, as a fine section, displaying in the most perfect manner the fossils of successive formations. You may pace the gallery in which Henry VIII. has danced, with its appropriate Holbeins on the walls. You may speculate whether you could sleep comfortably in the state bedchamber, with its silver furniture, fitted up for James I., and you may lament the decline of taste in the apartments furnished for the reception of Dutch William, and in those prepared for a possible visit from George III. Vandykes, Lelys, Knellers, Sir Joshuas, and Lawrences in magnificent profusion continue the chain of family portraits through all these periods, and in passing through the various suites of rooms in this remarkable house, you seem to be making a historical progress, and to be living one after the other through all the years of its existence."

"Oh," cried Edith, "how much I should like to do that; and yet I feel almost that I *have* done it from your description."

"We must take you to see it," said Charlton, "and we must take you, too, to another smaller sample of an ancient country house, whither the burly monarch of many wives continually resorted to court one of them, and which is so closely associated with the recollections of her happy youth and cruel fate. The old rooms remain much as they were when Henry and Anne exchanged posies in them. The spiked portcullis still hangs above the doorway, and the wet moat still surrounds the melancholy pile of building. Then, there are the classic shades and the ancestral halls so intimately associated with the memories of England's most accomplished cavalier, and of all that fine taste, that gallant spirit, and that noble nature which were so untimely quenched at Zutphen. To see these places we must take you expeditions beyond Calverwells."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Charlton, "it will not give you the trouble of an expedition to see our beautiful heath, of which I am never tired, and to-morrow I mean to show you the old-fashioned parade, with its rows of little shops, and to introduce you to Beau's library, where you may see some of the loungers of the place staring out at the window to see other people drink the waters of the mineral spring to which, however out of fashion it may be, Calverwells owes its existence."

"Most people," said Charlton, "take the waters in this vicarious method, and it is a good way of doing it, as when so done no harm can come of it; and when you are sated with this exhilarating sight you may look from the opposite window, and you will probably be gratified by seeing a troop of pretty riders cantering by, escorted by the zealous Mr. Norval, the best riding-master anywhere, or by one of his charming daughters, whom it is a pleasure to see managing a high-mettled animal; or perhaps a young Norval will pass with a little squadron of boy cavalry in training, and my Willy amongst them. I have seen stout old gentlemen staring out with longing looks at these scenes, thinking of the days when the half-joy and half-fear (terrible delights) of early equestrianism were known to them too, and wishing for their own ponies again."

Edith went to bed wishing for the morning that was to reveal some of these things to her.

CHAPTER XII.

A very beautiful morning it was when it came, clear and serene, with a warm but not oppressive air. Edith felt as she accompanied her friends and their pretty boy across the common that Mrs. Charlton had hardly said enough of the beauty of these home scenes, and she felt an indescribable assurance of peace within her as she leant on Charlton's arm. She was certain that she had in him a friend on whose indulgence, generosity, and constancy she might always surely depend; and while his wife talked with her there was the charm of feminine sympathy and warmth. The child, too, was full of pleasant ways and lively fancies; and when they all sat down under the shade of two dark pines, and looked out upon the bright sky and the sparkling landscape beyond, it seemed desirable to stay always in this seat. But presently a group of young children and nursemaids approached them, and eyed the bench so yearningly, that it appeared right to move away, and accordingly the Charltons rose, and they then walked down to survey the promised glories of the parade, where the band was just beginning to play a waltz, which made it difficult to walk except in waltz measure. The parade was soon sufficiently enjoyed, and when Charlton had satisfied himself through the medium of the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Morning Post*, that there was nothing new to learn,

Edith and her friends left the region of small shop-fronts to enjoy again the freshness of the common.

"And now," said Edith, addressing Charlton, "I want to know on what you found your notion of a necessary dislike to the residents of this attractive place. The few that I saw at the well and in the library had a steady, respectable look, grave and quiet."

"They are, I believe," said Charlton, "a so-called pious community, and they have put down the playhouse, and have built up chapels, but from what I hear, not to the improvement of their morals. I believe that Dr. Watts has preached in vain, as far as this little world is concerned, that our hands were not made to tear each others' eyes, or if the sentiment has answered any purpose, it has suggested the advantage of an attack upon the back instead of the face, and Pope's line,

'At every word a reputation dies,'

might be posted up on the parade as an indication of what was to be expected by any one entering into this society."

"I don't believe, though," said Mrs. Charlton, "that it is really at all worse than other watering-places, and my dear William, in his hatred, his just hatred, of the malevolence of busy tongues, perhaps exaggerates the state of things here."

"Look," said Charlton, "in the index to Johnson's *Idler* for the word *watering-place*, and it will lead you to this passage: 'The numbers are too great for privacy, and too small for diversion. As each is known to be a spy upon the rest, they all live in continual restraint; and having but a narrow range for censure, they gratify its cravings by preying upon one another.'"

"That is very like Johnson," said Edith; "and when I say that it is like Johnson, I mean to say that it is very good, for I am so untrue to the taste of the day that I find myself reading old papers in the *Idler* and *Rambler* instead of new ones in fashionable magazines; and I find thoughts and images to dwell upon and to admire in those worn-out volumes. Sometimes I confess that even the style impresses itself upon me as weighty and grand."

"It is too grand and too weighty," said Charlton, "except in certain passages where it has weighty sentiments to carry; but I agree with you in a very high esteem for the old Doctor as a writer, and in feeling that he

is underrated now, perhaps because he was overrated long ago; and because that swelling style that was only made tolerable by the strength of his hand, became intolerable when it was built up by feeble imitators."

"I must own," said Mrs. Charlton, "that I look suspiciously at critics who talk of Dr. Johnson as commonplace, thinking that they perhaps may find it convenient that he should be laid aside by the reading public in order to be securely and comfortably plundered by themselves. I have read images and similies of his reproduced over and over again till I am sick of them."

What more might have been settled about Dr. Johnson, had the conversation continued, cannot be known, for children are not favorable to literary discussions, and Willy now ardently besought his father to help him to fly his kite. Charlton, however meritorious as a poet, was still more excellent as a father, and instantly abandoned his argument to assist his boy. Edith and Mrs. Charlton of course directed all their interest at once to this pursuit also, and the kite, between failures and successes, unlooked-for abasements and un hoped-for flights, filled up the remaining portion of time until the luncheon hour. How happily, how quickly the morning had passed, Edith thought, as she entered the dining-room. How much she hoped that Margaret was finding an equal happiness; but could it be found at Elderslie? Then the old wonderment about Hanworth recurred to her again. Did he really love Margaret? would he really now seek out some quiet moment to reveal the sentiments that were imputed to him? But why should she think of Hanworth? why should she cloud her present enjoyment by unpleasant recollections?

Just as she reached this passage in her thoughts, Charlton addressed her, and she started. His wife exchanged a look with him, which Edith of course saw, though she was of course meant not to see it; and then Mrs. Charlton said—

"Never mind, Edith. Day-dreams are allowed to young ladies. We won't ask what you were thinking of."

Edith blushed very deeply, and Willy said—

"How red Miss Somers's face is with running after my kite!"

His father tapped his cheek with a benevolent smile at his innocence; and Edith began

an animated discourse upon the kite, to show her unconcern.

After luncheon, during the heat of the day, there was some sitting in the garden under shade, while Charlton read aloud from a favorite poet; and after dinner came a delightful stroll upon the heath, which seemed full of a new kind of beauty, while the red flush of the sunset was dying away, and the moon with her white light was beginning to show herself. They lingered watching till the stars came out, and the town grew dim and undefined, only its lights indicating its extent, and under this aspect giving a notion of vastness and importance far beyond what it showed in daylight. Noticing these things, idly strolling, pleasantly talking, in perfect sympathy and perfect content, they remained out of doors till Mrs. Charlton feared the servants might be looking for them about tea; and then they went home; and when Edith wished them good night, she told her friends with perfect sincerity that this was one of the happiest days she had ever passed.

The morning's post brought a letter from Margaret to Edith, which ran as follows:—

"My dearest Edith,—I really must write to you, for I think of you continually, and I hope you will feel interested in the progress of the life at Elderslie since the time of your departure; but I have little time, and I am writing in dread of the gong, yet with much to say. In the evening after you left us that strange little man, Mr. Vernon, came and sat himself down close to me, and, pointing my attention to Lord Hanworth and Lady Allerton who just then appeared engaged in earnest conversation, he said, 'that I call a case of real flirtation.' I laughed, though I own I felt vexed, and I asked 'How do you define the word "flirtation"?'—'Oh, I hate definitions, but look, and you will understand the example before you—each party seeking to excite an interest in the other without any sentiment to justify the effort, or, as the saying is, without any love lost. This grave Lord Hanworth is my notion of a male coquette, for he absorbs the woman's attention by appearing indifferent to it. Yet if by any chance one of them fails to worship him, he will spare no art to bring her to his feet; and Lady Allerton perfectly understands the game. Last night I saw her turn the cold shoulder on him for some slight on his part, and this morning I was the envious witness of his tender assiduities towards her at the breakfast-table. The honey, the marmalade, the favorite rolls, were all put with such a graceful courtesy close within her reach that,

much as I love her, there was no chance left of any little service for me. And she was melted! She rewarded my rival with such a look! Yes; he has made her more than half in love with him, and I am a wretched man with only you left to be kind to me now that Edith Somers is gone.' 'But,' said I, 'I cannot be kind if I hear you speak ill of your friends, and I really cannot allow you to call Lord Hanworth a male coquette.' 'Can you disprove the truth of what I have advanced?' he replied.—'Yes; what you have called coquetry I recognize as benevolence. Lord Hanworth saw that he had offended unintentionally, and he was not too proud to show himself sorry for it.' 'Ah, there we split. My point is, that the offence he gave was not unintentional. That is his art with women; he stings them into tenderness.' I was really annoyed. There was no semblance of truth in these biting observations, yet I liked them so little that in order to avoid any more of them I broke away from Mr. Vernon and seated myself by Sir Simon, while *your Valentine* entered upon his usual occupation—a hunt for his eye-glass; and soon we heard one of his piercing exclamations of lament, 'O, Hanworth, Hanworth, I beg your pardon. I thought this was my blotting-book, left about in my careless way, and now I see it's yours; and in looking for my eye-glass—I fancied it might have slipped into the pocket—I've tumbled every thing out.' Lord Hanworth, I thought with a disturbed look went to the table, where his papers and letters were all blowing about opposite the open window; while Mr. Vernon, according to his wont, did damage in trying to help.

"As Lord Hanworth was putting the rest in order, one stray leaf, taken by the wind, went fluttering about the room, poor Mr. Vernon fluttering after it. He caught it at last, and then came a cry of triumph. 'Here's a discovery—here's a discovery. Why, Miss Ramsay, here's your charming drawing of Miss Somers's rescue of Simon Percy at Cowlington Priory! How could it have got into that book? Did you mistake it for one of your letters, my lord?—do you share my aristocratic privilege of blindness? You must take to glasses—you must take to glasses.' Lord Hanworth stood with his back turned while this sentence was addressed to him, put up his papers, and made no answer, and Mr. Vernon brought the drawing to me. I put it quietly away, hoping that the subject would now be dropped; but Sir Simon came forward, and asked to look at it, and gave out some pompous criticisms; while my sister began to rally Lord Hanworth upon what she pretended to suppose was his unconscious theft. He bore it patiently, and made no effort at any sallies in return, and

presently walked out, with some observation on the beauty of the evening. I sat still. I felt that he wished me to join him on the terrace, but I had not the courage to do it, and he would have strolled alone, but that Adeline and Captain French was seized with a desire to stroll also, and Adeline drew me out with her. Lord Hanworth soon joined us, and our other friends were willing enough, as you may readily suppose, to leave us an opportunity for a few words alone. So it presently happened that they took the lower terrace, while we occupied the upper; and then Lord Hanworth addressed me in a low tone, and I only feared lest he should too plainly see my emotion. He said (I can while I write hear the exact tone in which every syllable was spoken), 'Miss Ramsay, I feel that I owe you an apology. I must ask you to forgive the theft of this beautiful drawing of yours, which I cannot justify. I cannot wish to disguise from you the feelings that influenced me when I took this unallowed possession of it. Indeed, I have intended to speak of them to you before, but it has been impossible. I have wished to ask you if——' At this moment (Edith feel for me) Lady Allerton came brushing up against us, and I ceased to hear his voice. I had averted my face from him, so that I could not see his when he first began to address me, and I had not felt courage to look round at him. I cannot tell you what Lady Allerton said—I can only tell that she interrupted what I most wished to listen to, and that she had the impertinence to send Lord Hanworth away in quest of Adeline. She was then quite ready to enter upon a cross-examination of me, but I left her at once, and retired to my own room, not choosing that she or any one else should perceive my agitation. Why is she not so sensible of the dangers of Captain French's attentions as to leave Elderslie altogether? When will Lord Hanworth find a moment to finish what he had begun to say? It happens most unfortunately that he is summoned quite suddenly to town this morning—but why should I complain? Has he not said enough, and may I not now think of him as I wish? We are friends, Edith; you have spoken frankly to me, and I well know that you deserve all my confidence, and so let me confess to you that there have been in my intercourse with him thoughts of doubt too distressing, too grievous to reveal at the time, even to you, but in my present happiness I may open my whole heart to you, and claim that sympathy which is the truest satisfaction of friendship. I have repeated all exactly as it happened to my beloved mother, from whom you know I have no feeling, no thought concealed, and she is delighted; and only afraid that my shyness may

have been misconstrued, as Lord Hanworth sat silent and grave for the rest of the evening.

"Sir Simon invites me to accompany him to see his last new fence, which is of course the best fence in the United Kingdom. Good-by.—Your always affectionate,

"MARGARET RAMSAY.

"Of course you will keep this *entirely to yourself*."

This letter raised Edith's present happiness to its height. She read it three times over, and then, feeling that there could be no longer any doubt of Hanworth's sentiments, though Vernon's description of him as a male coquette occurred to her as not so devoid of all semblance of truth as it appeared to Margaret, she refolded it, and laid it in her writing-case, promising herself, with a relieved heart, to answer it that very day. All her previous fears she regarded as unfounded, as even foolish. She had allowed herself to be influenced by Lady Allerton's suggestions; she had misconstrued Lord Hanworth's regard for her as Margaret's dearest friend; and it had been nothing more than a bad dream.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day Edith and Charlton were to take a walk of some distance, and Mrs. Charlton was to pay visits that required returning, and some of which she almost hoped might be returned so effectually as never to come upon her hands again. So she had to go and lose a fine day and a pleasant walk, and find her chief happiness in learning that most of the people for whom she was making this sacrifice were not at home, and of emptying her card-case at their doors. When will the polite world agree to adopt some more convenient mode of interchanging civilities than this one of morning visits and leaving cards? Why cannot the principle of the *clearing-house* be adopted—the place to which all the City bankers send their clerks to exchange cheques, leaving only a small balance to pass in the shape of actual money? why should not the servants meet and exchange cards, and balance the accounts of mutual civility in the same way? However, as this expeditious and sensible method of transacting the visiting business of life has not yet been established even in London, it was not likely that Calverwells should have anticipated the metropolis in so brilliant a scheme, and Mrs. Charlton was no worse off

than her neighbors when she parted from Edith and her husband, she in bonnet and silk dress of best for her calls, while Edith rejoiced in the sylvan freedom of that wide straw hat which makes so many pretty faces look still prettier.

The walkers walked for a little way in silence, each seeming to enjoy the beauty of the day and the elastic tread of the turf under their feet. At last Charlton said,—

"This is one of those finely constituted days when, for the time at least, mere existence and the exercise of volition in producing movement appear to be enough for happiness. What a glorious sky it is overhead, and what a springing carpet of green beneath us!"

"Yes, I feel that too," answered Edith; "and altogether I am very happy—happier indeed than I thought I should ever be again, a few days ago."

Charlton smiled, though he was puzzled, but only said,—

"I shall ask no questions; but I hope the time is not far distant when we may be admitted to share your happiness. We were afraid that all was not so well as what you have just said makes me now hope it is."

"All is well now," said Edith; "but I would rather talk about something else. Indeed I feel I have been indiscreet even in letting you know I was happy; that is otherwise happy than you know I must be in taking such a walk, with you as my companion, on such a day as this."

Charlton was still perplexed, but could say no more to procure further enlightenment. He stopped a moment, and looking back at the town, remarked,—

"How well that spire shows among trees; there is nothing to be seen from this point which could suggest its being in a town."

"Is that the High Church spire or the Low Church spire?" asked Edith.

"I rather think it is neither—it is the Middling Church spire, if one may invent a name for it; but I do very much dislike these names, although it is perhaps impossible to speak intelligibly and shortly without using them, and I believe they are not repudiated by those to whom they are applied."

"It is a convenience when party names mean nothing in themselves, I dare say," said Edith; "but I remember being very much disappointed when I was a little girl, and

reading the history of England, to find such an unsatisfactory explanation of the meaning and origin of the words Whig and Tory."

"Certainly," replied Charlton, "those well-known party designations were unmeaning enough in their origin, as unmeaning, indeed, as they have now come to be in their accepted political sense. It was the same, also, you may recollect, with those names of far greater interest, and of far longer endurance, in the general politics of Europe—I mean Guelf and Ghibeline—the very sources of which have perplexed the most learned authors."

"I suppose," said Edith, "people are glad to shelter themselves under a name which really implies nothing but the fact of siding with a recognized party. One of the gardeners at Elderslie the other day was telling Mr. Vernon that he always voted 'blue,' and his father had always voted 'blue' before him; and Mr. Vernon could not extract any further confession of political faith from him, although, knowing perfectly well what 'blue' meant, he suggested a suitable creed for his acceptance. But the gardener stuck to his 'blue,' and would not commit himself to any thing else."

"Well," said Charlton, "I wish one could be as easily satisfied as the gardener. I fear I can neither call myself 'blue' nor 'red,' nor accept any cut-and-dried creed in politics, which either Mr. Vernon or Mr. Vernon's antagonists could propound to me. I might find something to agree with in both sets of opinions, but I could not assent altogether to either. I sometimes envy my brother's convictions, of whom you may have heard me talk as a thorough Tory. He went out young to India, and has religiously preserved his early faith, or what he cherishes as his early faith, as a part of his home feelings. Dear Edmund, he is a true-hearted fellow as ever breathed, and in spite of our different views, our meeting will be a very happy one."

The mention of Edmund Charlton had an especial interest for Edith, for he was the intimate friend of Charles Stirling. In India, they had been thrown a good deal together, their tastes and habits suited each other, and they were drawn still closer by the ties of early associations. She longed to ask something about him, but feared the tremor of her voice. She did not wish to betray any emotion in hearing Mr. Stirling spoken of, and she therefore paused for some time before she said any

thing, and then asked, quietly, "When did you last hear from Major Charlton, and when will your meeting take place?"

"I heard from him yesterday," said Charlton, "and I may hope to see him in a fortnight. He and his friend Stirling will come home together. I trust you will see this meeting and know my brother. Stirling, I believe, you know already, for Edmund says he has heard him speak of you."

Charlton was wholly unconscious when he spoke this sentence of its being at all likely to excite emotion in his companion, so little do the most intimate friends sometimes know of each other's deepest feelings; but Edith was much moved, and recollections and conjectures became crowded in her mind. He had not, then, forgotten her. He had talked of her. What had he said? Why had not Major Charlton had the humanity to say in what terms his friend had spoken of her? but perhaps he *had* said, and Charlton could tell her, if she could find courage to ask; but then she reproached herself for her folly; they could not and they ought not to know that Charles Stirling's opinion could be a matter of any solicitude to her, and she must remain silent, and look forward to a meeting which she thought of with an almost equal degree of pleasure and of pain.

"I am afraid," said Charlton, struck by her long silence, "that your walk has tired you."

"No: yes; perhaps it has a little. But we are very near home—and see! there is Mrs. Charlton, with little Willy, coming to meet us."

As she spoke Mrs. Charlton joined them. She was looking bright and cheerful. The burthen of her visits was cast off, and she had a few new impressions gleaned from them to communicate. She had really discovered that her dear William's views of the society were correct. She had been shocked to hear her neighbors speak so ill of each other; and she was particularly distressed (but she was distressed with a very cheerful voice and face) to find religion, which ought to unite all Christian hearts, dividing them with bitterness and acrimony of spirit; and the same pastor that was the idol of one being talked of as the arch enemy by the other. It seemed, indeed, that there were feuds upon every possible subject; feuds about doctors, feuds about riding-masters, feuds about tradesmen, feuds about cards—a constant warfare going on. When

she had spoken of the beauty of the country, trusting in that to find a peaceful topic, the only idea the subject suggested to the residents was, that some one was building on some plot of ground to which they had no right.

"Great heaven!" cried Charlton, impatiently, "let us hear no more of this. Come in at once, and while we are here never pay another visit."

He was replied to by a promise of obedience; and on their entrance into the house, Edith found a letter from Margaret awaiting her. Her interest was now excited in a new direction; and eager to know the contents of this letter, which must be important, and desirous of learning them in perfect quiet, she withdrew to her own room. But the letter did not contain the news she hoped for. Margaret wrote that Lord Hanworth was still detained in town by business, and she had not heard one word from him. She began, therefore, to share her mother's fears that her manner might have been misconstrued; and she wished for that reason to return to town, when an immediate invitation to their own house must set all right. Margaret added that Lady Allerton had gone to London the same day, and that she felt her departure a great release. She and her mother proposed some day soon to drive over to Calverwells. They should perhaps sleep a night at the hotel there, in order to see their friends and the beauties of the place comfortably, and then they should return to London. They should try to persuade Edith to accompany them. Sir Simon, if there were no other reason for departure, could not be endured much longer.

Edith sat and wondered and pondered some time over this letter. It was singular that Lord Hanworth should not have followed up a conversation so begun and so interrupted by a note, supposing all further verbal explanation to be impossible. It was so very strange that he should be so easily intimidated. She wondered and conjectured, till conjecturing and wondering became tedious, and then she went down stairs, and joined Mrs. Charlton. Charlton was busy in his own room.

"I have news for you, my child," said Mrs. Charlton, as she entered. "Come here and listen to me, and let me look at your face; I won't have it turned away from me while I tell you. Lord Hanworth is coming here the day after to-morrow."

"Coming here!" said Edith; "what for?"
"Oh, only to see the country, of course," said Mrs. Charlton, archly; "and of course you are very much surprised?"

"No," replied Edith, calmly, "I am not very much surprised. It is nothing strange that Lord Hanworth should wish to pay a visit to his dearest friends; and even if it were strange, I should not be surprised, for he really is an eccentric man. I have no objection to his coming."

"Indeed, I should hope not," said Mrs. Charlton with a certain gravity of manner; "*you* would appear to me very eccentric indeed if you had any objection to his coming."

"Dear Mrs. Charlton, you cannot expect me to feel as enthusiastic as you do about him; but I believe that I shall be glad to see him."

"That will do for the present," said Mrs. Charlton, smilingly; and turning to her little boy, who was showing his skill in spinning her gold thimble, she said, "Willy, are you not glad that Lord Hanworth is coming to see us?"

"Oh, yes; so very glad, mamma. He will fly my kite for me, and he will teach my puppy to beg. And then, too, there's uncle Edmund and Mr. Stirling coming; and Mr. Stirling is going to bring me a set of Indian chessmen. Isn't it good of him? Do you know, Edith, he has never seen me since I was a baby, and yet he is going to bring me a set of chessmen? but Uncle Edmund says he is the most generous man in the whole world."

Edith leant down and kissed the child's cheek, and hid her face in his curly hair.

By one of those chances that sometimes occur in this world, but so seldom that when they do they appear as the result of contrivance, on the very morning of the day on which Hanworth was expected, Mrs. Ramsay and Margaret arrived. Mrs. Ramsay, who was rather dull and languid on their first appearance, burst into a flow of spirits on the news that Hanworth was coming, and pleased herself with thinking how surprised he would be to find them. As he was expected to luncheon, it seemed best to put off till that time the proposed country walk; and so till his arrival the time was passed in lounging and talking in the garden. Afterwards, the business of luncheon being almost immediately entered upon, agitated feelings had

time to compose themselves or to disguise themselves, and eyes that dared not look up could fix themselves upon the plate in front of them. It was certain, indeed, that Mrs. Charlton twice addressed Hanworth without receiving an answer; but Charlton at once accounted for that by remarking that Willy made too much clatter with his knife and fork; and then Hanworth entered upon a discussion of public affairs in a very creditable manner.

As soon as they rose from table, preparations were made for walking, but Mrs. Charlton and Mrs. Ramsay announced their intention of staying at home; and Charlton undertook the care of the young ladies. To Edith's great surprise, Charlton at once drew Margaret's arm within his own, and led the way with her. She thought this awkwardly and ill done, and she began to consider a variety of ways for altering the arrangement, beginning with decision of action by telling Lord Hanworth that she wished to keep pace with Margaret. He acceded to her request in silence, and they proceeded all four together for awhile till they reached the entrance of a little wood, where the path was narrow, and they fell into a single file—Edith being the last, Margaret the first, Charlton next, and the child between him and Hanworth.

Lord Hanworth paused, stopped for a moment, seemed curiously to examine a small wild flower that grew on the path's edge, and Edith was obliged to stop also; but on Margaret's account she felt impatient to leave this wood, and she said,—

"Shall I pass you, Lord Hanworth?"

"No," said he, turning towards her, his face somewhat flushed, "no, Miss Somers, I cannot let you pass me. I must ask your patience for a few minutes. I have something to say to you which I must say alone. Let Charlton get on a little in advance."

The emotion that showed itself in his countenance and his voice struck Edith; but she remembered the letter from Elderslie, and re-assured by that recollection, she became convinced that he was going to speak to her of Margaret. There was a minute of silence, and then in a low tone Hanworth again addressed her, leaving the path and standing in the long grass beside her:—

"I do not know, Miss Somers, whether you have asked yourself why I have come here

to-day. I do not know whether I may venture to hope that you have thought so much of me as to wonder at any proceedings of mine, but I feel that I must tell you why I am come; and you must, I think, have been prepared for it by some communication from your tender, your considerate friend, Miss Ramsay. I am come because you are here; I am come to tell you that you are now the object of all my best thoughts and hopes." He paused for a moment, and then added—"May I hope?—will you (holding out his hand) give me your hand for one moment, and tell me to hope, and to seek the way to win your affection? O, Edith Somers, may I dare to look forward to the day when I may call you my wife?"

Tenderness and emotion added to the beauty of his always musical voice, and his true, deep feeling, showed itself in his face; but Edith was moved with sensations of surprise and of dismay, and this sudden confirmation of her past fears, this sudden downfall of her present hopes, almost overwhelmed her, overturning for the time her better reason, and making her passionate and unjust. She knew well the devotion and the constancy of Margaret's character, and she secretly accused Hanworth of having trifled with it. She allowed herself to be misled by a preconceived notion, and for a moment to believe that he had been playing a double game, but she would not say so; she would say nothing to compromise the dignity of the friend she loved, of the friend who was so much too good for such a man, whatever her resentment might be. But this resentment she was unable to disguise, though she suppressed the cause of it, and she exclaimed, in tones more indignant than sorrowful:—

"I do not know what I have ever done to deserve this. I beg that you will never repeat such sentiments to me. Pray forget that you have ever spoken in this manner; forget that you have made so great a mistake, and let me forget it too, and try to be happy again."

With this she passed him, and hurried along the pathway a few steps onward, urging the little Willy forwards; but Hanworth joined her, and said,—

"No, Miss Somers, you must not leave me so. I do not understand you; I surely misunderstand you; I cannot have rightly heard you. Am I to believe, not only that my en-

treaty is hopeless, but that it is offensive? Is my admiration, my esteem, my affection, an offence?"

The stress upon the word offence was strong, and there was an expression of so much pain both in his face and voice, that Edith must have been persuaded to feel more for him, but that at this very moment the sound of Margaret's voice calling to her threw her into fresh agitation, and she said hurriedly,—

"It is a great affliction to me, and it might have been spared. Yes, Lord Hanworth, I am sure it might have been spared, if you had been more direct, more open, more straightforward. I might then have avoided you sooner; I might have avoided this trial."

Little Willy now began impatiently to pull her skirt to go on, and she eagerly caught hold of him, and ran with him at her utmost speed to join Charlton.

"Where is Hanworth?" questioned Charlton, as these two reached him hot and breathless.

There was a pause, which the child happily interrupted.

"Oh," said he, "I saw Lord Hanworth turning back, and he looked very hot and uncomfortable, and walked slow."

"Yes," said Edith, "I believe he found the heat too great."

Charlton directed a searching glance upon her, and she averted her face. They all walked on together for awhile in some constraint each seeking to appear not pre-occupied, but each with thoughts very much absorbed. At last, Charlton said that he felt with Hanworth that the heat was more than pleasant, and proposed returning home.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE proposal to return home was readily acceded to. They went back, and found Mrs. Charlton and Mrs. Ramsay still seated in the garden, talking of the difference between London and country society.

"You must not stay with us," said Mrs. Charlton, smilingly, to her husband, "for Lord Hanworth is waiting in your study, and he has sent me word that he wishes to speak to you alone on some business matters."

Mrs. Ramsay looked up inquisitively at her daughter, but received no answering glance. Mrs. Charlton eyed Edith for a moment, but

Edith stooped down to play with Willy. She took some of his toy bricks, and appeared to be building with them; but her thoughts were far away from the architecture she was engaged in. She was thinking with a sickening apprehension of the possible chance of actually finding herself alone with Margaret, and trying to resolve what course it were best to pursue concerning Hanworth's fatal disclosure. She could not resolve upon revealing it to Margaret. She could not resolve upon inflicting upon the friend she most loved so tremendous a pang. She could not go up to her and say, "The man to whom you have given your affections,—affections sought for by so many others, and so steadfastly denied,—does not care for you, cares only for me, and regards you merely as my considerate friend. When you thought he was about to solicit your regard he was only intending to speak of me; you have been misled, uncared for, and I am the cause." No; she could not do this; she could not even think of doing it. She must determine instead upon a system of concealment (hating all concealments), leading Margaret gradually to the conviction of Hanworth's indifference, and trusting to the strength and pride of her nature to enable her by degrees to share it. In this way, the pain of a great shock would be avoided, of such a shock as might well upturn all the fond associations of the past and endanger the continuance of their friendship. For how would perfect justice be possible, even to Margaret under such an affliction? and how could any thing but passion and injustice be expected from the weakness of her mother?

With so much feeling for Margaret, Edith never once thought of Hanworth, unless now and then to form a secret wish that he had never come across their path, and that he might now disappear from it forever. She could not conceal from herself that the difficulty of keeping her secret would be considerable, and she feared even that the consciousness of a reserve might interfere with the happy flow of sympathy that she and Margaret had once enjoyed. So many thoughts could not pass through her mind without shadowing her face; but happily for her, her friends were all so much occupied with silent reflections and conjectures of their own, that they did not observe her, and at last Mrs. Ramsay rose languidly, and said

she found the heat very intense, and that she should go and lie down up stairs, "as was her custom of an afternoon." Margaret accompanied her, and Edith, dreading Mrs. Charlton's curiosity about Hanworth, said that she had an important letter to finish for the post, and ran to her own room. But she was not allowed to remain there long. Presently came a tap at the door, and Mrs. Charlton's voice praying to come in, in a tone that would not receive a denial, and she was admitted. She looked anxious, and said,

"Edith, my love, William wishes to speak to you in his study. You look ill, my dear, and I can see that you have been crying."

"I do not wish any one else to see that," said Edith, "and I assure you that it will soon pass off."

She tried to speak bravely, but her voice shook, and while she bathed her eyes, Mrs. Charlton, watching her, saw her hand tremble. Charlton's voice was heard now at the bottom of the stairs, calling "Emilia."

"Though he is calling me, it is really for you, my child," said the gentle wife. "Make haste. William never likes waiting."

"I am ready," said Edith. And she went down stairs, her anxious friend from the top of the staircase watching her descent.

As Edith entered the room she saw Charlton sitting there with a disturbed countenance, and she felt unable to frame the sentence with which she intended to open this interview. Charlton rose and placed a chair for her, and then seated himself opposite to her with his eyes fixed upon her face. Her countenance fell; he saw it, and chose that moment to speak.

"Miss Somers," said he, "pride is a quality which women esteem too highly and carry too far. It is surely not well to be proud of the power to inflict pain."

"Who is proud of that?" asked Edith, looking up.

"I believe *you* are. I think you have shown yourself so to-day, when you have appeared to reject as an insult the affection of a man whose virtues, whose qualities are of such a kind that I scarcely believe that any amount of coquetry can pretend to think slightly of them."

"I am not a coquette. I have not pretended to think slightly of them. You are unjust, Mr. Charlton, and I—oh, I am very miserable!"

She bowed her face down upon her hands, and Charlton saw her shaken with a sudden storm of grief.

"I am sorry," said he, "very sorry, if you feel miserable; but I think I see how it is. Hanworth has in some way offended you; he thinks so now: *I* have thought it before; and according to the wont of women you are revengeful, and you have determined to punish him. You have done so with too unmeasured a severity."

"And you," said Edith, rising from her seat, "are determined to use the privileges of friendship with too unmeasured a license. If you have sent for me only to ask me to listen to such unjust reproaches, I must leave you."

"Stop," said Charlton; "it will not do to leave me so. We must understand each other better. If I have gone beyond the license of friendship, you must excuse me, Miss Somers, remembering how deeply I feel for Hanworth."

As he spoke an expression of tenderness passed into his face, and Edith resumed her seat.

"Miss Somers, I entreat you to feel for Hanworth. Do not deceive yourself, and imagine him insensible because he is self-controlled. Listen to the truth, and acknowledge it. Your refusal, and still more the manner of it, has shaken him to the very centre. Without a grain of vanity, and with as little selfishness as is possible in a human being, he must still feel, with whatever amount of doubt he may have entertained the hope of winning your affection, that he has a right to be astonished at the mode of your rejection, and that he has a right to ask an explanation of it. He does so through me."

"It is quite useless," said Edith. "I can only persist in my request that the subject may never be alluded to again. I, of course, did not intend to insult him. You may, if you think it can be necessary, tell him that."

"I may tell him that? It would be a truly kind, a truly amiable message to take to the man who so earnestly, so devotedly thinks of you."

"I am sorry that he has thought of me at all," said Edith, "and I wish him to think of me no longer."

"You wish him, I believe," said Charlton, with an increasing severity of manner, "to think ill of you; but in that you will not succeed. Hanworth's generous mind will attri-

bute your conduct, however capricious, however unjustifiable, to some fault rather in himself than in you."

"And in that," replied Edith, with angry emotion, "he will be very different from you; for you would rather imagine the greatest wrong in me than the slightest error in him."

"That is not true. It gives me pain to think ill of you; but neither the indulgence that belongs to partiality, nor the courtesy that is due to a woman, shall withhold me from the friend's truest office—that of speaking the truth; and I will freely tell you, at whatever risk, that in this matter I think that you have acted ill."

"You think," said Edith, provoked into further injustice, "that I have acted ill because I have refused to marry a man for whom I have no sort of regard—because I have not duly valued the high chance of becoming Lady Hanworth."

"I do not think ill of you for refusing to marry a man who has not been able to engage your affection; but I do think ill of you for having no sort of regard for him. It is not womanly, it is not Christian-like, to deal so with the feelings of any human being; and it is due no less to yourself than to Hanworth to explain the tone in which you have chosen to reply to him."

"Stop, Mr. Charlton; your zeal for your friend carries you away. I cannot endure this kind of reproof, this air of dictation."

With these words Edith rose and walked to the door, and this time she would have been suffered to go, but her own feelings arrested her.

Charlton was a man accustomed to deference; he habitually exercised a strong ascendancy over those around him, that was partly due to the gravity of his manner, partly to his distinguished ability, and partly to his temper, which was not tolerant of opposition.

Edith had been in the habit of looking up to him. She esteemed, she admired him, and to those sentiments was added the tenderness of a very intimate friendship. She paused, then, when she reached the door, Charlton, she knew, was angry, was passionately angry, with her. Her pride resented the manner of his remonstrance, but the thought that such a parting as this might sever their friendship determined her to wait. With her hand on the door she turned round

and looked at him: he seemed now impatient of her presence.

"Have you any thing more to say, Miss Somers? I am going to seek Hanworth. The next train will take him to London."

He took up his hat as he spoke. Edith still stood at the door.

"You are undecided," cried Charlton, with the light of a sudden hope in his face. "You are not quite resolved upon this course—you will think differently—you will try to make your feelings understood? If Hanworth has merely offended you by some unintentional sarcasm, some unguarded word—(but that I scarcely dare to hope. No. You shake your head. It is not so.)—you would tell him so; you would freely forgive him. If, on the other hand, his offence should be what he has himself suggested to me, what I fear may be the truth——"

Charlton paused with an embarrassed air; and Edith could hear the beating of her own heart under the alarm entering into it, that her friend's deep secret might be disclosed, and the delicacy of her reserve broken in upon. She trembled, and she could not speak to silence what she dreaded to hear; but Charlton's sentence did not end as she expected.

"Hanworth's suggestion," continued he—"and my own thoughts went with it—was that he had intruded upon affections already engaged; and that you perhaps thought he had reason to know it. He did not know it. You must believe him, if it is so, that he knew nothing, for the confidence that he partly made to your admirable friend Miss Ramsay was interrupted. Yet he owns that he thought her manners as he approached the subject not encouraging; and that fear as much as hope determined him to-day to ask for your decision. But if he is guilty in your eyes by intruding upon thoughts sacred to another, your justice must absolve him from any intentional wrong; and you must use gentleness and kindness while you extinguish his hopes."

Edith's whole countenance and demeanor underwent such a change while Charlton spoke that he was at once confirmed in the theory he had adopted; but she replied in collected tones, and with a becoming pride—

"Neither has Lord Hanworth nor have you, Mr. Charlton, any right to make such a suggestion, nor to ask of me such a question.

But let us now end this conversation, already much too long. Let me ask of you to convey to Lord Hanworth my regret—my deep, my sincere regret—for any pain that I may have occasioned to him; and let me hope that he will soon teach himself to forget me. Let me hope that his disciplined and philosophical mind will soon recover its accustomed serenity. Tell him, Mr. Charlton, that I am sensible of his excellent qualities, but that I can *never, never*, return the feeling that he has expressed for me; and that if I have ever done or said any thing likely to mislead him, I regret it with a degree of bitterness that his less passionate temperament cannot even imagine."

As Edith finished, she opened the door, and Charlton, with a ceremonious bow, passed by her, saying as he did so—

"I will execute your commands."

Edith retired to her own apartment, there to think over all that had passed; not, however, to think quietly, for though there was silence and peace in her room, there was none in her heart. It was in a tumult of emotion; and as for a moment she caught a sight of her face reflected in the glass, she saw that her cheeks were burning and her eyes glowing. Her passion was confused and variable, and she sought in vain to define its movements, but through all its variations of disquiet the leading sensation was that of resentment against Charlton, to which her own self-reproaching conscience even added a sting. It was evident, she thought, that he had cared for her merely in a reflected way, for Hanworth's sake. He had thought of her as capable of making Hanworth happy, and when he found that Hanworth was indifferent to her, she had become indifferent to him. He had reproved her with harshness—he had probed her feelings, careless of what wound he might inflict. She had been willing to forgive him; to excuse his warmth; she had spoken with forbearance at the last, and she had even been about to offer him her hand, but he had passed her by coldly—he had disregarded her returning kindness—he had slighted her, and she could not forgive him. To be slighted by a friend so prized, so dear—that was unendurable—that was a wrong that could never be pardoned. So argued her worse nature; but her better nature interfered with another suggestion. If it were so painful to her to be slighted by an esteemed

friend, how must her treatment affect Lord Hanworth? She had, however, a reply ready to silence that uncomfortable question put by her conscience. Men did not feel as women; they were not so sensitive, not so refined, not so proud, not so capable of distress. No; it was for men to do, and for women to suffer. And then the thoughts of the past days, of the concealed thought that Charlton had sought to detect, stole into her mind, bringing with it feelings of mixed severity and sweetness, and merging finally into the fullest sympathy for Margaret, whose coming trial she hardly dared to contemplate. These softer emotions were more natural to her than those of anger, but still anger held its place; and she found herself admitting the chance of a rupture with Charlton, and making plans for a speedy departure from his house. She would invite herself to stay with her good old governess, Mrs. Wells, who was married, and whose home was respectable, if not in every way what she could desire. Yes, she would go away, and Charlton should find that her spirit was independent, and would refuse to submit to injustice. Full of these ideas, and intending to act upon them, she went to the drawing-room; but when she found Mrs. Charlton alone there, and when that kind friend rose to meet her with a sweet expression of affection, and clasping her arms round her neck, exclaimed, "My child, how much I feel for you!" she became conscious of new sensations of soothing hope, and stood for a moment silent in her arms. Emilia broke the silence and said—

"Dear Edith, I now understand all that has passed. Combining some observations of my own with hints—strong hints—dropped to me by Mrs. Ramsay, I know what your difficulty is. Yes, I am sure I know it. Margaret Ramsay is attached to Lord Hanworth."

"What am I to say? what can I say?" cried Edith, in the highest degree perturbed. "God alone knows how I suffer in finding Margaret's secret betrayed. Mrs. Ramsay is a fool, and she has discovered what I would have given so much to conceal; but you, Mrs. Charlton; you, dear, sensible Mrs. Charlton, you will not disclose it to any other human being? Promise me that."

"I will promise that only my husband shall know it from me."

"Well, with that exception I suppose I must be content; but oh! Emilia, I am very

unhappy, and I must now tell you all. It will be some relief to me to ask you to share my distress." Edith then told all that had passed, the largest proportion of which Mrs. Charlton had already guessed. She felt much for Edith's position, and she wished to advise her well. She said—

"Edith, you must bear in mind that the fact of your rejecting Hanworth can after all serve little to Margaret, for his love is for you, and not for her; and if but for this circumstance you could have returned his sentiments, I think you are wronging him and yourself. Such a man! such virtues, such abilities, and such a position. All that could be desired."

"His qualities are indeed excellent," said Edith; "but do not suppose that in refusing him I am making any sacrifice to friendship. No; I believed from the very first that he was destined to Margaret, partly from what Mrs. Ramsay said on the subject, partly from not understanding his manner, and partly because it seemed most probable. As Margaret's husband I could have deeply rejoiced in his friendship; but now that is all over—that happy dream is gone. I am wretched, Mrs. Charlton—oh! I am truly wretched."

"It is a strange fate," said Mrs. Charlton, "to be so unhappy for a good man's love. But after all, if Margaret can be kept in ignorance of these events, things may go better than you expect."

"And we *can* keep Margaret in ignorance, we certainly *can*," cried Edith, eagerly; "and on that course I am quite resolved."

"It is unlucky," said Mrs. Charlton, "that the Ramsays are coming here to dinner: but they went back to their hotel only to write some letters. I wish now that they were not coming; your position will be so difficult with regard to them to-night."

As she spoke Charlton entered. He advanced to Edith, and put a letter into her hand. The letter was from Hanworth; she opened it and read it at once:—

"Dear Miss Somers,—I have seen Charlton, and I have learned that I can have no hope; but I cannot go away without thanking you for the message delivered to me by him, and without assuring you that I feel I have only myself to blame for the pain of this morning.

"My own cares I do not wish to speak of;

and if I regret the avowal I have made, it is because I believe it has been painful to you.

"You shall have no more disquiet on my account, and I trust that some day we may meet again as friends.—Yours truly,

"HANWORTH."

The generous and manly tenderness of this letter filled Edith's heart, and tears forced their way down her cheeks. With softened feelings she gave the letter to Charlton to read, and as he returned it to her he took her hand in his and said—

"Miss Somers, I suffer for this not less than Hanworth; I suffer because I know that he cannot find another woman equal to the one whose affection he has sought in vain. If I have spoken too harshly to you, you must forgive me, for it was the very sense of your excellence that made me so urgent in this cause."

Edith looked up at him with a gentle look, returned the kindly pressure of his hand, and then moved silently away to the window, where she sat absorbed in her thoughts—thoughts which her friends were willing to allow her to indulge, and which for some space of time she had silent possession of, till the noisy and excited entrance of little Willy made an interruption. He was hot and out of breath, and seemed to have been crying. He had run home from the hotel, he said, whither, by his mother's leave, he had accompanied Margaret, to whose beauty he had taken a childish fancy, and he was to have returned home with them to dinner; but he had, he didn't know how or why, made Mrs. Ramsay very angry, and now he didn't believe that either she or Margaret would dine with them. By degrees, after some caressing on his mother's lap, and some exhorting from his father, he was prevailed upon to describe what had happened. He had been in Mrs. Ramsay's room while she was dressing, and she had asked him to tell all about his walk with Lord Hanworth in Pine-wood, and all that Lord Hanworth had said to him; and he had answered that Lord Hanworth didn't talk to *him*, because he was so busy talking to Miss Somers; and that just as he was going to ask him the names of his wild-flowers, Lord Hanworth was saying, "Miss Somers, do be my wife," and he didn't like to interrupt him.

As these words reached Edith, her dis-

treasure, her dismay, amounted almost to agony, and she darted forward, and seizing Willy vehemently by the hand, cried, "Oh, child, child, what have you done?"

Willy, already frightened, and in a tearful mood, now burst forth into a great cry, and between his sobs exclaimed, "You are just the same as Mrs. Ramsay; why do you look so? I did not think it any harm to tell. You never told me not to."

"No, no, no; idiot that I was; I forgot to speak to you, forgot to forbid you to repeat; indeed, I forgot how much you had heard."

"Do not cry, my boy, my dear love," said his father, taking him fondly in his arms; "you have done nothing wrong, and you have done no harm—only Edith is not well to-day, and every thing agitates her."

Charlton spoke thus, not aware of those circumstances concerning Margaret which made this disclosure so peculiarly unfortunate, and he was much perplexed himself by the child's narration, and by Edith's emotion on hearing it. But Mrs. Charlton sat in silent meditation, with a look of blank defeat, and presently, as he became more tranquil, Willy recalled the fact that Mrs. Ramsay had crammed into the little pocket of his tunic a letter for Edith Somers, and this, Edith standing by and impatiently urging him the while, he slowly dragged out from a mass of string with which it had got entangled. But when Edith became mistress of its contents when its intemperance and its injustice (only equalled by its folly) entered into her soul, and she found herself attacked as one of the basest, the falsest, and the most cruel of human beings, she could only wish that it could have remained entangled in that mass of string forever.

Mrs. Ramsay first challenged Edith to answer her whether the child's accusation (for so she termed his revelation) were true; and then immediately assuming that it must be so, called Edith, quoting Henry V. to Lord Scroope, "a savage, cruel, and ingrateful creature," and declared that though the truth of it "stood off as gross as black and white,

her eye would scarcely see it," and then went on to say, "Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected the sweetness of affiancement."

"Yes, Edith Somers, Lady Allerton's assertions, to which my blind confidence refused all credence, have proved too true, and I have found in the friend I harbored for my daughter her treacherous foe. You have come across her path to blight her happiness, to root up and destroy all the sweetest hopes of her most innocent soul. But she shall never have the pain of seeing you again; go elsewhere, pursue your own way, 'still to ruin other's wooing,' leaving to us the hope at least that we 'shall never look upon your like again.'

"Alas, too true it is that 'most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.'

"Make no attempt to see my daughter—she will not see you; you are not to have the triumph of beholding her affliction."

The cruelty of this accusation tried Edith beyond her strength. She could no longer attempt to conceal from her friends the extremity of her suffering, and she sank down upon a chair, flinging the letter from her and sobbing convulsively.

Charlton softly approached her. "Calm yourself," said he; "this violence of grief is unreasonable, is unjustifiable."

"Ah, my dearest, it only seems so to you," replied his wife (for Edith was unable to speak), "because you do not understand the cause of it."

"Read that," cried Edith, with passion "and you will know all. Oh, Emilia, my dear Emilia, tell me when you have read it, pray tell me that you know, that you are sure there is nothing of Margaret's there. No, no, no; Margaret has never thought it, has never felt it, has never even seen it. I will write to her now—now immediately; not to her mother, but to *her*. Yes, I will write to her; I will appeal to her justice and to her pity."

While Charlton took the letter to read Edith hurried out of the room.

From The Christian Observer.

Zwingli. By R. Christoffel. Translated from the German by John Cochran, Esq. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE perceive with satisfaction the increasing disposition to make us acquainted through translations with the rich stores of German literature. The German authors write in a style somewhat different from ours, and the task of rendering them into the English language is far from easy. We are the more obliged to those who undertake it; and we have reason to think that Mr. Cochran has executed his duty satisfactorily. We avail ourselves of his labors to present to our readers a sketch of the great reformer of Switzerland, whose history has been partially given us by the masterly pen of Merle D'Aubigné, but which we now have before us in fuller detail.

At the southern base of Mount Sextis, nearly three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a highland which separates the valley of the Tour from the neighboring valley of the Rhine, is situated the little village of Wildhaus. It lies at the top of the rich valley called the Toggenburg, which was coveted by the men of Zurich, but won by the Abbot of St. Gall, who transmitted it to the Canton of that name. In this mountain village, surrounded by Alpine chains, lived Haldrich Zwingli, who, with his large family, tended his flocks, gathered in hay, for their limited provision, and spent the long, dreary winter evenings among such interests as his frugal household could find. On the 1st of January, 1484, was born to him a son, who was to make his name famous. He grew up, the eldest of ten children, listening to the tales which his father told them, in the winter evenings, of the courage of the men of Toggenburg, and learning from the lips of his pious grandmother the stores of biblical history. When he reached his eighth year, he was intrusted to the charge of his uncle, who lived as parish priest in the town of Wesen. By him he was tenderly cared for; and, as his progress was rapid, he was soon removed to Basle, and, finally, to the superior teaching of Berne. From thence he was carried to complete his education in the High School of Vienna; and, having obtained a competent knowledge of the classics, he returned to his father's house in 1502, and

thence removed to Basle, where he became a teacher, and where he learned from a Professor, who was as remarkable for his knowledge of Scripture as for his acquaintance with the classics, to study and value the word of God. He received a call to be priest at Glaris, and performed Mass for the first time in his native town of Wildhaus. It was in his twenty-second year that he began his parochial life. "God had preserved him," he says, "from open vice;" hypocrisy and falsehood he regarded with horror; and it was with characteristic resolution that he entered on his work as a priest. "I will be true and upright before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me." Even at this early time he was remarked for his acquaintance with the Bible. He became distinguished for his oratory, which he studied with care; and so strong was his sympathy with the young, that he founded in Glaris a Latin School, of which he became the first teacher; and where, by his kindness, he drew to himself the regard of his pupils.

His lot was cast in a day of the foulest corruptions of the Church of Rome. Ecclesiastics used the Confessional for the gratification of their passions; and the priest who contented himself with a concubine was considered respectable. The talents of Zwingli soon attracted the attention of the Papal agents; and by their recommendation; a yearly pension was granted him to enable him to pursue his studies. In the year 1513, and in 1515, Zwingli accompanied the Swiss battalions who crossed the Alps to drive the French out of Italy; and he was present in battle of Marignano, where the Swiss troops were routed by the French. But during these military duties, Zwingli had entered on a more momentous conflict. Having mastered the Greek, he was studying the New Testament in the original; reading the Commentators, that he might discover the meaning of Scripture; above all, collating one passage with another, and entreating God, on his knees, that he would grant him the help of his Holy Spirit.

A journey to Basle, in which he made the acquaintance of Erasmus, strengthened his conviction. He now began, from the pulpit, to denounce the public evils under which his country was suffering; he did not conceal his assent to the views of Pico di Mirandola,

which that illustrious Italian had imbibed from his intimacy with the Reformer Savonarola.

In 1516 Zwingli was called to labor in the cloister at Einsiedlen, though the citizens of Glaris long withstood the idea that he was to be permanently separated from them. He carried with him to his new sphere, a firm conviction that every act and dogma must be tried by the Word of God; and when he discovered by this test the truth, his unwavering decision was to obey God rather than man. From his post in the famous cloister of Einsiedlen he had ample opportunity of publishing his convictions. To this cloister crowds repaired, to worship the Virgin, who, it was said, had consecrated the altar by a personal appearance, while the choral hymns were sung around her by the voices of apostles and angels. To worship the Virgin in this her favored chapel, troops of pilgrims came; but the sermons delivered to them by the new preacher announced the strange truth, that worship was due, not to the Virgin, but to Christ; and should be paid, not to Mary, but to the Son of God. The astonished hearers carried back from their pilgrimage these new doctrines, and learned that the grace of God was everywhere present,—and that Christ, and not Mary, was the only salvation. Not only did the preacher preach these truths, he laid before the ecclesiastical authorities his conviction that the corruptions of his Church could no longer be endured, and that Reform was needed. He addressed himself to the Bishop of Constance to entreat him to interfere, to rebuke the degeneracy of the Clergy, and to compel their attention to their duties. Such a man was too important to be neglected. It was necessary to bind him with chains of gold. He was in receipt of a pension; he was now made chaplain to the Pope, and further honors were held out as the reward of service. Various cities were anxious to secure so eloquent a preacher. The choice of Zurich fell upon him; and, as that position was one of great importance, he accepted this call, and removed there in the end of the year 1518. He was appointed parish priest of the chapel, and was informed that much was hoped from his ability and zeal in improving the funds of the foundation. He informed the Canons that his first duty was to preach from the Gospel of St. Matthew, the life of Jesus Christ; or, as he stated it, on the New

Year's Day of 1519, his thirty-sixth birthday, when he rose in the pulpit of the Minster, that "he would lead his hearers to Christ, the true Well of salvation." From this time he entered on the mission of his life. With a vigorous frame, a deep voice, and an agreeable delivery, he preached the need of repentance, and the supremacy of God's Word. That Word he read and explained to his hearers with earnest care; he exhorted the people to place their trust in God alone, that God in whom he trusted and in whom he rejoiced. "I have preached," he says, "clearly and fully and constantly; and earnestly inculcated upon the minds of my hearers the true salvation, Christ Jesus himself, and taught them to expect all good from him, and to apply to him in every strait. I preach the free grace of God to my fellow man, seeking to make it attractive to them, well knowing what God would work by his Word, if once it found entrance into their minds." He was not hasty in proposing outward changes. He suffered any of his hearers, if they insisted on it, to bring their desires to the saints; but he himself, he said, would spread his case before the Lord, and he was sure that those who tried this would never leave him, for they would feel in their own hearts how sweet the Lord is, and that every one that knows him aright must cry out with the disciples, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

The effect of this preaching was great. Men of thought, who had deserted the Church and its fables, returned to listen. "Here is a preacher of the Truth," they said, one remarked, that "it was as if he had been dragged to the preacher by the hair of his head." While the citizens came to hear, the peasants flocked in from the country; and by the close of the year 1519, the preacher could number upwards of two thousand disciples following his instructions. The Town Council issued an order in 1540, to the priests, that the Gospel should be generally preached. Nor was Zwingli less eager and assiduous as a patriot. He longed to break the degrading practice which his countrymen used, who hired themselves out as mercenary soldiers, and lavished their blood in the quarrels of ambitious princes. He succeeded in inducing Zurich to decline such engagements; though this proceeding was felt as a tacit reproach by the other Swiss cantons, and it

made Zwingli obnoxious to foreign countries, whom it deprived of useful mercenaries. But the chief labor of Zwingli was in the work to which he had devoted his life. He regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of God, whose call he was careful to observe, and to advance only as he led the way. In 1519 he passed through a personal trial by being attacked by the plague. He had hurried from Pfiffers baths, where he was recruiting his health, when he heard that the plague had broken out in Zurich; and whilst in his weakened state he visited the sick he was laid low by the disease. The hymns which he composed during his sickness, show the constancy of his faith; but though he recovered, he had to mourn the loss of two of his most attached friends, and of a younger brother, over whose death he wept bitter tears. His sympathy with others, and his deep humility, made him singularly attractive. Powerful in the pulpit, he was no less persuasive in social intercourse. He conversed as a friend with the citizens, with the poor as well as rich, in streets and market-places; sat down a guest at the rich man's table, and was found partaking the poor man's fare. He went to the inns at which the guilds assembled, and explained familiarly to their members the points of Christian doctrine; while he invited the peasants to his table, spoke to them of God, and taught them his Word. His progress during the four years which elapsed from 1519 to 1523, was, as might be expected, a progress through many difficulties. At one time the dissolute in Zurich banded themselves to resist him, and laid wait for him, and threatened his life. The magistrates, anxious for his safety, were compelled to grant him a guard. At another time the Bishop of Constance, in whose diocese Zurich was situated, sent pastoral letters against him, and applied to the Chapter to restrain heretical preaching. At another time, such influence was used with the Council, that the Burgomaster exhorted Zwingli to desist from any preaching which would disturb the public peace. To all these attempts, threats, calumnies, and dangers, Zwingli made the same answer, that he would preach the Gospel free and without limitation, and that he must obey God rather than men.

Early in 1523 the fermentation ended in a solemn Conference of the opposing parties; six hundred persons met in the great Council

Hall. The Bishop of Constance was represented by his deputies; some of the other towns of Switzerland sent learned Doctors. The Canons and Priests mustered. In the centre of the circle sat the Reformer, at a table on which he had spread out three open Bibles in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. By this test he tried the assertions of the Papal deputies. Such was the success of the discussion, that the Council resolved that Zwingli should continue to preach, and that the priests throughout the Canton should preach nothing but what could be proved by Scripture. Zwingli put on record the results of the Conference in a publication which stated the great doctrines of Truth; while he left it to time and circumstances to direct practical reforms, he confined his efforts to the preaching of Christ, and thus "setting up in the Church of God a work that should stand." The result of this wise moderation was, that in the autumn of that year a Committee was appointed to regulate the revenues and services of the Cathedral. They proceeded to deal with the cloisters of nuns and the monasteries of monks; to break up these nurseries of idleness, and to transfer their revenues to the sick and the poor. The Government had the satisfaction of saying that they did not apply the wealth of a single cloister to fill the coffers of the State. The celibacy of priests was next assailed and prohibited. Zwingli and his friends entered into the bonds of marriage. The next attack was made upon images. On this point Zwingli's opinions were characterized by much moderation. He condemned the acts of those who interfered with violence to destroy them. "We ought not," he says, "to do violence to scrupulous consciences, imperfectly informed. Time should be given for the propagation and understanding of truth." Nor would he tolerate the destruction of painted windows, or the carvings which adorned the walls or pulpit. Those images only which were placed for veneration, and which received the worship of the superstitious, should be destroyed. "The genuine worship of God is to bear him ever in our hearts; such a heart is not conferred by external gazing at an image, but by the illuminating God."

Events followed rapidly. The year which began with the Conference, ended with a second Conference on the subject of images and the Mass. This meeting was even more

crowded than the preceding one. In spite of the resistance of the Bishop and some of the Swiss towns, images were soon disposed of; the disputation commenced on the Mass. The assembly evidently drew to the opinion that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be substituted for the Mass. But to give the matter fuller deliberation, proceedings were delayed till the summer of 1554; and Zwingli then proposed that the Mass should be allowed to those who desired it, but that the Lord's Supper should be regularly administered. This, however, as the turning point of the Reformation, involved a fierce struggle. Crucifixes and images had disappeared. The Mass was rarely frequented, but the Lord's Supper had not been received. It required another earnest demand from Zwingli and his friends; and at length, in the spring of 1525, the altar was removed, and in place of this a table, covered with a white cloth, was set, on which, according to a service drawn up by the Reformer, the Lord's Supper was administered. "Henceforth," says Zwingli, "the unintelligible chants and drawlings of the Romish service ceased. Farewell, ye temple murmurs and paid drawling prayers; ye will do us no more ill: good, I know, ye have never done us. But, hail! oh, pious inward prayer, that the word of God awakens in the heart of the believer; thou gentle sighing of the soul, that lasts but for a moment, yet knows itself, then listens further to hear what God the Lord will say and reveal."

The Confessional was next abolished, and the true doctrine of confession was laid down by the Reformer:—"We may, indeed, confess our faults to each other, in order that we may obtain the help of our neighbors' prayers. He confesses rightly, and he confesses sufficiently, who puts his trust in God; who praises and thanks him; who acknowledges to him his sins, and bewails them. . . . As God alone pardons sin, and gives peace to the wounded spirit, we must ascribe the healing of our wounds to him alone, and open them alone to his healing hand." But, he says, "Some may be ignorant of the Physician, and may go to the pastor, who must then point out to him Christ, showing him how great mercy God has conferred upon us through Christ. When the sinner learns this, he will let himself be stopped by none, but will forthwith run with all speed to

Christ. He who is in such a state of mind has, in truth, the greatest need of a priest. But of what priest? Not such an one as with false keys opens his gold coffers as a thief; but he who, out of the word of God shows him at once his own misery and God's mercy. Wherefore confession, made either to a priest or a neighbor, ought not to be called a discharge for sin, but an asking for advice."

The laws and social customs of the little Commonwealth underwent a change in accordance with these principles. The machinery employed to effect the ecclesiastical reformation was through the State. Within the Church the elements of corruption were strong, and the ecclesiastics were wedded to habits of licentiousness and bigotry. The civil authorities had early shared in the Reformer's spirit, and their power was therefore employed by Zwingli to introduce among a reluctant Clergy the Reformation. There was another reason why Zwingli felt that the civil authorities should exercise an overruling jurisdiction. In the fermentation of new principles, it was as necessary to guard against the excess of fanaticism as against the resistance of prejudice. The Anabaptists had early started in Germany to pervert the movement of the Reformation to purposes of licentious excess, under pretence of seeking a purer Church and practising a more exalted devotion. They cast far and wide their censures of excommunication, and disturbed men's minds by vain demands. It was necessary to interpose the power of the State against this evil; and Zwingli hoped that the authorities, influenced by the pulpit and moved by the exhortations of the ministers, would be directed to wholesome measures. Through his personal influence this task was accomplished. The decrees of the Council ministered to the progress of truth. Laws were passed regulating marriage, prescribing the observance of the Sabbath and attendance at church, preventing the excesses of drinking-houses, and the riots of the Carnival; and, if the attempt to enforce a strict discipline on morals was only partially successful, the synodical meetings of the Clergy led to such vigorous surveillance as to prevent the grosser scandals by which the priesthood had been disgraced.

Thus successful in his own Canton, Zwingli was able to direct his attention to other parts

of Switzerland, and from his watch-tower to stretch a friendly hand to help those who were struggling, or those who were inquiring for truth. An overwhelming correspondence occupied his time. "Almost all who are exposed to persecution for Christ's sake write to me." Now a distinguished lady in the Canton Argau, now a nobleman from the neighborhood of Berne, apply to him for advice. Into the Carthusian monastery, in the Canton Thurgau, the light of truth broke; and, at the same moment, three of the friars, unknown to each other, were communicating to Zwingli their convictions. "Shall I leave the Order," says one; "lay aside the monk's dress, and earn my support by the labor of my hands?" "I preach the Gospel faithfully," says another. "I am anxious to be guided to truth. Punish me not for my trespasses and my guilt, O merciful Jesu; but pardon me, for the merit of thy cross;" and then he asks the Reformer if his conscientious choice of the monastery has not been wise. In other monasteries, the Abbot was found corresponding with Zwingli. But though his life and actions were thus telling upon the minds of the thoughtful, he was employing a more powerful instrument to spread the truth. The Scriptures were translated into the mother tongue of the country. The Bible was scattered far and wide; every peasant cottage, as he says, became a school; and God became the Teacher of his people. The disciples of Zwingli were now busy as missionaries. Some resorted to the mountains of Glaris; one settled at Monis, another at Wesen. The truth spread to Zwingli's native valley of Toggenburg; and, in spite of the Bishop of Coire and the men of Schwyz, the magistrates and the people received the truth. The light ran up the pleasant hills of Appenzel, and, in spite of the Abbot, penetrated to St. Gall. There the Burgomaster headed the Reformers; the more remote and mountainous Grisons began to stir; forty priests in the country districts were gained to the truth; and the Diet met at Coire to consider the abuses of the Church. A discussion was held between the Reformers and their opponents, and as its result seven priests embraced the Gospel, and the Diet commanded that both religions should be freely preached, and that the word of God should be the rule over all. At length, so far had the light of the Reformation spread

over the East of Switzerland that it penetrated to the furthest North, and embraced the town and canton of Schaffhausen. While Zwingli had thus the satisfaction of seeing the light extend over the eastern frontier of his country, he was enabled to assist it, as it made its way into the centre of Switzerland, and into the West. He watched with the deepest interest its progress in Berne. He was in close correspondence with those who were laboring there. He heard with delight that the influence of truth was making its way among the Councils, and by his letters he animated his friends to fresh exertions. "The door," he said, "was opened; ply all diligence, seize hold of every opportunity; throw the books and the rod of faith so into the heart of your people, that it will be impossible again to tear them out."

Here, too, as the turning point of the struggle, a Conference was called. The four Bishops and the Emperor protested against it, but the men of Berne persevered; and on New Year's Eve, 1528, a hundred learned men from East Switzerland met at Zurich to proceed to this memorable gathering. The cavalcade was guarded by a body of armed men, as the Roman Catholic Cantons through which they had to pass refused them a safe-conduct. The Burgomaster of Zurich rode at the head of the cavalcade, and beside him, full of zeal and faith, was Zwingli. On the 4th of January they entered Berne, to which Ecolampadius had come from Basle, and Bucer and Capeto from Strasburg. For eighteen days the Conference lasted, and the debate was conducted on both sides with great vigor and zeal. The opponents remarked, that while Bucer was more fluent, and Ecolampadius of profounder learning, in fertility of intellect, and force and clearness of statement, Zwingli stood unrivalled. When, in his sermons in the church, he exposed the errors of the Mass, a priest, one of his hearers, flung aside his vestments, and declared that he would say the Mass no more. The Conference fixed the decision of Berne; and Berne being won, the whole of the Eastern districts of Switzerland lay open to Reform. In these the impetuous Farel had already commenced his labors; but, hitherto, he had been baffled in Geneva, and had been beaten from Freiburg. He now appealed for help to Zwingli: "Continue in the path you have entered upon, O bold Christian warrior, to

shed your light before us by piety and faith and purity of doctrine. Lend us your great foresight and wisdom and help." "Thou," writes Haller, "art the eye and the Bishop of the whole fatherland!" Meanwhile the south of Germany was inviting the attention of Zwingli. He had written to stir one of the preachers of Augsburg. To another town he had addressed his exhortations. From the Burgomaster and Council of Mayence, Strasbourg, and Frankfort, letters of sympathy came to him; and he heard with delight from his friend, a bookseller, as he returned from the fair of Frankfort, that the Gospel was spreading along the towns of the Rhine. The German Princes, who had proclaimed at the Diet of Nuremberg their grievances against the Church of Rome, had, many of them, drawn back, and began to persecute the Reformers. Zwingli denounced, in a spirited address, their conduct. However others might falter, he remained firm; and while Erasmus was shrinking from the progress of the Reformation, Zwingli welcomed John Alasco from Poland, and the gallant German knight, Ulric von Hutten, who came to find his last shelter on the banks of the Lake of Zurich. Nor was his interest confined to Switzerland and Germany;—it extended to France. He wrote to confirm the Reformers of Grenoble; and he dedicated one of his works to the King of France. His influence extended to Italy; in Como, an Augustin monk had been enlightened by his writings. Zwingli corresponded with him; and while he helped him forward in the faith, he urged him to undertake the task of translating the Bible into Italian. The animating principle of his exertions, and the source of his confidence, he explains to us: "Therefore," he says, "stout-hearted servants of God, stand firm. He who beholds our conflict is not blind. He ever sees, with His omniscient eyes, all camps, lands, and creatures, nor will He overlook you who are struggling for His name's sake. He will see you. He will also see, when the time comes, your enemies, and will carry them away like withered leaves before the autumn wind. May God increase your faith!"

"Wherever faith is," he says again, "there God is; and wherever God is, there is a zeal which presses and urges men to good works. Only take care that Christ be in thee and thou in Christ, and then doubt not but he will work."

When accused of being a Lutheran, he defended himself by saying that he had drawn the same truths from God's word, before he knew Luther, or had read his works. "If Luther preaches Christ, he does what I do. I am unwilling to bear any other name than that of Christ, whose soldier I am, and who alone is my Head. Never was a single scrap written by me to Luther, or by Luther to me. And why? In order to show to all how well the Spirit of God accords with himself, since, without having heard each other, we so harmoniously teach the doctrine of Jesus Christ."

No doubt Zwingli held the same views of Election which were afterwards professed by Calvin. But whilst he holds these in theory, he states, both with frankness and with tenderness, the invitations of the Gospel. "Wherever a man is anxious," he says, "to do that which pleases God, in that man are religion and faith. The centurion Cornelius is a proof of this, whose alms and prayers were acceptable to God even before the Gospel had come to him!" He strongly recommended prayer, both by word and example. "He himself," says Bullinger, "prayed much daily." "If we become," says Zwingli, "more learned and better by conversation and familiar intercourse with a learned and good man, how much more when we hold familiar converse with God. Whoever has accustomed himself to hold frequent converse with God, and to seek help from him, feels himself ever strengthened and encouraged after prayer. In the hour of danger he says, 'O Lord! thus it has pleased thee; but, I doubt not, thou wilt so order matters in thy great goodness, that, with the temptation, thou wilt also show a way of escape. I know that thou wilt advance thy glory, justice, and truth, however the adversaries may storm and rage.'" In regard to the right mode of praying, he thus expresses himself: "When Christ says, 'when ye pray, use not many words, as the heathen do,' he does not mean to deter us from prayer, but he means to instruct us in prayer, which does not consist in the multitude of words, but in fervor of faith. Prayer requires only few words, but, on the other hand, great devotion and deep feeling. Prayer is the elevation and ascent of the soul to God; let it be, therefore, sober, fervent, pure, and simple, without the pomp of words." The practical nature of his faith, he thus illustrated: "Whoever is filled with the Spirit of God is ever on the alert to

do something for the benefit of his neighbor; is unwearied in every good work, and rather is fearful that he may do less than he ought." A full belief, as he explains, in the providence of God, is the best remedy against the temptations as well as the trials of life. For if we are prosperous, we refer our enjoyments to God's free gift, and we shall be anxious to impart, in no niggardly spirit, to others, what is freely given us by God. On the other hand, if we suffer, we shall regard the bitter cup as put into our hands by God; and "this thought will whisper to the manly soul, Do not fancy that this happens by chance; it is done at My command; if you bear it nobly, you celebrate a glorious triumph." Then he applied his principles to his own position. "Would you think to deter me," he says, "from the proclamation and advocacy of truth by telling me that all who ever undertook it have lost their lives by it? Verily, by this argument you make little impression upon me. I am not ashamed of Christ, that he may not be ashamed of me. . . . Oh! dearly beloved brethren, the Gospel derived from the blood of Christ is of this wondrous nature, that the most violent persecution, so far from arresting, only hastens its progress. Those only are true soldiers of Christ who fear not to bear in their body the wounds of their Master. All my labors have no other end than to make men know the treasures of happiness which Christ has acquired for us, in order that all may flee to the Father through the death of the Son."

The progress of the Swiss Reformation was resisted by the two weapons which Rome is accustomed to employ—the trial of seduction by bribery, and, where that fails, the use of force. In the early period of Zwingli's history, he had been noticed by the Papal agents, and had been secured, as it was hoped, by a pension; but as he by gradual steps withdrew himself from Romish doctrine, and relinquished the Papal subsidy, he became in the eyes of Rome of still greater importance from the influence which he exercised throughout his country. Adrian, when he became Pope, earnest in his convictions, desired to secure a supporter whose value he had learned to appreciate. He addressed a letter to the Reformer, and gave credentials to his Legate, who was instructed to make brilliant offers by word of mouth. These were confirmed by a Brief. At the same time, the Legate wrote to a friend of the Reformer, at Einsiedlen,

empowering him to offer any advancement to Zwingli short of the Papal chair. The Reformer answered these offers in a Christian and unmoved frame of mind. For him they had no attraction. The poverty of Christ he preferred to the worldly pomp of Rome, and he cut short the communication by stating his conviction that the Pope was an Antichrist.

The influence of bribery having failed, Rome turned to violence. The inhabitants of the five Cantons which surrounded Lucerne were roused by the Priesthood; Friburg united with them; and while as yet neither Berne nor Schaffhausen had declared themselves for the Reformation, a Diet was assembled (1524), which invoked the assistance of the civil power to put down heresy. Those who had adopted new doctrines were now tracked and seized. A shoemaker from Zurich, vehement in his Reform opinions, had given public expression to these in Baden: he was seized in Coblenz, and carried for trial to Lucerne, where the sentence of death was passed upon him. The Governor of Thurgau apprehended a friend of Zwingli, a faithful pastor, upon the Rhine. Though the stroke was successful, it did not pass with impunity. The people of his parish rose, and forming themselves into an armed association, they hastened to the banks of the Thur: unable to pass the river, they attacked a monastery in the neighborhood, set fire to it, and plundered it. This furnished a fresh plea to their adversaries. Those who had taken the lead, though they had resisted the excesses of the rabble, were seized by the Papal Cantons, and thrown into gaol. Three of them were condemned, tortured by the rack, and led to execution. Thus, for three years, animated by the exhortations and praises of the Pope, the Papal Cantons wreaked their vengeance on the Protestants. Anxious to draw Zwingli into their hands, they brought to their assistance the celebrated Doctors Eck and Faber, who challenged the Swiss Reformer to a public disputation. They refused to hold it in Zurich, and selected for it the small town of Baden, on the Aar. To this town, which was wholly in the hands of the Romish party, they invited Zwingli, sending him a safe-conduct, so loosely worded that it would have offered no restraint to their designs. Hoping that the prey was now within their reach, a monk of Lucerne from the pulpit had said, "Zwingli, I warn you that

your last hour is come;" and the Deputy of Lucerne confessed the project; "If we had him once here, he should have prison diet for the rest of his days." No terms were too violent in which to characterize the Reformers; and the leaders of the disputation, Eck and Faber, did not conceal their opinion that it was only by fire and sword that heresy could be extirpated. Into a snare so clumsily laid Zwingli was not disposed to walk; nor would the men of Zurich have suffered him. He offered to meet his opponents either in Zurich or Berne; but he left to his friends Ecolampadius and Haller, to maintain the cause in his absence. He was able, however, to assist them. A student, who was taking the waters at Baden, attended the disputation, and in the evening wrote from memory his account of the proceedings; while two young students by turns brought these notes, with the letters of Ecolampadius, during the night, to Zurich; returning in the morning with Zwingli's answer, which they carried, to escape observation, in a basket with poultry for the market. Though Zwingli escaped, other Reformers suffered. Two were put to death in Lucerne. In Schwyz two were burned, and one in Thurgau; while at Friburg one was drowned as a heretic, and another, a priest, suffered death by fire. But these cruelties had their usual effect; the patience of the sufferers excited the sympathy and inquiries of the people. Even the errors of men who had embraced Truth became softened by the solemnities of a trial and the prospect of death. The poor Zurich shoemaker, who had been exiled from his Canton for his violence, became gentle as death drew near. When his judges drowned his voice, and ordered him to execution: "Let it be done to me according to the will of God," he said, "and may he forgive their sins to all them who are against me, and who seek my death." When a monk presented to him a crucifix, he gently put it aside: "The sufferings of Christ must be engraven on the heart by Faith; not the wooden image on the Cross, but his sufferings and death have obtained for us salvation." As he approached the place of execution, love for others prevailed over fear. An immense multitude, touched by his demeanor, followed him with tears. "The Almighty God," he said, "grant you his grace, that you may come to the knowledge of the Truth and be saved;" and pointing still more expressively to the

source of his own comfort, he looked up to Heaven and said, "I commend my soul into Thy hands. Oh! my Lord and my Redeemer, Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me, and receive my spirit." The same doctrine which comforted the mechanic consoled the man of high degree. When Wirth and his sons were condemned to death, no taunts could disturb their patience, and no suffering shook their constancy. As the younger son wept, his brother said to him, "Dear brother, you know that we have faithfully preached the word of God; but where the word of God is, there is always the Cross; therefore leave off weeping and be comforted: I praise God he has held me worthy of this day, to suffer and to die for his word." As the old man and his son approached the place of execution, the buoyant hopes and exulting faith of the youth encouraged his aged father, and these scenes of firmness and patience made a deep impression on the spectators, and were instruments in spreading their faith.

But while the cause of the Reformation was thus advancing by the piety of its members, it received a shock from internal causes, through the disputes which arose from difference of opinion, and the passions kindled by this controversy. Early in 1529, the Swiss Reformation had reached a strong position, had split in two the United Cantons, and ranged one section in hostility to the other. Two months later, when the attempt was made in the Diet of Spires to crush the Protestants of Germany, the Protest solemnly laid at the feet of Ferdinand by the Reformers, fixed the name and position of the Protestants, and presented them in Germany as a united party. They were, however, the minority. Surrounded by danger, prudence enforced the lesson of charity, and demanded that all divisions among Protestants should disappear. The leaders felt this necessity; and the German Princes, escaping from the acrimony of theologians, saw that, in presence of imminent dangers, differences upon speculative questions should be laid aside. Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, was one of the most important leaders of the Reformation, distinguished by the soundness and moderation of his views. The castle of Marburg, which from its wooded heights looks down upon the straggling city, its gothic church and fertile plain, was the place to which the Landgrave invited the leader of the Swiss and German

Reformation, and whom he hoped, by a friendly conference, to harmonize and unite. He did not know the difficulties of the task; that the nearer the agreement between two parties, the fiercer is the antipathy, and that the qualities which have distinguished the chiefs make them only more resolute in their adherence to their diverging opinions. Nor was any hope to be derived from the temperament of the two chiefs. The vehemence of Luther was met by the colder reason of Zwingli; and this quality, which gave the Swiss Reformer an advantage in the dispute, provoked his adversary to fiercer indignation. Nor was it a good sign that Luther had once, in his controversies with the Romanists, expressed almost the same opinion on the Lord's Supper which Zwingli entertained. He spoke of the Sacrament as a sign from God that we are justified by the passion of our Saviour; and when this opinion was quoted against him, he was the more determined to prove that his opinion was misunderstood, and that he had no sympathy with the Swiss Sacramentarians. The idea of uniting with persons who, as he maintained, denied the presence of Christ in the Sacrament, was revolting to him. There were no terms too strong for him in which to denounce their opinions. He confounded them with the Anabaptists, and the violence and fanaticism of that party were attributed by him to the Swiss Reformers. These Anabaptist doctrines, which in 1525 had led in Germany to a sanguinary insurrection, which, when expressed by Carlstad, Luther had exposed, were now attributed to Zwingli; and Luther, early in the controversy, pronounced the stern opinion, that one party must belong to the Devil and be God's enemy. He had stood, he said, against twenty storms which the Devil had blown against him,—first, through the Pope, then through the insurgent peasants, then through Carlstad, and now through the united forces of the Anabaptists and Sacramentarians. To prevent all hope of concession, he says that if he should teach any thing else on the subject of the Sacrament, he would have it known that this new opinion was false, and a suggestion of the devil. It is right to remark, that Luther's impression of Zwingli's opinions was erroneous. The tone and temper of the Swiss Reformers were vastly superior. So far from having any sympathy with the Anabaptists, Zwingli had assailed them as sturdily as Luther.

In the autumn of 1525, he had met them in Zurich in public disputation, had refuted their opinions, and had overwhelmed them with confusion. They had then used the same weapons as in Germany, had roused the populace and attempted disorder. But, in the transports of fanaticism, some of them had been hurried into crimes which led the Canton of Zurich to interfere and repress them. In the conduct of the controversy, Zwingli acted with moderation. Instead of the railing charges and stern denunciations of Luther, he used calm expostulation. Instead of holding that one party must be the children of the Devil, he admitted that both were the servants of God. He thought Luther mistaken, and the error was one of human infirmity; but he entreated that the controversy might be conducted in the Latin language, when it might be confined to the learned, and not permitted to perplex the popular mind. He prayed that "the Almighty God would lead them in the right path;" and as the people were made aware that a division existed between them, he entreated them to hold neither to Luther nor Zwingli, but to the Lord. Notwithstanding the dispute, he did justice to his antagonist. He compared him to Paul in his dispute with Barnabas; recognized his long services; and when Eck took advantage of the difference, Zwingli exclaimed, "Luther and I would be truly one without your interference; for we have one faith in Jesus Christ." In this controversy, Œcolampadius took the side of Zwingli, and Melancthon shared the opinions of Luther. In the Conference held in Berne in 1528, the overwhelming majority of learned men from Switzerland, Southern Germany, and Strasburg, took the side of Zwingli. Along the Rhone and throughout Holland his opinions spread; half of Augsburg embraced them; and even in Nuremberg, where they were prohibited, the famous painter, Albert Durer, espoused them. The leading Reformers of Strasburg, Capeto and Bucer, were anxious to close the strife. They begged Zwingli not to reply to the invectives of Luther; and they sent a friend, in 1528, to Wurtemberg, to give Luther a better opinion of the Swiss Reformers, and to entreat him not to persevere in language which could only import angry passions into the controversy of Faith. Failing in this,—for, though Zwingli acquiesced, Luther remained obdu-

rate,—they sought the interposition of the Landgrave, which led to the Conference at Marburg. That Conference, however desired by others, was not sought by Luther. He brought to it a fixed resolution, and both he and Melancthon were anxious to frustrate it. They wished the Elector of Saxony to prohibit it. When he refused, they induced other persons to abstain from attending it, and when at length Luther set out reluctantly on his journey, he stopped at the frontier of Hesse, and refused to cross it without a safe-conduct from the Landgrave. He held his own opinions peremptorily, and nothing would serve him but that the Swiss should acquiesce in these. The course of Zwingli was different. He applied for leave to the Secret Council of Zurich; when they refused it, he prepared for his journey, concealed his departure from his wife and from the magistrates, and starting on horseback with a single friend, during the night, he rode off rapidly in the direction of Basle. Such a conference, he thought, must bring truth to illuminate their eyes. He would have preferred that it had taken place at Strasburg; but if Marburg was to be the place, there he would go. He entreated the Lords of the Council to pardon his neglect of their wishes, and to hope well for the issue—"O God," he said, "thou hast never abandoned us, thou wilt perform thy will for thine own glory." The Council, after his departure, sent their consent, and appointed one of their number to follow him. Zwingli reached Basle in safety, dropped down the Rhine to Strasburg, and thence, by by-ways through forests, with a Hessian escort, he reached Marburg. The Landgrave entertained the disputants royally in his castle, and the 1st of October, 1529, the discussion began. It was conducted with great precautions. Œcolampadius, a gentle spirit, was left in one room to confer with Luther; Melancthon carried on a discussion with Zwingli. The public discussion followed. In an ancient chamber, known as the Knights' Hall, which is still shown to the traveller, a select body was alone permitted to be present; round a table sat the four disputants, and behind them a few of their friends. The controversy was hopeless from the first. Luther was determined to make no concession, but obstinately to intrench himself in the words, "This is my body." Zwingli threw himself into the dis-

cussion with the eagerness of his character, confident in truth and sanguine of success. But his vehemence and his hopes fell before the stern firmness of Luther; and when he perceived that nothing but the surrender of his opinions would suffice, he burst into tears. The Landgrave was unwearied in his efforts to bring about some agreement: "Acknowledge them as brethren." For a time Luther refused; but the reproaches of the audience staggered and moved him. He offered the hand of peace, and he agreed, reserving the question of the Lord's Supper, to draw up articles on which both parties might unite. To the surprise of his partisans, to the delight of the great body of Reformers, it was then found that the line of division was faint, and firm and broad the common ground. Each article, as it was read by Luther, was by the Swiss cordially received; and the value of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and its distinction from the sacrifice of the Mass, were by both parties, in the same words, cordially declared. Thus the beautiful prayer in which Zwingli breathed forth, at the outset of the Conference, his desire for union—and which, in his calmer moments, was echoed by Luther, and pressed by him on Melancthon before his death, when he said that he regretted the part he had taken in the dispute—was heard, and the Reformers again presented to their enemies a united phalanx.

Zwingli resumed, after this distraction, the habits of his usual life. His constitution was an iron one; and, by a wise arrangement, he was able to press into each day an amount of labor which would have overwhelmed weaker men. He rose early, and devoted the morning hours to prayer and the study of Scripture. A public lecture or an early sermon followed. At eleven he dined; and he allowed himself till two to converse with his family, and to receive or pay visits. His afternoon was devoted to study; and after supper, which he often passed in the company of friends, he occupied the evening, and frequently much of the night, in a large correspondence. His writings, which were numerous, he had no leisure to polish, they were committed to the printer during their composition. In his family he was happy, nor could public duties divert him from the tending of his children's minds. Round his frugal table the leading men of Zurich gath-

ered—the councillors of Canton, ministers from a distance, exiles, strangers, and men of learning. In conference with them, Zwingli changed or corrected his opinions; for he was always ready to bow to the truth. “Truth,” he says, “is to the human soul what the sun is to the world; whoever brings the truth to light becomes thereby my friend. Calumny and attack are welcome; if I am illuminated, I am content, and already begin to be here that which I one day hope to be by God in heaven.” Gained by his simple mind, and moved by the contagion of his frankness, the young were attracted, and the worldling forgot his levity. The Duke of Wurtemberg,—the fierce knight, Von Hutten,—the Polish noble, in his rich costume,—the barefooted monk of Avignon, in his grey gown,—the sluggish Dutchman,—the ardent French Reformer, met here with Italians, Germans, and Swiss, round his hospitable table. Here discussions upon truth, schemes of policy and plans of Reform, were weighed; while the broad, smiling countenance, in the canon’s loose dress, with those simple manners, still drew the eyes of all, and remained the centre of the busy group. The Reformer’s earnest prayer was answered in his daily life: “Fill us, O Creator, God and Father of all, with thy gracious Spirit. Arise, O Christ, thou glorious Sun of Righteousness, and shine on us with thy mild rays. Alas! while we strive, we forget too often to wrestle after holiness, which thou requirest from us all. For thou knowest, O Lord, that we never come out of these worldly contests bettered; since they are the works of the flesh, that sully every one that mingles with them, while the righteous ever decline them to their own salvation. Preserve us, therefore, O Lord, from such strifes, that we may not misuse our powers in them. But turn them with all earnestness to the work of sanctification.”

This happy life and its useful labors were to be abruptly closed. No doubt the issue was guided by Him to whom the Reformer constantly turned; but it was accelerated by human infirmity, and was, in some degree, the result of the error of this sanguine nature. The movement of Reform in Switzerland had become mixed with political action. It was difficult to avoid this. Unhappily Zwingli thought it desirable. The decisive change in Berne, which greatly needed Reform, had been preceded, in 1527, by the

political changes which introduced a majority of Reformers into the Great Council. They employed their influence to remove from the magistracy the partisans of Rome; and they then fixed the Conference which led to the judgment in favor of Reform. The movement among the rude peasantry who inhabited the Bernese Oberland, and who occupied the sides of the Lake of Brienz, and the level plains of Interlachen and Unterseen, had been directed against Reform by the arts of the Romish ecclesiastics. The insurrection had been abetted by the Canton of Unterwalden, and it threatened at one time civil war. It was natural that the Bernese Government should repress such disorders, and should maintain their position against external interference. Happily this display of force made its employment unnecessary.

Berne, being thus enlisted in the cause of Reform, employed, throughout that part of the Canton which speaks the French language, the services of the eager Frenchman, Farel. He passed along the Lake of Geneva, through the Omenda, to Bex and Aigle; and, in the midst of some excitement, his mission was successful. He extended it to Lausanne and Morat; and though in the first Popery triumphed, he made an impression on the population of Morat, crossed to Neuchâtel, and, after a severe struggle, as the Canton was equally divided, and the Governor appointed by the Princesse de Longueville was on the side of the Papacy, a bloodless revolution set up at once Representative Government and Reform. In Basle, where the aristocracy governed through a Senate, the conflict was severe, and did not end without violence. The partisans of the Bishop employed force; they were met by the same weapons by the popular party. The Papal party was overwhelmed; and the people, roused to fury, swept away, by one stroke, both the emblems and the observance of Popery. Thus far, though popular feeling had committed excesses, bloodshed had been avoided. But in a country like Switzerland, where the Governments were influenced by the masses, where differences were strong, and popular feeling was excited, it was not to be expected that the issue should be reached without violence. The zeal of Zurich, and the decision of Berne, had given to Reform a great impulse. It had spread from the centre of Switzerland along the Rhine, made its way,

by the mission of Farel, along the flanks of the Jura, spread from the Lake of Neuchâtel to that of Geneva, and touched at length the Valley of the Rhone.

The five mountain Cantons, which are grouped round the Lake of Lucerne, regarded this rapid progress with sullen indignation. From the fastnesses of their mountains, and the borders of their lake, they saw spreading these poisonous exhalations, which tainted the air. They were weak in numbers, but strong in personal zeal and in the sympathy of foreign powers. From their connection with the Empire, and their devotion to the Pope, they could rally round them the sympathy of Austria and the alliance of Italy. In their own dominions, they resolved to trample out every spark of Reform. If any preachers were found, they committed them to the headsman or the flames. They fined, tortured, banished their followers. Stimulated by their Bishops, they sent an embassy to Austria; and, forgetting their old animosities, they united with their ancient enemy against their brethren. So intense was the excitement, that they hung up the hated emblems of Austria beside their own arms, and fixed on a gibbet the arms of Zurich, Berne, and Basle. On the other side, the feelings of their opponents were little less hostile. Zwingli urged that the Reformed Cantons should form among themselves a Christian confederacy; and throwing himself into the subject with his usual ardor, traced out plans of military defence. "There should be no peace," he said, "with Untervalden, till it renounced its treaty with Austria." With such feelings on both sides, war was inevitable. The provocation soon came. The pastor of a congregation at Zurich had received a call to the Parish of Oberkirch, and in one of his journeys there, he was seized by the men of Schwitz, carried to Schwitz, and condemned to death as a heretic. This violation of justice and of treaties led to an instant decision. The plans of defence which Zwingli had sketched were followed by Zurich, and vigorous measures were adopted. One force watched the Austrian frontier; another, posted on the eastern side of the Lake of Zurich, observed Schwitz; while the main body of four thousand picked men marched upon Cappel. The five Romish Cantons collected their forces; while Berne, with the adjoining Cantons, sent out a considerable force to mediate between the parties,

and, if possible, to compel both to an agreement. Terms of peace were drawn up by Zwingli: toleration of religion—the abandonment of pensions for foreign service—and that the five Cantons should indemnify the family of the murdered pastor, and pay the expenses of the war. The two parties were evenly balanced; the soldiers were animated with kindly feelings to each other, and were averse to extremities; and the strong hand of Berne was a salutary check upon both. The result was a peace; but Zwingli felt it to be insecure, and saw that it could be maintained only by vigorous counsels. Unhappily the Councils of Zurich fell, after the peace, into a state of languor and indifference. One of the terms of the treaty—the abandonment of foreign service—was unpopular with the party. Even in Berne the leading persons were favorable to mercenary wars. The five Romish Cantons which were compelled to make peace, cherished an unabated hatred of Reform, and continued to harass the Protestants. The Diet which Charles V. held at Augsburg in 1530, gave them an opportunity of sending deputies and receiving encouragement. At the Swiss Diet at Baden, in 1531, the feelings of the Romanists were proved to be as bitter as ever. They lent a deaf ear to the complaints of ill usage, and of the sufferings of Reformers. Zwingli felt that the time was come for repressing these abuses by the renewal of war. He recommended an invasion of those Cantons which had violated the treaty. Berne, on the other hand, prevailed that instead of resort to arms, an embargo should be laid upon provisions, and by forbidding the introduction of these the Romish Cantons should be starved into submission. But this policy was as unpopular as it was vain. It interfered with trade on both sides, and it made Zwingli, though he had not recommended it, unpopular in his own Canton. Henceforth his influence declined, and his advice was disregarded. In vain did he threaten to abandon his pulpit; and when persuaded to resume it, in vain did he repeat his warnings. Nothing could rouse his countrymen from their apathy. Even when the Romish Cantons were visibly arming, the counsels at Zurich were distracted. At last, when a large force had poured across the frontier, and when the peasants of Cappel mustered in their own defence, a levy of troops was hastily ordered; but though the

standard was raised, the men gathered slowly round it. Hardly seven hundred men mustered at the top of Mount Albis. Zwingli was appointed Chaplain to the troops, though he had a clear presentiment of evil, and tore himself with bitter sorrow from his wife and children. When this small force met the enemy on the field of Cappel, their artillery for a time maintained their superiority; but when the forces came to close quarters, numbers prevailed. The men of Zurich fought with courage, and five hundred sold their lives dear; among them was Zwingli. In the midst of the battle he had knelt to whisper consolation to a wounded soldier. While in this act a stone struck his helmet and stunned him. As he recovered from the blow and rose to his feet, an enemy's spear gave him a fatal wound.

"What evil is it! they may kill the body, the soul they cannot kill." These were his last words. He had fallen near a pear-tree, and as he clung to it, his lips were observed to move in prayer, while his eyes were turned to Heaven. In this state, in the evening, a party of soldiers, bent on plunder, found him. "Will you confess? Shall we fetch a priest?" He shook his head. "Then call upon the Mother of God and the blessed Saints." He signified his dissent. "Die, then, obstinate heretic," said an Untervalden officer, and stabbed him. Thus at the age of forty-seven, after a life of intrepid labor and memorable service, Zwingli died, leaving behind him, among the chiefs of Reform, a high reputation and a deathless name.

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR.—It seems that we are to have another Great Exhibition in 1861, on the same plan but with a larger basis than that which drew so many millions of people to London in 1851. At present the speculation is hardly launched. A preliminary inquiry will take place by the Council of the Society of Arts,—first to ascertain whether the Commissioners in the former exhibition will consent to act again, and if not, how far they will assist the new undertaking. Mr. C. W. Dilke says that "Great changes have taken place in the position of many classes of manufacture since 1851. Manufacturing firms scarcely known at that date have increased and improved their productions in a remarkable manner, and not a few attribute much of their success to the healthy action of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the publicity given to comparatively unknown, but in many instances highly meritorious, manufacturing establishments. New phases of mechanical invention and of the application of scientific and artistic knowledge to industrial purposes have been developed. The catalogue and jury reports of the exhibition of 1851 have proved, as was anticipated, most valuable European directories, constantly referred to by buyers from all parts of the world. The catalogue of another exhibition would present all the features of a timely revival of a work which has proved of more than ordinary use to mercantile men. The council, however, whilst considering the subject generally, arrived at the conclusion that

two new features ought to be introduced, viz., music and painting; and that every article exhibited should mark progress, and be exhibited in classes, and not in nations, as in 1851. Those, for example, who wish to study silks, should have all silks brought at once before their view, and not be obliged to run from one end of the exhibition to the other, from Spitalfields to Genoa, and back to Lyons; those, again, whose trade is in ribbons, should be able at once to study the combinations of Coventry and the colors of Switzerland."

SCOTCH WORDS.—The Scotch language is perhaps destined to perish. There are many Scotch words and Scotch expressions which ought to be saved from the wreck. By their adoption the English language would be immensely enriched. The Scotch language has no Roman majesty, but it lends itself most opulently to pathos and humor. It has been kept free from those pedantic Johnsonianisms which have been so fatal to the English language. In its homeliness there is a power after which the English language often strives in vain. What in effect is homeliness but that which, coming from the home, goes back thither with natural impulse and irresistible force? A language loses its moral empire when it deserts entirely, as the English language has deserted, the common speech of the people. And that moral empire gone, what avail a learned air and rhetorical embellishments?—*Critic*.

From Chambers's Journal.

A DISTINGUISHED DINNER-PARTY.

On the 5th of May, 1812, a great gall-dinner was announced at the royal court at Dresden in Saxony. The occasion being an extraordinary one, full-dress was ordered for the whole train of the royal household; indeed, a more numerous and eminent assemblage of distinguished guests had never before been invited to unite in the pompous rooms of that antique, crazy château, which has accommodated so many a crowned head in bygone centuries.

There was the tall king of Prussia, Frederick-William III., dead now, and buried in his family-vault at Sans Souci, but then a proud and stately gentleman with rigid manners and military airs—though not with military capacities; then the king of Bavaria, a portly lord with black moustaches, a great admirer of the Hero of the age, to whose giant army he had added forty thousand of his humble subjects, none of whom ever saw his native land again; and the king of Würtemberg, a monstrously corpulent sovereign, who never rode on horseback, but who drove in a gig through the ranks of the fifteen thousand men which he contributed to the army of the modern Alexander. His troops were silent at that time, and did not cry, as usual, "God save the king!" which is the more to be wondered at, since they saw their lord for the last time on this occasion, every one of them being buried eight months afterwards in the snowy fields of Russia. There was, moreover, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, an important personage too, although his contingent to the conqueror's army, amounted only to six thousand men; just as much as his father, of glorious memory, had sold to the British government fifty years before, at so much per head to be shot dead in the woods of the new world by the American insurgents. Besides these distinguished guests, there were present a dozen or more of petty grand-dukes, dukes and princes, all members of that famous Rhenish Confederation, and most of them enthusiastic hangers-on of the French Emperor. They were, however, set below the salt, which served them right. Well, no; there was one amongst them who ought not to have been set below the salt. He was a stout man with a stout heart, on whose high forehead there was written many a painful and bitter thought. He looked grave, even melancholy. If it had but depended upon him, those three hundred thousand German soldiers who followed the foreign invader into the barren plains of Russia, would have received a far different destination. It was the Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar, Ernest-Augustus, the most intimate friend of Goethe.

Grand as these personages were, descend-

ing from the oldest dynasties of Europe, and surrounded therefore by the nimbus of hereditary power, they were, however, doomed to act but a subordinate role by the side of those adventurous upstarts who formed the more important part of the guests assembled now in the state-rooms of the royal palace, although they had no pedigrees but their swords, no other hereditary land save that of the battle field.

There was a tall, well-made man, fantastically attired in a green tunic richly embroidered with gold; his left hand was leaning on the hilt of a Turkish sabre which he had brandished in more than forty battles. He had a look of daring in his dark, flashing eyes, well becoming to the man that had gained a crown with his curved sword. His mother could have little thought that her poor, ragged boy would one day dine from golden dishes by the side of emperors and kings—himself a king—when she used to sell apples and gingerbread in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. This was Murat, king of Naples, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the French cavalry.

Near him, but a little apart from the rest, there stood a modest-looking young man, who took no part in the conversation. On his breast were seen glittering the grand crosses of all the continental orders; but his features were sad, and his large dark eyes bore a melancholy expression. It was the viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, son-in-law of the Emperor.

Who was that robust man with bright eyes and noble features, bald and eagle-nosed like Cæsar, in lively conversation with the king of Naples, to whose splendid attire his own plain dress bore a singular contrast? It was Michael Ney, then Duke of Elchingen, and Marshal of France, three years afterwards shot dead, like the other, not in the battle field, but as a criminal, pierced by a dozen French balls.

And von proud and sulky-looking man, with a lion's head, who scarcely deigned to answer the obliging address of some little German prince, but only nodded to his questions with a wandering mind—who was he? The king of Prussia never once looked at his dark and frowning features, so annoyed was he at his presence; nor was this without reason, for the gloomy man was no other than his fearful antagonist in the dreadful battle of Auerstädt, Davoust, Marshal of France, and Prince of Eckmühl.

There were a dozen more of these chivalrous champions of the sword looking with contempt upon the petty dukes and princes around them, the satellites of their common sun. The tall and erect figure of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, was prominent amongst

them all. The proud warrior was leaning negligently against a marble statue of Achilles, and well were they matched, those two iron-hearted men. Only there was a look of weariness to be observed on the open and martial countenance of the living hero, which made it evident that he did not anticipate much pleasure from the coming campaign; indeed, he was longing for a far different engagement, and thought of his beautiful château in the south of *la belle France*, where he would fain have spent the rest of an eventful life.

By his side, in conversation with Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, stood a little man with a countenance strikingly full of genius and good humor. His fine-set lips never opened without uttering a sarcasm, and the more critical the occasion was, the more sparkling became his wit, the source of which seemed to be inexhaustible. His extensive business, whose vast enormity would have crushed any other head, was managed by him amidst a continual shower of sallies, that oftentimes elicited roars of laughter from his functionaries, even amidst the very roar of cannons. He was personally attached to the Emperor, whose vast genius, free from all pedantry, quite agreed with his own. The Emperor missed him sorely during that final campaign of 1815, with its fatal day of Waterloo, that was destined to put a stop to all this transient glory. He would most gladly have forgiven the chief of his staff his vacillation and disloyalty, only the little man was too proud to be forgiven. He was pining away the while in a quiet German town; but when he saw that there was no more occupation whatever for his ardent desire for activity, no excitement, no suspense, nobody to laugh at his *bon mots*, he grew tired of the burden of life, and Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, and chief of the general staff of the French army, grounded arms at last by throwing himself out of a window, on a quiet and tedious Sunday morning of the fatal year 1815, in the quiet and tedious town of Bamberg in Germany.

All this brilliant assembly of kings and dukes and marshals, was waiting upon that pale and dwarfish giant, who boasted of having journeyed all over Europe on horseback, amidst the roar of cannons and the rattling of drums. He might have added—and over nearly one million of human bodies, also.

When the doors were thrown open at last, and Napoleon entered, followed by the king of Saxony, the host of these eminent guests, there was not one head that did not bow in low obeisance; not one eye that did not cast an anxious look at this pale face, as profound and as inflexible as fate itself. He nodded

but indifferently in acknowledgement to the low reverences rendered to him by his vassals; no flashing up of that fixed eye, no smile of triumph round those firm-set lips; all indifference, or even satiety, in that calm and profound countenance. He was already too much accustomed to homage and flattery.

It was the king's birthday. Nine years afterwards, on that same day, his illustrious guest, for whom the world was once not large enough, gave up his ghost in a small, rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean; and—strange coincidence of a strange fate—seven years later, on that same 5th of May, Frederic-Augustus, king of Saxony, was called to his last account.

The lord-steward showed his guests through a long row of state-apartments into the "white saloon," where they were received by the master of the ceremonies, who, by means of an infinite number of bows and obeisances, assigned to them their different places at the royal table, according to the strict rules of court-etiquette.

Whoever knows any thing about court-fashions in Germany, must be aware that—with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Chinese empire—their practice has nowhere else received so high a development. Indeed, the science of etiquette of which Louis XIV. had laid the solid foundation has been thriving there ever since, and may be considered now to have attained the highest pitch of perfection. But amongst all the thirty-eight courts of that happy land, there is one that, in this respect, has always gained the precedence over all the rest, that stands unequalled for the strictness, the accuracy, the pedantry with which even the most minute prescriptions of etiquette are unrelentingly observed, and that is declared as the very model of order and regularity in all the various departments of its household. The slightest infringement of the inexorable laws of etiquette is considered there as a crime whereof no absolution can clear the unhappy offender. Charles XII., king of Sweden, had to repent afterwards of his disdain for this same etiquette, when he called one day—a hundred years ago—on Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, attired in a pair of dirty riding-boots, and holding a horsewhip in his hand. He had just beaten the Saxon army in a series of bloody battles; had dictated to the elector the fatal peace of Altranstädt, and was a little pressed for time. Augustus II. would have forgiven him the smaller offence of having crushed thirty thousand of his men to atoms, and laid under contribution the whole of his patrimonial dominions; but for his intrusion in a drawing-room with dirty boots and a riding-whip, there was no excuse; and he made haste to conclude his alliance with the Czar Peter of Russia.

When the guests were seated, the numerous officers of the royal household took the different stations, conformable to their rank and the duties attached to it.

The old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereigns was of course carried out only by the lords-in-waiting, members of the first families in the land, who therefore had their post of honor immediately behind the chairs of the royal guests; behind them, in the second file, were drawn up the assistant chamberlains, who had to help the lords-in-waiting; these were again waited upon by the pages of honor, who, in their turn, enjoyed the assistance of a whole army of yeoman, heyducs, equerries, grooms, porters, waiters, and minor court-servants, each of them having his different department assigned to him. The whole attendance was in full gala-dress; the lords-in-waiting wearing all their numerous ribbons and orders; the pages their state-habits and red velvet shoes with silver buckles; and the rest of the officers of the royal household the rich parade-uniforms prescribed for the occasion. The assistant-master of the ceremonies and the marshal of the ceremonies had nothing to do but to walk up and down and see that all was right.

The dinner was sure to be of the first order; and the big king of Würtemberg had made up his mind to enjoy it hugely. The royal table in Saxony has always had a most excellent repute, and orders had been given by the lord-steward that full honor should be done to the ancient glory of the house of his royal master. The chief-cook, master-cooks, clerks of the kitchen, messengers of the kitchen, yeomen of the kitchen, as well as the other gentlemen of the confectionery and pastry, had been in great agitation for some days, and were now, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. German princes in general are known to have no aversion to good cheer; and those present were well pleased at the idea of having a couple of quiet hours before them, wherein to make their choice of the various luxuries gathered from all the corners of the globe.

Poor men! They little thought that they were doomed to suffer a heavy disappointment. But they had in fact been reckoning—not without their host—but without that pale man who was just upon the point to invade the largest empire of the world, and who cared but little about a full-dress dinner.

When the soup had made its appearance, and the plates—passing from hand to hand, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working-order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilization—had at last reached the lords-in-waiting, who with the dignity appropriate to the occasion, placed them respect-

fully before the monarchs, a waiting-officer of the imperial general staff entered the room, and walking straight up to the Prince of Wagram, the chief of the general staff of that giant army just then on its way of destruction towards the east, whispered a few hasty words into the ear of Marshal Berthier. The little man with the fine-cut features and expressive eyes rose immediately and went out of the room.

The incident, slight as it was, did not escape the notice of the king of Saxony, who looked upon it as being extremely contrary to rule; and his patriarchal countenance at once assumed an expression of ill temper, which he could very ill conceal.

The door was opened again a few minutes afterwards, and the Prince of Wagram re-entered the apartment. His fine and clever face wore its usual expression; but when he moved towards the emperor and laid an open dispatch before him on the table, there was something like mischievous fun twinkling in his bright eyes: he knew his man, and knew therefore what was coming.

What the dispatch contained, nobody ever knew. Something important, of course, at a time when an avalanche of nine hundred and fifty thousand men, with more than half a million horses, was rolling towards the east, followed by an immense train that covered all the high roads of Germany.

The emperor laid down his spoon and took up the paper, while the king of Saxony looked very grave.

He had done reading at a glance. On his powerful forehead was gathering a cloud dark and menacing. He threw the dispatch violently upon the table, and in a sharp and piercing voice, accompanied by an impetuous and imperative gesture, cried: "Le dessert!"

If the great ancestor of the old house of Weddin had risen from the dead, and had walked in amidst that modern assembly, indifferently attired in a bear's skin and armed with a battle-axe, his appearance could scarcely have created a greater perplexity amongst them than that one word uttered by the modern Alexander. With the exception of the Frenchmen, every soul remained for some moments completely thunderstruck. The big king of Würtemberg dropped his spoon, and the king of Saxony looked as if he was expecting the walls and ceilings of his old palace to tumble down with a crash, and bury them all under their ruins, as the natural consequence of such an unprecedented enormity.

The Emperor raised his head and looked around for a moment at those descendants of the oldest dynasties of Europe. All that was lingering within him of the Jacobin—and there was a good deal—became distinctly ap-

parent in the proud flash of his eyes, the scornful curl of his lips. With a haughty toss of the head, and in a savage tone of voice, he repeated once more : " *Le dessert !* "

There were no more misgivings now about his imperial majesty's pleasure, and, the master of the ceremonies being unfit for service (he had fainted away), the assistant-master gave at once the necessary orders.

To describe the perfect Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the lords-in-waiting, the assistant-chamberlains, the pages, and the

other officers of the royal household above—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the master-cooks, clerks, messengers, yeomen, and the other gentlemen of the kitchen below—would be too high a task for any pen or pencil.

They put bread and cheese and some fruits upon the table, and when the Emperor had partaken of these modest refreshments, the king of Saxony rose, and the illustrious guests retired from *dinner*.

BELGIUM AND UP AND DOWN THE RHINE : METRICAL MEMORIALS. (Nisbet & Co.)—

Happy is the tourist who travels, singing as he goes, inspired to enthusiasm by lake and sky, by honest waiters and glances at village innocence ;—happier still if he can find expression for this poetical exuberance. In this volume of Memorials, in sonnet form,—though not of exact Italian sonnet construction,—the way from London to Frankfort is strewn with flowers of fancy and sentiment by " H. B.," who with his wife, and a friend with *his* wife, made a joyous autumn journey in the year 1856. He writes in a modest vein, and prefaces his little book with far more of apology than was essential, for the publication is of no pretence, and yet has its characteristic merits. Before noticing the Memorials, however, we should mention that they are printed only on one side of the paper, so that a number of blank leaves remain to be decorated, if desired, with pen or pencil sketches, verses, poems, maps, and photographs. As for the poems, they are vivid reflections caught by the way, and fixed in appropriate colors by the writer, who has a natural eye for the picturesque, and enters thoroughly into the spirit of the passing scene. Some of his sonnets—for so they must be called—are small sun-pictures. This, for instance, struck off at Ghent :—

" The pleasant fantasies of a first love
Have painted Ghent in sunshine on my thought ;
And long time happy memory it will prove
With warmth, and brightness, and soft-tinting fraught.
The early matin bell's sonorous sound ;
Carved house-fronts ; gables twisted, curved, and tall ;
Sleepy canal, with shadowy depth profound ;
Strange, gloomy court-yards ; belfry ; ancient wall ;
Old wondrous pictures ; sculpture ; varied lights
In churches ; the Town-hall with witching build ;
Fantastic costumes ; priests, nuns, scents, and sights ;

With dreamy places, with dull quiet fill'd ;
And many a quaintness, travell'd toil requites,
Honor to Ghent ! and men of old so skill'd."

That on Antwerp, too, abounds pleasantly in light and music :—

" In a fair garden, that I wot of, grows
A cedar, resting gently on the green ;
While up springs branch on branch, in verdant rows
Pyramidal, soft light and shade between,
Come hither ! look upon this wondrous tower,
So firmly resting on its buttress'd base ;
While thence, like love that leans on manly power,
The feathery spire ascends, with treelike grace.
Fret-work and pinnacle, and arch and cross,
Intercommingling wondrously and well ;
And flower and crocket, effigy and boss,
Minishing upward, weave their airy spell
On eye and heart ; and the still tongue hath loss
Of words, the beauty and its joy to tell."

—And so he passes on, memorializing at Brussels, Cologne, Biberich, Wiesbaden, and Frankfort, sketching worshippers in cathedrals, gamblers at their tables, ruins on the river-edge, Rhine villages and vineyards, rafts, rocks, and merry boat-companies. The tourist might do worse than put this volume among his " guide, philosopher, and friend " manuals for the Rhine voyage.

NEW PILLAR LETTER-BOXES.—So largely used are the pillar letter-boxes throughout the city and the immediate metropolitan area that the Postmaster-General has issued orders for the erection of forty more of them immediately in the suburban districts. Workmen are now engaged at Shacklewell, near Stoke Newington, Kensington, and other places, in planting them. When these are put up not less than eighty will have been erected, and eventually, we understand, they will be fixed at every convenient spot within a twelve-mile circle from the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le Grand.

From Household Words.
JEWS IN ROME.

THE public feeling which has been awakened by the baptism of the infant son of Mortara the Jew at Rome, and the subsequent discussion to which it has given rise, has created a desire to become acquainted with the position of The Children of Israel in that city; and Monsieur Edmond About, has written an article, or rather a series of articles, on the subject which has been published in the *Moniteur*. From these papers we derive the following statements :

I entered the Ghetto, Monsieur About commences, by the Place of the Synagogues. These are installed in two houses, for the performance of the four rites which divide the Israelite population among them; namely, the Italian rite, the Portuguese rite, the Catalan, and the Sicilian. The synagogues are modest and clean, their parishes are dirty enough to make one shudder. It is true the condition of the public ways in the capital of the Christian world leaves much to be desired. There is too much impunity for dirtying them, and too little trouble is taken to keep them clean; and windows are only too frequently opened to allow the passage of the most horrible filth; but their condition is one of purity compared with the Ghetto. In the Christian part of the town the rain washes the streets, the sun dries the filth, the wind carries away the dust; but neither rain, wind, nor sun could cleanse the Ghetto; to accomplish that would require an inundation or a fire, or a combination of the two.

Most people have heard of the extreme fecundity of the Italian race. A woman is seldom met with who has not at least one baby on her arm; but in the Ghetto, one might fancy the children were born in clusters, and each family to form a tribe by itself. The number is not known, but the elders of The People estimate that there are four thousand five hundred Hebrews in this valley of dirt. They live in the street, standing, sitting, or lying down in their rags, and great caution is necessary to avoid committing infanticide at every step. The type of these people is ugly, their complexion livid, and the expression of the countenance degraded by misery; nevertheless they are intelligent, adapted for business, live on very little, are resigned and irreproachable in their morals.

The existence of a colony of Jews at a few paces from the apostolic seat being a singular anomaly, it would be more singular still if it prospered. The Ghetto is poor, and for the following reasons: A Jew can neither be a proprietor, a farmer, nor a manufacturer in Rome. He may sell new or old goods; he may repair the old and sell it for new, if he can; but he would violate the law if he manufactured a chain, a waistcoat, or a pair of shoes. Strictly confined to buying and selling, a few among them amass property; but these, in such cases, emigrate to a country where the laws are milder and the people do not regard them with the same contempt. They generally go to Leghorn; and thus, in the proportion that individuals are enriched, the Ghetto is impoverished.

It is not that the government is cruel or even severe. The severity is in the ancient laws, which the progress of manners; and the kindness of the popes, have gradually softened. The blood of the Hebrews did not flow in Rome during the middle ages, while it inundated Spain and the French provinces. The Papacy guarded the Jews as a fragment of a cursed people, who were bound to drag out a miserable existence until the consummation of the appointed time. It was content to keep them at a distance, to humiliate and to plunder them. They were at first compelled to reside in the valley of Egeria, more than two miles from the gate of Saint Lawrence. About the fourteenth century this rigor was relaxed, and they were permitted to reside in the Transtevera. Finally, between 1555 and 1559 Paul the Fourth established them in the Ghetto. The condition of the Jews was so pitiable as to excite the compassion of Urban the Eighth, who thought he was doing an act of justice and foresight in fixing, once for all, the amount of rent to be levied on each house. Such and such houses were to pay ten and fifteen crowns a-year respectively; the landlord being bound, on the receipt of ten crowns from the tenant, to make any repairs which the house might require. Urban has been dead two hundred and thirty-four years: yet the leases having been made perpetual in accordance with his order, and therefore transmissible to the latest posterity, the yearly rent remains the same; so that instead of the landlord deriving a maintenance from his houses, it is the tenant who has that advan-

tage. For instance, there is a house belonging to a convent of Ursulines, who receive thirty crowns a-year, while the Hebrew tenant underlets it for four hundred and fifty crowns; and in addition he insists on the convent keeping it in repair. This, owing to the age of the house, does not cost the convent less than one hundred crowns a-year. Formerly the Ghetto possessed gates, which were regularly closed at half-past ten at night in summer and half-past nine in winter; but these were demolished in 1847, and there is no longer any visible barrier between the Christians and Jews, and the latter are authorized by the law to live in any parts of the town they please. But this law is a dead letter; for, if a Jew wants a house in a better part of the city, he is always refused. Hence they complain that the government takes from them secretly that which it has accorded to them publicly; and some of them even desire the restoration of the gates, as they say they would, at all events, insure protection at night. The wiser men in Israel, however, take things quietly. They thrive on the lowness of the rents, the moderation of the excise duties, and the benefits of a high foreign protector, who introduces some secret article in their favor in all his financial treaties. It is likewise only since the accession of Pius the Ninth to the Pontificate that Israel has ceased to bear the expenses of the Carnival. In the middle ages, the municipality regaled the populace with a Jews' race. Bénédict the Fourteenth substituted horses for Jews; but, at the expense of the latter; who were ordered to pay eight hundred crowns yearly for the sport. Every year the chiefs of The People carried the sum, with great ceremony, to the senator, who, however, did not waste any ceremony upon them—the form of their reception being something like this:

Senator: "Who are you?"

"Hebrews of Rome."

Senator: "I don't know you—begone!"

Even ten years since the municipal magistrate added to this affable address a gesture with the foot suggestive of an insult to which no one is insensible. The embassy next proceeded to another official, who made the same demand:

"Who are you?"

"Hebrews of Rome."

"What do you desire?"

"We humbly implore of your lordship the favor of residing here another year."

The permission was granted, and the money accepted; though in as ungracious a manner as possible. The present Pope has relieved the Jews both from the impost and the humiliation. There is, however, an ancient custom which still exists. This requires the Jews on the accession of a Pope to range themselves in a line near the arch of Titus. The Pope asks them what they are doing there? To which they respond by saying:—

"We solicit the favor of offering for the acceptance of your holiness a copy of our law!"

At the same time offering him a copy of the Old Testament, which he accepts with the observation—

"Excellent law! Detestable race!"

At the entrance to the Ghetto there stands a small church where, at one time, a preacher used to hold forth every Saturday afternoon, after dinner, to a select congregation consisting of a hundred and fifty Jews. The congregation never exceeded this number, and never fell below it, for the reason that the community were fined a crown for each individual wanting to complete that number. The text of the preacher had invariable reference to the obstinate disbelief of the Jews; but The People are a stiff-necked race, and no instance occurred of a conversion to the Roman Catholic faith during all the years they were compelled to listen to sermons which were made at their expense, though not to their profit. Since the accession of Pius the Ninth, this compulsory attendance has been put an end to.

The condition of the Jews at the present day in Rome is therefore such as to give them little cause of complaint. They are allowed to govern themselves; and, if a Jew has the misfortune to be sent to the galleys, he has at least the consolation of knowing that he is sent there at the request of the head of his tribe. The only impost to which the race is subjected amounts to but four hundred and fifty crowns; which, divided among four thousand five hundred persons, gives only about fivepence a-head; and ever since 1848, they have declined to pay it.

The origin of this impost deserves to be related. Some two or three hundred years ago a Jew embraced the Christian religion,

entered a convent, and employed his leisure hours in writing a pamphlet against his former coreligionists, in which, among other enormities, he charged them with eating little children. So much zeal was thought to deserve a recompense, and consequently an order was made on the Jews of the Ghetto, directing the payment of four hundred and fifty crowns annually to the writer who had so well described their customs. The sum was duly paid to the convent of which the writer was a member, and, after his death, the same convent insisted on a continuance of the payment, on the ground that it inherited the rights of the deceased; besides they added, "The Jews are accustomed to pay four hundred and fifty crowns a-year, and Rome is a city of custom." Subsequently to 1848, the Jews have declined to pay it; because, not having paid it that year, they cannot be induced to see the advisability of renewing so expensive a custom. The matter has been referred to the Pope; who suggested a compromise, but this is little to the taste of the inhabitants of the Ghetto who prefer to pay nothing.

Jews are tolerated in two other cities of the Papal States, Ancona and Sinigaglia, but it is in Rome that they enjoy the greatest amount of liberty. Little more than a year ago, the city of Ancona caused the revival

of an ancient law, which forbids Christians to converse in public with the Jews.

A singular instance of a Jew benefitting by his religion is thus related. "He had committed a crime almost unknown among the Hebrews of our days: that of murder, and the victim was his brother-in-law. The case was clear, and completely proved. Here is the substance of the argument urged in his defence by his advocate:—Gentlemen,—Whence comes it that the law punishes murderers so severely, even sometimes to the extent of putting them to death? It is because in assassinating a Christian a soul and body is slain at the same time. An unprepared being is hurried into the presence of the Sovereign Judge, who has not confessed his sins, who has not received absolution, and who falls directly into hell, or at all events into purgatory. Therefore, murder—I mean the murder of a Christian—cannot be too severely punished. But we, what have we killed? Nothing, gentlemen, but a miserable Jew, damned, according to your creed, beforehand. If he had had a hundred years to prepare for death—you know the obstinacy of his race—he would still have died without a confession. Let me beseech your indulgence for a venial error, and reserve your severity for those who attack the life and salvation of a Christian."

This plea was actually successful, and the culprit escaped with a few months' imprisonment.

WO IST DAS VATERLAND?

WHERE is the German's Fatherland?
I can't make out, nor understand.
My mind to know the country craves,
About which every German raves—
And is determined—nought shall stop her—
To make out, Where is Deutschland proper.

Perchance 'tis here—that's in Nassau,
Whose Duke, in virtue's path not slow,
Subjects from gambling restrains,
But pockets half the Croupier's gains,
In stranger's fobs who dips his hand:
Sure this is not the Fatherland!

Then where to go, or where to turn,
From whom the wished-for spot to learn?
There are so many German haunts,
Which every native loudly vaunts,
'Tis difficult to find the part
That's dearest to the German heart.

I think, I do upon my soul,
That "Fatherland" just means the whole;
And underneath I'll e'en supply

Some signs; and when they meet your eye,
Then you may clearly understand
That you're in German Fatherland.

When in each bill you find false entries,
And little pudgy dwarfs for sentries,
When fetid smell each room pollutes,
And ladies dance in high black boots,
And men wash only face and hand,
Then you're in German Fatherland.

When tight closed door and tight closed window
All hopes of ventilation hinder,
When man himself what's needful stints,
And spends his time in skinning flints,
And good tobacco's contraband,
Then you're in German Fatherland.

When at your meal the table's graced
With beef o'ercooked, devoid of taste,
Whilst a strong smell your nose can feel
Of too much boiled and too young veal;
Then you may clearly understand
That you're in German Fatherland.

—Critic.

VIOLETS.

By the Rev. John Moultrie, a clergyman of the Church of England, author of "The Three Sons."

"UNDER the green hedges, after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow ;
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

"Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie ;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be
seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet
hath been."

* * * * *

Such thy first notes, as music from heaven,
Child of my heart, when thy years were eleven ;
Still, at thirteen, my delight and my pride,
Violet-hearted, forget-me-not-eyed.

Blest be thy birthday !—more bountiful none
Hath in our family calendar shone ;
Never was born to us child who hath proved
Sweetlier gifted, more dearly beloved.

Pale is thy forehead, and paler thy cheek ;
Weak was thy infancy, still thou art weak ;
Fragile of body and feeble of limb,—
But thine eyes in the spring-dew of fantasy
swim.

Deep in the cells of thy spirit are wrought
Exquisite textures of feeling and thought ;
Forth from the depths of thy sensitive heart,
Tears to thine eyelids will bubble and start.

Of, as thy fingers sweep over the keys,
Melody stirs in thy soul like a breeze ;
Till the strong impulse evoke from the chords
Fairy-like music, to fairy-like words.

Of, as thou walkest in meadow or wood,
Over its treasure thy spirit will brood ;
Yearnings of nature, which naught can control,
Blossom and bud in thine innocent soul.

Then, as thou fixest thine eyes on the ground,
Heedless of all that is passing around,
Deaf to their greetings, though cordial and
kind,—

Country-folks ask—"Is she right in her
mind ?"

Right in thy mind ?—aye ! and right in thy
heart,

Loving and gentle, and pious thou art ;
Never hath dearer, more dutiful child,
Grief from the heart of a parent beguiled.

Tenderness, faithfulness, sweetness profound,
Compass and clasp thee about and around ;
Others by magic of intellect move,
Thine is the genius of goodness and love.

Use, but abuse not, the blessing of song,
Which from thy tuneful heart dances along ;
Force it not—curb it not—free let it flow
Whither the breezes of Nature shall blow.

Seek not, and shun not, the garland of fame,
Keep thyself scathless from praise and from
blame ;

Care not what outwardly fancy may win,
Fully content with her blessing within.

Only be innocent, artless and good,
Loving of spirit, and gentle of mood ;
Fear and serve God with devotion of heart,
So shall he glorify all that thou art.

So, whether vocal or silent thou be,
Song shall be living in, welling from thee ;
If not the meed of the poetess thine,
Thou shalt thyself be a poem divine.

LONG AGO.

Oh, the glens of long ago !

The willowy glens of long ago !

The mossy, rushy, fairy-haunted, misty glens of
long ago !

Oh, the fields of long ago

The velvet fields of long ago !

The verdant, flowery, rainbow-circled, scented
fields of long ago !

Oh, the streams of long ago

The crystal streams of long ago !

The tinkling, dancing, joyous-hearted, laughing
streams of long ago !

Oh, the lanes of long ago !

The quiet lanes of long ago !

The narrow, mazy, ferny, bowery, ivied lanes
of long ago !

Oh, the woods of long ago !

The waving woods of long ago !

The music-stifling, poet-thrilling, harp-voiced
woods of long ago !

Oh, the hills of long ago !

The breezy hills of long ago !

The dazzling views of paradise from the magic
hills of long ago !

Oh, the clouds of long ago !

The glorious clouds of long ago !

The silver-brighten'd, violet-tinted, roseate clouds
of long ago !

Oh, the winds of long ago !

The deep-toned winds of long ago !

The strong, the proud, the widely-roaming, pas-
sionate winds of long ago !

Oh, the waves of long ago !

The mighty waves of long ago !

The swelling, heaving, bounding, curling, foam-
ing waves of long ago !

Oh, the storms of long ago !

The thundering storms of long ago !

The iron-handed, giant-voiced, black-brow'd
storms of long ago !

Oh, the homes of long ago !

The warm, true friends of long ago !

The undoubting eyes, the kindling hopes, the
liberal hearts of long ago !

Oh, the years of long ago !

The sad, sad years of long ago !

That friends might fail, and roses die, and joys
be lost with long ago !

And with thoughts of the present and long
ago,

Comes dreams of the pure souls of long ago,
And hopes yet to rest in the land of the blest,
Where they pillow'd their weary heads long ago !

—Household Words.

From Chambers's Journal.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself “ploughed with Behmen’s heifer:” and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophizing shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor, honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For if, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honors, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a *little* less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—be-

cause the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant’s life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of “Thou shalt not.” Every thing that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming sword, to keep off Anne’s eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs. Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive; but the latter the worse: for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers’ were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years’ steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William’s situation was as good as his sweetheart’s was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost hoped, too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent on him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow everything on her, and receive nothing in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that “if she had thousands, he should like her none the better.” She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker’s heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between, and hardly-earned guineas. When William talked of any thing he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and

pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

"You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss," she said. "You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—I am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again."

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs. Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

"I am sure, missus," she said, "I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses."

"It is no more than your duty, Anne," answered the lady, with a gratified smile, and folding of the hands.

"No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?" And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

"Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house," answered her mistress. "I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows." So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into "William's money," as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired greatly and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping: her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her stay was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-half-penny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence a-piece. In a rather disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow any thing. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbors were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and

did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Annie's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

UNHAPPY William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs. Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Annie was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so forever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered

above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

"Well," he said to himself, "she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door." He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs. Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs. Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying, that "if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other." William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs. Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicions.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none; for the hope of any good explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops

he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what*; she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe, in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

AT last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawn-brokers for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and by doing so, kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring, until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found any thing broken, instead of standing over it crying she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects, just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself: "To *think* would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state."

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realization of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. "This will not do," she would say; "it will be all the better afterwards; our happiness will more than make up for our misery." She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analyzed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done

so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of "proper pride" underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that quakerly impulse sprung up in her, she scrubbed, or walked, or hummed more vigorously: if a tear for William started into her eye, she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present, she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And whilst she was at work, her efforts raised a dust round her which hid every thing but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by forever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no true possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the causes of Anne's strange departure, until by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark, foggy night, going from the station to

his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured an oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog. The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. "Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?" He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave, hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses, rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rags, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of every thing—shop and house and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colors?

He pushed by them, answering: "Oh, anyhow."

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

"I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand."

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:—

"Have you seen the person in the parlor, sir?"

"What person? No," said he.

"There was one came for you an hour ago," said the lad, "and she told me she should wait until you came in."

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen and implements and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window betwixt the shop and parlor, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that *she* had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it; it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, "just for vanity's sake," he would not listen to, but demanded, as the only penance, that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

A FRENCH journal says that a new kind of paper for packing has just been invented, which differs from that in use by its being covered with a very thin coat of gutta percha, which renders it proof against humidity. In order to

obtain this result, the gutta percha is made liquid, and by means of rollers the coating is equally spread to any thickness required. Such paper might be usefully made for covering the walls of rooms which are damp.

PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

[UNDER the attractive title of "Lays of the Land of Luther," Messrs. Stanford and Delisser have issued a quarto edition of *Lyra Germanica*, with illustrations, of which we give a specimen in this number of the *Living Age*.]

St. Stephen's Day.

I have seen, I have seen the afflictions of my people.
From The Lesson.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints,
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword they are grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.—*Altonburg.*

Gustavus Adolphus's Battle Song. 1631.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATIONS.—SAD FATE OF MR. COULTHARD.—The "Australian and New Zealand Gazette" states that dispatches have been received from Mr. Babbage, who was still prosecuting his exploration, but he does not appear to have succeeded in finding any country that can be easily made available. His letter, dated June 16th, describes the finding of Mr. Coulthard's remains. The body of the unfortunate man lay under a scrub bush, and at a short distance from him his canteen and other bush accoutrements. Upon one side of that canteen, offering a convex surface of tin about twelve inches long and ten inches deep, is scratched with a nail or some other rough-pointed instrument the following inscription:—"I never reached water I do not know how long it is since it is that I left Scott and Brooks but I think it Monday bleeding pomp to leive of his blood I took his black horse to look for

water and the last thing I can rember is puling the saddle off him & letting him go until now is not good I am not th shure how long it may be wether 2 or 3 days I do not know My Tung is stkig to my mouth & I see what I have rote I know it is this is the last time I may have of expressing feeling alive & the feeling exu is lost for want of water My ey dasels My tong burn I can see no More God Help." Major Warburton has also returned to Adelaide from his exploring tour, but he does not seem to have been more successful. An extract from a letter by Mr. G. Young, of Watervale, South Australia, says that Dr. Gregory and party, who started from Moreton Bay in search of Leicahardt's party, or some traces of it, reached South Australia by following the Victoria river, which runs into Cooper's Creek. Dr. Gregory gives a poor account of the interior; it is almost entirely a stony desert.

VIOLETS.

By the Rev. John Moultrie, a clergyman of the Church of England, author of "The Three Sons."

"UNDER the green hedges, after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow;
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

"Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been."

* * * * *

Such thy first notes, as music from heaven,
Child of my heart, when thy years were eleven;
Still, at thirteen, my delight and my pride,
Violet-hearted, forget-me-not-eyed.

Blest be thy birthday!—more bountiful none
Hath in our family calendar shone;
Never was born to us child who hath proved
Sweetlier gifted, more dearly beloved.

Pale is thy forehead, and paler thy cheek;
Weak was thy infancy, still thou art weak;
Fragile of body and feeble of limb,—
But thine eyes in the spring-dew of fantasy swim.

Deep in the cells of thy spirit are wrought
Exquisite textures of feeling and thought;
Forth from the depths of thy sensitive heart,
Tears to thine eyelids will bubble and start.

Of, as thy fingers sweep over the keys,
Melody stirs in thy soul like a breeze;
Till the strong impulse evoke from the chords
Fairy-like music, to fairy-like words.

Of, as thou walkest in meadow or wood,
Over its treasure thy spirit will brood;
Yearnings of nature, which naught can control,
Blossom and bud in thine innocent soul.

Then, as thou fixest thine eyes on the ground,
Heedless of all that is passing around,
Deaf to their greetings, though cordial and kind,—

Country-folks ask—"Is she right in her mind?"

Right in thy mind?—aye! and right in thy heart,

Loving and gentle, and pious thou art;
Never hath dearer, more dutiful child,
Grief from the heart of a parent beguiled.

Tenderness, faithfulness, sweetness profound,
Compass and clasp thee about and around;
Others by magic of intellect move,
Thine is the genius of goodness and love.

Use, but abuse not, the blessing of song,
Which from thy tuneful heart dances along;
Force it not—curb it not—free let it flow
Whither the breezes of Nature shall blow.

Seek not, and shun not, the garland of fame,
Keep thyself scathless from praise and from blame;

Care not what outwardly fancy may win,
Fully content with her blessing within.

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Only be innocent, artless and good,
Loving of spirit, and gentle of mood;
Fear and serve God with devotion of heart,
So shall he glorify all that thou art.

So, whether vocal or silent thou be,
Song shall be living in, welling from thee;
If not the meed of the poetess thine,
Thou shalt thyself be a poem divine.

LONG AGO.

Oh, the glens of long ago!

The willowy glens of long ago!

The mossy, rushy, fairy-haunted, misty glens of long ago!

Oh, the fields of long ago

The velvet fields of long ago!

The verdant, flowery, rainbow-circled, scented fields of long ago!

Oh, the streams of long ago

The crystal streams of long ago!

The tinkling, dancing, joyous-hearted, laughing streams of long ago!

Oh, the lanes of long ago!

The quiet lanes of long ago!

The narrow, mazy, ferny, bowery, ivied lanes of long ago!

Oh, the woods of long ago!

The waving woods of long ago!

The music-stifling, poet-thrilling, harp-voiced woods of long ago!

Oh, the hills of long ago!

The breezy hills of long ago!

The dazzling views of paradise from the magic hills of long ago!

Oh, the clouds of long ago!

The glorious clouds of long ago!

The silver-brighten'd, violet-tinted, roseate clouds of long ago!

Oh, the winds of long ago!

The deep-toned winds of long ago!

The strong, the proud, the widely-roaming, passionate winds of long ago!

Oh, the waves of long ago!

The mighty waves of long ago!

The swelling, heaving, bounding, curling, foaming waves of long ago!

Oh, the storms of long ago!

The thundering storms of long ago!

The iron-handed, giant-voiced, black-brow'd storms of long ago!

Oh, the homes of long ago!

The warm, true friends of long ago!

The undoubting eyes, the kindling hopes, the liberal hearts of long ago!

Oh, the years of long ago!

The sad, sad years of long ago!

That friends might fail, and roses die, and joys be lost with long ago!

And with thoughts of the present and long ago,

Comes dreams of the pure souls of long ago,
And hopes yet to rest in the land of the blest,
Where they pillow'd their weary heads long ago!

—Household Words.

From Chambers's Journal.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself “ploughed with Behmen’s heifer:” and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophizing shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor, honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For if, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honors, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a little less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—be-

cause the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant’s life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of “Thou shalt not.” Every thing that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming sword, to keep off Anne’s eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs. Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive; but the latter the worse: for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers’ were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years’ steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William’s situation was as good as his sweetheart’s was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost hoped, too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent on him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow every thing on her, and receive nothing in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that “if she had thousands, he should like her none the better.” She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker’s heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between, and hardly-earned guineas. When William talked of any thing he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and

pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

"You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss," she said. "You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—I am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again."

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs. Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

"I am sure, missus," she said, "I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses."

"It is no more than your duty, Anne," answered the lady, with a gratified smile, and folding of the hands.

"No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?" And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

"Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house," answered her mistress. "I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows." So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into "William's money," as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired greatly and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her stay was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-half-penny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence a-piece. In a rather disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow any thing. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbors were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and

did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Annie's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

UNHAPPY William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs. Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Annie was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so forever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered

above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

"Well," he said to himself, "she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door." He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs. Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs. Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying, that "if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other." William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs. Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicions.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none; for the hope of any *good* explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops

he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what*; she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe, in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

AT last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawn-brokers for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and by doing so, kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring, until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found any thing broken, instead of standing over it crying she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects, just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself: "To *think* would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state."

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realization of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. "This will not do," she would say; "it will be all the better afterwards; our happiness will more than make up for our misery." She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analyzed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done

so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of "proper pride" underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that quakerly impulse sprung up in her, she scrubbed, or walked, or hummed more vigorously: if a tear for William started into her eye, she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present, she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And whilst she was at work, her efforts raised a dust round her which hid every thing but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by forever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no *true* possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting the heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the *causes* of Anne's strange departure, until by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark, foggy night, going from the station to

his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured an oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog. The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. "Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?" He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave, hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses, rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rags, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of every thing—shop and house and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colors?

He pushed by them, answering: "Oh, anyhow."

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

"I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand."

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:—

"Have you seen the person in the parlor, sir?"

"What person? No," said he.

"There was one came for you an hour ago," said the lad, "and she told me she should wait until you came in."

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen and implements and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window betwixt the shop and parlor, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that *she* had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night, and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it; it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, "just for vanity's sake," he would not listen to, but demanded, as the only penance, that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

A FRENCH journal says that a new kind of paper for packing has just been invented, which differs from that in use by its being covered with a very thin coat of gutta percha, which renders it proof against humidity. In order to

obtain this result, the gutta percha is made liquid, and by means of rollers the coating is equally spread to any thickness required. Such paper might be usefully made for covering the walls of rooms which are damp.

PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

[UNDER the attractive title of "Lays of the Land of Luther," Messrs. Stanford and Delisser have issued a quarto edition of *Lyra Germanica*, with illustrations, of which we give a specimen in this number of the *Living Age*.]

St. Stephen's Day.

I have seen, I have seen the afflictions of my people.
From The Lesson.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints,
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword they are grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.—*Altonburg.*

Gustavus Adolphus's Battle Song. 1631.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATIONS.—SAD FATE OF MR. COULTHARD.—The "Australian and New Zealand Gazette" states that dispatches have been received from Mr. Babbage, who was still prosecuting his exploration, but he does not appear to have succeeded in finding any country that can be easily made available. His letter, dated June 16th, describes the finding of Mr. Coulthard's remains. The body of the unfortunate man lay under a scrub bush, and at a short distance from him his canteen and other bush accoutrements. Upon one side of that canteen, offering a convex surface of tin about twelve inches long and ten inches deep, is scratched with a nail or some other rough-pointed instrument the following inscription:—"I never reached water I do not know how long it is since it is that I left Scott and Brooks but I think it Monday bleeding pomp to leive of his blood I took his black horse to look for

water and the last thing I can rember is puling the saddle off him & letting him go until now is not good I am not th shure how long it may be wether 2 or 3 days I do not know My Tung is stkig to. my mouth & I see what I have rote I know it is this is the last time I may have of expressing feeling alive & the feeling exu is lost for want of water My ey dasels My tong burn I can see no More God Help." Major Warburton has also returned to Adelaide from his exploring tour, but he does not seem to have been more successful. An extract from a letter by Mr. G. Young, of Watervale, South Australia, says that Dr. Gregory and party, who started from Moreton Bay in search of Leichardt's party, or some traces of it, reached South Australia by following the Victoria river, which runs into Cooper's Creek. Dr. Gregory gives a poor account of the interior; it is almost entirely a stony desert.





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